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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

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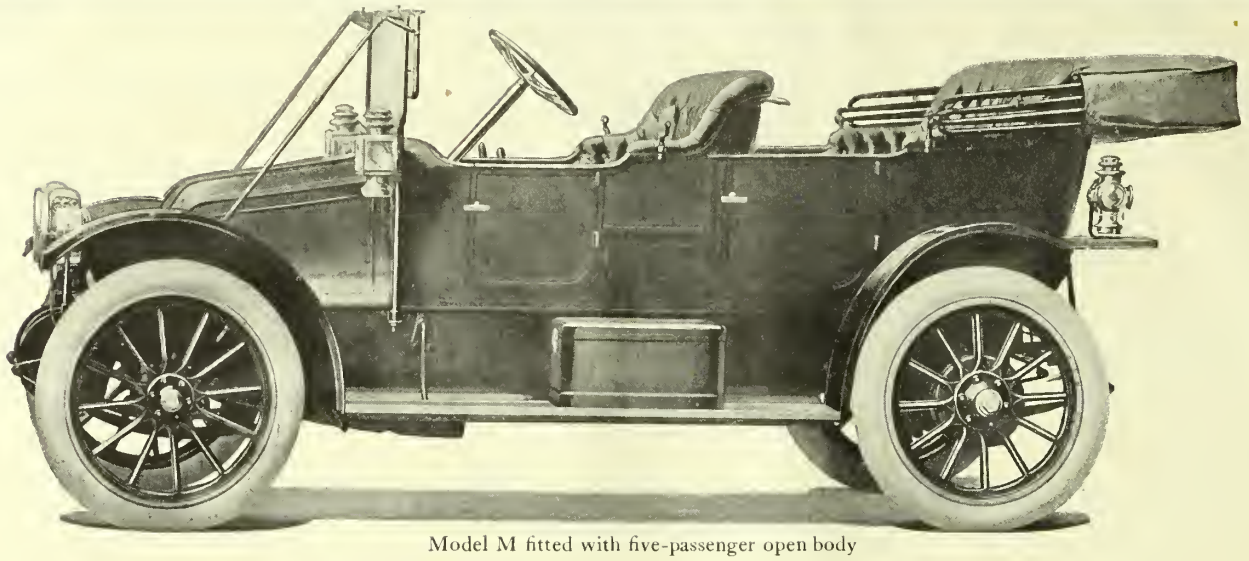
Franklin "The Car Beautiful"



Model M fitted with five-passenger open body

Tenth Annual Announcement

In the Franklin line for the 1911 season are four chassis sizes, two sixes and two fours, fitted with eleven different styles of open and closed bodies. All bodies are the latest Parisian type.

With no radiator and fan to interfere, the Franklin body and hood lines are blended harmoniously, giving a beauty and smartness obtainable by no other design.

List of Models and Specifications

Model H, larger and more powerful than last year, is fitted with full seven-passenger open body or double torpedo-phaeton four-passenger body.

Specifications: Six 4½ x 4½ cylinders; 48-horse-power; 133-inch wheel base; tires, rear 38 x 5½ inches, front 37 x 5 inches; weight, touring car 3300 pounds; price, $4500; wheel base of torpedo-phaeton, 126 inches; weight, 3200 pounds; price, $4500.

Model D, larger, with six cylinders, is fitted with full five-passenger open body, double torpedo-phaeton four-passenger body or seven-passenger limousine or landaulet body.

Specifications: Six 4 x 4 cylinders; 38-horse-power; 123-inch wheel base; tires, rear 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4½ inches; weight, touring car 2800 pounds, torpedo 2700 pounds; prices, touring car $3500, torpedo-phaeton $3500, limousine or landaulet $4400.

Model M, a new medium-size car, fitted with five-passenger open body or seven-passenger limousine or landaulet body.

Specifications: Four 4 x 4 cylinders; 25-horse-power; 108-inch wheel base; tires, rear 34 x 4½ inches, front 34 x 4 inches; weight, touring car 2300 pounds; price, $2700; limousine or landaulet, price, $3500.

Model G, longer wheel base and roomier, fitted with four-passenger open body. It is the only high-grade small car built in America.

Specifications: Four 3⅜ x 4 cylinders; 18-horse-power; 100-inch wheel base; tires, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3½ inches; weight, 1850 pounds; price, $1950.

Special runabout, G type, fitted with single torpedo-phaeton two-passenger body.

Specifications: Four 3⅜ x 4 cylinders; tires, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3½ inches; weight, 1800 pounds; price, including top and glass front, $1950.

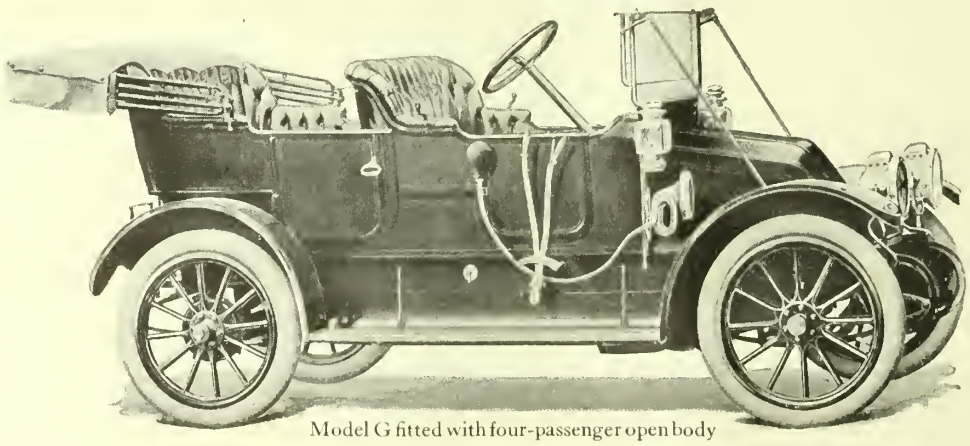
Standard equipment, all models, includes top.

Tires and Rims: A comparison of tire sizes will show that our tires have fifty per cent greater capacity than those used on other automobiles. The tires on our light-weight five-passenger D, for example, are the same as used on the heavy high-grade seven-passenger cars and the same as we used on the Franklin H last year. Other makers, because of tire trouble, are now using demountable rims. We continue the light, quick detachable rim.

New Features Summarized: Doors to front seats; flush-sided, sloping-hood bodies; lower seats and lower effect generally; new oiling system, overcoming smoking; quiet valve action; engine air jacket arranged to give complete accessibility; more room between dash and front seat and a greater rake to steering column; deeper and more luxurious upholstering; still larger tires; all motors accurately balanced.

¶ Franklin resilient, full-elliptic-spring, wood-chassis-frame construction gives the only luxurious riding. There is no fatigue; the automobile does not deteriorate.

¶ Franklin air cooling is the ideal system for an automobile engine; it affords the lightest, simplest construction; it does not require attention; it is independent of climate and weather conditions; it does all that water cooling can do, and more; it can not break down or get out of order; there are no working parts not required in the engine itself. It is superior in every way to any other cooling system.



Model G fitted with four-passenger open body

New catalogue on request

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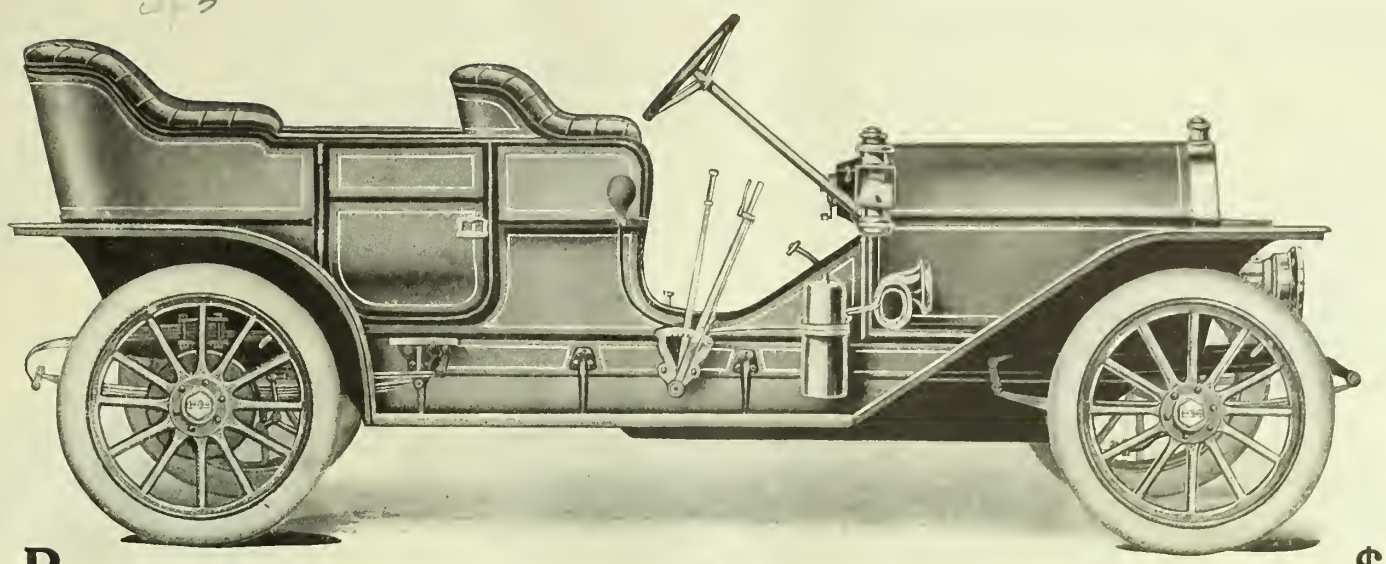

40 H. P. NEW Touring Model 30 A, with Regular Equipment **$1,750**

Money Can Not Buy More in Performance—Economy—Durability—Comfort—Style

Everything that the experienced and discriminating motorist demands in his 1911 car—regardless of price—has been put into the new Inter-State models. Every standard of strength—speed—roominess—money-saving and worry-saving construction—convenience and artistry has been complied with, and in many features surpassed, by exclusive Inter-State construction. This has all been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the most exacting in the great motor centers. Why then add $750 to $1,500 to your appropriation when you can fulfill all your desires and keep the saving in your bank account by buying an Inter-State?

1911 Models — **Inter-State** — **$1,750 $2,000**

World's Greatest Automobile Values Now Ready for Delivery

Where else, for anything near $1,750 or $2,000, can you find the Inter-State's long wheel base—full 118 inches—40 horse-power motor, with 4½-inch bore by 5-inch stroke?

What other car—no matter what you pay for it—has all the following features? You will find **all** these in your Inter-State:

Double ignition system.

Rolling push rod contact on the cam shaft.

Integral water pump, rotary oil pump and imported high tension magneto. All located on one side of the motor and driven by one shaft.

You can find no other car whose parts are so easily accessible.

No other motor, embodying all the features required by the leading engineers, combines them in such simple construction as the Inter-State.

The chassis of the new Inter-State models is especially commented on in motordom.

Its ample proportions showing the contrast between the **real** car of big build and that of skimpy lines, its materials, its design, compel the admiration of manufacturers offering cars at many hundreds more.

The new Inter-State is a notable example of what has been achieved in interchangeability of parts.

And, remember, the Inter-State is built entirely in the manufacturer's own factory.

Reflect what this means in perfect construction and harmony as a whole. It is the only way in which the Inter-State ideal can be achieved. And you get the benefit with an enormous money-saving.

Why then take a chance on an ordinary car, or double your expenditure for no additional advantage?

Send for New Book!

It shows all the new models in exact colors

It tells all about the many high-class features we haven't room here to tell about, and describes every part of the Inter-State in detail. Just fill out the coupon.

Tear This Out!

S. E. P.

A Reminder

Inter-State Automobile Company
Muncie, Ind.

You may send your new 1911 book.

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Inter-State Automobile Company, Muncie, Ind.

Write for information regarding choice territory for dealers.

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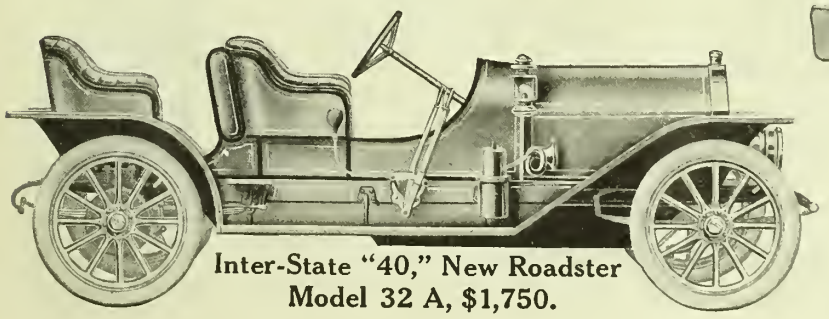
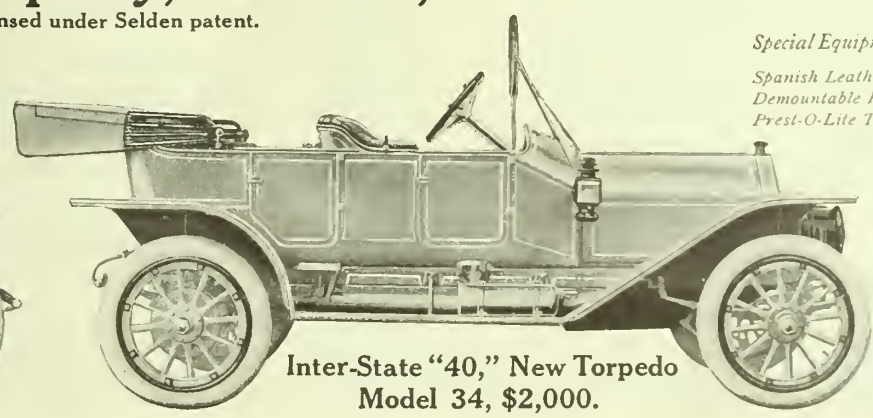


Inter-State "40," New Roadster Model 32 A, $1,750.



Inter-State "40," New Torpedo Model 34, $2,000.

Special Equipment Model 34.

Spanish Leather Upholstering.
Demountable Rims.
Prest-O-Lite Tank.
Solar Headlights Black Enameled.
Combination electric side and tail lamps Black Enameled.
Storage Battery.
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Robe Rail

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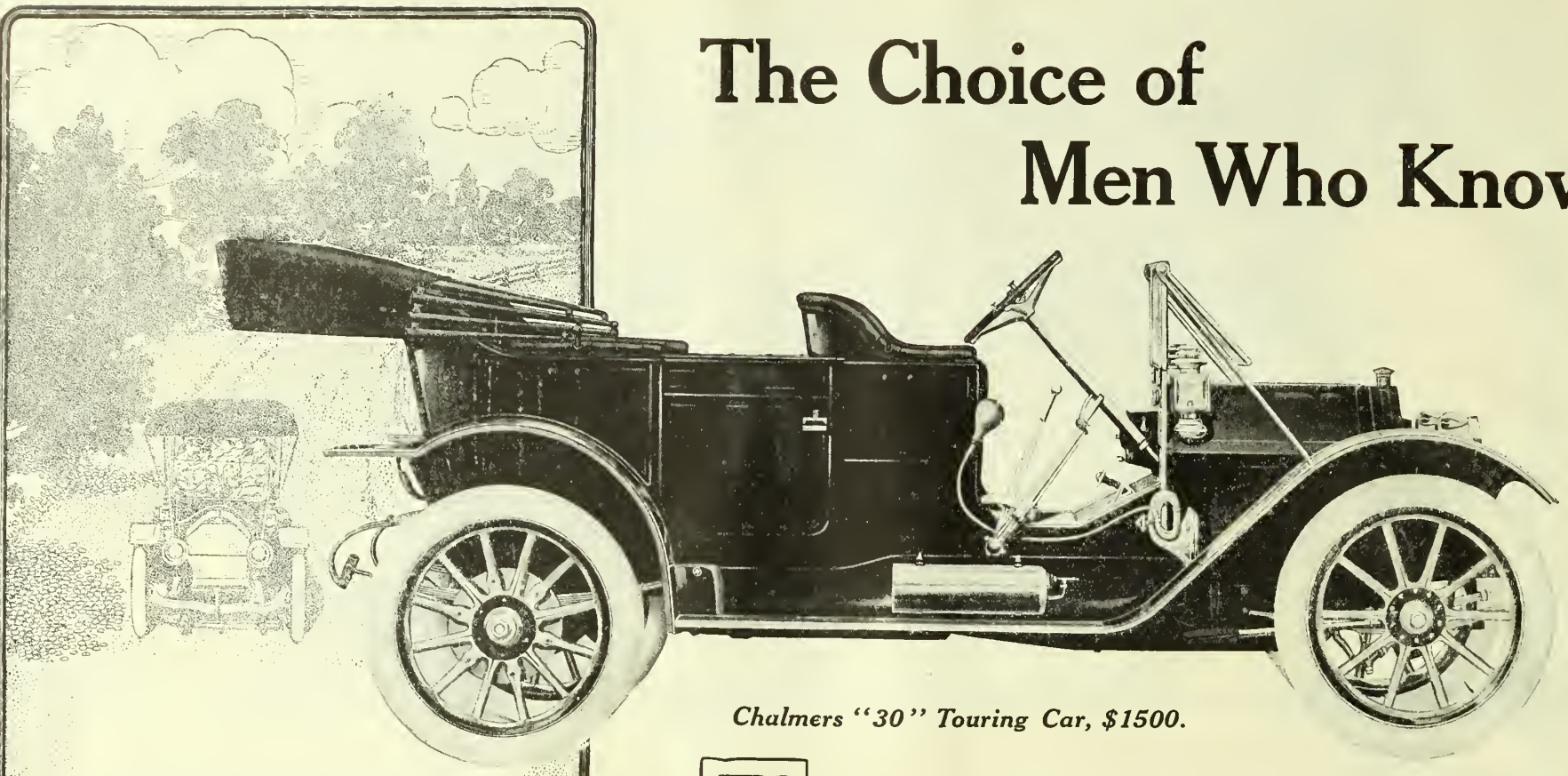
The Choice of Men Who Know



Chalmers "30" Touring Car, $1500.

ENGINEERS, mechanical men and those who have had wide experience in automobiling are the ones who are able to select a car strictly on its merits, regardless of price, advertising claims or representation by salesmen.

Below is a small list taken at random from among hundreds of prominent and motor-experienced men who are owners of Chalmers Cars.

New York City.
Craig Colgate, Banker.
N. W. Halsey, Banker.
J. B. Herreshoff, Designer of Yachts.
J. S. Huyler, Manufacturer of Huyler's Candies.
Arthur Iselin.
Percy Rockefeller, Standard Oil Company.
David W. Bishop, of Morgan & Company.
Lee De Forrest, De Forrest Wireless Telegraph.
Glenn Curtiss, Aeroplane Builder.

Boston, Mass.
F. W. Hallowell, Wool Merchant.
E. S. Webster, Stone & Webster.
Dr. W. H. Walker, Prof. Mass. Inst. Tech.

Troy, N. Y.
Howard Kennedy, Vice Pres. Cluett, Peabody Co.
Lieut. Paul H. Learned (for use in U. S. Army Manœuvres).

Elmira, N. Y.
J. R. Clark, Pres. American-La France Fire Engine Co.
J. Sloat Fassett, Congressman.

West Point, N. Y.
Capt. Henry C. Jewett, Officer U. S. Military Academy

Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mr. Heinz, H. J. Heinz Company.
R. M. Oliver, Oliver Iron & Steel Company.
F. I. Ellis, United States Eng. Co.
O. H. Childs, Retired.
J. H. Reed, Pres. Pgh. Railways & Phila. Gas Co.

Baltimore, Md.
Wm. F. Cochran.
General Francis E. Waters.

Richmond, Va.
John E. Lane, Lane Bros.
James Pollard, Pollard & Bagby.

Dayton, Ohio.
Geo. M. Verity, Pres. American Rolling Mills.
R. B. Carnahan, Jr., American Rolling Mills Co.

Chicago, Ill.
Medill McCormick, Publisher The Tribune.
R. T. Crane, of the Crane Company, Mfrs.
Julius Rosenwald, Pres. Sears-Roebuck & Co.
Chauncy J. Blair, Banker.

St. Louis, Mo.
D. R. Calhoun, Pres. Ely-Walker Dry Goods Co.
Festus J. Wade, Pres. Mercantile Trust Co.
Geo. W. Simmons, V. P. Simmons Hardware Co.

Omaha, Nebraska.
H. W. Yates, Jr., Nebraska Nat'l Bank.
Judge Wm. A. Redick.
H. F. Wilkins, Cudahy Packing Co.

Portland, Oregon.
J. B. Yeon.
E. L. Thompson, Hartman & Thompson, Bankers.

Los Angeles, Cal.
J. Ross Clark, Vice Pres. Salt Lake R. R

THE greatest advertisement for Chalmers Cars has always been the recommendations of enthusiastic owners. That such men as these mentioned are Chalmers owners, is sufficient guarantee for those who have little knowledge or experience in automobiling.

The new 1911 Models are practically unchanged in all essential principles. Many refinements of detail and workmanship have improved their general appearance and made them even smoother running and quieter than ever before.

New style carburetors are used that are even more economical and uniform of operation than previous models.

Chalmers Cars represent all you possibly can look for in an automobile for every use—beauty of line, comfort, power, speed, perfect control, reliability. You can pay more for a car but you cannot find a car *at any price* that will give you so much real value as

Chalmers MOTOR CARS

"30" at $1500 **"Forty" at $2750**

1911 Demonstrating cars have been delivered to our dealers all over the country. Deliveries to customers begin this month. Write for new catalog "E" and name of the nearest dealer.

On the Radiator

Chalmers Motor Company

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Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

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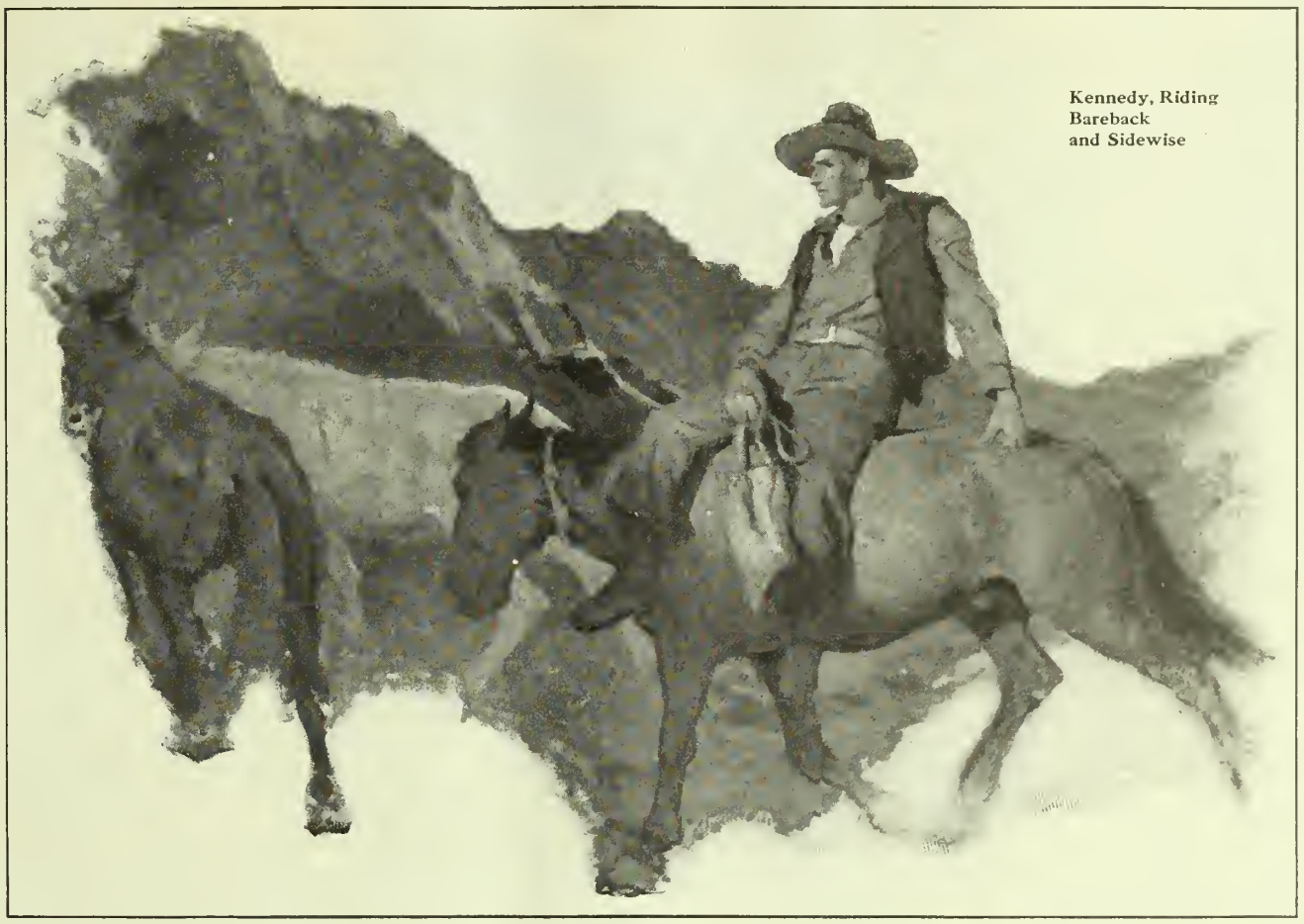
The Line of Least Resistance

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH



Kennedy, Riding Bareback and Sidewise

THE world to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one." Lamentably accurate as to horseless carriages and other doleful prophecies, Mother Shipton was yet not infallible. The year passed with no such annoying event; the periled ant-hill world continued frantically ant-busy with vital affairs, which now are forgotten or as frantically undone.

In 1881 Garfield was assassinated. In New York City "Crazy Luke," persistent in a Hudson River Tunnel hallucination, became a nuisance to harassed capital and was properly sent to the insane asylum. Infant damnation was abolished at Cincinnati. Washington was deep in the A, B, C, D of a new navy, planning the Atlanta, Boston, Chicago and Dolphin, monsters of three thousand tons.

Kansas and Nebraska were mortgaged, emitting—profanity was wicked, exhausted and unsatisfactory—weird, harebrained heresies, now orthodox. These fanatic dissatisfactions were to become Grange Societies, Populism, and, by a particularly subtle and insidious system—a consistent series of crushing defeats—to disconcert and capture one and both of Populism's successful antagonists, and so depart, having made two Populist parties grow where none grew before. Singularly enough, that son of York—at that time affording much quiet amusement to the old hands at Albany—who was to lead this wintry discontent to blooming summer, or, at least, to ride before it—was now devoting his few odd moments to refuting the heresies he was to enforce so strenuously, and to exposing the fallacies of his own later career. It is gratifying to know that our ethical and political standards are permanent and absolute at last, after centuries of change and foggy confusion.

For the rest, the Eastern Question and colossal Russia engrossed an agitated Europe. The Japanese were becoming known as a bright little people, really quite intelligent; in revolving Mexico, Gonzalez was President per Dictator Diaz; in South Africa, one Paul Kruger was experimentally playing cat's-cradle with the British Lion's tail.

In 1881 New Mexico expected statehood forthwith; the Lincoln County War was dying down; Pat Garrett had successfully killed Billy the Kid; Governor Lew Wallace had written Ben-Hur in the Adobe Palace, undistracted; the Santa Fe Railroad was completed to El Paso; Dundee and other towns without a past were simultaneously enjoying the present and a heavily discounted future.

Why, in '81-'83, Dundee in the desert counted her sons by more joyous hundreds than ever by scores in her subsequent drowsy quarter-century as a cowtown; why some of these hundreds wore silk hats unreproved, some clave to cleft sombreros and some held by skull-cap and duster; why the incumbents of such diverging gear dwelt millennially together, with no unseemly contention for the lion's part; why Dundee boasted two general stores of amazing efficiency where whatsoever thing demanded was mysteriously produced at once; why there was a one-story adobe hotel of vast acreage, forever crowded with affluent transients; why there were rival stage-lines to the Black Range country, sixty miles westward, with a service of a daily six-horse coach either way, not to mention the frequent extras; why the railroad had hastily surveyed a "feeder" for that same Black Range clientage, to be built at once to flourishing Chloride, Fairview, Grafton and Hermosa; why, pending such building, the sidetracks of Dundee were crowded with cars—freight, ore and private; why, night and day, the freight depot was blockaded by waiting freight outfits—ten to twenty horses or mules or oxen, an enormous wagon strong enough for anything in the way of boilers or machinery that could possibly be loaded upon it, and one or more smaller "trail wagons," constituting an outfit; why, in short, gold eagles were then more prevalent in Dundee than were dimes thereafter—all these things may require some explanation.

You would certainly have demanded such explanation, later revisiting the pale glimpses of Dundee; when the long, white tent-streets had folded and vanished in the night, Arabian fashion; when the wooden buildings had been torn down and moved to tributary ranches; when the larger and more capable of the amazing general stores had providentially burned—its provident and capable owner, with the insurance money, flitting to the Cœur d'Alêne country; when the other store and the hotel—both of uninflammable adobe—were partly occupied as headquarters of warring cattle companies. The square stakes of the Black Range branch line remained, a commentary on departed glories. They are there yet. Good wood, in that dry, pure air, does not rot or "powder-post" as in more favored sections. Through the long, pleasant evenings, Dundee, reclining on tarpaulined beds in its vasty starlit sleeping-quarters, was prone to wax reminiscent as to that golden age; mournfully proud, like Mr. Kipling's Mulvaney, "Oi wuz a corpr'l wanst. Oi've been rayjooced—but Oi wuz a corpr'l wanst." At such times Dundee fondly recurred to the survey stakes, as Private Mulvaney to those brief, vanished chevrons.

Let us return to our millennial muttons.

Boston built the Santa Fe Railroad, with the brains and money so characteristic of her. Incidentally, she rebuilt frequently such jerkwater part of it as bordered upon the Rio Grande del Norte—sometimes reasonably called Rio Bravo—until, after the ninth consecutive encore, she surmised that those rude, unlettered persons who had aforetime made early casual mention of the Grande, or Bravo, as a fickle and migratory stream, had meant thereby no idle persiflage, but a friendly, unofficious warning. Convinced by the facts, Boston made a late, literal and lateral movement of track and right-of-way—two hundred miles of it. But this is a detail. As said above, Boston built the Santa Fe, and then ventured forth in private cars to view the investment.

The why of what next befell is insufficiently explained. "The lands of the sun expand the soul"—*los paises del sol dilaten el alma.* This *dicho* of our Latin neighbors seems the likeliest solution. Perhaps the taintless air was heavy and the glamour of incredible vast horizons stirred the blood. Or, perhaps, it was a sympathetic spiritual strike, incited by bodily freedom from wonted shackles, climatic, sartorial and conventional. Be that as it may, this is the indecorous thing that chanced. Skull-cap coquettishly aslant, with a chuckle, hilarious but not maudlin, staid and thrifty Boston clapped hand to pocket and proceeded to gamble, joyously, deeply, free-heartedly. Not with cards—dear me, no! With mines—gold, silver, copper and things.

To hold a claim, ten feet of assessment work must be done each year, for which payment was had at a flat rate of ten dollars the foot. That was a good time and place; two languid men could thus attain a hundred dollars in from four to six days, according to the rock encountered and the degree of languor exhibited. Energetic folk and Welshmen did it in half the time.

Boston was not blind, but this newly-acquired, careless prodigality thrilled the Bostonian veins with morbid pleasure. A good round price, certainly, said Boston with an airy shrug, also a late acquisition. But, after all, why shouldn't these poor fellows have their bit for such hard toil, where one perspired so freely and soiled one's clothes so very much? It was dangerous too. One might walk into the shaft, or neglect to absent oneself when one set off a blast.

Promising "mines" did "gophering" or development work by contract at the same liberal rate. The heterogeneous population walked with a jaunty and springy swagger—that non-equestrian part of it not engaged in stock-raising. It did not, at this date, drink to excess. It was more amusing to keep sober. It seldom gambled—it wasn't exciting enough. It preserved an invincible good nature. What was there to quarrel about? It took no thought for the morrow. Why should it? New Mexico was roughly, say, four hundred miles square. That was one hundred and sixty thousand square miles—call it one hundred and fifty thousand. In a square mile there were thirty and seven-eighths mining claims, each fifteen hundred by six hundred feet—make it thirty even. Four and a half million claims in New Mexico alone, each calling for a hundred dollars in assessment work every year!—four hundred and fifty million dollars—not counting the steady "producers" and development work, or the not infrequent sales at fancy prices. Lump it all at that—cut it in half—two hundred and fifty million dollars a year at the least! Smooth and unperplexed faces were worn, eyes jolly, twinkling, heedless; smiling mouths. *Ay de mi!* Never were such times since Paris of the Bubble!

Such was the optimistic arithmetic. To be rigidly impartial, the party of the second part calculated as artlessly. And here is a curious thing. Long after those golden days this bit of learned legal phraseology clings persistently to the speech of all who go down into the earth in buckets. He with whom the Southwest has dealings connected with the animal or vegetable kingdom, or prepared foods, is a man. But if the deal is as to things metalliferous the absent, be he "the foe, the victim, or the fond ally," loses all personal nomenclature and pronominal rights, and is mysteriously referred to, irrespective of person, number, gender and case, as "the party."

A similar relic obtains as to the mine itself. It is not now so called unless it is a "producer." When on the market for sale, lease or bond or seeking capital for development work it is invariably spoken of as "a proposition."

With proverbial beginners' luck, Boston made a few notable winnings. Gleeful letters went forth to favored cities on Boston's calling list; the skull-cap took on a tilt positively rakish, and Boston made new bets on the layout.

There are rumors of cold decks, slipped cuts and similar malign devices. If such there were they but accelerated the inevitable end. Ten dollars a foot from the grass-roots down would have done the business, unaided by art. There came a day when Boston went back with a headache—expense money wired.

The bereaved residue, thus cruelly deprived of sustenance, for the most part resumed wrinkles and human traits; became thirsty, acquisitive and quarrelsome, with respective tendencies toward D. T., train robbery and homicide; and so drifted away before the swelling tide of keen-eyed and long-legged Texans, the cowmen who were for a space to inherit the land.

There was a minority, both of those that drifted and of those that lodged, who kept sweet and sound, loyal and sunny and kind and gay to the end; who, like the Jolly Old Schoolmaster, were "sure of happiness, living or dead." Nameless here, save for a few, that pulsing, great-hearted, generous life gives warmth and color to every mellow memory of those far-off dreamy days; their friendly ghosts flit dimly to and fro on shadowy errands; not on the firing-line, but a sure reserve in need; in Dundee, or what place they were, their strength a refuge, covert from the storm, shelter from mighty winds, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

II

IT IS most irregular for a cañon to run due north into a river flowing due south, but Mescal does just that, the enormous mass of Caballo Mountain barring it from other access to the Rio Grande. Precisely at this junction the river is forced to a reluctant westering, and gnaws persistently at the western base of the Caballos with intent presently to undermine their foundations. In this design it will doubtless be successful; these sandy waters cut like a chisel. You see, there is a grudge of some standing. These—literally—upstart Caballos were one day upheaved directly in the river's chosen course, with resultant bitterness.

Hiram Yoast Was Deeply in Love With Life

Mescal rises in the bewildered tangle of low sandstone foothills between the Caballo and that northern prong of the great Chihuahuan Desert, named of the maps the Jornada del Muerto, and locally known as the Jornada.

To say that Mescal flowed due north, however, would be doubly inaccurate. Its course so meandered, wound, twisted, turned, looped, curlicued, doubled and twined, and generally boxed the compass forward and back, that cautious mention of its mouth as being north of its source was as far as a reputable person would care to commit himself. Secondly, save for springs near its mouth, no water flows in it. Here is a roaring muddy torrent after a rainstorm, but not for long. As Neighbor Jones put it: "Mescal would be steep as the steeple on a church-house if 'twasn't so crooked. Good grama grass on them hills, just alongin' to be minted into gold pieces—only, cattle get so plumb dizzy going down the river for water they never get back."

Now, near the head of Mescal, Hiram Yoast and Don Kennedy espied by chance a clump of tender greenery—a wild grapevine, small but thrifty. This, in the arid lands, cannot live unless the roots reach to living water. Hiram made camp with saddle blankets and both canteens, while Kennedy rode post haste after supplies. Ownership of water, in the desert, is wealth, culture and social distinction.

Hiram Yoast was deeply in love with life, sunny, light-hearted, given to cheerful self-delight. In that fresh and fragrant hour, dearest of all the clean, bright, desert day—the cool silence between dawn and sunrise—he sat tailor-wise before the fire. His unlined boyish face was illuminated by a saintly smile of conscious virtue; such bright approval as Little Jack Horner proclaimed during a memorable event. The occasions were in no way dissimilar: the night before they had struck water at eighteen feet.

A cottontail, daintily nibbling in the bushes, caught a glint of the firelight. Decidedly this must be investigated. Noiseless, he hopped into the open and sat down shyly, black eyes blinking and ears pinkily aquiver; to flee terrified as Hiram raised his voice in a cheerful little matin song:

Ducks in the millpond, cows in the clover,
Pocket full o' money and six bits over!

In one hand he held the branding iron from his saddle, a smal' rod bent to a sort of shepherd's crook. The other hand held an iron fork with which he turned the venison in a merrily spluttering pan. This done, he lifted off the bubbling coffee-pot and poured in water from a canteen to settle it.

Next he hooked his crook in the rimmed lid of the iron bakeoven, raised it and made inspection. The baking-powder biscuits were light and flaky, but not brown enough. He tilted the lid to let the dying coals slide off, placed it on the hottest place in the fire, whistling a merry tune the while. With his useful crook he raked out live embers and set the bakeoven over them, flipped fresh coals on the now heated top and replaced it on the oven.

The camp—uncomplicated to a degree—was made on a shelf in the hillside, well out of the arroyo. Under a thick-topped cedar a few blankets were spread on a tarp, which in turn was pulled up over the blankets. The bed was now in some disarray, exposing cartridge belts and pistol belts under the war sacks that served for heading. Saddles and other gear hung from the branches, beyond the reach of prowling coyote or an occasional salt-hungry cow.

The fire was built against a big outcropping boulder that served as a strong-room. On its top were the leather-bound canvas pack-sacks, their collapsed condition revealing the nearly exhausted commissariat—dwindled sacks of flour, salt, sugar and coffee, a slab of breakfast bacon, a few tins of canned goods; a new pack-saddle with breeching, breast straps and broad pack-cinch; and symmetrical rows of empty tins, bearing mute witness to Hiram's methodical housewifery.

Beside the boulder were two five-gallon kegs, a large canteen with a two-inch strap, smaller ones for saddle use. Each day they watered their horses at Mescal Spring, five crooked miles away, and packed back water for the household.

A clatter broke the stillness. A quail whistled shrill alarm, then whirred through the air in bullet flight. Two loose horses soberly topped the hill, their rawhide hobbles buttoned around their necks; then Kennedy, riding bareback and sidewise, swinging an empty canvas nosebag against the fat sides of Doubting Thomas, the pack-horse.

Kennedy was taller than Hiram, stronger-thewed, a dozen years older. His strong, rough-hewn face had yet a careless, flashing charm of self-reliance, force, alert poise, more pleasing than mere beauty; but in its underlying lines of sternness and resolution it was the face of a man who has passed many Rubicons. Privately, Hiram considered Kennedy quite the finest little piece of work produced to date, but carefully concealed this boyish idolatry from its object. His elation grew to think that henceforth this was to be his pardner; he whistled more blithely than ever. Pray observe that "pardner" is not at all the same word or thing as the purely commercial term "partner."

The horse-wrangler slid off easily, apportioned the scanty remnant of corn to the three nosebags, and slipped them on the three nuzzling heads. The munching horses, eyes half closed luxuriously, stood with noses pointing to a common center, untied and contented.

"Was they far?"

"They were headed for Winter's Flat. Had to track 'em. Jug in the lead. The old skunk wants to go back to Palomas." Kennedy performed his simple ablutions. Holding a cup between his teeth, he poured water on his hands; holding it between his knees, he filled his cupped hands for facial purposes.

"Br-reakfas' now ready in the dining-cyar!" announced Hiram in sonorous satisfaction. "Bring the dishes, Don. And the cow. And the sugar." Knives and forks were of iron; the battered plates, cups, spoons and the cow were tin.

"Been down to the well yet, Hiram?"

"*Puesto que si!* Eight feet of water! Me, I'm most mighty undiscontented. D'yuh reckon we'd better pipe it out or get a windmill?"

"Windmill first. Pipe-line, *poco tiempo*, bimeby, day after *mañana*. It'll be a big job. This mine, miner, minus dream is due to play out before long. Then we can hire some one to do the ditch on reasonable terms. Pass the meat. It'll cost us a heap of money even then—but it'll be worth a dollar a year for every head of stock it'll water. Next thing to ownin' a mint, water is."

"*Mañana* just suits my style of beauty," said Hiram. "I don't mind work that I can do ahorseback, but I don't noways yearn, long, hone or hanker to make any personal excavation in the solid rock twelve or fifteen feet deep and three hundred yards long. That's too much like old manual labor. Look at me now! Look at my hands—and these brogans—and these overalls! Marse Hi shaves his face and crawls into his nice little corduroys before we hit the trail. Just think, Don—this noon we'll sit down to eggs and chili and real cream of the cow!"

Don put his plate down and looked at his pardner solicitously. "Who is it this time—Milly or the widow? Blue overalls, Mr. Yoast, are by long odds the most fashionable garments worn. They're always in style. Don't turn up your nose at 'em. Many an honest heart—— On reflection, the honest heart beats under the ragged coat."

Marse Hi ignored this frivolous banter. He turned a brisk and businesslike eye to Timber Mountain. The summit glowed warm and golden. Day was upon them.

"There's no use packin' in our plunder. Let's just pile it upon the rock, pack-saddle and all, and pull the tarp over it. We've got to buy a harness and wagon and bring out our windmill and truck. Say, we nearly forgot one thing. We got to locate the well as a millsite. Can't lay no preëmption papers or homestead in a country all shot full o' mineral. Can you write out a location notice?"

"Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned citizens of the United States, having complied with the United States Statutes and the local rules and regulations, do hereby locate this spring and five acres of non-mineral land adjoining for a millsite in connection with the Baby Mine," quoted Don in glib singsong. "Sure! I can do it."

"Seems plumb foolish, don't it?" said Hiram meditatively. "Looks like the well was notice enough that some one had got here first. Man ain't likely to think a well just happened, is he, now? But I suppose we have to. That's the way they all do."

"Hiram," said Don severely, "do you realize that you are proposing a barefaced fraud? The law strictly forbids using millsites for agricultural purposes—and a steer is that precise purpose. Far be it from me to have lot or part in any evasion of the law. You tidy up the camp, Bridget, dear, and I'll write off a notice that we can sign in good faith."

It did not take him long. This is what he handed to Hiram:

NOTICE OF LOCATION

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, being sound of mind, wind and limb, do hereby locate, to have and to hold till death do us part, this well and three million acres or more of the surrounding land, together with all land adjoining the same, for a cowsite in connection with the Free Range, under the terms of the Winchester Act of 1873: the same to be known, until we can think of something better, as the Bright Alfalfaretta Cowsite, or the Mystery of the Twin Calves.

This cowsite is permanently situate in Mescal Cañon, about halfway between the Pacific Ocean on the west and the Gulf of Mexico on the southeast, and on a direct line from the North Star to the Equator, and is more particularly described as follows—to wit, namely, viz.: About six feet west, or in a westerly direction, from this monument of stones and place of beginning, hence about eighteen feet down or in a downerly direction, to the bottom of the well, the place of ending.

All persons purposing to jump or contest this claim are requested to leave with their location papers written instructions as to disposition of remains. If shipment is desired express charges will be prepaid from sale of effects, if sufficient; otherwise net proceeds of such sale will be packed with contestant and the whole forwarded C. O. D. to the given address. Should burial be preferred parties are requested to prepare their own graves, as labor is very distasteful to the undersigned and our hands are blistered already. Good, easy digging over the first ridge to the right, looking down the draw, where the drainage is away from the well. You will find a large rock there, standing on its lower end in a nice place, on which is chiseled—on the rock and not on the nice place—this epitaph:

Sacred to the Memory of

_____

alias

_____

Born

_____

Died

_____

of Lead Poisoning

"Consider his ways and be wise"

Please fill in blanks and dig there. Bring back the picks, but you might as well leave the shovels.

Grub and bedding on the big boulder. Help yourselves. Please feed the cat. You will find smoking, a deck of cards and some old magazines in the war sacks. Wash the dishes and leave everything as found. Hiram is painfully neat.

A copy of this will be filed with the Recording Angel.

Done in the dark of the moon and near the end of the last quarter of venison, on this the twenty-first or twenty-second day of May, 1882. Hiram says it is the eighteenth.

Yours sincerely,

Locators { DONALD KENNEDY.

Hiram's face, usually so legible, became preternaturally expressionless as he read this extraordinary document. He sedately penciled his signature. "That ought to hold 'em a while. We will now make this well a ranch by watering our horses, as an agricultural purpose."

"That rawhide bucket's punched full of holes from hauling up rocks," objected Don.

"Do You Happen to Be Looking for Me?"

For answer, Hiram began loosening the hoops of a keg, with design to remove one end. Seeing what he was about Don took the saddle ropes and led the horses to the well. Hiram followed with the keg.

On the dump lay hammer, drills, picks and shovels. Turning in forked cedar uprights, spiked to the cedar curb, was a cedar windlass, axe-grooved, with a roughly trimmed natural crook for handle; the pack-rope served as windlass rope. Cutting off a length of this, Hiram made cunning adjustment of half-hitches below and above the swell of the improvised bucket, and tied the loose ends together for a handle.

Horses watered, Kennedy built into a monument of loose stones the tin can containing his remarkable location papers. Hiram unreeled and coiled the windlass rope, now needed for tying up the bed. This done, he looked thoughtfully into the well. "Don't you reckon we'd better cut some poles and cover this up? Something might come along and fall in."

"Oh, I guess not," said Kennedy.

Even as he spoke, his spur caught in a tangle of grapevine, he stumbled sprawlingly, made futile clutch at the windlass post, and shot down into the water, head first, gasping.

He bobbed up choking and spluttering, found a precarious hand-hold on the rocky sides, and looked up. Hiram, still holding the neatly coiled rope, was seated on the curb in profound and silent meditation, his legs dangling idly in the well. His elbow was on his knee and his chin rested on his hand; he regarded Kennedy with grave interest. Kennedy opened his mouth, but could not find the fitting word. Hiram clicked his heels gently together, pushed his hat back, cocked his eye at the sun and, ignoring the interruption, continued in a pleasant drawl:

"It won't take us long. I'll cut 'em if you'll drag 'em." His round-eyed, innocent gaze wandered to the near hillside. "I see some good ones over there a couple of hundred yards."

"Throw down that rope!"

Hiram recalled himself with a start and peered again into the cool depths. After a moment's contemplation he nodded brightly as one well pleased at his own quickness in grasping the situation.

"Sure!" he said mildly—and dropped the coil.

Kennedy bobbed under again. He came up choking and gurgling, having indignantly tried to talk under water, and began an incoherent endeavor to express his views in several differing and inadequate ways at once. After some emotional discussion Hiram caught a glimpse of his true meaning.

"Oh, I see! You want me to let one end of a rope down there and keep the other end up here? Yes, yes! And to pull you up? I'll get a rope off one of the horses and fix you in a jiffy."

But when he had Kennedy halfway up, Hiram stopped and sat down on the windlass handle. "I see now what your idea was!" he said thoughtfully. "You can't fool Rosie! You're always guying me because I like to be as neat as the law allows. All the same, you ——"

The rope was violently agitated. Kennedy was coming up band-over-hand. He was nearly to the top. "Here, I'll give you a band," said Hiram kindly, and rose to help him. The windlass spun wildly. . . . When Kennedy reappeared above the water, clutching the rope, the look of disappointment and astonishment was still on Hiram's face; his helping hands were still extended.

"Hiram, you're a fool!" said Kennedy in an agonized whisper, when he could get bis breath.

Hiram seemed struck with this and sat down to consider it. "Possibly. . . . Probably," be admitted. "But never mind that. Tell me honestly now if you didn't do this just so you'd have to change your clothes?"

"That was my motive, certainly," said Kennedy. "But I didn't think that you'd catch on." His teeth were chattering.

"Sorter wanted an excuse to spruce up?" prompted Hiram.

"That's it exactly," said Kennedy meekly. "I'm really very dressy."

"So'm I," said Hiram. "'When I go out to promenade I look so fine and gay, I have to take the dogs along to keep the girls away.'"

"Hiram," said Don persuasively, "don't you think we'd better get our horse-ride over before it gets too bot?"

"Sure you don't want to punch my silly bead?" suggested Hiram. *(Continued on Page 30)*

WHY THEY GO

By WALLACE IRWIN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A Cynic Sage and a Ribald Rhymester See Some Summer Resorts

Coney Island

I

GENTS, call the waiter!" The boat pulls away
From Battery Park to the Isle of the Gay.
We're voyagers to Dreamland—Oh, what do we reck
Of Life's little cares like mosquitoes that peck?
For the beer's in our blood and the wind's on our neck,
And Love's holding hands on the hurricane deck.
Like a beehive afloat
And covered with bees,
Our joy-riding boat
Hits the breast of the seas
With a jam-pack of passengers, jolly and loud,
A "characteristic American crowd,"
Being Swedish, Hungarian,
Polish, Bavarian,
Russian and Prussian and Spanish and Danish.
Lombards, Slavonians,
Sweitzers, Bostonians,
Belgians, Batavians, Japanese too,
And Herzegovinians more than a few.

Near the peak of the bow where the Spooners commune
A very fat band plays a very thin tune
A little too flat and a trifle too sharp;
Two worn violins and an overworked harp
Do Dreamy Eyes Waltz—which is much to the taste
Of the golden-haired girl with the Fritzi Scheff waist,
Whose eyes dance with joy
As she smiles on her Boy.
He thinks it is Her that the tune's being played for.
Ah, she is the sort that all Music is made for!
From the pied piper, Pan,
To the Hand-Organ Man,
'Tis she that the Earth lifts its sweet serenade for.
Carmen, Madonna, Bacchante and Peach,
When the Waltz Music starts she is always in reach
At Coney or Newport or Rockaway Beach.
Her color flames high
And the light's in her eye,
Though her pinky-pink turban is slightly awry.
"Oh, gee!—I'm so happy!" she says, with a sigh.

Potash & Perlmutter, ordering beer,
Are treating their wives to this beverage clear,
While cute Baby Isadore, lingering near,
Is tasting the blisses
Of "Butter-scotch Kisses,"
Whose sweets, long drawn out, cling in syrupy smears
From the bridge of his nose to the tips of his ears.

"Gents, call the waiter, the handsome old waiter!
Sweet drinks for ladies, sour drinks for gents—
Sar-sa-pa-rilla—it's cool, it's immense!
Don't look so shy, boys!
No use to try, boys;
Can't win yer goil 'less you git in and buy, boys!"

Fat folks are eating perpetual lunch,
Throwing banana skins over the rail.
Infantile squallings begin—I've a hunch
Somebody's Darling has lost his tin pail.
Somebody's nestling up closer, until
Somebody hollers, "Aw, break away, Bill!"
Somebody answers that Somebody might
Tie up his face if he don't want to fight.
Somebody's silent for reasons unknown.
Throned like a queen
In a costume of green,
Bella the Coon sits severely alone
Scenting the ocean with eau de Cologne.

"Gents, call the waiter——" But look! on our lee
Domes and pavilions loom out of the sea.
Wildly we gaze, as Columbus before
Gazed on the fabulous Indies of yore.

Feathery fortresses, kiosks aswirl,
Pinnacles dripping with mother-of-pearl,
Peaks pointing skyward like Emblems of Hope—
(Whoa! I'm indulging in Press Agent Dope)—
First vision of Coney, like Heaven gone daffy
Or the dream of a Poet in cardboard and taffy!

II

Down the principal beat of the Rubberneck Street
We travel with Coney and follow our feet.
Here the bait is well strung
Where the suckers can bid.
As Keats might have sung—
Tho' I don't think he did—
"It's the Bowery, the Bowery!
They do such things and they say such things,
They yell such yells
And they sell such sells,
And you're morally certain to smell such smells
On the Bowery."

We shuffle along down the wonderful row
Where the health-inspected,
Tariff-protected,
Miscellaneous Millions go
In a shameless, aimless,
Eager and nameless
Search for a cheap but excitable show.

"What is that prevalent bouquet de Coney?"
Questions the Sage. Well, I'll try to express
The curious, furious, overluxurious
Smell of the place. It's a mixture, I guess,
Of fresh-burned powder,
Overcooked chowder,
Candy, rubber and gasoline,
And a certain attar
Of animal matter
Which Neptune wafts from the ocean green
When the clams die slow in the ultramarine.

Hear the "hot-dog" wolves as they bark "bow-wow!"
While the victims eat of the deadly chow.
Megaphone-merchants bicker and bickle,
Taunts that terrify, jests that tickle,
Boosts for their merchandise, small or mickle—
Any old hoax
To painlessly coax
The coy, shy flight of the fickle nickel.
The food that braces,
The beer that soothes;
Eager faces
In peep-show booths.
Ring the Jigger!
Shoot the Star!
Knock down the Nigger
And get a cigar!
"Basket Lunches Invited Here"
In the cavernous halls where beer on beer
Drains the purse of the sad recluse
Who gazes "free" at the vitascope views.
And semi-hypnotized family groups,
Hither and thither in squads and troops,
Are swallowing meals
Or following spiels,
Or sitting in hickory automobiles
While being "took" on the wholesale plan
By the serio-comical tintype man.

III

(A Lover's Invitation, written by Diogenes after having skinned his thumb while sliding down the Skaler at Luna Park.)

Come, Love, with me to Luna Park
Among the Kates and Jims!
We'll slide the Skaler for a lark
And break our nether limbs.
Come shoot with me the squeamish Chutes,
And jump the deadly Jumps,

And when our brains are full of pains,
  Ah, then we'll Bump the Bumps!

Come, Love, get in and let us try
  The slippery Dragon's Gorge.
You say you think you're going to die?
  Oh well, hang on to George!
Why do your features lose their youth?
  Why wear that sickly frown?
(I think, dear Love, that was a tooth
  You dropped while coming down.)

Next, Sweetheart, let's to yon machine
  That rolls us like a churn.
You do not care for it, my Queen?
  Have patience, you will learn.
Hold tightly with your pretty hand
  And bitter words forswear,
And soon you'll find that you — Good land!
  Where did you drop your hair?

Next, if you love me, Sweetheart mine
  (Sit still and hold your breath),
I'll slide you down the Scenic Route
  And scare you half to death.
The show entitled Seeing Hell
  We next will go and see.
Why look so sad? Say, ain't you glad
  That you took up with me?

IV

As a fish without gills or a bug without feelers,
So would fair Coneyland be without Spielers.
They're the eyes and the heart and the lungs of the place
As they meet you,
Entreat you,
  Startle, browbeat you,
  Babble of wonders with lyrical grace,
  Crying "Help!" crying "Wow!"
"Here's the mar-r-rvelous Cow!
  She isn't a bilk —
  She's lined with silk
  And don't do a thing but give Pasteurized milk!"
"Hey, Reuben, hi!
  Don't go by
  The Airship, the Airship! Oh, MY, you can fly!!"
"Here's the Musical Sawmill, the tune-splitting whizz
  That drove Oscar Hammerstein out o' the Biz."
"Here's the Twelve Diving Beauties — well, well, bring yer
    wife! —
  Better be dead than miss half o' yer life!"
"Look! Stop!! Can you match 'em?
  Here's where we hatch 'em!
    Walk in and take in the Child Incubator!
  It's the Scientist's Dream —
  We raise 'em by steam,
    Babies as fresh as a newmown potater.
  If ye're voting fer Roosevelt, come, give us a call!
    The children adore it;
    And if you ignore it
  You ain't did yer duty by Science, that's all!"

There's the Spieler Poetic,
The Spieler Pathetic,
The Spieler Excited, though scarcely Magnetic.
But the Spieler who gathers the dimes as they fly
Is he of the candid and honest gray eye,
Who talks with a plain Jeffersonian air —
And boosts for a Fake that would whiten your hair.
(And this style of Spiel, I am loath to confess,
Is well known in Congress, employed with success
By several Statesmen whose names I suppress.)

The Honest Old Spieler with serious face
Begins: "My good friends, there are shows in this place
  Which long have behaved
  In ways so depraved
That my soul shrinks in horror before the disgrace.
I'm glad to see you have come here at a time
When you'll get back Ten Cents' Worth of show for a Dime;
I'm proud, trusting friends, that you've gathered to me
To learn what the Cream of the Folks come to see.
Perhaps the performance I give you today
Is not worth the laughable price that you pay —
Perhaps not! If so, then it ain't worth a cent.
And I earnestly ask any lady or gent —
Who's so blind to all Art that he can't raise a cheer
When Madame Methuselah hangs by her ear —
I ask him to come when the act is all through,
And I'll pay back the price of admission that's due."

So I and Diogenes took up the bid
To see what this Madame Methuselah did.
We found her a lady of flexible fat
  Attired in a robe of mosquito chiffon
Who fondled a snake to the rat-a-tat-tat
  Of an Orient drum which a Turk beat upon.
With motions Delsarté she wriggled and pothered,
But the snake fell asleep and refused to be bothered,
Till up rose the Turk with the Mussulman cry:
"Per-for-mance all over for dees time — goo-by!"

Diogenes ran to the Spieler outside.
"I want back my money," he meekly implied.
But the Spieler was far too exalted to hear
  As he spellbound the crowd with this climax austere:
"If it ain't worth the price, come to me when it's through
  And I'll give back the dime which I'm asking of you."

(Concluded on Page 38)

PETE, THE POLICEMAN

He Throws a Little Light on the Politics of the Department

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Just Say to the Boss That He Owes for a Month's Rent"

FOR a matter of twenty years or thereabouts I pounded the sidewalks of New York as a member of the Metropolitan Police. During that term, either as a patrolman in uniform or as a plain-clothes man—a "flatty" as some choose to call him—I served in no less than seven different precincts under sixteen different captains. Therefore, taking it altogether, I feel safe in saying I had an unusually good look-in at the inside workings of the department. A good deal of what I saw and learned was good; and as for the rest—well, there's a difference of opinion about that. Anyway, good or bad, let me tell you about it, so you can judge for yourself; but, because I'm off the force now, don't think I intend to squeal. That is not at all the idea. All I wish to show you is what the life really is, and, besides that, just what we policemen are up against when you think we take it so easy.

Now, first of all, in point of appearance, in bravery and in general discipline, no other body of uniformed men excels the New York police. I think every one will stand for that. Nor, on the average, if I have to say it myself, is there a squarer, more honest lot. I'm not denying, of course, that there's a deal of crookedness among certain members of the body; but, just the same, this doesn't mean that every policeman is a grafter, that each one is always on the lookout to rake down his bit of easy money. As a matter of fact, the ordinary patrolman in brass and blue stands as good a chance of being shaken down himself as he does of turning the trick on some one else. I know this, because I have seen the graft worked both ways around. In the old days, when the politicians had the department by the throat, this was particularly the case; in fact, as my own experience showed me, a man not only had to pay for his appointment but had to give up regularly if he hoped to keep it. As for today—well, the graft of that kind is now more brainy and refined, though, to be sure, somebody is still always giving up to some one else for something or other; but, under the present style, a man hardly feels it, he's gouged so much in a hold-up game. However, it's all in the game, as the saying has it. Let me give you my own experience, and then you can judge for yourself how much the policeman grafts and how, some of the time, outsiders graft on us.

I'd just turned twenty-one when I got my first hankering to join the force. At the time, I had my card as an expert metal spinner and was doing piece work on brass chandeliers and lamp bodies. The pay was good, but the work was irregular, so that sometimes in the slack season I would be laid off for a couple of weeks at a time. Once, as I remember, I was away from the bench for a full two months, and during that vacation I got the bee in my hat good and proper. Idleness did it. As I was young and unmarried, and had no one dependent on my wages, I took life easy whenever the shop closed down. One day I would go to the ball game or to a theater, and on another I'd stroll down to the dock near where I lived and try my luck on the tomcods and lafayettes. If the fish bit well, or it was a good show at the theater, and the Giants put up a good stiff game, I was perfectly satisfied with things. I liked to loaf, you know. There was nothing in work anyway, I'd tell myself, and though I wasn't lazy or shiftless I hated the dark shop and the restraint and monotony of a trade; in fact, the drudgery of toil galled me just as it galls every young fellow when he first wakes up to its burden. As it strikes me now, I was in fine shape to become a hobo or loafer. Instead, however, I became just a policeman, and, believe me, you'd be astonished to find out how many join the force because of these selfsame feelings. Pretty nearly every recruit like me soaks up the one idea that the copper's life is nothing but a loaf.

Anyway, close to the dock where I went fishing was a police station, the old Oak Street house. It was a dark and dingy hole, as I learned afterward—not much of a place to joy a man. So, while I was dabbing for the tomcods, I'd see maybe half a dozen coppers come down to the stringpiece on the wharf to take the air and sun themselves. It looked real easy to me, the softest kind of a snap. You see, I didn't know that they had an hour off and were resting themselves because they were too dog-tired

to do anything else. Or, on my way home, perhaps, I'd see a few coppers standing along the curb, whirling their clubs and yawning. Even this looked just as soft a thing as the other, and before long I had the regular delusions so good and plenty that nothing would suit but to become a cop myself.

At the time, it required a pull to get on the police force. I knew this much, however; so, without wasting time and breath by applying at headquarters, I went around to see the political leader of my district.

"Judge," said I, kind of cocksure and airy, "you were a friend of my old man, and this year I voted right. Now I want you to get me on the force."

In the Judge's barroom just then were only the Judge, myself and his bartender. So, without beating around the bush, the Judge came right to it.

"All right," says he, shifting his cigar in his teeth; "hand me over three hundred and fifty cases, and I'll try to fix it up for you."

What the Judge Prophesied

WELL, that was one in the face. I knew pull was required, as I've said, but I hadn't learned that I'd have to come across with the price as well. However, I stood for it, and by dint of borrowing here and there and going into pawn with a loan shark, I managed to scrape up the money. Then I went back to the Judge.

"Here! what's this?" says he when I flashed the roll at him.

"It's for the job on the force," said I, and at that he shoved it back across the bar.

"Keep your money," said he gruffly; "your old man did me a good turn once."

Then he told me that from three hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars was the regular price asked higher up, but that he'd fix it for me free of cost. "You see, son," he added with a little more frankness than I was looking for, "when I told you before you'd have to give up I had you piped for just another lazy young larrikin trying to graft me for something soft. All the same," he went on, with a shake of his head, "if you're laying for a nice soft bunk and nothing to do but draw your envelope you'd better not look for it in the police department."

Naturally I told him I wasn't that sort; but, after I'd stood him a drink and he'd told me a little more about the life, I went on my way a good bit less cocksure and airy. Nor was it without reason, as future events proved.

In a week or so my papers were put through at headquarters and I was notified to appear for examination. For me this was easy, since I had a fair education and was all right physically. I went through the ordeal with flying colors, but there were others, as I saw, to whom even the simple mental effort was a pretty serious matter. Through one of these fellows, too, as I recall, I got my first inkling of some of the things that went on inside the force.

This came out at the examinations. Before I went to take them I'd heard that a young acquaintance of mine, the nephew of a certain politician, was also among the candidates. So, when I got up to headquarters, I looked around for my friend, but could find him nowhere. Nor was he to be seen at any stage of the examinations. This struck me as queer, though I can't tell why; so I asked what had become of him.

"Where's So-and-So?" I inquired, mentioning him by name.

To my astonishment, a totally different man was pointed out to me.

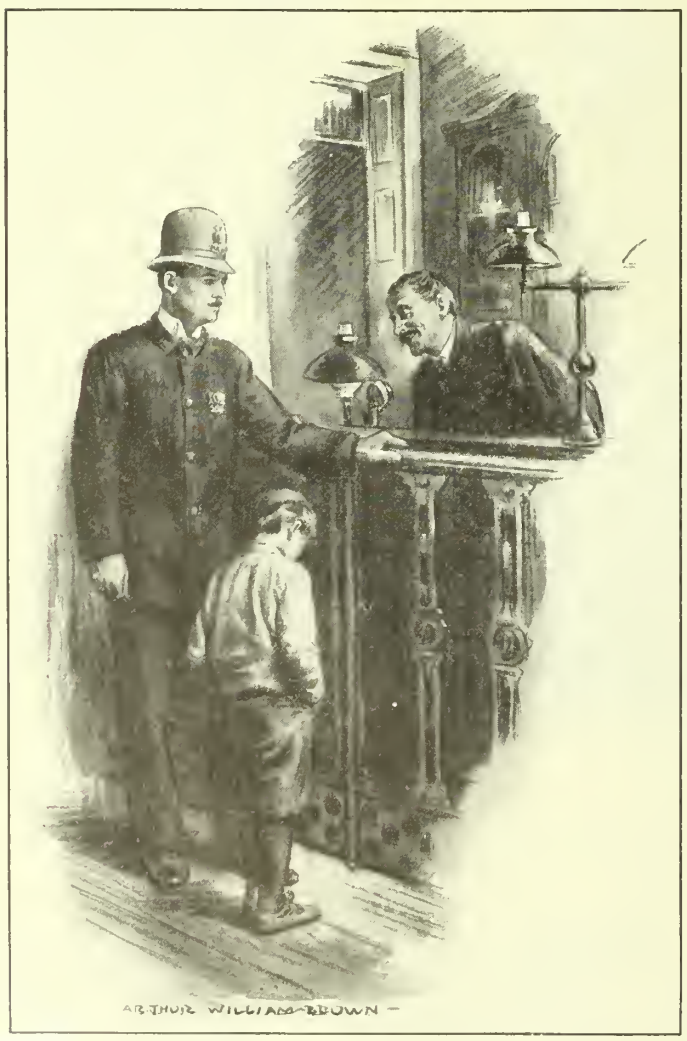
"Say, now! Are you trying to string me?" I demanded. "That ain't the fellow at all!"

The man I'd asked began to grin. "Ain't it?" he laughed, and then gave me a wink. "Anyhow," he added, giving me a nudge, "it's his name on the examination papers!"

To say he had me going doesn't express the case. Still, I was wise enough to hold my tongue, and all because of a bit of good advice my friend, the Judge, had handed me when I stood him a drink in his saloon.

"If you don't see nothing," said the Judge cleverly, "you don't tell anything, and then nobody gets hurt, my boy."

Later on, however, I learned all about the dodge this young fellow had played in getting through the mental examination. It was done a lot in those days, but under the present system of civil service a man would be hard pushed to get away with it. In effect, formerly if you lacked enough education to pass you hired some one else to take the examination for you. As I recall now, there used to be half a dozen fellows hanging around headquarters who made this their steady occupation. They got fifty dollars for each job, though I've heard of it being done by some bum with brains for a ten-spot. In each case, however, the candidate who got through in this manner required a certain amount of pull with the authorities. Perhaps they got something for winking at the game.

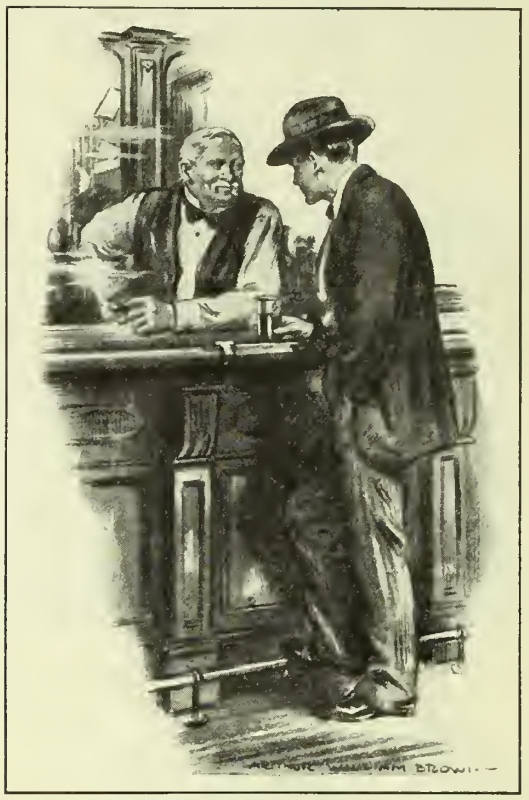


"Is That the Best You Could Do?" Said He, Taking Stock of the Boy's Size

Spotting the Roundsman

AFTER the examinations I and the rest of the candidates that had been fixed to get through reported daily, for a month, at the school of instruction. In this short time we were required to learn by heart the department book of rules, the city ordinances, the state and county laws and the penal code. I say required, but as a matter of fact few of us were able to manage it within the thirty days. In addition to this we were also supposed to learn first aid to the injured, and were taught how to make out reports in special cases. All this took up our mornings from 9 to 12; and then from 1 to 4 we were put through the police drill in some militia armory. At night, from 6 until 12, each of us was sent out on patrol under the care of some experienced officer. Usually we were assigned to the busiest post in the precinct and with a different man each night.

It took only about two tours to show me that police life was a long way from being as soft as I'd thought it would be. First of all I learned that to stand on a corner doing nothing for fifteen minutes or so was the hardest kind of work; in fact, it took me several years to learn how to pose for half an hour or so without getting fidgety; though, before I quit, I could rest out the whole tour in that way if I wished. Anyway, as soon as I and my partner relieved the man on post, I saw that my partner always began to take it easy. Every time he met any one he knew he'd stop for a chat, though, as I'd already learned, this was strictly against the rules. Afterward we'd walk on slowly to the next corner, where he always stopped to take the lay of the land. Whenever we saw a side partner, by which I mean the man on the adjoining beat, we'd always stop for a longer chat. Almost without exception the first thing spoken was a question whether one or the other had seen the roundsman. If neither had spotted the boss they invariably wondered what had kept him away. As I soon learned, a roundsman sees each man on post usually but once a night; in fact, the unwritten rule is pretty strong against "doubling," by which I mean that the "Rounds" avoids giving a man two "sees" in a night. One who makes a practice of breaking this rule gets a bad name among the men.



"I Had You Piped for Just Another Lazy Young Larrikin Trying to Graft Me for Something Soft"

While some of the men sent out with me were scrupulously careful, since they didn't trust me, the majority did about as they pleased. Each of these, I found, had a regular place on the beat to sit down and rest himself. Some would go into a store or a shanty, and a few others patronized the back rooms of the saloons where they'd take a smoke and a drink.

This scared me a good deal at first, because at the school of instruction it had been drummed into me hard that I must never drink on post or go in off the street unless it were necessary to my duty. But, as I learned later, it was the regular thing.

I remember, at the school of instruction each morning, how we greenhorns used to compare notes about the events of the night before. One would tell how the man with him had tried to walk him off his feet. Another, perhaps, had got an early "see" from the roundsman, and after that the two had done nothing but loaf. Whenever two or three of the new men had assisted in an arrest they always marveled at how differently each of the old officers had handled the case. As we saw, it was rarely managed according to the cut-and-dried rules handed out to us. Each man had his own particular method, and got off with it in whatever way he saw fit.

Just the same, when I was first turned loose on the streets by myself I was nearly scared to death. This came after my first month's probation duty. After the chief clerk at headquarters had sworn me in I reported for duty at my precinct at 6 P. M., a brand-new cop in a brand-new uniform, with a nice shiny shield, a new night stick and a glossy belt. At the house the sergeant on the desk took my name, gave me a fire key and told me to go sit down in the back room, and wait for rollcall. I felt exactly like a new boy at school, but in the back room no one paid any attention to me. As is always the case before rollcall, the place was in an uproar. Men were coming in late and rushing upstairs to get into their uniforms.

Wanted—A Wooden Indian

SOME were having their shoes brushed and others were buttoning their coats and putting on their belts. A few minutes before the hour the sergeant called from the door, "Fall in!" No one had told me where I was to stand, but as I had noticed the men take their positions according to size, I edged in about where I thought I belonged. At the command we marched into the other room, where in front of the desk we got the order, "Right dress. Front. Rear ranks, open order. March!" When this was done the roundsman inspected each rank to see if each and every man was properly equipped, clean and in a fit condition to go on duty. As I recall, it was the captain that night who turned us out. After assigning each man by name to his post, he read all the general and special orders and alarms. It sticks in my head that on this particular occasion we were required to look for a missing boy, for a horse and wagon that had been stolen from the front of a grocery, and for a wooden Indian that had been taken from the doorway of a tobacco shop. Also, the owner was wanted for twelve bags of coffee that had been picked up on the riverfront. Afterward the captain harangued us a little about affairs going on in the precinct, until the

"Rounds" on the floor gave the command for the platoon to march out into the street.

I was so green that, of course, I didn't know the post to which I had been assigned. Therefore I had to ask my way of some of the men. Then when I reached the beat I started in to walk, and before I was relieved at midnight I think I must have done a hundred laps; so it seemed, anyway. My legs ached and my feet felt like the toothache, and on that night, and for many nights afterward, if I so much as stopped to lean up against a lamp-post or a railing I'd wake up to hear myself snoring. Indeed, I was nearly drunk with sleep and fatigue, but still I kept on walking. More than once, some of my side partners who had been watching me from the next beat would stop me to say I was a fool. Not even this, however, could stop me. It was duty to keep on going, so I did it.

Take it from me, the first month or so kills all the delusions any recruit may have about the trade. It was work, and the hardest kind of work. Under the "two platoon" system, as it was called, from 6 P. M. to midnight was the "first tour." At midnight I went home, to report back at 8 A. M. for the "short day." This was from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M. Then I was held on reserve until midnight, when I went out on the "late tour," which kept me walking until 6 A. M. After I was relieved it became my "day off," or, in other words, I was allowed to go home until 6 P. M. At this hour I reported back for the "first tour" of from 6 P. M. to midnight, after which I was held on reserve at the station-house until 6 o'clock in the morning. From then until 8 A. M. I was turned out again to do the "dog watch," and was afterward held on reserve until 1 P. M., when I turned out for the "long day." This consisted of patrolling from 1 P. M. to 6 P. M., of being held on reserve from then until midnight, and then doing the "late tour" once more. At 6 A. M. I was allowed a day off again until 6 P. M., when the monotonous grind began all over again.

Trying Out the Temper

IT TOOK four days to complete this round of details, and, believe me, it contains the worst elements of hard labor you can dream about unless by chance you've happened to do a bit on the workhouse stonepile. Even then, the stonepile has nothing on the copper's job for turning the new hand into a first-rate grouch. Nor is there any glamour in wearing brass and blue such as you read about. When I first put on the uniform I was so conscious of it that for a while I used to slink along next to the railings, never daring to look any one in the face, but to my surprise no one seemed to pay any attention to the uniform but the man inside of it. If by chance you were spotted it was more than likely by some gang-tough ready to slam the new cop with a brick or dump something on him off the roof. More than once, I can tell you, I've seen a brand-new uniform taken away in an ambulance.

My grouch grew in those first few months. The precinct, for one thing, was five miles or so from my home, so that when I got an hour off for dinner I had barely leave enough to gobble a few mouthfuls and get back in time. Then, whenever I rushed in and got ready to rush out again, I'd see the rest of my folks pull out a pipe or a cigar and sit down with the paper to spend a quiet evening. Or maybe some of them would be getting ready to go to a theater or a party. Their work was done, but mine was barely beginning. I think now, if it hadn't been for the fear of being called a quitter, I would have thrown up the job then and there and gone back to my bench in the shop. But somehow I got numbed to it in time, so that the new life seemed a little less dreary and fagging. Still further, I got to know my side partners in the precinct; and as they saw I kept my mouth shut and never tried to get gay, they let me in on their fun and also put me wise to many secrets of the trade.

Though policemen may seem to outsiders as a solemn sort, there is still a good deal of fun going on in station-houses. When a section or a whole platoon is sitting on reserve you'll find a lot playing checkers or dominoes, while others will be swapping stories, or gassing one another, or reading the papers. As a rule, I'm telling you, it's mostly straight, honest fun, healthy and clean; and, notwithstanding the temptations, not a great deal of gambling goes on in the houses. Occasionally you'll find a card game running, but the stakes are never high, nor have I ever heard of a man getting into trouble by it.

You can believe me or not, but the coppers get along very well together. Quarreling is rare, because if a man is not peaceable they'll put him through a course of sprouts that'll either cure him or drive him off the force; in fact, there is always a great deal of horseplay going on just to try the men for their temper. One favorite trick was to set fire to a man's newspaper while he was reading. Another was to wait until a man had walked halfway down the stairs, when some one on the landing would dump a pail of water after him. If he was unwise enough to come back looking for trouble nobody would pay any attention. The minute, though, that he started down the stairs again, night sticks and pails and even chairs would be slung down after him. Usually the jokes were milder; and many's the laugh I've had over the games played on me and others.

There was the case, for instance, of a hay-rube cop who came on the force out of the farmlands. After his first day's tour he was heard to complain that his feet hurt.

"You want to wear some felt slippers," a man on a near-by bed told him. "Ask the skipper and he'll fix you out with one of his extra pairs."

The skipper was the captain of the precinct, a grim old crab who had long forgotten how to crack a smile. As it happened, he was enjoying a nap; and before the sergeant could stop the hayseed the fellow banged on his door.

There Was a Display of Language That Would Have Put Any Coney Island Fireworks to the Blush

"What the devil do you want?" demanded the old man, mad as a hornet at being awakened.

When the rube asked the old man to lend him his extra slippers there was a display of language that would have put any Coney Island fireworks to the blush.

On another occasion a new cop rigged up his bed with a mosquito-net to keep off the flies while he napped. No one said anything, but the next time he took a nap one of the men got a big gauze fly-trap from the butcher shop on the corner, and turned about a thousand flies loose inside the bed. Then there was another fellow that started in one night to sing a pathetic ballad, when some one slung a rubber boot and nearly knocked him galley-west.

"If any fellow chucks another boot at me," he roared, as he got up off the floor, "I'll heave it out of the window."

A few minutes later some one sneaked away the singer's own boots, and when he started to sing again the two were hurled at his head. True to his word, he flung both of them out of the window, and a sicker-looking man you never saw when he learned they were his own.

One of the first things I had to learn was that a record for making arrests does a man no good in the department. On the whole, I would say it rather hurts a man among his side partners if they see that's what he is after; in fact, no policeman wants to take in a citizen just because he has the chance. He often tries to get away from doing it. A plain drunk, unless he gets disorderly or is in danger of getting hurt, can reel the whole length of New York and not get taken up. More times than I can remember I've shooed a sosh up the line and seen my side partner edge him along to the next beat. Also, I have helped more than one important citizen up the stoop and then kept him from falling down again while I rang his doorbell and got some one to take him in. Nor does a policeman care to pick up other petty offenders. If such were the case the jails and police stations would be filled to overflowing every day in the week. In such cases the usual thing is to warn the offender, or, if the offense is very trivial, to forget it altogether. Two or three reasons for this will make the matter clear. Every arrest means a trip to court, and a trip to court means, in a majority of cases, that the policeman has to give up time that is his own. Again, a long string of petty arrests gets a cop the reputation of being "fly" and playing to the grandstand. Every copper will make an arrest for a felony every time he gets the chance; but with a small offender it's different.

About the worst time a captain has is in trying to stop petty offenses that keep on happening just because of this. Night after night they grow hoarse haranguing the patrolmen when they line up for rollcall.

Says the old man, sticking out his jaw:

"There's a growler party meeting every night on Post No. 16. Whose beat is that?"

"Mine, sir," says some fellow in the ranks meekly.

"All right," says the old man, scowling hard; "you break it up or I'll have a charge laid against you."

Then he looks over his papers and begins to spout. "I have a complaint about boys playing ball on the avenue. If they don't stop when you tell them, bring in the whole crowd. Lady in No. 212 writes that boys are throwing stones at her windows. The man on post will stop it, or I'll know why. Now, the other day, I walked through the south end of the precinct and saw they were getting ready to put up a lot of new buildings. See that they have the necessary permits, and if not, report it at the desk. And another thing, there's altogether too much conversation going on between the men on post. I want it stopped, and if you don't I'll make a charge myself against a few of you. Roundsman, you look out for this. Also, I see there's too much loitering by citizens after dark. If they haven't any business there, make them move on. If they won't, bring them in. Bring in those boys, too, that are cutting up around the L-road station."

The Recalcitrant Spouse

A GOOD bit of all this is mere hot air. The skipper knows it is, because he knows how the men look at it. If the complaints by citizens die away, nothing more is done about them. If they continue, the old man knows the cops on regular patrol won't do anything; so he assigns a few men to what is called "special duty." They go out in plain clothes—or "cits," as we name them—with imperative orders to run in every petty offender they can catch. But very few coppers care for plain-clothes work when it means dragging in off the streets a bunch of pushcart pedlers or kid ballplayers and the like. If women are the offenders it's hard to get one cop in a hundred to do the work. Perhaps they'll make an arrest or two just to save themselves from charges or from a line of the old man's strongest talk, but in almost every case you'll find they lie down on the job. Only a few—and a mighty few—seem to care for it.

Of course, many arrests for petty violations are made daily by men in uniform, but if you'll look into the matter you'll find in almost every case there's an additional charge of using abusive language to the patrolman. Few small offenders would be arrested if it weren't for the irresistible desire of most persons to slang the copper.

It seems to me, after my long experience, that no one has any sympathy for the cops. I well remember a certain case that illustrates this exactly.

A woman came running up to me on post, and said her husband was on the rampage; an occurrence which is one of the most frequent of all in a policeman's experience.

"Now, don't hurt him," she begged earnestly. "Just you go in and give him a scare. There's nothing wrong with him but a little drink."

(Continued on Page 43)

THE NEXT VACANCY

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Was That Some One Shouting to Us?"

FROM the wing of the bridge, Mr. Gowan, chief officer of the Chandos, temporarily in command, watched the pilot's boat come crawling crablike across the slow surges. It was a day of haze; the horizon was lost in the gray of it, and ahead the line of the coast was a darker smear upon the distance.

"Put that ladder over!" said Mr. Gowan curtly, without moving.

He was a man of fifty, handsome and gray, with that touch of distinction that men gain whose business is the exercise of authority. As he leaned with folded arms upon the rail he offered to the eye the spectacle of a seaman shaped to his trade by five-and-thirty years of life afloat; massively assured, impassive, grave and responsible. His eyes, puckered at the corners with gazing up the wind on a score of seas, were gray and reposeful; the whole of him spoke of confidence and security. There was not a sign to show that Mr. Gowan, who had left his captain in the cemetery at Port Said and brought his ship home, was athrill with old hopes suddenly revived and a balked ambition newly grown strenuous.

The boat rode in toward the steamer's side on the top of a sea and the big pilot, with his long black oilskin coat ballooning about his legs, stepped to a rung of the rope ladder with the ease and certainty of a man walking upstairs in his own house. His large pink face was upturned as he climbed, and it was subdued already to the sort of solemnity that men put on at a funeral. As he came over the rail and lowered himself to the deck there was that in his movements which suggested a man moving on tiptoe.

"He'd know, of course," reflected Mr. Gowan, walking across to the head of the bridge ladder to receive him.

In the chartroom, through whose open door they could see the boat working down to the cutter again, the pilot spoke across the rim of his tumbler.

"And so the old captain's gone," he said. "Well, it's what happens to all of us. I was at his wed ling, 'way back in the eighties; and now he's gone."

He shook his great fair head gloomily, and drank.

"Good passage?" he asked perfunctorily.

Mr. Gowan nodded. "Nothing to complain of," he answered. "Bit of a dusting in the Bay, that's all. Shall we catch the tide, d'you think?"

"Just about," said the pilot. "Gosh, I can't get the old skipper out of my head. You don't see many like him nowadays."

Mr. Gowan agreed. He had served with the late captain of the Chandos for several years and knew him exhaustively. It had not been an easy service, for the old man had added to the infirmities of his age a petulance and ill humor that lived in the mate's memory like a bad taste in the mouth. Even as he answered the pilot he had in mind the spare figure with its thin raw neck, the voice of rasping complaint and the cold uncertain eyes of the dead captain.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "No; not many like him."

"Well," said the pilot, "we'd better be getting her in. All clear for'ard for anchoring?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Gowan, following him out to the bridge.

He stood by while the pilot got his bearings and shifted the steamer's course for the channel to the river's mouth, fettered by a diffidence that was new to him. There was a question he wanted to put; it pressed for utterance, but he could not manage it. The pilot went about his work with a kind of cheerful absorption in it that was almost exasperating to see. His large fresh face wore an absent smile as he gazed ahead for his marks, and he dropped the orders over his shoulder in a murmur to the man at the wheel. For the time he seemed to have forgotten the old captain. "The lead," he said at last.

Mr. Gowan shouted the order and moved to the engine-room telegraph to slow the steamer. It was then, while they waited for the leadsman, that the pilot returned to the topic.

"The old captain," he said; "he had her since she was launched, didn't he?"

"I believe so," answered the mate. "Er—do you know who gets her now?"

It was as near as he could get to the question that was within him. The pilot looked at him with a sharp turn of the head.

"Why, ain't you got her?" he demanded.

The leadsman's voice, chanting below them, interrupted: "By the deep, seven!"

"Shove her along," commanded the pilot. "That'll do the lead."

He walked over to the binnacle and considered the course for a moment.

"Ain't you got her?" he demanded, returning.

"I don't know," answered the mate. "My orders were to bring her home. That's all I've heard as yet. I thought you might know."

The pilot shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I made sure—but I don't know. You think maybe they'll appoint some one over you?"

The mate shrugged his thick shoulders; just that thought had filled his mind since the Chandos left Port Said. He had never had a command; he was one of those men whose fine ability and entire worthiness avail nothing to lift them up that final step that is the crucial ascent in a seaman's career. Interest with owners, some subtle quality of adroitness to place himself on the right footing with the men who control ships from their desks ashore—these were lacking to him. He knew it, and the night watches had been peopled for him with visions of what might be doing while he was bringing the Chandos home. As he paced the bridge he saw a man going to and fro with his orders safe in his breast-pocket to take command of the Chandos on her arrival.

"It 'ud be hard," said the pilot; "but owners are a queer lot. I wouldn't be too sure about it if I was you."

"Oh, I'm not breaking my heart," said the mate shortly, and turned away.

The pilot could not abandon the topic so easily. He chewed upon it as he took the steamer in. The coastline rose before them like a hedge, and they drew past the nodding buoys to the mouth of the river, fringed with chimneys like the hair about some monstrous mouth.

"You'll know inside of an hour," he said then; "but I wouldn't build on it if I was you."

The mate was thankful that he had his hands full. The ship got orders to go into dock at once instead of anchoring in the river, and the mate had to see to getting the hawsers out for making her fast. In the urgency of his work he managed to lose his preoccupation; his was the sailor's gift to expand the whole of his powers on the matter in hand. As the Chandos worked into the basin he was again the quick, resourceful mate, dexterous and accomplished in the arts of his calling. The steamer was alongside and made fast fore and aft before his anxiety came back to him. He walked aft frowning; he did not quite know what the next step should be.

At the gangway the pilot waited, with his oilskin coat over his arm.

"You'll soon know now," he said encouragingly. "Take it easy, mister. I don't see, myself, how they can get out of giving you the command."

"Lord knows," said Gowan.

The burly pilot held out his hand. "Good luck to you, anyhow," he said heartily.

Gowan shook hands with him, smiling under the close, gray-streaked mustache that veiled his mouth, and the big man went ashore. On the quay, standing at the very edge, with the square toes of his boots projecting over the water, he turned for a last word.

"Don't build on it," he recommended soberly, and stood aside to make way for a man who had come through the warehouse sheds and was waiting to get on board the steamer.

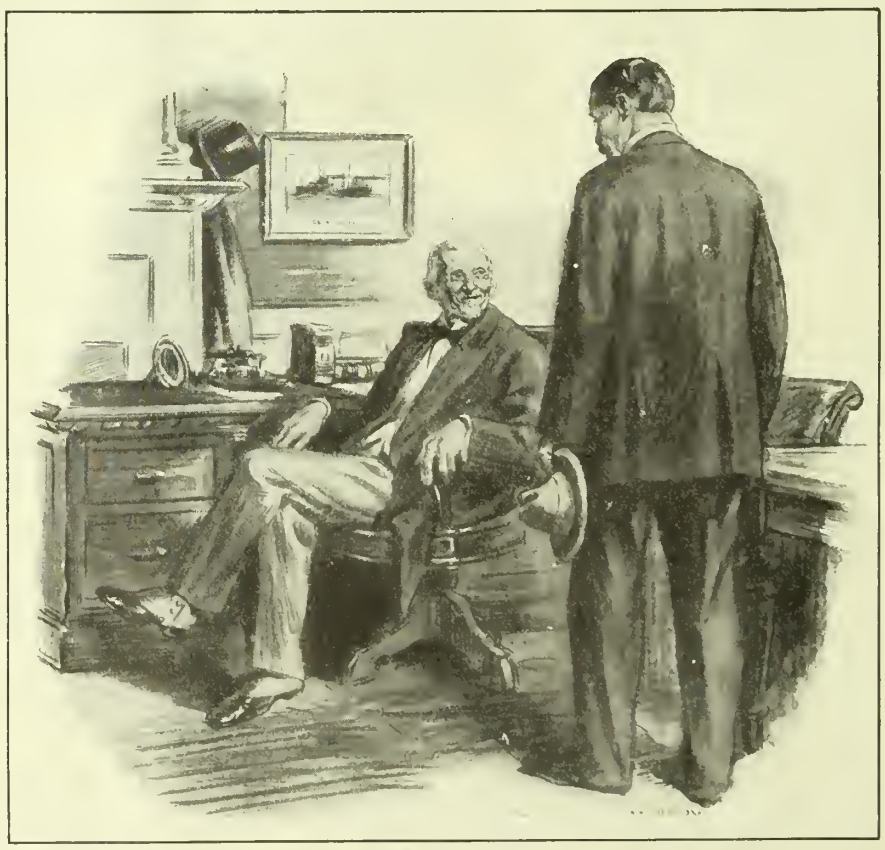
The newcomer brushed past him and stepped down to the Chandos' deck, looking about him sharply. He was a youngish man, smart after a style in his neat shore clothes and black hat.

"Anything I can do for you?" asked Mr. Gowan.

"Yes." The other spoke with the sharpness of an irritable man. "Where's the mate?"

"I'm the mate," replied Mr. Gowan.

"Oh, are you?" The stranger cocked a pale eye at him. He had a narrow face and a thin mouth; he looked like



"'You Mustn't be in Too Much of a Hur-ry, Mis-ter Gow-an'"

some shrewd clerk. He stared at Mr. Gowan with something satirical in his gaze, the humor of a malicious purpose. "You're the mate, are you? Well, I'm Captain Sleeman; I'm taking this steamboat over."

"Takin' her over!" Mr. Gowan repeated the words slowly, as though flavoring at length the substance of his disappointment. The new captain watched him with the beginnings of a grin on his features.

"Yes," he said. "Sorry for you, of course, if you were expecting to get her. Still"—he waved a hand that disposed of the mate's case with a single motion—"you're not thinking of leaving her, I suppose?"

There was a peremptoriness in his manner of speaking, an almost contemptuous harshness, that restored the mate to his balance much as water dashed in the face restores a man in a faint.

"No, sir," he answered civilly.

"That's all right, then," said the new captain. "You won't find me hard to get on with. Know your work and do it right away—that's the way to keep on the right side of me. And now, Mr. Mate, I'll have a look at your papers."

"Very good, sir," said the mate, and followed the captain of the Chandos obediently.

The mate's home was in one of those streets that make up so large a part of the English seaport town. They are ruled into lines as straight as if they were laid off on a chart; a dull uniformity and the sterility of bare bricks make up their character—scores upon scores of unbeautiful little houses to which the mail brings letters from every part of the world. Here abide the patient women who see their husbands perhaps once in a year; here grow the children who know their father but as a photograph of a man in brass buttons and a badged cap, posed strikingly against a local photographer's marine background. It is for these houses, narrow as graves, and for what they hold, that men drive steel prows over the oceans—the British Empire is a by-product.

Mrs. Gowan was gray like her husband, but gray in that genuine fashion which enhances the appeal of a soft face and gentle manners. She was little and slender; at his side she was like a yacht ranging alongside the Chandos. She gave him the greeting that a man needs when he comes home from the sea, and presently, in the little parlor of which the windows looked out to the bare street, he was telling her of it. He had the armchair beside the fireplace; she had the low chair opposite, and listened with her face propped in her hands and her elbows on her knees.

"The Skippers in Our Line Aren't Old, and I Am"

"He asked me if I was thinking of leaving her," the mate explained. "Thinkin' of leaving her! I was thinking that minute of taking him in my two hands and heaving him into the dock. He's got a voice like an ashhoist; it simply jars a man to be talked to in his fashion."

Mrs. Gowan made some soft noise; the mate shook his head.

"If I left now who's to say when I'd get a ship?" he said. "But Captain Sleeman's the limit. Looks just like a landsman to me; I tell you he's the livin' image of a shipchandler's tout. He went over the papers in the chartroom. Soon as he sat down he shouted for the steward. 'I shouldn't be surprised if you could tell him where to lay hands on a bottle of whisky,' he said to me, with a snort of sneer. When he got it he poured himself out a nip, a regular bo'sun's four fingers, and took it off without blinking an eyelid. It was enough to make any other man half drunk by itself; but he turned to at once and went at those papers like a regular clerk. Oh, he's smart, I'll grant that; but it's the kind of smartness I don't want to see on a steamer's bridge."

"No," agreed Mrs. Gowan, very thoughtfully.

"When he was through he made up a packet and asked me to leave it at the office on my way up here," continued the mate. "So I took 'em. There were orders to show me in to the senior partner when I came; they wanted to cut my claws, I suppose. There I found old Mr. Deeming, wool-gathering at his desk as usual; fire in the grate, carpet on the floor, photographs of steamboats on the walls, a white rose in a glass of water on the window-sill. He's got whiskers and a beard like thin white silk, you know; you can see the curves of his jaw through them. A clean, pink old man; he's rich and he looks rich. He lifted his head as I came in, so mild and soft you could almost kiss him. 'Ah, Mis-ter Gow-an!' he says, chirping like a bird. 'So you've brought the Chan-dos home. I knew she was in good hands, Mis-ter Gow-an; good hands, good hands!' He beamed at me as if he loved me. 'Thank you, sir,' I said. 'I'd hoped my hands were good enough to leave her in.' He didn't stop smiling for a moment; there's no more in him than there is in a ghost. 'Ah!' he said; 'you mustn't be in too much of a hur-ry, Mis-ter Gow-an. But we haven't for-got-ten you, by an-ny means. No, no!' I could hardly keep from shouting at him; it was no use staying. He doddered at me amiably as I went out; that sweet style of his must save him pounds. Outside the door I met Proctor, the junior partner. He's young, you know; young and as keen and hard as the edge of a knife. There's no real harm in Proctor. 'That you, Gowan?' he called. 'Seen Captain Sleeman?' I told him I had. 'Hope you'll get on with him,' he said. 'We want a business man on the Chandos. You're disappointed, eh?' Proctor's a man you can talk straight to, and I did. I told him what I couldn't have told old Deeming, and he only nodded. 'I'm sorry,' he said. 'You couldn't have her, and that's all there is to it; but you make it your business to get on with Captain Sleeman now. Let's have no trouble and you shall have the next command that falls vacant. I can't say more than that.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Gowan, "that's a promise, anyhow."

"Yes," said Gowan. "It's a promise that might take years to fall due. The skippers in our line aren't old, and I am."

"Old!" cried Mrs. Gowan. "You!" She was full of protest, and with her denial the conversation passed from Chandos to other matters. It was treatment on the lines of counter-irritant, but it was not without effect. Within half an hour Gowan was hearing, with intelligent interest, an account of a new niece who had arrived since last he was at home. She was stated to be a remarkable child in point of beauty and virtue, but small.

It was with something that did duty for resignation that he faced the future at last. The junior partner's promise was still something to look forward to—the time ahead was not entirely empty; and when Gowan returned to work he was again the silent, capable chief officer. As a rule, the captains he served were only too glad to place reliance in his unfailing trustworthiness. They talked of him. "I've got a real mate at last," one of them used to say. "I only go to sea for the look of the thing; the mate's the boss." But Captain Sleeman was slow to such perceptions. Instead of staying ashore while the Chandos lay in dock, taking the dignified ease proper to a master and commander, he moved into his cabin and lived on board. There could be no doubt about his capability; Gowan was too good a seaman to fail to do him credit. The captain thrust Gowan to one side, made him of no account, interfered with his arrangements, ordered him about in his harsh, querulous way; but he knew how things should be done and how to get them done. He did not look like a sailor; he had come through his apprenticeship to the sea and risen through the grades of second mate and mate without gaining that salt and finished quality by which seamen judge one another. It was as if a shopman or a woman were to become expert out of books.

The season was late autumn and he would flit about the long decks in an overcoat, a figure of scorn. His thin and rather long face never relaxed from its official cast; to live with him was like living with incarnate law.

To put the finish upon him, he drank. It was such drinking as Gowan had no experience of. He knew the man whose visits to the shore are debauches; he knew the captain who comes upon the bridge at sea inflamed with steady tippling; he had learned how to deal with both of these, but Captain Sleeman drank in a fashion quite unknown to Gowan. During the day he worked with keen purpose and a head as clear as the mate's. The whisky seemed powerless. Then, when evening came and the hands knocked off, people would come down to meet him—loud and light-hearted young men of the offices in the town. "Well, Mr. Mate, I'm off," he would remark, and add a string of orders about trifling matters. Gowan would see them go along the quay in a group, skylarking and shouting, and that would be the last of them till midnight. Then, if he chanced to be still on board, he might witness the captain's return to his ship, alone. He would come haltingly, as though making sure of each step before he took the next, lurching across the hawsers and around the mooring-posts, silent, very grim and suspicious and economical of speech. He would answer the mate's "Good night" with a coughing sound, and grope to his cabin; but next morning would find him on deck early, acute and self-possessed, free from all traces of his drink.

"It can't last," Gowan told his wife. "It may be all right ashore, but it won't do at sea. There'll be trouble some day."

"And then," said his wife reflectively, "there'll be the vacancy that Mr. Proctor spoke of."

Gowan laughed sourly. "Oh, I've thought of that," he said. "I've thought of that, but see how it stands: Sleeman's a business man; so long as he's sober enough to go ashore in port and hustle after freights—and he's the very man for that job—he's what they want. And at sea, they've got me to see he doesn't pile the old Chandos up through seeing lights that aren't there. That's how it is."

Mrs. Gowan pondered. "He might fall overboard some day," she suggested hopefully. "When you're not looking," she added; "and then ——"

"Then," said Gowan, "we'd go on and leave him to swim home, wouldn't we, dear?"

The Chandos was loading coal. She was made fast under the tip; a gaunt fabric of iron, like the skeleton of a factory, took the trucks as they were backed down, and emptied them above a hatchway. The slow trains of coal came at all hours, and there were many nights when Gowan must be on duty to sign the notes of delivery, writing on the rail under the white glare of the tall arc-lamps, while the coal roared unseen to the trimmers below in the hold. To him, one night, as he sat reading in the chartroom, came Proctor. It was late, and the dock was working in full swing; its black waters were powdered with reflected lights, and around it were the shapes of steamers with their derricks hoisted, noisy with their business.

"Captain on board?" asked Proctor, putting his head in at the chartroom door.

"Hullo, Mr. Proctor!" cried Gowan. "No, the captain's ashore. Come in, sir; I've got some coffee coming."

(Continued on Page 34)

FENCING OFF A NATION

How the Fight for Cheaper Beefsteak is Being Fought

By SAMUEL M. EVANS

DOWN on the boundary line between California and Mexico burros will soon be toiling up steep cañons laden with fenceposts, coils of barbed wire, shovels and crowbars. Where the boundary leaves the steep cañons and runs across the rolling mesa great coils of barbed wire will be placed at regular intervals and fenceposts scattered in a straight line over the plain. Last summer this route was carefully surveyed by agents of the United States Government, and as soon as negotiations now under way between this country and Mexico are completed by the State Department the finest barbed-wire boundary line in the history of the world will be constructed. It will not run the entire length of the boundary between Mexico and California, because most of the line is protected by natural barriers of ridge and stream even harder for man or beast to break through than the cruel fence with sharp spears. Neither will the fence be continuous, but will simply supplement the natural barriers so as to make it impossible for man or beast to enter that portion of the United States from Mexico. About forty-eight miles of fence will be constructed and it will cost two hundred and fifty dollars a mile.

From the Hand Pump in the Wagon Two Lines of Hose are Used in Spraying the Ticky Cattle

Similar to those barriers of barbed wire thrown up by the Spaniards in Cuba during the war with Spain, the fence is to repel an invading host; but Mexico and the United States have not gone to war, nor are they contemplating such a step. No daring adventurer will win fame for himself by creeping out in advance of the line of battle to demolish the fence with wire-clippers. For this is a barbed barrier between two friendly nations, and any one who attempts to demolish the fence will be very apt to find himself in jail shortly thereafter, with both Mexico and the United States ready to keep him there for an indefinite period. The war in this case is being waged jointly against a common enemy; for those men who laid out the line last summer were employed by the Secretary of Agriculture, who has his hosts to repel just as has the Secretary of War. The beginning of the construction of that barrier means the beginning of the end of one of the greatest fights of modern times—a fight for cheaper beefsteak. It means that the time is not far distant when Texas fever, the scourge of the cattle industry of the South, will be wiped out.

For the invading host, which Secretary Wilson has finally driven to the very borders of the country, has caused more damage to the United States than any army Mexico could hurl across the border; and that barbed-wire fence will be watched as zealously as was ever an outpost of a defending army that guarded a far-flung line of battle. The invaders have a high-sounding name in the laboratories of the scientist. but to cattlemen they are known as cattleticks or Texas-fever ticks. When they are hatched they are no bigger than the head of a very small pin. When they are full grown they measure about three-sixteenths of an inch by seven-sixteenths of an inch, but they make up in numbers and power to destroy what they lack in size; for, like all small enemies, they are terribly persistent. They are the carriers of the dreaded Texas fever that infects cattle and has been the chief obstacle to a profitable cattle industry in the South for generations.

A Puzzling Malady

TEXAS fever has many names, but is generally known as Texas or splenetic fever. It is by no means confined to Texas, but got this popular appellation as did Texas steers because Texas produces so much of both. The origin of the disease is unknown, as is the real origin of all diseases. It has probably existed on the earth since Pandora opened her fabled box. It has been known to exist for centuries in France, Italy, Turkey, and along the Danube in Rumania. It is also prevalent in the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, South America, Australia, North Africa, East Africa, Ireland, Finland, southern Russia, China, Japan, Java, Borneo and the Philippine Islands; in fact, in every region best suited to agricultural pursuits and therefore for the habitation of man. It is thought that the disease was introduced into the United States with the importation of cattle that accompanied the colonization of the Southwest and Mexico by the Spaniards. It caused continued losses yearly in the Southwest, but was confined to that section of the country until the advent of the railroad brought quick transportation of cattle from the range to the markets of the East and North.

The disease was first recognized and described by Dr. J. Pease toward the close of the eighteenth century, when a severe outbreak occurred in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, following the importation of some North Carolina cattle into that region. The Southern cattle seemed perfectly healthy, but all the native cattle that came in contact with them, or with the pastures they had occupied, soon sickened and died. They got worried, lost flesh rapidly despite abundant pasturage, and staggered about the fields in a sort of stupor until death relieved them of their sufferings. Pease claimed that the disease was caused by the importation of the Southern cattle, and it was afterward noticed that the shipment of Southern cattle into the North was almost invariably followed by the appearance of the malady among the Northern herds and among the herds along the roads and in the pastures over which the Southern animals traveled. Likewise Northern cattle shipped to the South were attacked, and only a few survived this strange malady. In 1868 some Texas cattle shipped into Illinois and Indiana caused enormous losses from the disease, and cattle from these states, en route to the Eastern markets, later died during transportation. The cause of the disease was unknown, but its ravages prompted an investigation and this disclosed the danger of allowing Southern cattle to be shipped north during hot weather, and finally resulted in the establishment of the "infected district" by the Department of Agriculture in 1885.

At the same time a scientific study of the disease was undertaken by the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture. In 1888 Professor Babes, of Rumania, announced that Texas fever was caused by bacteria that he had isolated from the blood of an infected cow. The following year Dr. Theobald Smith, then of the Bureau of Animal Industry, now of Harvard University, announced that as the result of independent investigations he had classified the causative agent of the disease as protozoa, not bacteria—that is, as belonging to the lowest forms of animal life instead of to the lowest forms of vegetable life. He named it *Pyroplasma bigeminum*. The cattlemen call it Pyroplasma, by jiminy! It is a small parasite that cannot be seen without the aid of a microscope. It lives in the blood of the infected animal, inhabiting the red bloodcells. It invades anywhere from five to fifty per cent of the red bloodcells. breaks them down, liberating the red coloring matter called hemoglobin. Finally the spleen becomes greatly congested with an excess of the red cells; the liver becomes clogged up because the blood is too poor to nourish it; the temperature of the blood rises rapidly and the animal dies in great pain. The little protozoa multiply many times over during their existence in the blood of the animal. A small quantity of blood from an infected animal introduced into the veins of a healthy cow will produce the disease and give rise to millions of the microscopic, death-dealing protozoa in an incredibly short space of time.

After the direct cause of the disease had been discovered, Dr. D. E. Salmon, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, began a systematic study to learn, if possible, how it was carried from cow to cow. In 1889 and 1890, under his direction, Dr. F. L. Kilborne, of the bureau, demonstrated by conclusive field experiments that the disease is carried by the cattle-tick that clings to the animals of the infected area. He demonstrated that the disease is not contagious, though infectious; and that it is carried from one cow to another naturally by only one agent—the tick. This was the first demonstration that insects carry disease. It has been followed by the valuable discoveries that mosquitoes carry malaria and yellow fever, and the tsetse carries the sleeping sickness. It furnished a new basis of quarantine and a new suggestion for the control of the disease, and in 1891 Doctor Salmon did away with the old infected area and drew the first Texas-fever quarantine line from ocean to ocean, above which cattle infested with ticks were not allowed to pass.

This first dead line began in the middle of Virginia, which it cut in two, took in a portion of Kentucky and Tennessee, after running just west of the two Carolinas, and quarantined Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and a part of what was then Indian Territory. It dropped abruptly south from the western border of Indian Territory, leaving out the high plains of the Panhandle of Texas and all of New Mexico and Arizona, but swept north after entering California, including more than half of that state under its ban. Strict regulations designed to prevent the spread of Texas fever were promulgated. No cattle could be shipped north of the line without first having been freed of ticks, and then they were subjected to strict isolation measures during transit and after they arrived at market to prevent their coming in contact with any Northern cattle.

In Pursuit of the Ticks

ALL this cost the cattleman money and he chafed under the restrictions of the Government. The "tick theory" was ridiculed and continuous efforts were made to have the quarantine abandoned. The Bureau of Animal Industry at that time had no definite idea of doing away with the ticks, which was a stupendous task. One might as well talk of killing all the houseflies, the Southern cattlemen said. It was determined by the Government that the spread of the disease should be checked at any rate. And the bureau started in with scientific thoroughness to find the point of attack upon the tick.

Experiments were made to ascertain whether Northern cattle could not be rendered immune to the disease, as Southern cattle seemed to be. Considerable progress was made along this line, but it was eventually discovered that Southern cattle are never really immune from Texas fever in the real sense of the word. The native cattle of the South were found to have suffered from the malady early in their life and gradually to have begot a sort of tolerance for the presence of the protozoa in their blood; but their blood did not produce an antitoxin that offset the effects of the disease-producing protozoa, eventually driving them out of the system as does the antitoxin that has been discovered for diphtheria in man. The protozoa were still present in the cattle and exposure to unusual climatic conditions soon weakened the cow's resistance to them, so that the disease developed as it did in newly infected animals and produced death. Moreover, the infected blood was carried to healthy cattle by ticks and produced the same effect as though the first cow had never been rendered immune. This explained the phenomenon of apparently healthy Southern cattle communicating the disease to their Northern neighbors. And it was discovered that the Southern cow that had been "immunized" early in life

was stunted and became incapable of producing a normal quantity of milk or beef. This gave rise to the race of "scrubs" so common in all tick-infected regions.

Cooper Curtice had been set to the task of studying the life history of the tick and about that time completed his investigations, which disclosed the flaw in the armor of the invaders. He found out that the tick is essentially a parasite and cannot live long unless it is attached to its host, the cow. He found out that the protozoa are present in the body of the tick from the time of its birth, having been communicated to it in some peculiar way through the egg of the female which is deposited in the field. He discovered that the same tick never attaches itself twice to an animal. Each female lays from fifteen hundred to three thousand eggs, which have been discovered to be very tenacious of life. sometimes living from late fall until early spring before hatching. If the ground is warm and moist they hatch in about thirteen days.

The High-Hats Call a Halt

THE first progeny consists of a brood of small animals called seed ticks, about the size of the head of a small pin. The seed ticks cannot develop into adults without attaching themselves to their host, the cow. They do not derive sustenance from anything else. After they are hatched they crawl to the tops of the blades of grass and there abide, waving their tiny legs in the air, instinctively waiting for some unlucky beast to pass that way or to lie down, perchance, in a nest of its enemies. If no cow comes their way they die; but they can live from two to three months in the field in this stage without a host.

When once they have attached themselves to a cow they crawl to the spots where the skin is thinnest and there begin to suck blood. While on the cow they undergo two changes, molting twice—gaining legs at each transformation. The female is fertilized about two weeks after the seed ticks first attach themselves to their host, and then she slowly increases in size for about six to twenty days in summer and about six weeks in winter. During this time she is engorging herself with blood, and when she is full she drops to the ground, lays her eggs and dies. It takes her from four days to about two weeks to complete the laying of the eggs. The eggs hatch into a brood of tiny parasites carrying the death-dealing protozoa in their bodies, and so the cycle goes on. All the time the ticks remain on the cattle they are sucking blood. It has been conservatively estimated that they will draw about two hundred pounds of blood from one animal in a season.

In 1906 the Department of Agriculture announced that the time had come to cease the policy of attempting simply to prevent the spread of Texas fever and to inaugurate a vigorous campaign for its extermination. Since the tick is the only natural agent that carries the disease, the problem resolved itself into destroying the invaders. If the tick could be eradicated the disease would disappear in one generation of cattle, because Nature, in her wisdom, has provided against the infection of newborn calves by their mothers, and each calf born in the infected area comes into being with no protozoa in its veins. Some of the Southern states had been working on the problem through their experiment stations before Congress took any action. Georgia had spent some money for inspectors, but no general plan of attack had been attempted. In 1906 Congress appropriated eighty-two thousand dollars, to be available in the fiscal year 1907 for the work of tick eradication. The next year one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was appropriated; two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was available for use last year, and a like sum has been appropriated for use in the fiscal year 1910. All the infected states together appropriated last year a little more than half the amount expended by the Federal Government.

The problem of eradicating the ticks is comparatively simple. There are two things to be tackled, the field and the animal. If the fields can be freed of ticks none will attach itself to the cattle, of course; and if the cattle can be freed none will drop off on to the ground to give birth to more. The fields are freed of ticks in two ways, and here the vulnerable spot discovered by Curtice is utilized. One method is to exclude all animals from the field until the little seed ticks shall have been starved to death. The other is to permit cattle to remain in the fields, treating them at proper intervals with preparations that destroy the ticks and thus prevent any females from dropping to the ground to lay eggs.

Animals are freed from ticks in two ways. They are sprayed or dipped in oils or other agents that destroy the ticks and they are rotated from one tick-free pasture to another until all the ticks shall have dropped off. The Bureau of Animal Industry has sent agents into every part of the infected territory and worked out the time that it takes the tick to develop in its various stages for each region. With these data, a system of pasture rotation that will free both animals and fields of ticks has been worked out for every section below the dead line. Various sprays and dips for treating cattle have also been worked out. The scheme seems almost too simple to be true.

The greatest obstacle to the eradication of the tick was the ignorance, indifference and even hostility of the Southern cattlemen. The "tick theory" was scoffed at and the farmers of the infected area resented "being shown how to run their farms by high-hats from Washington." But as soon as they learned that the agents of the Department of Agriculture were not "high-hats" but serious, intelligent young men who took off their coats and got down to hard work in the field, they began to show interest, and finally gave intelligent aid to the work of eradication. From that moment the work began to succeed. The cattlemen soon realized the value of an unrestricted market for their beef and they began to form local associations and state organizations to aid in the war.

Wherever state and local authorities have given intelligent coöperation good results have followed almost like magic. The dead line, which had actually begun to advance north before 1906, soon began to recede toward the South. Little islands of tick-free country began to appear in the infected district and these are getting larger. An order issued on the first of April of this year released forty-eight thousand two hundred and fifty-four square miles of territory from the bondage of quarantine as the result of last year's work. This brings the total to one hundred and thirty thousand square miles that have been released from quarantine as free of the Texas fever since the work of tick eradication was begun. California shows the greatest results, sixty-seven thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven square miles having been released in that state since the work began in 1906. This is largely due to the intelligent help given by the state and by the farmers, but it is only fair to say that the ticks did not have such a hold on California as they had on the Gulf States.

The Loss in Dollars and Cents

THE order of the first of April leaves only a small strip of country along the Pacific Ocean and San Diego County in California still below the dead line. So hopeful are the state and national authorities of releasing the entire state from quarantine next year that they have conceived the idea of the barbed-wire fence to fill in the gaps along the Mexican boundary where cattle can be driven over the line; so that there will be no danger of reinfection after the ban is lifted from the Golden State. As the high plateaus of Arizona, New Mexico and the Panhandle have never been included in the quarantined area, this will establish the western boundary of the dead line through Texas, running from Oklahoma to the Rio Grande. Ticks do not live long at high altitudes and the sparse ranges of the plateau region have never offered a breeding place for them. With the western boundary of the quarantined area forced back from the Pacific Ocean to the middle of Texas, a new impetus will be given to the battle on the invaders.

What this means for the cattle industry of the South and therefore for the entire nation can hardly be estimated in dollars and cents. Like all invaders, the tick subsists off the country invaded, and a few figures compiled from the latest available stock-market reports and the statistics gathered by the Department of Agriculture will suffice to show the enormous cost of keeping the tick.

The principal stockyards of the United States, where Southern cattle are received, are located at Chicago, Kansas City, South Omaha, East St. Louis and Cincinnati. Last year 1,141,804 cattle from the infected area were received at these stockyards, including stock, beef, and feeder cattle. None of these cattle received the market price for beef, the average difference ranging from one-quarter to one-half of a cent per pound below the market. The average difference between the market price of cattle and the price paid for Southern cattle at these stockyards last year was $3.62½ a head. This makes a direct loss of over $4,000,000 to the Southern cattlemen last year because of the tick. According to the statistics of the Department of Agriculture there were about 3,502,000 dairy cattle below the dead line on January 1, 1910. The shrinkage in the production of milk caused by the Texas fever and the presence of the tick is very conservatively estimated at one quart of milk a day. Counting 300 milking days in the year for each cow, about 850,000 of that number are milked daily. At three cents a quart for milk, this means a loss of $25,500 a day or $7,650,000 a year.

On January 1 there were in the infected area 13,914,000 cattle of all kinds. At the average shrinkage in value of $3.62½ a head, reported from the stock centers, this means a shrinkage in value of over $50,000,000 for the cattle that were not sent to market.

Improving the Breed of Southern Cattle

ABOUT 4600 cattle are shipped to the South from the North each year by the Southern producer of fine cattle. A great many of these die at once from Texas fever. Ten per cent would be a very conservative estimate. They range in value from $100 to $1000, most of them being pure-breds introduced to improve the breed of Southern cattle. At the lower figure, if 460 die annually, this means a loss of $46,000 a year from this source.

There is also chargeable to the tick a great number of deaths from other diseases and exposure. With its blood impoverished by the tick, the Southern animal falls an easy prey to other diseases that enter through the sores caused by the bites of the ticks and to the rigors of a much milder climate than its Northern brothers endure with ease. No direct tables have been compiled by the Department of Agriculture to compute this loss, but some of the statistics available give a fair idea of its enormity. Last year the average death rate of cattle from all causes in the infected area was eight per cent. Above the dead line it was three per cent. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas and Iowa, where the winters are severe, the death rate was a little less than two per cent last year. In New England it was still lower. The death rate from exposure alone in the infected area is more than twice as great as it is in the tick-free region. In the Middle States the death rate from exposure was only about one-half of one per cent. In Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island it was nothing. In Florida it was more than three per cent, and in Arkansas and Louisiana it was over eight per cent. The astounding fact is revealed that in the South, where the winters are mildest and winter forage most abundant, the death rate of cattle from exposure is the greatest. The negligence of Southern cattlemen in providing shelter for their cattle will only partly explain this. The rest is directly chargeable to the tick. Last year about 800,000 cattle died in the infected area in addition to the deaths at the death rate of the tick-free country. This represents $10,740,000 at the average price for Southern cattle on January 1, 1910.

Other annual losses that must be charged against the invaders are the reduction of the birth rate in cattle and the greater expense of providing extra pasturage and extra

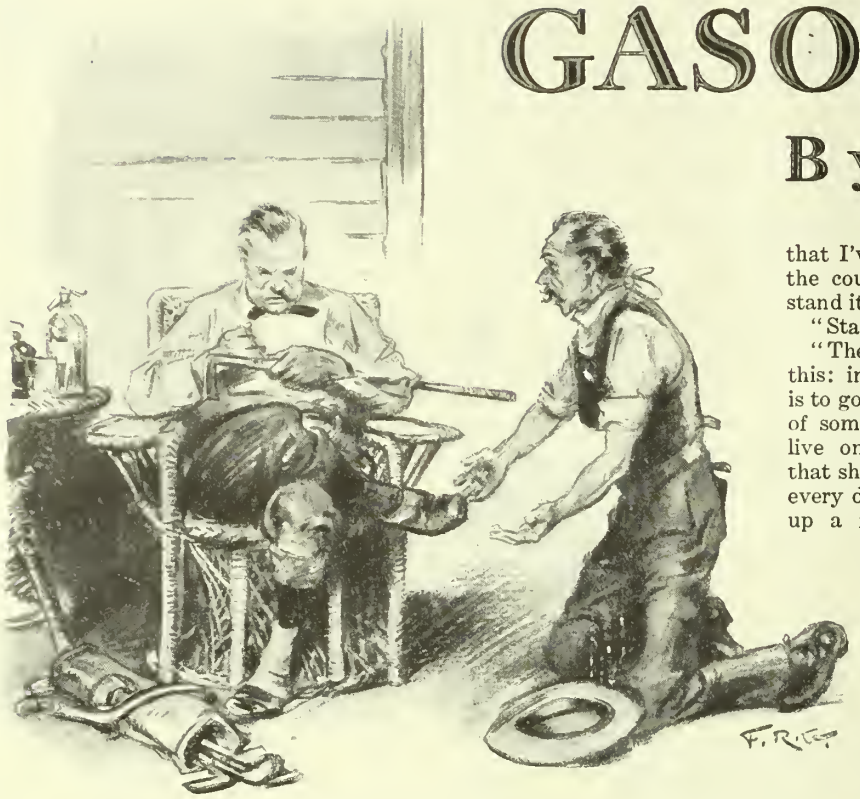
(Concluded on Page 48)

St. Paul Union Stockyards. South St. Paul. Minnesota

GASOLINE GOES UP

By R. W. HOFFLUND

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"I Have to Get Down on My Knees Every Time I Want a New Plowshare"

COMING to the foot of the long San Felice grade, Bill Kellar turned his team into the smooth county road. Fretted by the constant holding back of the last hour his broncos broke into a swinging trot, and the tall sagebrush on both sides swept by in a brown haze.

After a mile or so they forded a wide, inch-deep stream. In winter it was often impassable; now the water barely wet the tires. Once on the opposite side they came quickly to civilization: houses close to the road; small, well-kept prune and walnut ranches. Occasionally, on a distant hill above the line of frost, were rows of dark-green orange trees, a silver thread of water between them sparkling in the sun. After the barren grandeur of the mountains it seemed quiet, peaceful, homelike.

At length, at the end of a straight white road, Bill Kellar observed a building with a peaked roof and a tall false front. He drew the broncos to a walk, stood up in the buggy and looked about him.

"That's the place," he said.

His wife leaned forward, frankly puzzled.

"What place, dear?"

Bill Kellar sat down again, laughing at her bewilderment.

"I forgot," he said. "I haven't told you yet. That's the place where we're going into business. Groceries, dry-goods, notions, shoes, hardware; everything from a darning-needle to a reaper. Trade with William H. Kellar and get a square deal. Highest prices paid for eggs, butter and produce. How does it sound?"

He laughed again as the bewildered look on her face deepened.

"Look here, Bess," he went on, "considering that we've been married for two whole weeks you don't really know much about me, do you?"

"I know enough," she answered contentedly, slipping her hand into his.

"Oh, sure!" he said. "You know that I don't drink, that I like coffee strong and eggs fried on both sides, and a few little things like that. But about business; what do you know about the way I get the price of the eggs and coffee?"

"Why, Bill," she remonstrated, "you told me yourself. You're a speculator in stores."

"Of course. You know that I can buy a little rundown store, make a living out of it for a few months, and sell it at a profit. It's the details I was thinking of. They didn't worry you; you were willing to quit the typewriter and take to frying eggs the way I like 'em ——"

"Bill!" she interrupted. "Do you suppose I married you just because I thought you could make a living?"

"Of course not, honey. I'm not forgetting that we like each other a little, but these practical things are important. I suppose most people talk them over a little more than we did. Now, how much actual real cash do you suppose I've got saved up? I've never even told you that."

His wife mused a moment, taking her hand from his to shield her eyes.

"We did go away in something of a hurry, didn't we, dear?" she said finally. "The folks didn't like it very much, but it seemed to me that I got to know you pretty well in the six months you were calling. Have you got bad news to break, Bill? Are we busted already?"

"Great Scott, no!" he exclaimed. "I didn't mean to scare you. But I don't believe I ever happened to tell you that I've always intended to get out in the country. Do you think you could stand it, Bessie?"

"Stand what?"

"The life, dear. You see, it's like this: in town the only way to get money is to go out with a file and scrape it off of somebody else. There are a dozen live ones scrambling for every dollar that shows its face. Take my business: every day some greenhorn who's saved up a few hundred buys a store. He thinks there's nothing to it but to stand behind the counter and punch the cash register. When he finds out his mistake I'm ready to buy him out, build up a trade in the store, and sell it to the next greenhorn. But do you think I'm the only one willing to hold the fort between these merchant princes? Honestly and truly, dear, it grieves me to think of how many kind-hearted speculators there are who look at it the way I do. There are likely to be twenty of us on hand at the first hint. Smolenski—I think you've heard me speak once or twice of Smolenski—is usually there the day before. Smolenski can put his crafty little head in the front door of a grocery and come within eighteen and three-quarter cents of knowing how much the whole blamed stock is worth. He figures so close that he estimates the pickles in the jar on the counter."

"But you've often beaten him," protested his wife proudly.

"I know, dear. But this fierce competition makes it a kind of empty honor. For a fact, on my last deal I was afraid to take a cigar out of the case for fear it would spoil the profit. You see, when I tell a merchant that his stock is composed of stickers and dope that won't pass with the pure-food inspector, and that his location is ridiculous and his fixtures ready for the museum, wherefore it becomes necessary to figure prices with a butcher-knife, these nineteen gentlemen get in the way. They knock my argument by offering more money. He won't believe me. Finally I have to pay pretty near what his stuff is worth."

"But when you sell it again?" she asked. "Then you get more, don't you?"

"More than it's worth?" he laughed. "Yes, I generally do. I add a few hundred for good-will, on account of the choice location and the superior fixtures. But out here in the country, Bess, it's different. You don't need a file out here; you can work with a whisk-broom. I've been keeping my eyes open during this honeymoon trip of ours, and I've opened 'em wider every stop. Do you remember the store up at Rolisande? Not much to look at, but Mr. G. H. Roberts is putting two hundred good dollars in cold storage every month out of that store. They come to him from miles around. Remember San Ramon? On a hot afternoon you could stand on the store platform with a telescope and not find a customer, but that fellow keeps a trotter on the state circuit."

"Keeps a what?"

"A trotter—a racehorse; one of the most expensive habits a man can get. Of course these places are exceptions, but it's only because of the men running them. I know I'd like the work, Bess; and let me tell you, living in the country wouldn't be so bad if a fellow was making money. Better to go to the city once in a while with the price of a theater ticket than to live there all your life and get your fun out of the billboards."

"Of course," she agreed. "How much money have we, Bill?"

"Three thousand one hundred and sixty-five the last time the comptroller issued a call. Not enough for a stock, but the agencies rate me as willing to pay when I have money. I can borrow all right."

"What makes you think this is the place?"

"Look at the country," he explained. "Good houses, fresh paint, ranches well taken care of. Not another store for miles. I don't much like that big sweep of grainfields ahead—there ought to be more small places there. Of course this man may be on to his job; if so we couldn't pry him from the business with a crowbar. But often, in a place like this, there's an ex-farmer who stocks up on calico and sugar, and lets his friends go elsewhere for the fancy, high-priced goods. If that's the case he's not making money and will sell. Shall we try him?"

They were coming close at hand now, and the building seemed even larger than it had from a distance. There were twenty-five or thirty cottages around it; the nearest ranch house was a quarter of a mile away.

"Not much of a village," said Bess.

"The smaller the better," Bill assured her. "And we're miles from the railroad. Everything looks beautiful. We get trade from the prune growers. These cottages help, but don't judge by them. How about it?"

His wife's face was averted; she was looking at the broad, level valley stretching like a green carpet to the distant hills.

"And we would live in one of these cottages with roses all over the porch?" she asked, without turning her head.

"I suppose so, dear."

"And I could keep chickens and have a garden?"

"Yes."

"And a horse and buggy?"

"Of course. We'd have to have one."

"I think I could stand it," said Bess, looking at him with a radiant smile. "Oh Bill, Bill, do you really believe there's a chance for us to do it?"

II

IT WAS not a case that called for Bill's peculiar ability as a buyer, but he could not abandon the method entirely. Merely to walk into a store and ask the proprietor if he wished to sell would have struck him as lacking in professional dignity. One might as well imagine a lawyer accepting as jurors any intelligent veniremen, and notifying the court that he wished to get at the facts in the case without delay. Bill left his wife in the buggy, went inside and called for a cigar, naming a brand that he felt certain was unknown to the dealer.

"Don't keep 'em, eh?" he said good-naturedly. "Well, give me the best you've got. How's trade? Pretty slow, I imagine."

"Why?" asked the merchant, who turned out to be a stoop-shouldered, middle-aged man, with a drooping mustache that added to his drowsy appearance.

"Oh, it's rotten everywhere these days," Bill assured him. "The trusts have got the retailer by the neck; you

"Fresh Chocolates Out Here!" Exclaimed the Dealer Scornfully. "Where Would I Get 'Em?"

can't make a living profit any more. Got any fresh chocolates in pound boxes?"

"Fresh chocolates out here!" exclaimed the dealer scornfully. "Where would I get 'em?"

"Of course—of course," Bill admitted. "I've been looking around the country to see whether I wanted to invest in a business, but most places I've seen are running behind."

The merchant looked up eagerly. "I'd sell this business," he said. "It's a good one too. My health is poor or I wouldn't think of parting with it."

"I've come across a good many storekeepers in poor health lately," said Bill. "No offense, you know; but it makes me think the life might not suit me. Let's have some ice-cold soda water."

"I don't keep ice," returned his victim a trifle sharply; "too far from where it's made."

"That's so," said Bill. "Hard to get good sellers in a place like this, isn't it? I wonder how they ever happened to stick a store out here in the middle of the fields." He looked around at the shelves, his guns spiked early in the battle by the proprietor's abrupt announcement. Bill would have preferred to do a little persuading, which would have enabled him to introduce discouraging slander of the store and of conditions in general. This was now impossible. "What stock do you carry?" he asked.

The wedge thus entered, there followed an hour of conversation that was straight to the point. Bill found that he had slightly underestimated his man. The sleepy look was deceptive: as a matter of fact, he was a fairly wideawake merchant, making a living out of his store and too inexperienced in selling methods to know that there was a great deal more than a living in sight. The stock was in good shape, composed of poorly displayed staples.

When Bill finally went out to his wife he found her waiting impatiently.

"Well?" she demanded.

"I think we can make it go," he said. "I'm coming back tomorrow to look it over again, and we'll drive around a little on the way up. The hotel where we stop is eight miles away. We don't want to jump in blind, but it looks good to me. He's selling more goods now than many a little place in the city where the rent is a lot bigger."

Careful investigation proved that Bill's first impression had been well founded. Careful, hard talking finally got the price down reasonably close to where he thought it ought to be. A trip to the city to arrange for a little more capital and to bring down the few pieces of furniture that Bess had collected, and William H. Kellar was ready to put up the big new sign bearing his name.

One feature he did not like. The building was owned by a large estate managed from the city. It was, in fact, part of a ten-thousand-acre ranch—the big grainfields that Bill had first objected to. The former occupant had held no lease; when Bill applied for one he was told that the estate would not grant it without raising the rent. Improvements on a large scale were planned. The ranch would ultimately be cut up into small farms, with a town at the corners. Surveys had been made some years before. Probably a new brick building would adorn Bill's modest site, and the manager did not want to bind himself to any agreement that would interfere with these plans.

Bill asked for a coat of paint, and met with a firm refusal on the same grounds. However, the rent was certainly low, and the chance small that he would be disturbed. Deciding to remain on friendly terms with the manager, a florid-faced Englishman, who seemed to know very little of the big property and to regard business concerning it as an annoying interruption in a life consecrated to golf, Bill announced that he would continue on existing terms and would paint the building at his own expense. The manager gave him permission to do so, indicated that he regarded the permission as a favor, and departed for his country club.

Bill went back to the store, painted it, brightened up the interior, put in plate-glass showcases, and settled down to a steady pull for business. He got it from the first. As he had seen at a glance, it was there, waiting for the man who knew how to attract it. He added to the stock attractive specialties in groceries, widely advertised articles, the things that the ranchers had formerly brought back from town. He put in tables of five and ten cent goods, kitchen articles and the thousand and one little gimcracks that lighten the labor of the housewife, selling some at cost to attract comment. The hat salesman who produced samples of the antique, broadbrimmed, back-to-the-farm variety was laughed at.

"It seems to be the custom," said Bill, "to load up a country store with male millinery that you couldn't give away with a can of baking-powder. I've got a few dozen in the house now, and I'm going to put 'em on the ten-cent counter. When the boys out here want a new hat they wait till they go to town. Put these back in the hold and dig up the kind you show the big haberdashers. I don't want many, but I want the kind your architect planned for this season."

In short, he applied to his new venture all of his knowledge of merchandise, his experience in buying, and the snappy, clever selling schemes that warlike competition had taught him of old. He kept in mind a rule that he had laid down at the start: "I will run the business as though there was a department store across the street."

"If you do that," argued his wife, "I don't see that it's any advantage to be the only dealer in the place."

"You forget," Bill explained, "that really there is not a store on the other corner. In town I kept prices down, and so did everybody else. Out here, if I treat the people right, I get all the trade there is."

As for Bess, during these first days, her little rose-covered home, her dozen fruit trees and her chicken-yard made up a miniature Garden of Eden. Three years of typewriting in a big office had put her in a frame of mind to enjoy the open spaces, the fresh air, the long, quiet evenings with Bill after he closed the store. Her letters home were full of enthusiastic descriptions of setting hens, flocks of yellow chickens, rosebushes and trailing vines.

After four months of effort Bill found it necessary to add another clerk. The business was getting too big to be handled by himself and the country boy inherited from his predecessor. The increased expense cut deeply into his monthly income, but Bill planned for the future and got a good man.

He had hardly broken him in when he received a letter from the manager of the estate. It was just a line.

Dear Sir: This is to notify you that after the first of June the rent of the store at Portola will be forty dollars a month.

Bill read it several times. Then he spread it out on the desk, backed away and read it again, as if the angle might have some effect.

"Whew!" he whistled. "Right in the solar plexus! Here's where William H. Kellar gets acquainted with R. E. Morse. The old fox!"

Later, when the foreman of the ranch came in for his daily plug of tobacco, Bill went after information.

"Jake," he inquired, "does the boss ask about me and the business when he writes?"

"He sure does," said Jake. "I've been tellin' him how you had things on the jump down here. Why?"

"He's doubled up on me," said Bill. "Just exactly doubled my rent, without a word of explanation."

"Well, now," sympathized Jake, biting off half the plug, "that's sure too bad. Why didn't you tie him down when you first come in? Shucks! The boss has got one idea—to dig up every last cent out of this place and make the estate think he's earning money. I have to get down on my knees every time I want a new plowshare."

"Why didn't I tie him down?" repeated Bill that night, when he was telling Bess about it. "Why didn't I? Because the old boy had me fooled me, the silver-tongued, right-up-to-the-minute, wideawake Johnny Wise! I walked right into his trap and pulled the teeth shut for him. I thought he was so high and mighty that this little corner down here wouldn't buy his cigars. He made me think so! I've found my level, all right; out among the haystacks is where I belong. He said I couldn't have a lease without a raise in rent, and I never even asked him if he'd put on the raise anyhow."

"Never mind, dear. Twenty a month won't put us out of business. But it was a low, dishonorable trick!"

"That isn't what worries me," said Bill. "I don't care how low and dishonorable it was; what I hate is that it worked. I thought I'd got to the place where the low, dishonorable kind would catch me with both eyes open. Well, well! It's never too late to learn."

He wrote a protest, and received a curt reply to the effect that, in view of the increased value of the location, the rent was still low. Bill decided that it was useless to point out that he himself had caused the increase, and requested a three years' lease on the new terms. In answer he received a courteous repetition of the former excuse: improvements on a large scale were planned, a brick building, and so forth.

There was nothing to do but to add twenty dollars to his expense account and go ahead. Bill did so, fretting at the disgrace more than at the loss. In the course of a few more months he got over even this, being too busy to think about it. Steadily, constantly, he won the confidence of the community; steadily the monthly sales-record showed a higher average. Bill began to make big plans: machinery, wagons and buggies, stoves, furniture—all of these things were being bought by his customers; why not from him?

Then came the second note. His rent was to be fifty dollars a month. As he looked at it there flashed into Bill's memory a scrap from a book he had read. The freight agent of a railroad, answering a question from a discouraged farmer as to his method in figuring rates, says laconically, "All that the traffic will bear."

"It's what he's doing to me," sighed Bill. "He watches me with an eagle eye, and as fast as I build up the business he takes his slice. But there's one sure thing: this particular traffic will not bear much more. At the worst I can move the stock up to one of the old stands and hold an anniversary sale. Most of it would go all right in town." His eye brightened, then dulled again. "But, Lord! how Bess would hate to go back!"

Thinking of Bess, he made up his mind to buy the property as the only way out. He could pledge his credit, sweat blood for a few years, and cut off the depressing effect of the eagle eye. He knew the price would be high; when the manager named it he knew that it was prohibitive.

"It's robbery," declared his wife.

"No," said Bill, who knew vaguely that behind the injustice was something bigger than a petty trick, "there's more than that to it. I suppose the old boy is not lying outright about his improvements. The trouble is that in this state every sagebrush desert is a possible city. I've seen it before. A railroad president will pass through a place in his private car, and every lonesome homesteader will swell his chest and wonder where they're going to put the machine-shops. Try to buy him out, and he'll ask what his place would be worth if the shops were already there. Prices are always three years ahead of values. Usually the values catch up, and so they stick to the system. The people right here speak of a railroad as though the first train went through tomorrow morning, and

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"It's Merely a Matter of How Much You're Willing to Pay for Gasoline"

A YOUNG MAN NAMED LOEB

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

BILLY YOUNGS lived down Oyster Bay way and was a friend, neighbor of, and hip-hip-hoorayer for, Theodore Roosevelt; so when Roosevelt was elected governor of New York, in 1898, he picked Youngs for secretary.

Youngs wore eyeglasses and a look of preternatural wisdom, which must have welded the new governor to him. He had fussed about in New York state politics, from the Long Island end, for quite a time, and had been general scout and surveyor for Roosevelt during the campaign that made him governor and, eventually, made him president. Youngs was calm, unemotional, and tried to be impressive. He appeared to be weighted down with the confidences of Roosevelt, whereas he never had any; and had an air, when speaking of the Colonel, of knowing so much about what was going on in that great man's mind that the probabilities were he would explode before night and scatter Rooseveltiana all over the place.

After Roosevelt had been inaugurated, on January 1st, 1899, and had gone to the executive offices in the Capitol for the first time as governor he wanted to write or say something. He had a message of some kind for the proletariat, some caution or instruction that was on his chest and had to be put on paper and propelled into the various avenues of publicity.

Turning a flipflap through the door that admits to the little coop at the extreme end of the suite, which is the only private office the governor of New York has, Roosevelt landed beside the desk where Billy Youngs was distributing awe and said: "Youngs, get me a stenographer."

"Yessir," choked Youngs. "Yessir. Coming, sir. In a moment, sir. Yessir."

Youngs, you see, wasn't a stenographer himself, and he hadn't thought about stenographers much, or hadn't thought the Governor would begin circulating opinions on the very first day in office—which he should have thought of, by the way. So he scrambled to the big reception room outside, where various of the former governors of New York look down from the walls through acres of gold frames in a sort of bored way, as if they thought behind their painted foreheads: "Oh, of course, this new man may be all right; but in my day they had governors who were governors." He saw, sitting in one of the chairs, a tall, pale young fellow whom he had known previously as a stenographer about the legislature and elsewhere.

"Hey," said Youngs, beckoning to the young man, "come on in here. The Governor wants a stenographer."

That summons was exactly what that tall, pale young man was waiting for, and he beat Youngs to the inner room by a rod.

"Here's one," said Youngs to the Governor.

"Is he all right?" asked the Governor.

"Yes," said Youngs, "I have known him for some years. You can rely on him."

The O.K. of Two Distinguished Ones

TWO minutes later the Governor was dictating to the tall, pale young man. The letters or message or sermon or preachment or guide to right living or whatever it was came back to the Governor's desk in due time, well done. There were no mistakes in spelling or punctuation. The transcription was accurate. It was a workmanlike job.

Next day the Governor, being surcharged with more thoughts that needed expression, called on Youngs.

"I want a stenographer."

"Yessir," said Youngs. "Oh, yessir."

"Who was that stenographer I had yesterday?"

"A young man named Loeb."

"Well, I like his work. Get him again."

"Yessir. Coming, sir. Yessir."

Whereupon, Billy Youngs got the young man named Loeb again, and that was the beginning of the association of Theodore Roosevelt and William Loeb, Jr., an association that led to Loeb's becoming secretary to the president, collector of the port of New York and possible candidate for governor of New York this fall on the Republican ticket. Most of all, it led to Loeb's becoming the man in the United States closest to Roosevelt, the man who, when he was secretary to the president, had most influence with the impetuous Colonel, and who turned out to be one of the few really great secretaries to presidents we have had since the days of John Hay's service to Abraham Lincoln.

PHOTO BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

He Has Himself in Hand All the Time

A job usually is what a man makes it. Thurber and Porter and Halford had as many opportunities to be great secretaries as had Lamont and Cortelyou and Loeb, but they did not realize on them. John Hay finished in style, and Horace Porter got past with some kind applause. Daniel Lamont went into the Cabinet, and so did George B. Cortelyou. It is very probable if President Taft had foreseen some of the rocks that have risen up in the path of his Administration he would have taken Loeb into his Cabinet instead of making him collector of the port of New York. Later he did think of putting Loeb in the Cabinet, but Loeb was well satisfied where he was. Theodore Roosevelt knew more of Taft's needs than Taft did himself, and the Colonel urged the incoming president to make Loeb a Cabinet member. Taft said, rather testily, he didn't want any private secretaries in his Cabinet, and selected his present outfit of legal luminaries who never have, as yet, ceased being legal and become luminous as to what sort of advice, counsel and help a president needs from his ministry.

The first time I ever saw Loeb was at the Republican state convention at Rochester, New York, in September, 1891, when Fassett was nominated for governor. Loeb was there as a stenographer with the old United Press Association, if I remember correctly, and working for P. V. DeGraw, now Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, who had charge of the United Press crowd. That was the first big political convention I had ever reported, and I was much impressed with the solemnity and superlative importance of the occasion. Julian Ralph was there at the reporters' table, and Jersey Chamberlin and Eddie Riggs and Louis Seibold and Harry Brown and Harry Green and Hugh Hastings and many others of the whales of metropolitan journalism. I was working for a local paper, and my ideas of what was going on and what was to go on were spread before this galaxy of seasoned political writers first thing in the morning.

Naturally I was nervous, and so were my fellow-workers from my paper, none of whom had handled a state convention before. Our seats were next to the United Press space, and early in the proceedings there was considerable excitement when a man, who was delegated to read Andrew D. White's letter of withdrawal as a candidate before the convention, got nervous himself and began to read the wrong letter, the personal letter expressing Andrew D.'s real feelings on the subject of his withdrawal instead of the formal one in which he stood aside for the party's good, et cetera and so forth.

In the midst of the tumult I had a look at Loeb. He was taking it all down in the most matter-of-fact way, calm, unperturbed, unexcited and, apparently, with no nerves at all. I formed an impression of Loeb then that, after opportunities better than the average for observing him at work, especially during his years in Washington, I have never had occasion to change. The keynote of the character of the young man named Loeb is his absolute control of himself, his absolute mastery of his emotions. He has himself in hand all the time. He knows exactly what he is doing every minute in the day.

Not that he cannot let loose if he wants to. There are those who have seen Loeb whooping up and down the hills in Montana, on hunting trips, and whooping at night before the campfire over a game of cribbage, who know his capabilities in these directions. But when he was secretary to the president, and now that he is collector of New York, the general idea conceives him as a suave, silent, self-contained young person, who always has his eye on his number and who is so efficient in his work that it makes your head ache to watch him at times—his mastery of detail and his grasp of essentials are so complete and comprehensive.

When you find a man at the age of forty-four who has been a secretary to a governor, and that governor Theodore Roosevelt, and secretary to a president, and that president Theodore Roosevelt, and collector of the biggest port in this country and one of the biggest in the world, and successful all along the line, it is not much of a stretch to the imagination to think of that man in almost any kind of a job, nor is it any tax on the credulity to set him down as successful wherever he may be. William Loeb, Jr., has a level head. This is a sentiment that has distinguished indorsement. It has been O.K.'d by the only living president and the only living ex-president.

No Full-Grown Rose Was He

LOEB was born in Albany of German parents. His father was a small tradesman. After he had finished high school he learned stenography. When he was twenty-two years old he was stenographer in the New York Assembly. Later he was private secretary to one or two state officials and, between times, he did newspaper stenographic work and took dictation from the correspondents if nothing else was going. He was one of the stenographers to the New York State Constitutional Convention in 1894 and worked for the grand jury and the district attorney until 1898, when, as I have related, he went with Theodore Roosevelt and began his real development.

That real development, by the way, was coincident with the real development of Theodore Roosevelt. The only living ex-president was no full-grown rose when they first picked him.

Roosevelt began to get into his stride when they made him Assistant Secretary of the Navy under McKinley, and he touched a few high places when he went to the war as lieutenant-colonel of the Rough Riders. As the returning hero of that war, or one of them, Thomas C. Platt seized on him as a man he might win with for governor of New York and nominated him. Platt won out with Roosevelt with less than eighteen thousand votes to spare.

The Roosevelt we know now had his beginning when he became governor. Of course all the rest of it had been preparation for the opportunity, and when the opportunity came he was on the spot. Far be it from me to compare Roosevelt and Loeb, or indulge in any similar lese-majesty, but here is what I think: Roosevelt grabbed his opportunity, and so did Loeb. When you come to size it up from beginnings Loeb went farther than Roosevelt—in his way. He was a stenographer willing to take any

job in his line and a most inconspicuous person. Roosevelt was of an old family, reasonably rich, highly educated, and had no other care than to project himself into whatever limelight he could find. Loeb had been to high school, and the only money he had he made himself. There was no sentiment about his employment by Roosevelt originally. The Governor of New York wanted a stenographer who knew his business, and he got one. After that, Roosevelt by successive stages came to be acknowledged as one of the great men of the world; and right alongside with him, in his much humbler way, of course, but none the less creditable way for all that, Loeb kept step and came to be an Assistant President in all that the term implies, and a most efficient, useful public official in one of the biggest jobs, so far as responsibilities of the Government go, in this country or any other.

Loeb served Roosevelt as his private secretary and stenographer—Billy Youngs was his public secretary—until Roosevelt was elected Vice-President on the ticket with President McKinley in 1900. The Vice-President of these great and growing United States is small potatoes and few in the hill when it comes to patronage. He has a gilded room in the Capitol, with some impossible mirrors in it, and is allowed to appoint two persons, a private secretary and a messenger. Mr. Vice-President Roosevelt, after he came into office, availed himself of this privilege immediately. He appointed as his private secretary William Loeb, Jr., and took care of Youngs later. Loeb's service in Washington as private secretary to the vice-president lasted only through the short special session of the Senate, after March 4. I do not know what private arrangements he had with the Vice-President, but he didn't get much salary from the Government at that time.

Presently Mr. McKinley was killed, and Mr. Roosevelt became President. He went to the White House and found there the most efficient Cortelyou, who had been secretary to the president under McKinley, and who himself was a stenographer who had risen far. Mr. Roosevelt's ideas of what he had to do as President were necessarily vague at first, and he grabbed at Cortelyou—able, alert, experienced, faithful and systematic. Loeb went to the White House as the assistant secretary or one of them—first assistant, no doubt, but still assistant. He was, by that time, a part of the Roosevelt machine. He knew his chief thoroughly, and Roosevelt used him in a personal way, while Cortelyou continued as the head secretary. Loeb buckled down to the job. He was quiet, imperturbable, kept to his place, and was so industrious it hurt your eyes to watch him, and he kept accurate tabs on what was happening thereabouts.

He knew Roosevelt so well, in his many phases, that it wasn't long before Loeb was indispensable to the strenuous President. And as Loeb became indispensable Cortelyou became dispensable. That is, Cortelyou had in training beneath him a man who was as valuable as himself and, in a way, more valuable because of his intimate relations with Roosevelt. They passed the bill creating the Department of Commerce and Labor, and Roosevelt immediately appointed Cortelyou as head of it, took him from the secretarial desk and put him at the Cabinet table. Roosevelt did this for two reasons. One was that he wanted to honor Cortelyou and reward him for invaluable service in the early days of the Administration, the almost chaotic days after the murder of President McKinley. The other was that he wanted Loeb to come into his full measure of power and responsibility, and felt that Loeb would be of greater service to him than even Cortelyou had been, now that he was straightened away on his own course.

Afterward President Roosevelt made Cortelyou chairman of the Republican National Committee and, successively, Postmaster-General and Secretary of the Treasury. During the later days of the Roosevelt Administration President Roosevelt and Cortelyou had a falling out over Cortelyeu's presidential aspirations, and, although Cortelyou remained in the Cabinet until the end, he was not the fair-haired boy he was at the beginning. In fact, T. R. had pulled out a good deal of that fair hair and the rest of it had become another color.

Learning Politics from a Great Master

WHEN Loeb succeeded to the full rights, titles and increments—not overpowering, those increments, by the way—a few thousand a year and a carriage and span—he didn't have to grow into the job. He had done his growing before he got it. He fitted. That was in 1903, and he remained with his chief until March 4, 1909, when Roosevelt left Washington en route for Africa, and Loeb left Washington en route for the collectorship in New York.

All the time, from his first venture in Albany, Loeb has been learning politics. His chief was a master politician, and Loeb helped him keep at the head of the class. Loeb did as much as anybody, probably more than any individual, to bring about the nomination of President Taft, after Colonel Roosevelt had decided to let his mantle fall on the shoulders of Taft. He was back of the scenes, of course, but he had many of the wires in his hands. Presently he will get into New York state politics. Then a number of people will learn a number of things.

Nobody who knew Loeb was at all surprised at the record he has made as collector of New York. He would have been just as successful in the Cabinet. The reason is that he has a heap of ability, a thorough knowledge of the mechanics of our Government, and is under obligations to nobody. He was set down at the port of New York and ordered to enforce a certain set of laws relating to the customs. Wherefore, he enforced them—not some of them, not half of them, but all of them. Having a job to do, he did it and is doing it in the same level-headed way he did when he was secretary to the president, and without any fuss or flubdub.

The Colonel is a genius, of course, and nothing goes for him that goes for others. He makes his own rules. Loeb is no genius. Hence the rules fit him. Looking him over, therefore, with the accustomed yardstick and microscope and testing-tube at hand, it is my opinion that he will go further than he has gone—a middling distance already—before he starts to go back. He has a natural aptitude for politics and a wide knowledge of that science, game, diversion or pest, whichever you may think it. He has much ability, is honest, straightforward, a great executive and very adaptable to circumstances; being capable, the while, of making circumstances adaptable to him.

A great many people did not like Loeb when he was secretary to the president—Loeb, as I said, being no genius and having distinctly human limitations. For the first year or two or three he was made a sort of a joke, on the theory that he was the pet angora for the Colonel. That joke proposition never got very far, for Loeb proved up so fast the joke sort of rebounded. He had his troubles when he was in the White House, but he kept them to himself. I imagine he had more troubles than he even let himself think he had. He has not been without troubles, either, in the collectorship. When a man comes into that office and lights like a ton of bricks on various gentlemen and ladies who have been beating the customs for years, either in the way of business or in the way of personal smuggling, he naturally makes enemies of those persons he locates definitely with the goods on them, and with those affiliated with them. It girds folks to be caught. It also hurts the business of the business men. And there are protests. However, Loeb is serene about it.

When Colonel Roosevelt got back and jumped into state politics there was talk about nominating Loeb for governor this fall. This being summer and the swimming being very good where I am, I have not looked into that nor inquired about it. My idea is that the Republicans of New York, if they want a candidate for governor this fall, might go further and fare worse, and they probably will.

NO DEFENSE

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

Fatality, which on the marble of ancient tragedies bears the name of a god, and on the tattooed brow of the galleys is called "No Luck."—*De Goncourt.*

THERE was no sun. The city sat like a ghost in a shroud of dirty yellow fog. This fog entered the courtroom. The gasjets were lighted. The air, heated by these jets, was tainted with the stench of the janitor's mop. It was early in the morning. The judge, a number of prisoners who had been brought over the arched bridge from the jail, the officials of the court and a little group of young attorneys, awaiting assignments to defend those without counsel, were alone in the courtroom.

There was an atmosphere of silence. The whispering of the attorneys, the scratching of the clerk's pen, the words of the judge, the responses of the prisoners, their breathing, the moving of their feet, the creaking of their chairs as they arose and as they reseated themselves, were all sounds detached and audible in this silence. There was here no one of those things that warm and color life. The heat of passion, moving men to violence; the love of adventure; the lust of gain; the lights, the sounds, the words, the gestures—the infinite stimuli that had urged these men against the law—were absent. There was here only the presence of penalty.

When the clerk called the State versus Johnson a young man arose from the line of seated prisoners. Judging by his dress, the man might have been a bank clerk. He got up slowly and stood with his chin lifted, looking at the judge. There was no interest in his face. There was in its stead a profound unconcern. His white, nimble hands, always moving, fingered his coat-pockets. It was a habit rather than a nervous gesture. The resignation in the man's face, in the lift of his head, in the pose of his figure, precluded anxiety. He knew exactly what was going to happen.

Judging by His Dress, the Man Might Have Been a Bank Clerk

The judge did not look up. He inquired whether the prisoner was represented by counsel, and being told that he was not appointed one of the attorneys to defend him. He continued, addressing the attorney:

"If you wish to talk with the prisoner you can take him into the vacant jury room; I will have a page call you before I adjourn; be ready to plead to the indictment."

The attorney beckoned to the prisoner and the two of them went into the jury room. The attorney sat down and indicated a neighboring chair with his hand.

"Well," he said, "what is it—not guilty?"

The prisoner did not at once reply; he went over to the window and stood a moment, looking idly through the dirty window-panes. Then he answered.

"I don't care," he said.

The attorney was astonished. "Do you want to go to the penitentiary?"

The man turned sharply on his heel.

"No," he said, "I don't want to go; nobody wants to go. . . . Do you know what it's like down there? . . . It's hell down there."

"Then we have got to get busy."

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders. The flash of energy, moving him when he spoke of the penitentiary, was past; he was again listless.

"Come," said the attorney, "we must tell the judge something."

"You can tell him the truth if you want to," replied the prisoner.

"Well," said the attorney, "cut along with the story. If there's anything in it that will do any good I'll put it up to the judge."

The prisoner again shrugged his shoulders.

"It's no use," he said.

The attorney was beginning to be annoyed.

"How do you know it's no use?"

The prisoner sat down in a chair; he put his nervous white hands firmly on his knees. He looked the attorney in the face; a bitter resolution entered his voice.

"I know it very well," he said; "when you hear the story you'll know it too. Listen: I'm what the police call a 'dip'—that is, a pickpocket; and I'm a good one—the cops never pick me up on a job. I know my business." He suddenly flashed his white, nimble hands. "I can go into a jam at a railroad station and get a pocketbook whenever I want to, or I can go into a crowd any time and get a watch. There's no fly cop that can pinch me at it; they have all had a try. I pass them all up. Of course the police know I do it. You can't keep them from knowing that. But they never caught me at a job; they never could catch me."

"They seem to have caught you this time," said the attorney.

"They—the police!" The prisoner made a contemptuous gesture. "It was something bigger than the police. Did you ever hear of Scott, the man who invented the method of sawing through an iron bar with silk thread and emery dust? No? Well, when it came to brains he had us all trimmed. Scott understood it. He used to say: 'Boys, it's not the police. You always have a chance against the police, but when that other Thing gets in the game you haven't got a ghost of a chance.'"

The attorney was puzzled.

"I don't understand," he said.

"Never mind," replied the prisoner; "you'll understand in a minute."

He stopped and sat a moment with the muscles of his mouth drawn, his teeth together; then he continued:

"I thought Scott was dopey; I thought he was talking rot. I laughed. 'All right, young man,' he said; 'you're too little yet for the Thing to notice you; but just you wait until you attract its attention! That Thing's on some big job; it has no time for you until you begin to annoy it. Then look out! Mind, it won't land you with a clean upper cut. That's not its method; its way is to do you with a lot of little, trivial, picayune tricks that you will mistake for a run of hard luck. It's like this: it's like an ant crawling over a man's hand when he's busy; for a good while he doesn't notice it, but when he does he knocks it off into the fire. . . . Only there's this difference: a man, when he finally did notice it, would brush that ant off into the fire at once; but this Thing takes its finger and heads the ant off here, and it heads it off there, and it steers it and turns it until it drops off into the fire of itself; and every one of those turns and twists and head-offs that ant thinks is an accident.'"

He paused a moment, his slender fingers tightening on his knees.

"I thought Scott was giving me a line of hot air. 'Everybody has luck,' I said. 'Sure they do,' said Scott, 'but this Thing's not luck—it's intention. Luck's a thing that comes by chance, but there's no chance about this Thing. Luck's an accident here and an accident there, without any connection; but this Thing's a system.'"

"What has all this got to do with your case?" asked the attorney.

"I'm coming to that," replied the prisoner. "Listen: It was in the afternoon; the sun had brought everybody out. The snow was melting and the gutters were running full of dirty slush, but the sidewalks were dry and warm. I was coming along the street. I wasn't out for business. I wasn't looking for anything. Finally I hit a crowd on the corner. A faker had a piece of black carpet laid along the sidewalk, and he was selling a mechanical toy—two little dummy figures. He'd make a speech about the wonders of science, then he'd put his mechanical toy down on this carpet, and the two little figures would begin to dance, and they'd keep on dancing—they'd dance forever. The crowd was wild. The faker was selling this toy for twenty-five cents, put up in a neat box with instructions, and they were going like gold dollars.

"It took me a minute to get on to his game. There was a tiny black thread stretched along this carpet, and out at the other end—on the edge of the crowd—a hobo with his hands in his pockets was working the thread. The faker just hooked his toy on to this thread, and of course it would dance until the hobo's elbow wore out.

"I was standing there watching this bunch of suckers take the hook when, out in the crowd, I noticed a big man with his hat on the back of his head, a cigar in his mouth, a diamond in his shirtfront, and a gold watch-chain, as thick as your little finger, stretched across his waistcoat. The thing was like an invitation. I didn't have a pair of nippers on me, so I didn't go after the diamond, but I moved out into the crowd and lifted the watch. I dropped it into my pocket, edged out of the crowd and sauntered on up the street toward home. The big man never missed the watch; he was standing there spread out, with the cigar in his mouth, when I passed out of sight.

"I went on. As I turned into the street on which I live I met a policeman. I knew him; he was a friend of mine.

"'Hello, Johnson,' he said, 'I was looking for you.'

"'What do you want with me?' I said.

"'Well,' he said, 'I guess I've got to take you along to the station-house.'

"I was astonished, but I kept my nerve.

"'Now, look here, Scally,' I said, 'you haven't got any charge against me.'

"'I know it,' he said.

"I was more astonished now.

"'Then what kind of a bluff are you running?' I said.

"'I'm not running a bluff,' he said; 'the chief has just issued an order for us to round-up all the old suspects and bring them down to the station-house.'

"I understood it then. Whenever a new chief has nothing else to do he takes the census. I tried to get off.

"'Now, look here, Scally,' I said, 'what's the use of taking me down there?'

"'No use,' he said.

"'Then pass me up, old man.'

"'Can't do it, Johnson,' he said; 'you're on my list and I've got to account for you. If you didn't show up they'd say I tipped you off.'

"Then he tried to smooth it over.

"'They've got nothing against you; they'll turn you loose in an hour.'

"'I know that,' I said, 'but I'm tired of the same old questions, and the same old Bertillon measurements, and all that rot—ain't there some way round?'

"He shook his head.

"'Not this time; you're located in my district. I've got to produce you.'

"I saw it was no use, so I tried to get him to permit me to go into my house before we started—so I could get rid of the watch in my pocket. It was only a few doors farther on. I gave him a good excuse and he would have done it, but just then a mounted sergeant came along. He knew us, and we had to start for the station-house.

"We went out to the corner and turned down the street that I had just come up. We walked along until we approached the faker and his bunch of suckers. Then, just as we were coming up to them, that big man out in the crowd suddenly missed his watch, grabbed the man who was standing next to him and began to holler. There was a general mix-up, and some one turned in the patrol alarm. The wagon came in a hurry. They hustled the big fellow and the man he had nailed into it just as we came up. And Scally said to me:

"'It's a mile to the station-house; let's ride.'"

The prisoner stopped. He got up and went over to the window. The fog lying on the city had deepened. The million lights struggling in it seemed about to be extinguished.

There was a knocking on the door.

The attorney replied.

"All right," he said; "in a minute."

Then he turned toward the prisoner leaning on the sill, looking out over the submerged city.

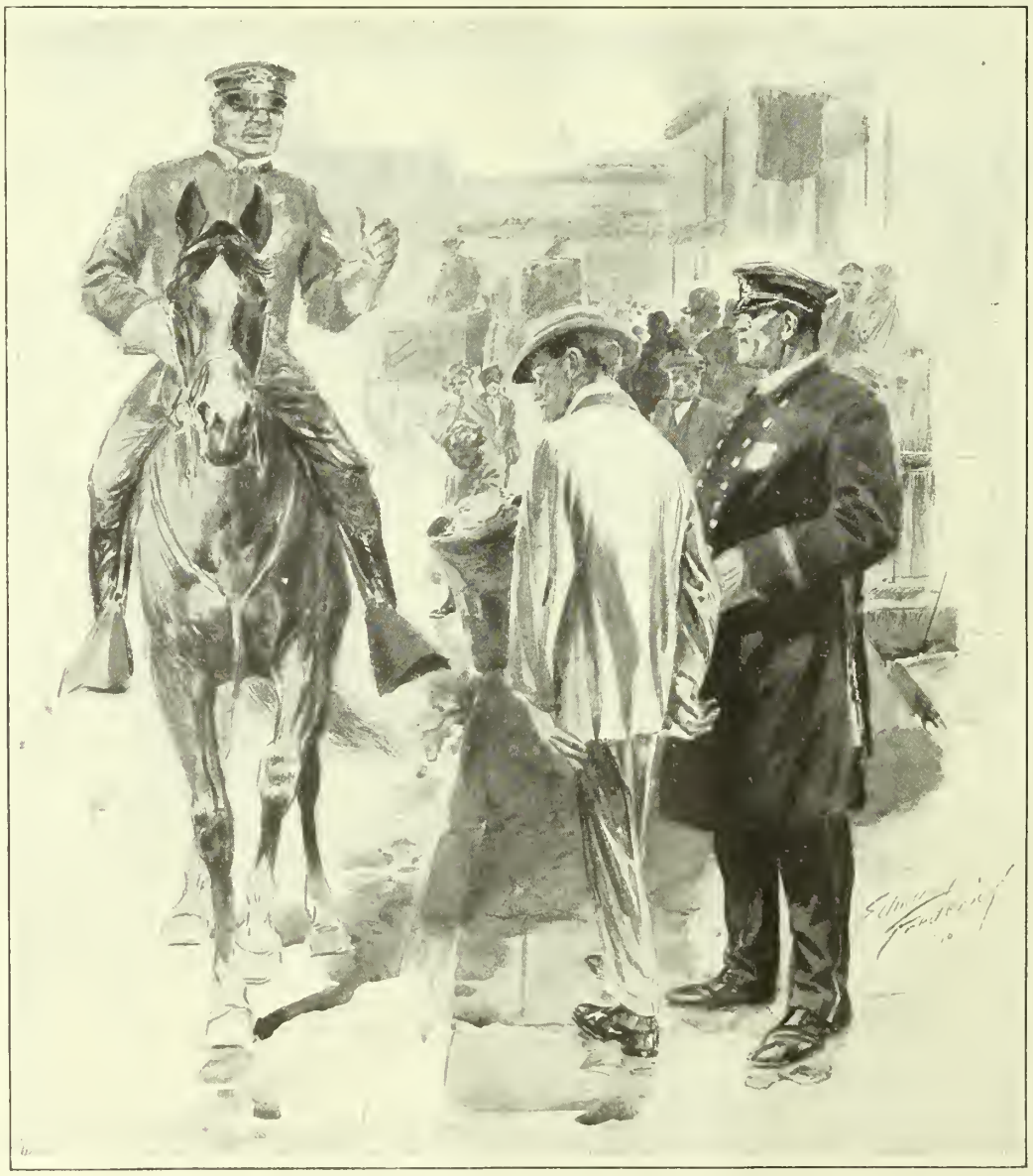
"Well," he said.

The prisoner continued:

"We got in. . . . There's not much more. . . . I had to get rid of that watch. The dirty slush was running deep in the gutters. I determined on a plan. As I got out of the wagon I would make a misstep, put my right foot into the slush and let the watch slip down the leg of my trousers. I worked the watch out of my pocket into my hand, and when we stopped I stepped down, stumbled, lost my balance; my right foot went down into the slush, I caught the rail with my left hand, leaned back and let go of the watch.

"The next minute I knew that I was all in. In catching the band of my trousers between my thumb and finger I caught also the band of my undergarment, and the watch was in my shoe!"

Note—The germinal incident of this story is true. It occurred in a Western court and was related to the writer by one of the ablest criminal prosecutors in America.



He Knew Us, and We Had to Start for the Station-House

The Grazer

"THIS discussion of the middlemen and their place in our scheme of life," said Senator Carter, of Montana, "reminds me of an old rancher who claimed if a man would accustom himself to eating grass, as he might do, it would not be long before the problem of living would be satisfactorily solved."

"What happened?"

"Well," the Senator replied, "he turned himself out on the range and tried his theory. After the third day he came in and asked for some beef and beans. He said that though it had been amply proved, by his experience, that the beef critter is entirely an unnecessary intervention between man and grass, he found that the society of the other grass-eaters wasn't sufficiently interesting to make it an object for him to continue in their company."

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

XVIII

FOR days the fever had its will of him—not entirely, for at intervals he heard cannon, and always the interminable picket-firing; and he heard bugles, too, and recognized the various summons. But it was no use trying to obey them—no use trying to find his legs. He could not get up without his legs—he laughed weakly at the thought; then, drowsy, indifferent, decided that they had been shot away, but could not remember when; and it bothered him a good deal.

Other things bothered him; he was convinced that his mother was in the room. At intervals he was aware of Hallam's handsome face, cut out like a paper picture from Harper's Weekly and pasted flat on the tent wall. Also, there were too many Fire Zouaves around his bed—if it was a bed, this vague, vibrating hammock he occupied. It was much more like a hollow nook inside a gigantic pendulum that swung eternally to and fro until it swung him into senselessness—or aroused him with fierce struggles to escape. But his mother's slender hand sometimes arrested the maddening motion, or—and this was curiously restful—she cleverly transferred him to a cradle which she rocked, leaning close over him. Only, she kept him wrapped up too warmly.

And after an interminably long while there came a day when his face became cooler and his skin grew wet with sweat, and on that day he partly unclosed his eyes and saw Colonel Arran sitting beside him, his gray head propped on his palms, watching him.

Surprised, he attempted to sit up; but not a muscle of his body obeyed him, and he lay there stupid, inert, hollow eyes fixed meaninglessly on his superior, who spoke cautiously:

"Berkley, do you know me?"

His lips twitched a voiceless affirmative.

Colonel Arran said: "You are going to get well now. . . . Get well quickly, because—the regiment misses you. . . . What is it you desire to say? Make the effort if you wish."

Berkley's sunken eyes remained focused on space; he was trying to consider. Then they turned painfully toward Colonel Arran again.

"Ailsa Paige?" he whispered.

The other said quietly: "She is at the base hospital near Azalea. I have seen her. She is well. . . . I did not tell her you were ill. She could not have left, anyway. . . . Matters are not going well with the army, Berkley."

"Whipped?" His lips barely formed the question.

Colonel Arran's careworn features flushed.

"The army has been withdrawing from the Peninsula. It is the commander-in-chief who has been defeated—not the Army of the Potomac."

"Back?"

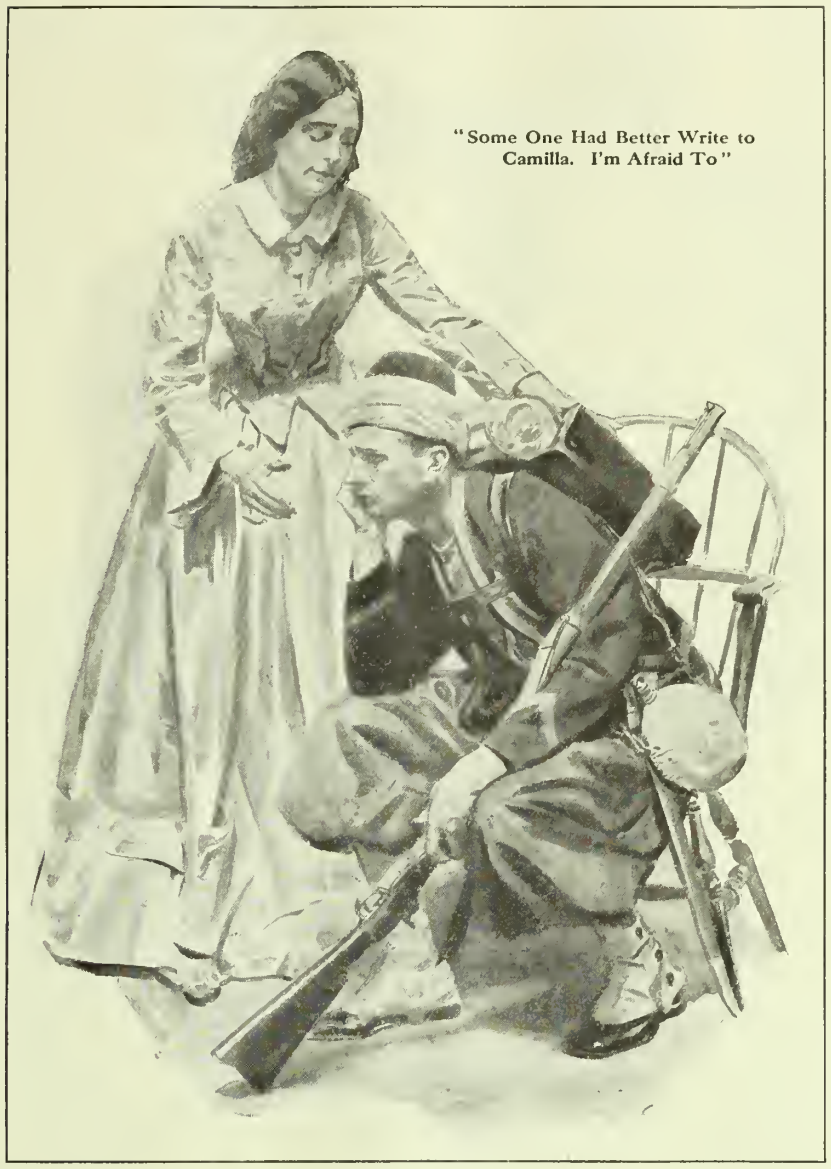
"Yes, certainly we shall go back. This rebellion seems to be taking more time to extinguish than the people and the national authorities supposed it would require. But no man must doubt our ultimate success. I do not doubt it. I never shall. You must not. It will all come right in the end."

"Regiment?" whispered Berkley.

"The regiment is in better shape, Berkley. Our remounts have arrived; our wounded are under shelter and comfortable. We need rest, and we're getting it here at Azalea, although they shell us every day. We ought to be in good trim in a couple of weeks. You'll be in the saddle long before that. Your squadron has become very proud of you; all the men in the regiment have inquired about you. Private Burgess spends his time off duty under the oak trees out yonder watching your window like a dog. . . . I—ah—may say to you, Berkley, that you—ah—have become a credit to the regiment. Personally—and as your commanding officer—I wish you to understand that I am gratified by your conduct. I have said so in my official reports."

Berkley's sunken eyes had reverted to the man beside him. After a moment his lips moved again in soundless inquiry.

Colonel Arran replied: "The Zouaves were very badly cut up; Major Lent was wounded by a saber cut. He is nearly well now. Colonel Craig and his son were not hurt.



"Some One Had Better Write to Camilla. I'm Afraid To"

The Zouaves are in cantonment about a mile to the rear. Both Colonel Craig and his son have been here to see you——" He hesitated, rose, stood a moment undecided.

"Mrs. Craig—the wife of Colonel Craig—has been here. Her plantation, Paigecourt, is in this vicinity, I believe. She has requested the medical authorities to send you to her house for your convalescence. Do you wish to go?"

The hollow-eyed, heavily-bandaged face looked up at him from the straw, and Colonel Arran looked down at it, lips aquiver.

"Berkley—if you go there I shall not see you again until you return to the regiment. I——" Suddenly his gray face began to twitch again—and he set his jaw savagely to control it.

"Goodby," he said. . . . "I wish—some day—you could try to think less harshly of me. I am a—very—lonely man."

Berkley closed his eyes, but whether from weakness or sullen resentment the older man could not know. He stood looking down wistfully at the boy for a moment, then turned and went heavily away with blurred eyes that did not recognize the woman in bonnet and light summer gown who was entering the hospital tent. As he stood aside to let her pass he heard his name pronounced in a cold, decisive voice; and, passing his gloved hand across his eyes to clear them, recognized Celia Craig.

"Colonel Arran," she said coolly, "is it necessa'y fo' me to request yo' permission befo' I am allowed to move Philip Berkley to my own house?"

"No, madam. The brigade surgeon is in charge. But I think I can secure for you the necessary authority to do so if you wish."

She thanked him haughtily and passed on; he walked out, impassive, silent, a stoop to his massive shoulders that had already become characteristic.

And that evening Berkley lay at Paigecourt in the chintz-hung chamber where, as a girl, his mother had often slept, dreaming the dreams that haunt young hearts when the jasmine fragrance grows heavier in the stillness, and the magnolia's snowy chalice is offered to the moon, and the thrush sings in the river thickets, and the firefly's lamp drifts through the fairy woods.

Celia told him this on the third day, late in the afternoon—so late that the westering sun was already touching the crests of the oak woods, and all the thickets had turned softly purple like the bloom on a plum; the mounting scent of phlox from the garden was growing sweeter, and the bats fluttered and dipped and soared in the calm evening sky.

She had been talking of his mother when she was Constance Paige and wore a fillet over her dark ringlets and rode to hounds at ten with the hardest riders in all Prince Clarence County.

"And this was her own room, Phil; nothing in it has been moved, nothing changed; this is the same bird-and-garland chintz, matching the same wall paper; this is the same old baid with its fo' ca'ved columns and its faded canopy, the same gilt mirror where she looked and saw reflected there the loveliest face in all the valley. . . . A child's face, Phil—even a child's face when she drew aside her bridal veil to look. . . . Ah—God!"—she sighed, looking down at her clasped hands, "if youth but knew—if youth but knew!"

He lay silent, the interminable rattle of picket-firing in his ears, his face turned toward the window. Through it he could see green grass, a magnolia in bloom, and a long, flawless spray of Cherokee roses pendent from the gallery.

Celia sighed, waited for him to speak, sighed again and picked up the Baltimore newspaper to resume her reading if he desired.

Searching the columns listlessly, she scanned the headings, glanced over the letterpress in silence, then turned the crumpled page. Presently she frowned.

"Listen to this, Philip; they say that there is yellow fever among the Yankee troops in Louisiana. It would be like them to bring that horror into the Ca'linas and Virginia——"

He turned his head suddenly, partly rose from where he lay; and she caught her breath and bent swiftly over him, placing one hand on his arm and gently forcing him down upon the pillow again. "Fo'give me, dear," she faltered. "I forgot what I was reading——"

He said thoughtfully: "Did you ever hear exactly how my mother died, Celia? . . . But I know you never did. . . . And I think I had better tell you."

"She died in the fever camp at Silver Bayou, when you were a little lad," whispered Celia.

"No."

"Philip! What are you saying?"

"You don't know how my mother died," he said quietly.

"Phil, we had the papers—and the Governor of Louisiana wrote us himse'f——"

"I know that what he wrote and what the papers published was not true. I'll tell you how she died. When I was old enough to take care of myself I went to Silver Bayou. . . . Many people in that town had died; some still survived. I found the parish records. I found one of the camp doctors who remembered that accursed year of plague—an old man, withered, indifferent, sleeping his days away on the rotting gallery of his tumbledown house. He knew. . . . And I found some of the militia still surviving; and one among them retained a confused memory of my mother—among the horrors of that poisonous year——"

He lay silent, considering; then: "I was old enough to remember, but not old enough to understand what I understood later. . . . Do you want to know how my mother died?"

Celia's lips moved in amazed assent.

"Then I will tell you. . . . They had guards north, east and west of us. They had gone mad with fright; the whole land was quarantined against us; musket, flintlock, shotgun, faced us through the smoke of their burning turpentine. I was only a little lad, but the horror of it I have never forgotten, nor my mother's terror—not for herself, for me."

He lay on his side, thin hands clasped, looking not at Celia, but beyond her at the dreadful scene his fancy was painting on the wall of his mother's room.

"Often, at night, we heard the shots along the dead line. Once they murdered a man behind our water garden. Our negroes moaned and sobbed all day, all night, helpless,

utterly demoralized. Two were shot swimming; one came back dying from snakebite. I saw him dead on the porch.

"I saw men fall down in the street with the black vomit—women, also—and once I saw two little children lying dead against a garden wall in St. Catharine's Alley. I was young, but I remember."

A terrible pallor came into his wan face.

"And I remember my mother," he said, "and her pleading with the men who came to the house to let her send me across the river where there was no fever. I remember her saying that it was murder to imprison children there in Silver Bayou; that I was perfectly well so far.

"They refused. Soldiers came and went. Their captain died; others died, we heard. Then my mother's maid, Alice, an octoroon, died on the east gallery. And the quarters went insane that day.

"When night came an old body-servant of my grandfather scratched at mother's door. I heard him. I thought it was Death. I was half dead with terror when mother awoke and whispered to me to dress in the dark and to make no sound.

"I remember it perfectly—remember saying: 'I won't go if you don't, mother. I'd rather be with you.' And I remember her saying: 'You shall not stay here to die when you are perfectly well. Trust mother, darling; Jerry will take you to Sainte Jacqueline in a boat.'

"And after that it is vaguer—the garden, the trench dug under the north wall—and how mother and I, in deadly fear of moccasins, down on all fours, crept after Jerry along the ditch to the water's edge ——"

His face whitened again; he lay silent for a while, crushing his wasted hands together.

"Celia, they fired on us from the levee. After that I don't know; I never knew what happened. But that doctor at Silver Bayou said that I was found a mile below in a boat with the first marks of the plague yellowing my skin. Celia, they never found my mother's body. It is not true that she died of fever at Silver Bayou. She fell under the murderous rifles of the levee guard—gave her life trying to save me from that pest-stricken prison. Jerry's body was found stranded in the mud twenty miles below. He had been shot through the body. . . . And now you know how my mother died."

He raised himself on one elbow, head resting on his hand, watching Celia's shocked white face for a moment or two, then wearily turned toward the window and sank back on his pillows.

In the still twilight, far away through the steady fusillade from the outposts, he heard the dull boom-booming of cannon and the heavy shocks of the great guns aboard the Union gunboats. But it sounded very far off; a mocking-bird sang close under his window; the last rosy bar faded from the fleecy cloudbank in the east. Night came abruptly—the swift Southern darkness quickly emblazoned with stars; and the whippoorwills began their ghostly calling, and the specters of the mist crept stealthily inland.

"Celia?"

Her soft voice answered from the darkness near him.

He said: "I knew this was her room before you told me. I have seen her several times."

"What are you saying?" she faltered.

"I don't know. . . . I saw her the night I came here."

After a long silence Celia rose and lighted a candle. Holding it a little above her pallid face she glided to his bedside and looked down at him. After a moment, bending, she touched his face with her palm; then her cool fingertips brushed the quiet pulse at his wrist.

"Have I any fever?"

"No, Phil."

"I thought not. . . . I saw mother's face a few moments ago in that mirror behind you."

Celia sank down on the bed's edge, the candle trembling in her hand. Then, slowly, she turned her head and looked over her shoulder, moving cautiously, until her fascinated eyes found the glass behind her. The mirror hung there reflecting the flowered wall opposite; a corner of the bed; nothing else.

He said in an even voice:

"From the first hour that you brought me into this room she has been here. I knew it instantly. . . .

"I Found Clean Flannels fo' Them Both in the Attic ——"

The first day she was behind those curtains—was there a long while. I knew she was there; I watched the curtains, expecting her to step out. I waited all day, not understanding that I—that it was better that I should speak. I fell asleep about dusk. She came out then and sat where you are sitting."

"It was a dream, Phil. It was fever. Try to realize what you are saying!"

"I do. The next evening I lay watching, and I saw a figure reflected in the mirror. It was not yet dusk. Celia, in the sunset light I saw her standing by the curtains. But it was starlight before she came to the bed and looked down at me.

"I said very quietly: 'Mother dear!' Then she spoke to me; and I knew she was speaking, but I could not hear her voice. . . . It was that way while she stood beside me—I could not hear her, Celia. I could not hear what she was saying. It was no spirit I saw—no phantom from the dead there by my bed, no ghost—no restless wraith, grave-driven through the night. I believe she is living. She knows I believe it. . . . As you sat here a moment ago, reading to me, I saw her reflected for a moment in the mirror behind you, passing into the room beyond. Her hair is perfectly white, Celia—or," he said vaguely to himself, "was it something she wore?—like the bandeaux of the Sisters of Charity ——"

The lighted candle fell from Celia's nerveless fingers and rolled over and over across the floor, trailing a smoking wick. Berkley's hand steadied her trembling arm.

"Why are you frightened?" he asked calmly. "There is nothing dead about what I saw."

"I c-can't he'p myse'f," stammered Celia; "you say such frightful things to me—you tell me that they happen in my own house—in her own room —— How can I be calm? How can I believe such things of—of Constance Berkley—of yo' daid mother ——"

"I don't know," he said dully.

The starlight sparkled on the silver candlestick where it lay on the floor in a little pool of wax. Quivering all over, Celia stooped to lift, relight it and set it on the table. And, over her shoulder, he saw a slim shape enter the doorway.

"Mother dear?" he whispered.

And Celia turned with a cry and stood swaying there, deathly white in the rays of the candle.

But it was only a Sister of Charity—a slim, childish figure under the wide white headdress—who had halted, startled at Celia's cry. She was looking for the division medical director, and the sentries had misinformed her—and she was very sorry, very deeply distressed to have frightened anybody—but the case was urgent—a Sister shot near the picket-line on Monday; and authority to send her north was what she had come to seek. Because the Sister had lost her mind completely, had gone insane and no longer knew them, knew nobody, not even herself, nor the hospital, nor the doctors, nor even that she lay on a battlefield. And she was saying strange and dreadful things about herself and about people nobody had ever heard of. . . . Could anybody tell her where the division medical director could be found?

. . . . . .

It was not yet daybreak when Berkley awoke in his bed to find lights in the room and medical officers passing swiftly hither and thither, the red flames from their candles blowing smokily in the breezy doorways.

The picket-firing along the river had not ceased. At the same instant he felt the concussion of heavy guns shaking his bed. The lawn outside the drawn curtains resounded with the hurrying clatter of wagons, the noise of pick and spade and crack of hammer and mallet.

He drew himself to a sitting posture. A regimental surgeon passing through the room glanced at him humorously, saying: "You've got a pretty snug berth here, son. How does it feel to sleep in a real bed?" And, extinguishing his candle, he went away through the door without waiting for any answer.

Berkley turned toward the window, striving to reach the drawn curtains. And at length he managed to part them, but it was all dark outside. Yet the grounds were evidently crowded with wagons and men; he recognized sounds which indicated that tents were being erected, drains and sinks dug; the rattle of planks and boards was significant of preparation for the construction of "shebangs."

Farther away on the dark highway he could hear the swift gallop of cavalry and the thudding clank of light batteries, all passing in perfect darkness. Then, leaning closer to the sill, he gazed between the curtains far into the southwest and saw the tall curve of Confederate shells traced in whirling fire far down the river, the awful glare of light as the enormous guns on the Union warships replied.

Celia, her lovely hair over her shoulders, a scarf covering her nightdress, came in, carrying a lighted candle; and instantly a voice from outside the window bade her extinguish the light or draw the curtain.

She looked at Berkley in a startled manner, blew out the flame, and came around between his bed and the window, drawing the curtains entirely aside.

"General Claymore's staff has filled eve'y room in the house except yours and mine," she said in her gentle, bewildered way. "There's a regiment—Curt's Zouaves—encamped befo' the west quarters, and a battery across the drive, and all the garden is full of their horses and caissons."

"Poor little Celia," he said, reaching out to touch her hand and drawing her to the bed's edge, where she sat down helplessly, the candlestick and unlighted candle dangling from one crooked finger.

"The Yankee officers are all over the house," she repeated. "They're up in the cupola with night-glasses now. They are ve'y polite. Curt took off his riding boots and went to sleep on my bed—and oh, he is so dirty!—my darling Curt! my own husband!—too dirty to touch! I could cry just to look at his unifo'm, all black and stained and the gold entirely gone from one sleeve! And Stephen!—oh, Phil, some mise'ble ba'ber has shaved the heads of all the Zouaves, and Steve is perfec'ly disfigured!—the poor, dear boy"—she laughed hysterically—"he had a hot bath and I've been mending the rags that he and Curt call unifo'ms—and I found clean flannels fo' them both in the attic ——"

"What does all this mean—all this camping outside?" he interrupted gently.

"Curt doesn't know. The camps and hospitals west of us have been shelled, and all the river roads are packed full of ambulances and stretchers going east."

"Where is my regiment?"

"The lancers rode away yesterday with General Stoneman—all except haidqua'ters and one squadron—yours, I think—and they are acting escort to General Sykes at the overseer's house beyond the oak grove. Your colonel is on his staff, I believe."

He lay silent, watching the burning fuses of the shells as they soared up into the night, whirling like fiery planets on their axes, higher, higher, mounting through majestic altitudes to the pallid stars, then curving, falling faster, faster, till their swift downward glare split the darkness into broad sheets of light.

"Phil," she whispered, "I think there is a house on fire across the river!"

Far away in the darkness rows of tiny windows in an unseen mansion had suddenly become brilliantly visible.

"It—it must be Mr. Ruffin's house," she said in an awed voice. "Oh, Phil! It is! Look! It's all on fire—it's—oh, see the flames on the roof! This is terrible—terrible ——" She caught her breath.

"Phil! There's another house on fire! Do you see—do you see! It's Ailsa's house—Marye-mead! Oh, how could they set it on fire—how could they have the heart to burn that sweet old place!"

"Is that Marye-mead?" he asked.

"It must be. That's where it ought to stand—and—oh! oh! it's all on fire, Phil—all on fire!"

"Shells from the gunboats," he muttered, watching the entire sky turn crimson as the flames burst into fury, lighting up clumps of trees and outhouses. And, as they looked, the windows of another house began to kindle ominously; little tongues of fire fluttered over a distant cupola, leaped across to a gallery, ran up in vinelike tendrils which flowered into flame, veining everything in a riotous tangle of brilliancy. And through the kindling darkness the sinister boom—boom! of the guns never ceased, and the shells continued to mount, curve and fall, streaking the night with golden incandescence.

Outside the gates, at the end of the cedar-lined avenue, where the highway passes, the tumult was increasing every moment amid shouts, cracking of whips, the jingle and clash of traces and metallic racket of wheels. The house, too, resounded with the heavy, hurried tread of army boots trampling up and down stairs and crossing the floors above in every direction.

In the summer kitchen loud-voiced soldiers were cooking; there came the clatter of plates from the dining-room, the odor of hot bread and frying pork.

"All my negroes except old Peter and a quadroon maid have gone crazy," said Celia hopelessly. "I had them so comfo'tably qua'tered and provided fo'!—Cary, the ove'seer, would have looked after them while the war lasts—but the sight of the blue unifo'ms unbalanced them, and they swa'med to the river, where the contraband boats were taking runaways. . . . Such foolish creatures! They were ve'y happy here and quite safe and well treated. . . . And every one has deserted, old and young!—toting their bundles and baskets on their silly haids—every negro on Paigecourt plantation, every servant in this house except Peter and Sadie has gone with the contrabands. . . . I'm sure I don't know what these soldiers are cooking in the kitchen. I expect they'll end by setting the place afire, and I told Curt so, but he can't he'p it, and I can't. It's ve'y hard to see the house turned out of the windows, and the lawns and garden cut to pieces by hoofs and wheels, but I'm only too thankful that Curt can find shelter under this roof, and nothing matters any mo' as long as he and Stephen are well."

"Haven't you heard from Ailsa yet?" asked Berkley in a low voice.

"Oh, Phil! I'm certainly worried. She was expecting to go on board some hospital boat at the landing the day befo' your regiment arrived. I haven't set eyes on her since. A gunboat was to take one of the Commission's steamers to Fortress Monroe, and all that day the fleet kept on firing at our—at the Confederate batteries over the river"—she corrected herself wearily—"and I was afraid that Ailsa's steamer would try to get out ——"

"Did it?"

"I don't know. There are so many, many boats at the landing, and there's been so much firing, and nobody seems to know what is happening or where anybody is. . . . And I don't know where Ailsa is, and I've been ve'y mise'ble because they say some volunteer nurses have been killed ——"

"What!"

"I didn't want to tell you, Phil—until you were better ——"

"Tell me what?" he managed to say, though a terrible fear was stiffening his lips and throat.

She said dully: "They get shot sometimes. You remember yo'se'f what that Sister of Charity said last night. I heard Ailsa cautioning Letty—the little nurse, Miss Lynden ——"

"Yes, I know. What else?"

Celia's under lip quivered. "Nothing; only Ailsa told me that she was ordered to the field hospital fo' duty befo' she went aboard the Commission boat—and she never came back—and there was a battle all that day ——"

"Is that all?" he demanded, rising on one elbow. "Is there anything else you are concealing?"

"No, Phil. I'd tell you if there was. Perhaps I'm foolish to be so nervous—but I don't know—that Sister of Charity struck by a bullet—and to think of Ailsa out there under fire ——" She closed her eyes and sat shivering in the gray chill of the dawn, the tears silently stealing over her pale cheeks. Berkley stared out of the window at a confused and indistinct mass of wagons and tents and moving men, but the light was still too dim to distinguish uniforms; and presently Celia leaned forward and drew the curtains.

Then she turned and took Berkley's hands in hers.

"Phil, dear," she said softly, "I suspect how it is with you and Ailsa. Am I indiscreet to speak befo' you give me any warrant?"

He said nothing.

"The child certainly is in love with you. A blind woman could divine that," continued Celia wistfully. "I am glad, Phil, because I believe you are as truly devoted to her as she is to you. And when the time comes—if God spare you both ——"

"Letty—Letty! What on Earth Has Happened?"

"You are mistaken," he said; "there is no future for us."

She colored in consternation. "Wh-why, I certainly supposed—believed ——"

"Celia!"

"W-what, dear?"

"Don't you know I cannot marry?"

"Why not, Philip?"

"Could I marry Ailsa Paige unless I first told her about my father and mother?" he said steadily.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried, tears starting to her eyes again, "do you think that would weigh with a girl who is so truly and unselfishly in love with you?"

"You don't understand," he said wearily. "I'd take that chance now. But do you think me disloyal enough to confess to any woman on earth what my mother, if she were living, would sacrifice her very life to conceal?"

He bent his head, supporting it in his hands, speaking as though to himself:

"I believe that the brain is the vehicle, not the origin, of thought. I believe a brain becomes a mind only when an immortality exterior to ourselves animates it. And this is what is called the soul. . . . Whatever it is, it is what I saw—or what that something, exterior to my body, recognized. Perhaps these human eyes of mine did not see her. Something that belongs to me saw the immortal visitor; something that is the vital part of me saw, recognized and was recognized."

For a long while they sat there, silent; the booming guns shook the window; the clatter and uproar of the passing wagon train filled their ears.

Suddenly the house rocked under the stunning crash of a huge gun. Celia sprang to her feet, caught at the curtain as another terrific blast shivered the window-panes and filled the room with acrid dust.

Through the clouds of powdered plaster Colonel Craig entered the room, hastily pulling on his slashed coat.

"There's a fort in the rear of us—don't be frightened, Celia. I think they must be firing at ——"

His voice was drowned in the thunder of another gun; Celia made her way to him, hid her face on his breast as the room shook again and the plaster fell from the ceiling, filling the room with blinding dust.

"Oh, Curt," she gasped, "this is dreadful. Philip cannot stay here ——"

"Better pull the sheets over his head," said her husband, meeting Berkley's eyes with a ghost of a smile. "It won't last long; and there are no rebel batteries that can reach Paigecourt." He kissed her. "How are you feeling, dear? I'm trying to arrange for you to go north on the first decent transport ——"

"I want to stay with you, Curt," she whimpered, tightening her arms around his neck. "Can't I stay as long as my husband and son are here? I don't wish to go ——"

"You can't stay," he said gently. "There is no immediate danger here at Paigecourt, but the army is turning this landing into a vast pesthole. It's deadly unhealthy. I wish you to go home just as soon as I can secure transportation ——"

"And let them burn Paigecourt? Who is there to look after ——"

"We'll have to take such chances, Celia. The main thing is for you to pack up and go home as soon as you possibly can. . . . I've got to go out now. I'll try to come back tonight. The General understands that it's your house and that you are my wife, and there's a guard placed and a Union flag hung out from the gallery ——"

She looked up quickly; a pink flush stained her neck and forehead.

"I would not use that wicked flag to protect myse'f," she said quietly—"nor to save this house, either, Curt. It's only fo' you and Phil that I care what happens to anything now ——"

"Then go north, you bad little rebel!" whispered her husband, drawing her into his arms. "Paige and Marye have been deserted long enough; and you've seen sufficient of this war—plenty to last your lifetime ——"

"I saw Ailsa's house burn," she said.

"Marye-mead? When?"

"This mo'ning, Curt. Phil thinks it was the shells from the gunboats. It can't be he'ped now; it's gone. So is Edmund Ruffin's. And I wish I knew where that child, Ailsa, is. I'm that frightened and mise'ble, Curt ——"

An orderly suddenly appeared at the door; her husband kissed her and hurried away. The outer door swung wide, letting in a brassy clangor of bugles and a roll of drums, which softened when the door closed with a snap.

It opened again abruptly, and a thin, gray-garbed figure came in, hesitated, and Celia turned, staring through her tears.

"Miss Lynden!" she exclaimed. "Is Ailsa here?"

Berkley sat up and leaned forward, looking at her intently from the mass of bandages.

"Letty!" he said, "where is Mrs. Paige?"

Celia had caught the girl's hands in hers, and was searching her thin white face with anxious eyes; and Letty

(Continued on Page 40)

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When a Man Goes Broke

TOO many men are discouraged by the fact that money isn't worth anything to speak of except when nobody has any. In the older portions of the United States the small capitalist's opportunities for profitable investment are comparatively restricted. There is not the same immediate incentive to save up a nest-egg that there was when virtuous Brutus loaned his modest capital in the provinces at forty-eight per cent a year, or when Poor Richard preached his homely doctrine of thrift and prosperity. Saving "the first thousand dollars" doesn't put you on the highroad to wealth as it did various autobiographers who used their first thousand to buy several sections of choice timber land or a farm in what is now the heart of the city. In the savings bank it yields, on an average, only thirty-five dollars a year, which doesn't go far at present prices.

You cannot get rich merely by saving money; but you can get desperately poor by not doing it. The thirty-five dollars a year interest doesn't amount to much; but the command of opportunity and the insurance against humiliation and distress that the thousand dollars gives are worth a great deal. The man who is broke is at the mercy of every wind and the beck of every finger. He has to take what's offered him.

During the Civil War postal clerks employed by the Confederate States at Richmond resigned because they found it impossible to live on their salary of nine thousand dollars a year. Perhaps they were excusable, since it took a pocketful of their money to buy a meal. But it is always very possible to measure your money against your wants in such a way that it is impossible to live on your income, whatever its size. And it is almost always possible, by a more judicious measuring, to live on less than your income. It is as true now as it was in Micawber's day that the one system of measurement leads to trouble and the other to content, irrespective of the amount of the income.

The Trouble With the Banks

FOR more than two years the Aldrich-Vreeland Act permitting banks to issue emergency currency under certain conditions has lain dead and forgotten. That Secretary MacVeagh is trying to revive it means, presumably, that he sees little prospect of better legislation between this time and the next money pinch. But the act, at its best, is merely a makeshift and never pretended to be anything more.

Banks in New York City hold about seven hundred million dollars of deposits of other banks. This is incomparably our most important banking reserve. Roughly, three-quarters of it is held by half a dozen great Gotham institutions. Experience in 1893 and 1907 shows that all that stands between the country and suspension, or restriction, of cash payments is a cash reserve held by these half-dozen great banks, equal to five or six per cent of their deposit liability.

The banks are required by law to hold a cash reserve equal to twenty-five per cent of their deposits. They never hold much more cash than the law requires. They cannot afford to, because they are paying interest on their deposits and if a large portion of the deposits were locked up in idle cash they would lose money. In the fairest weather they carry cash equal to twenty-six or twenty-seven per cent of their deposits. When foul weather appears the country banks at once begin drawing upon their city deposits, calling for currency to strengthen their own reserves. Thus the cash reserve of the city banks at once drops below that twenty-five per cent which law and tradition prescribe. Then the city banks issue clearing-house certificates and entirely suspend full cash payments.

With a cash reserve of twenty-five and a tenth per cent they would meet every obligation; but in 1907, when the reserve dropped to twenty per cent, they suspended full cash payments. In 1893 cash payments were restricted when the banks kept back more than twenty per cent reserve.

In short, the actual reserve that can be depended upon to maintain full cash payments is only five or six per cent, instead of twenty-five. When cash payments are restricted in New York, currency becomes a commodity, selling at a premium, and banks elsewhere begin to lock up their cash.

The country does business with clearing-house certificates, cashiers' checks and other substitutes for money. The Aldrich-Vreeland Act would prevent that substitution by providing currency, indistinguishable from any other, for use in an emergency. But it does not seem probable that it would cure the basic defect, which consists of lack of complete confidence, on the part of the country banks, in the availability of their city reserves.

Why the Bank Reserve Fails

TRUE, the big city banks which, taken together, bear the relationship of a central reserve bank, keep large amounts loaned out on stocks and payable on demand. In fair weather these call loans can be converted into cash at will. But the experience of every financial crisis proves that in an emergency call loans are practically inconvertible. When the stock market is in a panic banks cannot sell the collateral that secures the loans. To do so would be to intensify the panic and destroy the value of the collateral. On the contrary, the banks are compelled to advance great sums for the purpose of supporting the market and staying the panic.

In a crisis, country banks immediately draw cash from the city because experience has taught them that when a certain acute stage is reached the city banks will not pay out cash freely. The city banks are alarmed because they know the country banks will try to drain them of their cash.

On the banking side panic among depositors is a negligible factor. It's the panic among the banks themselves that makes the big trouble. A smaller cash reserve in the hands of a central government bank commanding complete confidence would be more serviceable. For example, during our panic of 1907 the Bank of England's cash reserve shrank twenty-nine per cent in a fortnight and then amounted to less than half the cash reserve of the New York banks. But cash payments in England were not restricted for a moment and nobody dreamed that they would be. Business was practically undisturbed.

The Work of a City

AT THE census of 1900 Los Angeles stood thirty-fifth, according to population, in the list of cities. It has moved up some distance since then; but a considerable space still separates it from the top of the column. This city has gone two hundred and fifty miles into the Sierras to get water. In the Owens Valley it has bought a hundred and twenty square miles of water-shed. By a big concrete aqueduct it is bringing the water down the foothills, across the desolate Mojave Desert, under the Coast Range, through a rock-hewn tunnel five miles long, and so to the San Fernando Valley. It has spent three-quarters of a million dollars simply to build a cement plant, where it employs two hundred and fifty men and from which it sends out daily a thousand barrels of cement for the big bore. The water that it brings down, besides serving its primary purpose, will develop a hundred and twenty thousand horse-power of electrical current and irrigate thousands of acres of land now barren. The city employs five thousand men on the work and has already appropriated twenty-four million dollars for it.

In mentioning this the admirable purpose of booming Los Angeles is secondary. We point to it as a striking illustration of the work of a modern city—work which a majority of American cities carry on under many silly and vexatious restraints imposed by their charters and by state legislatures. We mean it as the text for a sermon on complete home rule for cities.

Uncle Joe as a Spectroscope

MR. CANNON'S pointed refusal in Kansas to announce that he will not be a candidate for the Speakership is said to have placed a number of earnest Republican Congressmen in an excruciating dilemma. Their constituents insist they shall pledge themselves not to vote for Mr. Cannon, and they have well-founded suspicions that they must comply or fail of reëlection. But the party's candidate for Speaker will be selected by a caucus. Perhaps a majority of the caucus will favor Uncle Joe, thereby making him the regular party nominee. Thus the statesmen referred to will be obliged either to bolt the regular party nominee or to repudiate the pledges given their constituents. For a dutiful, brass-colored organization man one could hardly imagine a much more painful situation.

Once upon a time, in a caucus of youngsters, it was decided by an overwhelming vote that Johnnie Smith should not carry to market the basket of apples that his grandmother had intrusted to his warty hands, but should forthwith divide it among the company. Johnnie's conflicting emotions on that occasion were strictly comparable to those of the organization Congressmen in the circumstances above mentioned.

We are heartily glad that Mr. Cannon refused to extinguish himself in order to accommodate gentlemen who lacked the nerve and character to be either for him or against him. His candidacy for the Speakership would at least serve the spectroscopic purpose of showing about how much yellow there is on that side of the House.

Stunning With Numbers

THE point is to prove that herring are a plentiful and prolific fish. Quite a number of years ago Huxley estimated that three billion or so of them were caught every twelve months in North Atlantic waters, and that very many times that number were destroyed annually by other than human enemies; yet the supply of herring, he pointed out, did not decrease.

That was a human sort of statement. But a female herring lays twenty thousand eggs. Starting with one female and assuming that each little fish matures and propagates, you will soon get a theoretical herring population which on paper looks about like the distance to Alpha of Centaur—one of those ridiculous numbers in which a score or so of ciphers more or less make no particular difference.

This ridiculous number means nothing at all. The distance to Alpha of Centaur is greater than to the moon; but it is not what astronomers allege it to be, because there isn't any such distance. There cannot be that many miles, or herring, or anything else; human thought cannot contain so many. Some microbes, no doubt, are exceedingly small, but we occasionally see the statement that a million or so of them could stand on the tiny point of a pin. That, of course, is utter nonsense. A million of anything couldn't stand on the point of a pin—not even of a coupling-pin.

To jolt the mind with prodigious numbers is a rather popular diversion—how much John D. Rockefeller would be worth if he lived a hundred years longer; the population of New York in the year two thousand; exhaustion of our iron and timber supply if consumption per capita increases so and so and population grows at such and such a ratio.

But the numbers have no real meaning. They are merely a maturer manner of popping up beside grandma's chair and shouting "Boo!" at her.

The Most Insulting Words

"UTTERLY *bourgeois*" is the verbal bomb which a distinguished young critic hurls at a famous old author; and we seem to see the author vanishing in one gasp and a puff of smoke, like a balloon struck by a twelve-inch shell.

Naturally this reminds us that Socialism's enormous indebtedness to aristocracy has never been adequately acknowledged. In forwarding any cause a point of the very highest importance is to find an effective name to call the opposition. From the aristocrats Socialism, at the very beginning, borrowed an opprobrious term of terrible power—namely, *bourgeois*.

Loaded with the scorn of aristocracy on the one hand, and of Socialism on the other, this word has become a kind of mad dog or leper of language. Brave men turn pale and tremble at its approach. Indeed, the only other word we can think of that is comparable to it in strength and poignancy of reproach is the word Socialism. Wherever you find a man struggling with an indignation which he is unable to explain rationally he will be pretty sure to call the thing that annoys him either *bourgeois* or socialistic. In fact we have even heard Socialism itself called *bourgeois*—a piece of oral violence comparable to catching a bear by the tail, through the throat, and turning him inside out.

This terrible word means, of course, a workaday, prudent, shopkeeping, selfish sort of person, mainly concerned with making a living and paying the rent and standing well with his shopkeeping neighbors—just the sort of person, that is, that about nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety out of a million are and always have been. But let nobody call us it unless he is ready to fight.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The Ways of William

I TAKE my orders from my constituents, and not from a former President, President or Governor," said William Barnes, Jr., just before he strode up the gangplank of the giant ocean liner that was to carry him away for a brief survey of foreign parts.

And that, as all will admit, was a fine, flossy bit of political declamation. The only fault that can be found with it—a trivial fault indeed—is that, to those who know the facts, the measured cadences of this declaration of independence seem a trifle more suitable to the large and furry ears of the horse marines than for the auricles of that body of our sturdy citizenry into which such statements are usually projected—to wit, the voting public.

No person cognizant of the activities, tendencies and past performances of William will deny that he refuses to take orders from a former President, President or Governor, although he has taken office from the first two named—there being such a scarcity of former Presidents and Presidents at the present time, it is not necessary to specify further than this—and I shall name no names; but when it comes to taking orders from his constituents, as William seems to imply, it is time to laugh a harsh, grating laugh of scorn—ha-hahaha-ha! I should like to have a front seat and an unobstructed view of the proceedings, to say nothing of the moving-picture privileges, on the afternoon when a constituent of William's strolls in and gives him an order.

That would probably be in the upstairs front room of the Albany Evening Journal office. William would be sitting at his desk trying to think up some new words to express his opinion of Governor Hughes; for, when you come to think of it, there are comparatively few words that can be used to express such emotions as William has concerning the Governor that an arbitrary Postmaster-General will allow to appear in the public prints and go through the mails. The constituent would begin to enunciate the order—orders always are enunciated, are they not?—and William would cease his pondering and listen. An expression of amazement would pass rapidly over those stern features—William's stern features, you understand, not the constituent's; his amazement is coming later—and William would rise to his full height of six feet and an inch.

"What ho, varlet?" William would say. "What ho?" Unless the varlet produced, immediately, a fine, marketable brand of what-ho and handed it to William, it is but the simple truth to say that William would hand something to him—mayhap a chair, or a ruler, or an inkstand, or a hickory club. Presently, the said varlet would find himself turning flipflaps of surprise and grief through the front window and like as not would land in the crowd on the curb watching the baseball returns, from whence, as State Street is reasonably steep, he might roll in a leisurely manner to the Hudson and drop in casually to conceal his chagrin.

Inasmuch as our scholarly psychologists who journeyed to Reno recently were much disappointed, not to say baffled—see advance stuff they sent in—because the eminent Mr. Jeffries did not have the vital spark on that historic occasion, when two hundred and eight pounds of the black race established supremacy over two hundred and twenty pounds of the white race, I commend them to stick around Albany for a time and observe the action of W. Barnes, Jr., at the moment I have humbly attempted to picture. They will discover that he has the vital spark and that it is sparking regularly. William taking orders from his constituents! What a line of persiflage that Barnes boy has, to be sure!

Landing on the Strenuous Slats

FOR, be it known, when it comes to being boss and giving orders to constituents, instead of taking them, William is an air-tight. He doesn't boss a state or a nation, but he bosses a county, and any person who thinks he doesn't is invited to step right up and investigate personally; but he is advised, in all friendliness, to take a little practice first in getting run over by the steam roller. William bosses Albany County all right, and has explicit working relations with the Honorable Packy McCabe, who purports to do the bossing for the other side. Hence, when it comes to New York state affairs, William is a good deal of a man as things political have fallen out.

Platt bossed the whole state, so far as the Republican party was concerned, and Odell tried to, but presently the machine came into the control of a conglobulation of smaller bosses, one of which William is whom. Having more brains and more courage than most of the other bosses, or bosslets, in the association, William naturally dominated some. Thurlow Weed, who was a good deal of a boss himself in the days of the Albany Regency, was William's grandfather, and William came naturally by both the instinct and the ambition, for so soon as William can get them to take him seriously enough it is likely he will be the real boss himself.

After Barnes finished at Harvard, in 1888, he got married and settled down in Albany at the head of his grandfather's paper, the Evening Journal. He fussed around in local politics for three or four years and then branched out a bit by getting on the Republican State Committee. He has been on the committee ever since, and for a number of years was, and perhaps is yet, the chairman of the executive committee of that organization. He fought his fights in Albany County and got control, served under Platt and under Odell, helped out with expenses a bit by getting the appointment of surveyor of customs at the port of Albany in 1899, a most arduous position, but with some compensatory salary—I reckon those duties as surveyor of customs in Albany must keep Barnes busy a few minutes every month—and hanging to the same from that time to this.

Barnes had his political education under Platt, whose creed was the organization. The only precept Platt ever had was: Stand by! Barnes got that by heart. He stood by the organization. He is standing by it yet, and probably will continue to stand by so long as he is in politics. Moreover, he has plenty of nerve, which makes his standing-by of some consequence when compared with the seesawing of some of his colleagues who have to do with the state organization of the Republicans in New York.

Barnes has had his differences, but he has always been regular. He didn't like Hughes the first time he was nominated, but had to take him. He liked Hughes even less the second time, but had to take him again. However, he was not alone among the men who had to do with the naming of Hughes who didn't like him. None of the regulars liked him. When it came to a showdown Barnes walked up on the platform and said he didn't like Hughes—never would like him; that he was disrupting the organization or had disrupted it; and that, so far as William Barnes, Jr., was concerned, Mr. Hughes could go and climb a tree—that is, Barnes had the nerve to come out in the open.

He fought Hughes in Albany, being the brains of the opposition to much of the legislation Hughes wanted. Then, after the Governor had called the legislature into session to pass a direct-primaries law it had refused to pass during the regular session, Barnes was the leader of the opposition, with Speaker Wadsworth, and he didn't quail any when Colonel Roosevelt fired that message in demanding that the Governor's primary law should pass. Instead, Barnes told the former President to shinny in his own alley, and helped hand the Colonel as distinct a rebuff as he has had of late years.

Now perish the thought that any discussion of the rights and wrongs of the positions of the Governor and of Barnes and his associates should enter into this peaceful disquisition on Barnes, and none shall. They can fight that out themselves, aided and directed by the large number of publicists who have deep feelings on the subjects in dispute. The point is that, whether Barnes is right or whether Barnes is wrong, he is right with both fists or he is wrong with both fists. He doesn't shuffle and stammer and gurgle and squeak and trim and teeter. He takes an axe and wades in. A big, broad-shouldered, keen-witted, fearless chap, he speaks out in meeting. He is a large, intense, fighting person, with the courage of his conversation. He is only forty-four years old.

When he told T. R. where to get off he meant it. Of course T. R., who got off temporarily, is pretty certain to get back on again along about convention time in New York next September. Wherefore, about those days, look out for ructions, and do not overlook W. Barnes, Jr., who surely will be in the forefront of the van, having it in mind to land one on the revered slats of our only living ex-President, and being the boy who will not be awed by the sanctity of said slats.

PHOTO. BY GUSTAVE LOREY, ALBANY, N. Y.

He has the Vital Spark and It is Sparking Regularly

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Bucolic Economist

FORMER Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, tells many stories of his political experiences, but the one he likes best concerns a father and son who went to a political meeting to hear free silver discussed. Before the meeting a Republican came around and began asking the people in the crowd, "Why are you a Democrat?"

He asked a young man who stood on the edge of the crowd. "Because," the young man replied, "dad's a Dimmycrat, and the Dimmycrats is the friends of labor, and the 'Publicans want to fo'ce gold on us, an' that would he'p the Yankees, an' I ain't never goin' to do nothin' that would he'p the Yankees."

"Yep," piped up the young man's father; "an' I'm a Dimmycrat because what we need is more money, an' we're goin' to get it with Bryan. Stands to sense that sixteen silver dollars is better nor one gold dollar."

"But you will not get any more money," asserted the inquiring Republican. "Have you never heard of the law of supply and demand?"

"In co'se I has," replied the farmer, "but that ain't nothin' to worry 'bout. That law'll be repealed soon's Bryan's 'lected an' Joe Blackburn gits a good hack at it."

A Priceless Dinner

MARSE HENRY WATTERSON tells of a dinner he attended in Washington long ago at which two of the guests were Roscoe Conkling and a mathematician named Price, who was most expert with figures, but much given to long speeches about himself and his skill.

Price made one of his speeches and was followed by Conkling, who began:

"The pleasures of life in Washington are manifold. Now, take a dinner such as this. My idea of complete happiness would be to attend a dinner like this every night in the year, where one could enjoy himself without money and without Price."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Bolton Hall, who wants the land given back to the people, got part of his education in Dublin.

℄ Carter Glass, who represents the Sixth Virginia District in Congress, owns and edits a morning and an afternoon newspaper in Lynchburg.

℄ Representative Alexander, of Buffalo, New York, has written a jaunty little history of politics in New York, comprising three volumes weighing about seven pounds.

℄ Bill Phelps, the author of the immortal Missouri saying, "Bill Stone (meaning Senator Stone) and I suck eggs, but Bill, he hides the shells," is running for the Missouri legislature.

℄ Your Uncle, Joseph Gurney Cannon, made three speeches, went to two banquets, presided over the House of Representatives and danced a jig on his seventy-fourth birthday, not long ago.

In good company

WHEREVER you go, afloat or ashore, you find Campbell's Tomato Soup in the best company.

On a big yacht of the "floating palace" type, supplied with the best the market affords, there is nothing better or more acceptable served at the owner's table than

Campbell's
Tomato Soup

How could there be? There is no way to produce finer soup.

With the choicest variety of tomatoes, picked in faultless condition, prepared and blended by our perfectly-balanced formula, and put up the same day—the perfect result is as certain as the multiplication table.

If you don't think so after trying this soup—or any Campbell's Soup—the grocer returns the price.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Don't forget to write for Campbell's Menu Book—Free.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN N J

Silly bees to bumble
All around my head
Why not take a tumble
To *Campbell's Soups* instead?

YOUR SAVINGS

Investing the First Thousand Dollars

FIVE men sat talking one day in a New York club and the subject turned to their first investments. One of them said:

"I'll wager that every man in this crowd lost his first thousand dollars."

When a poll was taken his statement was found to be correct. One had lost his first savings in an oil venture; two had dumped theirs in mining stocks; the fourth had buried his in lots in a "boom" town, while the fifth had helped to back a mechanical device that "was as good as the telephone."

Here was a typical group of experiences, and this sort of financial history is repeating itself every day in every community. So wide has become the belief that a man must lose his first thousand dollars that many persons regard the experience very much as they look upon the measles or the whooping-cough. They want to have it over with as soon as possible.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason why this tradition should hold. The only excuse for it in the days when the costly precedent was established was a lack of accessible investment facilities for the average man and woman. Today, when the big investment bankers are scouring the country for the small investor, and when the very best investment opportunities are brought to your doorsteps, no one should lose his or her first thousand dollars, and this week's article will be devoted to some of the ways of investing it profitably.

A peculiar and distinct interest is attached by most people to the first thousand dollars saved. Russell Sage used to say that after a man had saved a thousand dollars the hardest part of his financial battle was over, and that the accumulation of the rest was comparatively easy. Although the piling up of additional thousands is not quite so childish a task as Uncle Russell would have had you believe, there is no doubt that the first thousand, safely and securely planted where it will steadily earn more money, is a constant and cheerful incentive to more saving and further investment of the same kind.

Putting Your Money Beyond Reach

You hear men who believe firmly in the "losing-the-first-thousand theory" say that it is good but costly experience, and that the unfortunate investor, like the burnt child, will stay away from the fire of speculation. This is only partially true. Many men who have lost their first thousand in speculation—and that's the way it usually goes—likewise sacrifice their second thousand by the same process, because they want to break even; and they have the universal instinct that they will "win the next time, sure." They are caught in the dragnet of high yields; they forget that high yields mean high risks.

Therefore, the first thousand should not be put into any form of speculation, but into something that forms the unshakable basis of all future investment. How then should it be invested? Though the matter of locality, as you shall see later, sometimes enters into the answering of this important question, one very simple and general rule may be laid down at the outset, and it is this: never, under any circumstances, take any chances with it. This means that you should be willing to sacrifice appreciation of principal and even income to absolute safety. It should be placed where it is immune against panic and as safe as possible from all those fluctuations of trade that so shake the security markets.

The second rule is that it should have ample tangible security behind it. If it is a bond it should be secured by a first mortgage or a good mortgage on the property; if it is a mortgage on land, then the value of the land should be at least one-third more than the amount of money loaned; if it is improved property, then the improvements should be income-producing—that is, bring in rents. Never employ that first thousand where it depends for its safety upon the good-will of a firm, on a patent that is likely to be duplicated or improved, or on the stock of an industry that is a luxury and may be dispensed with in hard times.

Another good rule to remember in casting about for employment of the first thousand is to put it where you cannot get at it. If the money is left in a bank it is always accessible. It is easy to say, "Why, I've got that much in bank"; and the first thing you know it is out of the bank. But, if the money happens to be tied up in a bond or a mortgage, some days must elapse before it can be converted into cash, and by that time the temptation or the impulse to use it may have passed away.

Since the most widely accessible medium for the investment of the first thousand dollars is a bond, let us see what the ideal kind is. One of the most important considerations is that it should be for a long term. The value of this precaution is quite obvious. If the money is put into a bond or a note that matures soon the investor must face anew the problem of reinvestment. The bond may come due during a great era of speculation and the owner of it would find it difficult to resist the fever. He therefore runs the risk of putting the money received from the bond into something highly undesirable. On the other hand, if his savings are bound up for some time he will turn to accumulating more savings to buy a second bond.

Bonds to be Desired

The most desirable bonds for first investment are, in the main, railroad or municipal bonds of the highest type. Since marketability should always form part of the consideration of any investment, the railroad bond has the advantage, and for the purpose of illustration a small group will be cited merely to show what should guide the investor at this most critical period in his financing. The bonds, with prices at the time this article is written, are as follows:

Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fe Transcontinental Short Line first 4s, due July, 1958. Interest is payable January and July. At the present price of 92½ the yield would be about 4⅜ per cent.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy joint guaranteed gold 4s, due July, 1921. Interest dates are January and July. At the present price of 94¾ the yield would be about 4⅝ per cent.

Delaware & Hudson first and refunding 4s, due May, 1943. The interest is payable May and November. The price is 98, which would make a yield of about 4.10 per cent.

Southern Pacific first refunding guaranteed 4s, due January, 1955. The interest is payable January and July. At the present price of 93 the yield would be about 4½ per cent.

Baltimore & Ohio first 4s, due July, 1948. Interest dates are April and October. The price is 98, which would make the yield about 4.10 per cent.

Central Pacific first refunding guaranteed 4s, due August, 1949. Interest dates are February and August. At the present price of 96 the yield would be about 4.20 per cent.

Northern Pacific prior lien 4s, due January, 1997. Interest is paid quarterly, beginning January 1. The price is par, which would make a yield of 4 per cent.

Colorado & Southern first 4s, due 1929. Interest is payable February and August. The price is 94½, which would make the yield about 4.35 per cent.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern general 4s, due 1931. Interest dates are May and November. The price is 92½, which would make the yield about 4½ per cent.

Louisville & Nashville unified 4s, due 1940. The interest is payable January and July. The price is 97½, which would make the yield about 4⅛ per cent.

Reading general mortgage 4s, due 1997. Interest dates are January and July. The price is 97, which would return a yield of about 4.10 per cent.

New York Central debenture 4s, due 1934. Interest dates are May and November. The price of 92½ would make a yield of about 4½ per cent.

It will be observed that these bonds are all in standard railroads and are 4s. This means that they pay forty dollars interest a year, which is as high as the highest interest paid by banks in those states that have the most rigid safeguards around the deposits of the people's savings.

No. 3157
Flanders Sofa.

The Test of Furniture Value Is Years of Use

In furniture all sentiment and pride of possession are lost unless you surround yourself with articles of true worth.

Hence, when you buy a piece of Karpen Upholstered Furniture you have made a lifetime investment. It becomes more valuable with years of association. It is an index of your good taste in furnishing. It lasts for generations.

No. 4304
Old English
Arm Chair.

The House of Karpen has for years fixed the standard of furniture value. The name is the symbol of the utmost in furniture. Karpen designs insure ease and luxury. They embrace replicas of the best from the various decorative style periods and their modern modifications, as well as designs of our own creation. Yet the cost is no more than that of the ordinary unnamed, unknown kinds.

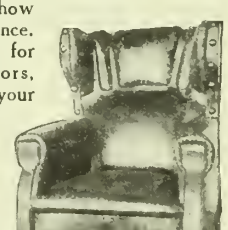
Every Piece Bears The Karpen Trade-Mark

No. 3129
Flanders Rocker.

It is your guaranty of the best materials put together by master workmen. It means Karpen Genuine Leather, not leather imitations, nor spongy split leather. It means Karpen spring construction of best oil tempered springs, the kind specified by the United States Government. It means cushions filled with real hair.

Karpen Style Book I is Free to You

It gives you furniture facts that the public generally does not know. Tells you how Karpen Upholstered Furniture is made, so that it lasts for generations. 500 illustrations of Karpen pieces, all from actual photos, show you its style and elegance. Artistic interiors, drawn for us by leading decorators, suggest arrangements for your own home.



No. 3983
Karpen Modern
Arm Chair.

This style book shows Karpen Genuine Leather in actual colors—as well as the different woods and their finishes. Our book is a guide to safe furniture buying—makes you a furniture expert—protects you against impositions. Send for it today. With it we give you the name of a dealer authorized to make you a special discount. Do not buy upholstered furniture that does not bear our trade-mark.

S. Karpen & Bros.
Karpen Building, Chicago
Karpen Building, New York
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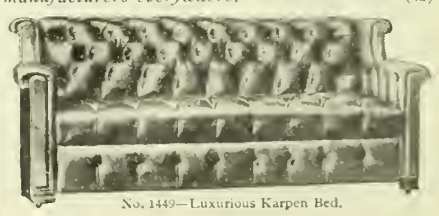
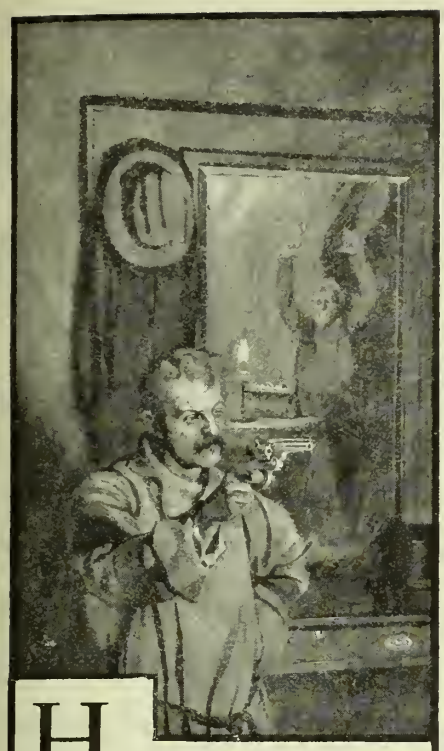
Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture
TRADE-MARK

1,829 Karpen pieces have been used in furnishing the United States Senate office building throughout. Karpen Furniture was specified in competition with manufacturers everywhere. (42)



No. 1449—Luxurious Karpen Bed.



HAVE you tried your old revolver lately?—the springs may be dead—a flat spring weakens day by day and sooner or later, perhaps when life is threatened, fails to work. There is one revolver that will never fail. It has coil springs—springs of drawn tempered piano wire such as are used in U. S. army rifles. Their tension never weakens. No other revolver is so equipped. This famous

IVER-JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

is absolutely dependable for generations. It is the finest revolver in the world. And above all, it is *safe*.

Safe about the house as a toy until it is needed. It can only be fired by a purposeful pull on the trigger. It can be thrown on the floor, kicked about, or you can **"Hammer the Hammer"** without fear of accidental discharge.

$6 to $10 At dealers or by express prepaid

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IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
147 River Street FITCHBURG, MASS.

1898-1910

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots

If you consider stocks cheap, but are uncertain about speculative raids, you can buy now with indifference to temporary fluctuations and with confidence in your ability to hold for the brighter future. A credit plan—monthly payments—no margin calls.

Send for Circular A, "Odd Lot Investment"
Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Hay Fever
and Asthma

Sufferers from these two afflictions can be greatly relieved by the use of a little device which we will send to any address to be tested 7 days before you decide to keep it.

This device filters the air. The dust, pollen and other foreign matter, which produce irritation that causes Hay Fever and the paroxysms of Asthma, are eliminated. Relief is immediate. The delicate membranes of the nasal cavities are rested and protected so that the affected parts have an opportunity to regain their normal powers of resistance. This device is not a cure, but it gives relief instantly. Thousands are in use. They are not annoying and cannot be seen when worn.

Send name and address so that we may let you have a 7 days' test of this little device.—The Nasal-filter Company, 430 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Many persons, especially men, like some effective combinations of stocks and bonds. This is achieved by purchasing a five-hundred-dollar bond and a few shares of standard stocks, bought for income purposes only.

A man, for example, can buy a $500 Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe general 4, due 1995, with interest payable April and October, for 98, which would mean $490; and also five shares of Pennsylvania stock. These shares have a par value of $50 and at 130 would cost $325. The total investment in this case would aggregate, with commissions, about $817, which would leave a cash margin of $183 as a nest-egg for the second thousand. The bond would pay $20 a year and the five shares of stock $15.

Another combination would be a $500 Baltimore & Ohio first 4, due July, 1948, with interest payments in April and October, which would cost 99, or $495, and five shares of Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe preferred at 98, which would be $490, or a total of $985. The bond would pay $20 a year, and the stock, at the present dividend rate, $25, or $45 for the combined investment.

Still another combination would be a $500 Central Pacific first and guaranteed 4, due 1949, at 96, or $480, and five shares of Baltimore & Ohio common, which would be about $525. The bond would pay $20 a year and the stock $30.

The great advantage of such a combination is that the stock is likely to increase in value and it may be sold at a profit.

The Mortgage on Land

But bonds and high-class standard stocks are not the only opportunities available for the man or woman who seeks safe employment for the first thousand. The real-estate mortgage is another medium, for it may be had in small pieces. No security is better than well-selected land; therefore the mortgage on it, when properly safeguarded, is a stable investment. The principal advantages of the real-estate mortgage are: it neither rises nor falls in value, and is therefore not speculative; it permits a revision of interest rate at stated periods—with a bond the rate is fixed; it is an investment that you can see with your own eyes.

It is not difficult for the dweller in the small town or in the country to get a small mortgage for his first thousand; but what is the city man or woman to do? Mortgages in large communities are for many thousands of dollars. The title companies have come to the rescue of the small investor by issuing mortgage certificates. They are certificates issued against a group of big mortgages. They pay four and a half per cent interest a year and run for ten years. They may not only be had in thousand-dollar pieces but also in denominations of two hundred dollars and five hundred dollars. If one of the mortgages comprising the group behind the certificates should mature and be paid off during the life of the certificate, another is put into its place. Thus the security remains intact. Many of these certificates are guaranteed both as to principal and interest, and the issuing company mails the interest checks to the investor. This same method has been employed in farm mortgages, and thus a highly desirable form of investment has been made available to people who live outside the farm centers.

There is no safer employment of the first thousand than in a home. Of course you can't buy a house for this sum, but you can make a first payment on property with it and then, by executing a mortgage, have an incentive to keep on saving, and eventually own your place free from debt.

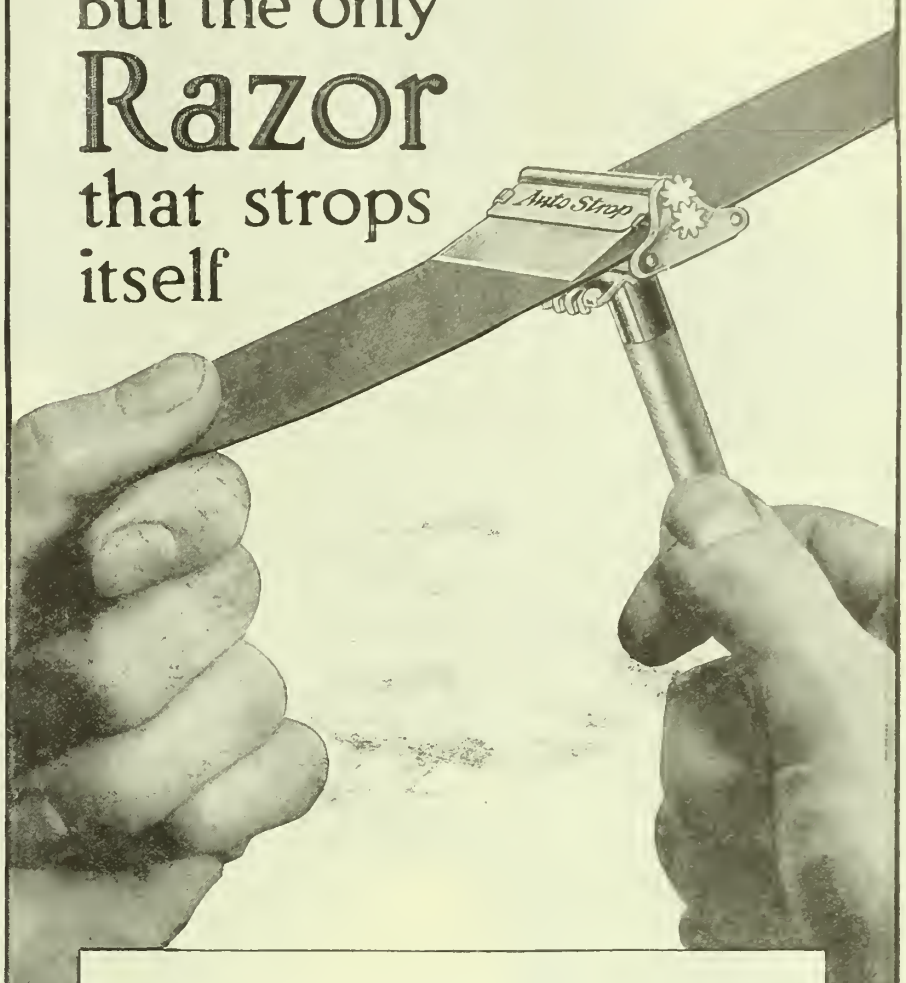
Many people, however, make the mistake of buying improved property as an investment with their first savings, quite forgetful of the fact that there is always the hazard of having no tenants, of fire and other kinds of loss. Besides the fixed charges, such as insurance and taxes, keep on.

One final word of caution remains to be said about the first thousand. It may be summed up in a single sentence: "Never lend it to a friend who has a 'sure thing.'" More money has been lost through a mistaken sense of sentiment than in almost any other way.

At this point the question comes, How is a man to get that first thousand? There is usually only one way, and that is to save. No amount is too small to begin with and it is never too late to start.

No! not a Stropping Machine

But the only
Razor
that strops itself



THOMAS EDISON says that eventually nothing will be done by hand, and men will be employed only to watch machines.

The time has already come when hand-stropping is destined to become obsolete, for the AutoStrop Safety Razor can automatically strop onto itself a shaving edge, and do it as handily, quickly and expertly as any head barber. You merely move the handle and it gives you the head barber's edge.

Nothing wonderful about it. It is simply the mechanical supplanting the hand as Edison predicts.

Do you see why the AutoStrop Safety Razor gets the head barber's edge?

The AutoStrop Safety Razor strops itself *automatically*. No other razor does this. And you don't have to remove blade to strop or clean.

Consists of one self-stropping razor, heavily silver plated, 12 fine blades and horsehide strop in handsome leather case. Price $5, which is your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to a year.

A TRIAL OFFER (Dealers Please Note)

Your dealer will gladly sell you an AutoStrop Safety on 30 days' free trial, for if you take it back we exchange it or refund him his cost.

Will you keep on your doubt and daily shaving torment, or will you get an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial today?

"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS"

By not sending for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" Booklet, you can probably succeed in keeping your shaving just as bad as it is. Free. And by not sending for it now you can probably succeed in forgetting to send for it.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York; 233 Coristine Bldg., Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS, SHAVES, CLEANS, WITHOUT DETACHING BLADE

The "Squ
In A

FOR nineteen weeks we have end
Corner" in THE SATURDAY EVEN
of America certain principles in me
importance not only to them, but t
The power of THE POST as an influ
better proved than in the nation-wide
The trade, both wholesale and retail, is comin
merchandising is good service to the public.
on the public must go—that imitations are in
well as inequality among distributors—and th

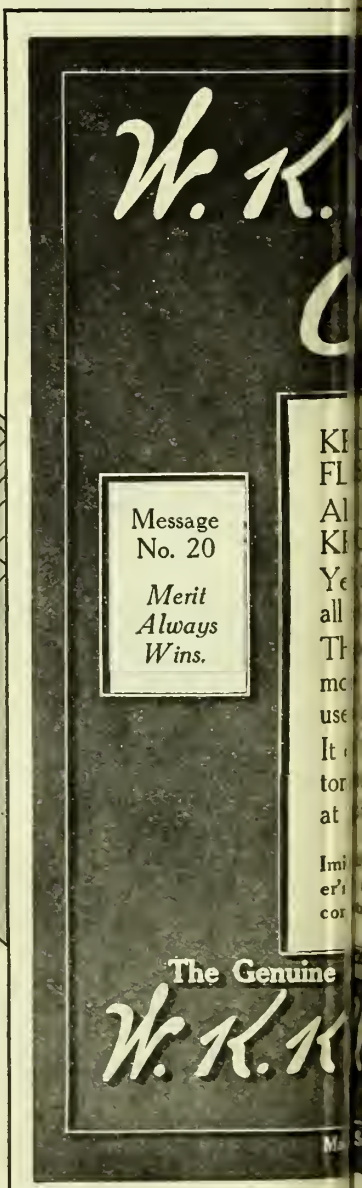
No Square Deal Policy

Some time ago I assisted in adjusting a fire loss for a grocer. Among the stuff set aside for adjustment of loss sustained was a lot of breakfast food supposed to be damaged by smoke. I opened several packages and found them not damaged by smoke—but decidedly stale, and refused to make any allowance whatever on these. We also found a lot of packages containing a biscuit—popular and well known. Upon examination I found these decidedly rancid and unfit for food. I learned later that all these goods had been bought in large quantities in order to get the price, and as is often the case the quantity could not be disposed of while fresh and salable. Age does not improve anything edible. There is a limit even to aging Limburger and Roquefort cheese—where loud smell gives some class in the nostril of the epicure, but I have yet to find the first cereal or package foods, or foods sold in any form, that improve by age, and the sooner manufacturers of food-stuffs change their system of quantity price and follow the "Square Deal" policy of a Battle Creek cereal the better for themselves, the reputation of their product, and the better for the grocer. I just want to add here that among the Cereals put out as damaged by smoke, none of which had the least trace of smoke, were "Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes," three other advertised brands,* and others, not one of them crisp and fresh but Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. Why? Kellogg's was the only Cereal there not bought in quantity. Single case purchases kept it on the shelf fresh, crisp, wholesome and appetizing. From every standpoint, considering quality, capital or warehouse room, the square deal policy is the best and only policy for the Grocer.

**Names given on application to Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.*

This clipping is from the July issue of "Up To Date," a magazine devoted to the interest of the Retail Merchant.

While it is from the pen of J. W. Rittenhouse, Pennsylvania State Organizer of Retail Grocers, it carries a more important message to the public than it does to the grocer.



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higher ethics in merchandising was never
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that free deals and other schemes to foist cheap goods
that quantity prices mean stale goods for the public as
-price system on food products is the only fair system.

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White Corn

A Special Word to Grocers

The article by Mr. Rittenhouse in the lower left hand corner of this page shows in action the "Square Deal" founded on the principles explained in the "Kellogg Corners." These principles are worthy of careful consideration—and, we believe, adoption by every grocer in America. In order that they may receive the study they deserve, we have issued the Kellogg Corners in booklet form and will be glad to send a copy free. The booklet also contains a more extended exploitation of ideas on correct merchandising which it was impossible to present in the restricted space of the "Corner." We have had many expressions from grocers all over the country on the value of these messages. If you have not already written us, we will be very glad to hear from you.

To
Kellogg
Toasted
Corn Flake
Co.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a copy of "The Square Deal" containing the Kellogg Corners without cost to me.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

Sense and Nonsense

The New Swinging A Foreman

WHEN Dad Mullen, for twelve years foreman of the Swinging A Ranch, at Engle, New Mexico, decided to take a vacation and look over New York, the California office of the big cattle company that owned the Swinging A sent out a young highbrow, with the euphoniously perfect name of F. Harrington Whittmore, to take charge during Dad's absence.

F. Harrington Whittmore had read the reports that Dad occasionally sent in to the California office, and judging from the language in which these same reports were couched he had come to the conclusion the old foreman was hopelessly out of date. Running a ranch of nearly half a million acres is not child's play, however, and young Whittmore was a child, or very close to one. He was only twenty-seven, and that is deplorably young if we are to consider the fact that many of the cowmen in and about Engle had spent more years in the cattle business than he was old.

As has already been stated, young Whittmore was of the opinion that Dad Mullen and his methods were past their period of usefulness, and when he drove out over the ranch and discovered that all the gates were fastened with horseshoes and baling-wire he was absolutely sure that his opinion was correct. So, when Hobo drove up to Peraje Well a few days later with the company supply wagon, he carried among other things a note to old Dan Kelly.

SWINGING A CATTLE COMPANY,
ENGLE, NEW MEXICO,

June 6, 1909.

Mr. DANIEL KELLY,
Peraje Well.

Dear Sir: The driver of the supply wagon will deliver to you an up-to-date fastener which is to be put on your corral gate. The antediluvian horseshoe, with its hay baling-wire, must be removed at once.

Yours truly,
F. HARRINGTON WHITTMORE,
Foreman.

Dan Kelly finished his perusal of this astonishing document, and his comment was both laconic and forcible. "Hell!" he said. "Ain't that a name?"

Later, unpacking the new fastener long after Hobo had gone, he found that it required a screwdriver to put it up; so he rode over to Peraje the next day and sent a letter to the foreman from the little Mexican town, which had but one mail a week.

F. HARRINGTON WHITTMORE.

Dear Sir: Your letter received. How can I be after puttin' up that thar fastener without a screwdriver? Thankin' you in advance, I am Yures respectfully,
DAN KELLY.

In ten days Dan found a screwdriver in the mail and he hastened back to the Well to put up the new fastener. He hunted around a while and finally sat down laboriously to write another letter to the foreman.

F. HARRINGTON WHITTMORE.

Dear Sir: I am tickled to death with me ine new screwdriver, but sure and I have bin so dam rushed lately I have lost the blessed screws. Now, fer me complaints No. 1, you sint me thim dam eight-day matches that no self-respectin' man can stay in the same house with after they're it. Nixt you sint me some tomaties in cans, with a orange picter on the outside of the can. I am a loyal Irishman and I don't want nothin' like that at all. Sure and I have bin havin' Colton tomaties fer nineteen years, and that's the kind I do be wantin'. Sind me some at wance. Tomaties is red. Why do they be havin' a orange picter on the can? 'Tis an intinsional insult. Take 'em away, and don't be fergittin' thim screws aither.

Yures respectfully,
DAN KELLY.

SWINGING A CATTLE COMPANY,
ENGLE, NEW MEXICO,

June 24, 1909.

Mr. DANIEL KELLY,
Peraje, New Mexico.

Dear Sir: Your impertinent letter is at hand. The new administration does not propose to be dictated to by its employees. Both the matches and the tomatoes which were sent you are a better grade than those which the company has been furnishing heretofore. The screws have been sent you under separate cover. You will put on the fastener and avoid further comments as to your provisions in the future, or you will be discharged.

Yours truly,
F. HARRINGTON WHITTMORE,
Foreman.

F. HARRINGTON WHITTMORE.

Dear Sir: Yure sassy letter is at hand. You can't buffalo me at all wuth yure impertinint ways, and I would not be after writin' you agin, only by the divil's own luck—bad cess to 'im!—I have mislaid me screwdriver. Sind me another wan at wance. The balin'-wire on the Missouri gate-fastener is almost wore out, and I don't want to go to the labor of changin' up before me new fastener is put on; so plase hurry up with that screwdriver. Concernin' thim tomaties, I positively rayfuse to ate thim; and anuther thing, me lad: don't be talkin' foolish about dischargin' me. You can't do ut; I rayfuse to resign. Thankin' you in advance, I still remain Yures respectfully,
DAN KELLY.

BILL FIELDS.

Dear Sir: Fer why did you sind sich a sassy y'ung man here to run this ranch? Take him back, plase, to California, and sind fer Dad agin. Sure, Bill, and this lad has already bin threatenin' to discharge me, and me with the company fer nineteen years! I laid down the law to you manny years ago, when I was yure wagon-boss on the old H, and I can lick you now; so pay attention to what I say. Anuther thing, I won't be after atin' the dam chuck he sinds me, fer it ain't fit fer an honest man. What fer does this here new manager want to be dischargin' me fer? I ain't done nothin'. He sinds me a fastener fer me gate, but no screwdriver, and sure, be the time he sinds me a screwdriver, begorry the dom screws is lost, niver to be recovered. He sinds me some more screws, and I find I have bin after mislayin' the screwdriver. Is the company so poor it can't buy anuther screwdriver? I lost a horse and wagon fer Dad Mullen wance and he niver hollered, and it took 'im six weeks to git 'em back agin. There ain't no call to git excited over a screwdriver, and it don't excite me none; but he is y'ung and aisily scared. Give me love to the kiddies. I am after sendin' one of the boys a cute little horny toad I caught the other day, and may the Lord watch over 'im till he gits to California. Thankin' you in advance, I am Yures respectfully,
DAN KELLY.

WESTERN LAND AND CATTLE COMPANY,
HIGHLAND, CALIFORNIA.
Capital $40,000,000.

July 3, 1909.

DAN KELLY,
Peraje, New Mexico.

Dear Dan: Your favor of the twenty-fifth inst. is at hand. You need not worry about your position with the company; it is for life. Dad Mullen will be back in a few days to take charge again. The boy is very much pleased with the horned toad, which arrived in good condition, and he will probably write you soon himself.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM H. FIELDS.

The next day Dad Mullen drove up to Peraje Well and climbed out of his buggy.

"Hello, Dan! Have a cigar. How's everything?"

"Rotten. The sand is all over me ingine; I have got to have wan of these here canvas covers."

"Put on some grain-sacks. Anything else?"

"Yis; the fastener on me gate is broke beyond repair, and it won't stay shut."

"Get a horseshoe and some baling-wire. Have another cigar. See you next month. So-long."

Dan Kelly looked after Dad with a happy smile on his wrinkled old face.

"Sure and he's an ould divil; he's a foine man!"

The Secret of Success in Home Pickling

Fruits and vegetables contain a large proportion of water. To preserve them requires a vinegar of sufficient strength to neutralize the water and prevent decay.

It is advisable to buy the best vinegar you can for pickling or preserving. If an inferior vinegar fails to keep the fruit or vegetables, you lose not only its cost but their value and your labor.

The flavor and quality which have made Heinz Pickles successful for 40 years have been due largely to the making of good vinegars in which to preserve them.

HEINZ White Pickling Vinegar

is an absolutely pure and healthful white vinegar, which we recommend for all pickling purposes. It has ample strength and a fine delicate flavor and aroma, which it imparts to fruits and vegetables preserved in it.

It is also desirable for table use and especially for mayonnaise dressing.

All vinegars improve with age. Heinz storage capacity of millions of gallons makes possible the ageing of Heinz Vinegars for a year or more until they are fully matured, smooth and mellow. The

57 Varieties

also include

Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar

made from selected barley malt. Finest of all vinegars for table use.

Heinz Pure Apple Cider Vinegar

possessing the highest degree of cider vinegar quality.

All are sold in sealed glass bottles, sealed half-gallon jugs, and by measure from barrels—but, when buying in this way, be certain you are getting the Heinz brand.

Heinz Tarragon Vinegar and Heinz Spiced Salad Vinegar

are sold only in glass bottles.

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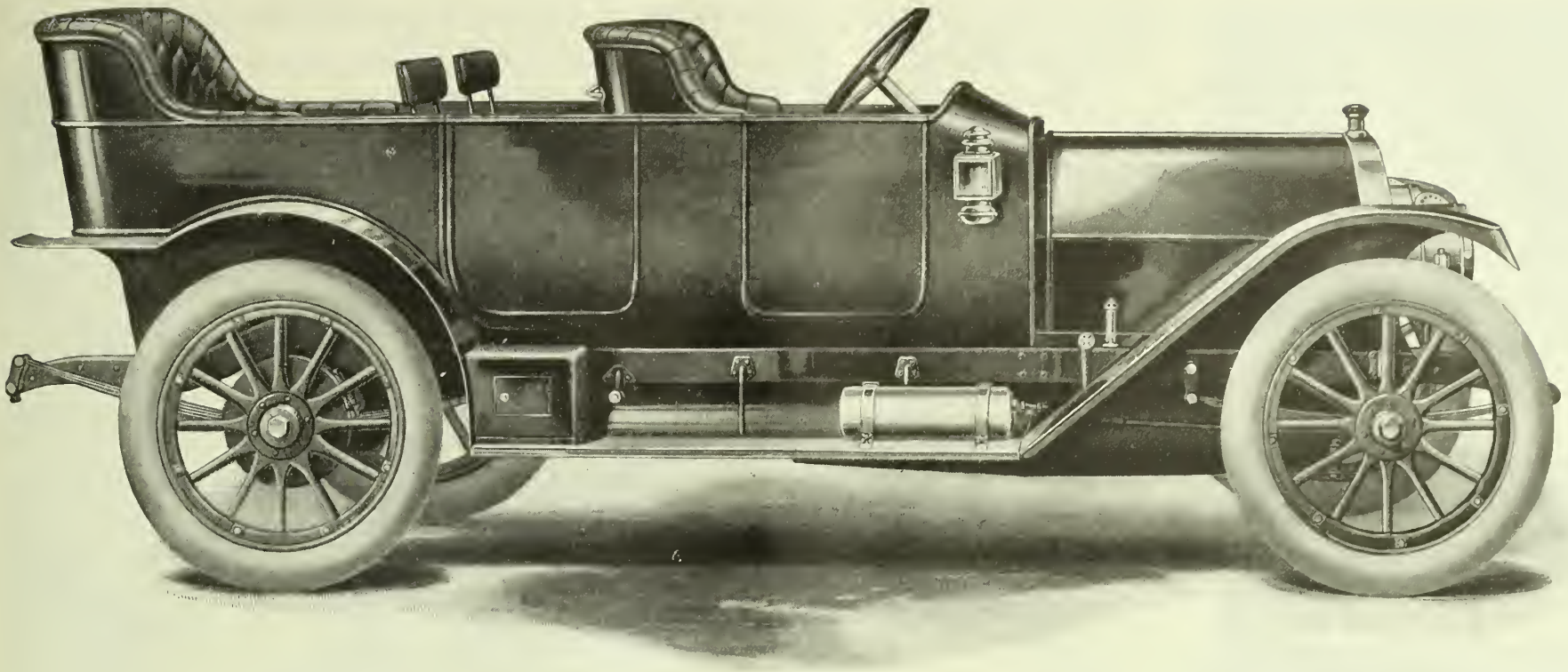

Model F Special—Seven Passenger Touring Car, fore doors—$2900

Speedwell

1911 has in store for you no motor car more interesting than this. It is stamped with the characteristics that distinguish the *super*-car from the moderately good. It is a fine and a finished product. It will disappoint you in no single particular. A dignified and a beautiful car which realizes every expectation aroused by its distinguished appearance.

SPEEDWELL MODELS FOR 1911

Model H—2-passenger Roadster . . .	$2500	Model D Special—5-passenger Touring Car, Fore Doors	$2750
Model C—4-passenger Toy Tonneau .	2625		
Model D—5-passenger Touring Car . .	2650	Model F—7-passenger Touring Car . .	2800
Model K—5-passenger Close Coupled .	2650	Model F Special—7-passenger Touring Car, Fore Doors	2900
Model G—4-passenger Torpedo . . .	2700		
Model H Special—4-passenger Roadster	2700	Model E—7-passenger Limousine . . .	3850

All 4-Cylinder, 50 H. P.

The Speedwell Motor Car Company, 100 Essex Ave., Dayton, Ohio

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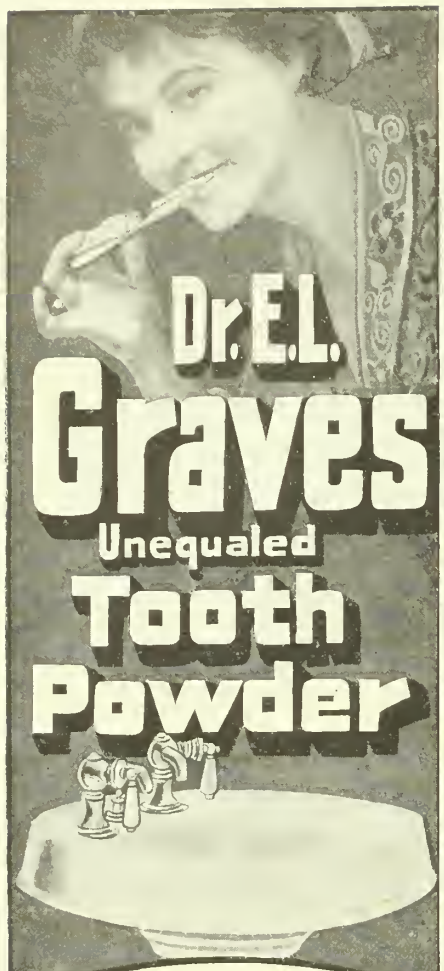

Well cared for teeth add to your attractiveness—brush them carefully every morning and evening with this famous dentifrice—it is delightful to use—its antiseptic, cleansing power penetrates every crevice, cleansing and beautifying the teeth, preventing tartar, giving a wholesome, fragrant breath.

In it there is neither acid, soap, potash, charcoal, cuttle-bone, pumice stone, nor any other hard or injurious ingredients to scratch; or wear the enamel of the teeth; or irritate and disease the gums.

25c — All Druggists — 50c

THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Me? Oh, no!" said Don, horrified at this idea. "Not for worlds. Whatever put such a thought in your mind, Hiram?"

"Sure?"

"Sure. Cross my heart and hope to die!"

So Hiram pulled him up.

III

THE well was covered, the sprucing-up accomplished, the bed rolled and tied, the outfit piled upon the boulder in a canvas-topped pyramid and weighted down with small rocks; and the two friends, arrayed in the best their war sacks afforded, paced soberly on their way, with Doubting Thomas in tow. They threaded the low, winding hills and ridges, and came to the broad level on the plain by the dead crater of Nine Mile. Caballo Mountain, which had bulked large and dominant in the narrowed horizon of the foothills, was now a detail in the mighty expanse of desert crossed and rimmed by crowding ranges, some wave-edged, some keen-angled, knife-sharp. White Dundee gleamed to the northeast, tiny sails on a gray sea.

They were not to reach Dundee so soon. A bunch of antelope tempted them westward. They loosed the led horse and left him to his own devices, knowing that he would go to town for water, and made a wide détour to try for a shot under cover of a friendly ridge. This, too, was not to be. On their way they spied a far-off bunch of wild cattle making for broken country, gave chase, and so, far to riverward, plucked therefrom a ripe maverick.

While the iron was heating they proceeded to the selection of a brand—as yet they had adopted neither brand nor cattle. F A T was discussed and rejected. "Every time anybody tells a man to kill a fat beef he'll go and get one of ours, just for a joke," said Hiram. "It's too temptin'. K Y would be the very thing, if that Aleman outfit didn't already give it. Why not try I O U?"

"And sometimes W and Y?" suggested Don; further pointing out that this could be too readily modified to read 700 or T O M. They finally decided to inclose it in a box—I O U

This was an auspicious beginning, but Hiram was not satisfied. "We're down pretty well toward the ferry," said he as his newly labeled property plunged madly away. "Le's go over through the breaks to McRae Creek and see if we can't get us another one. We got a home now, all right, but it don't seem hardly proper to call one measly brockle-faced heifer a herd."

"Just as you say," assented Kennedy. "I'm thirsty anyway, and McRae's the nearest water. D'you suppose we'll ever learn to carry our canteens? We ought to, following the line of least resistance the way we do. The place we start for has precious little to do with where we land at night. You keep down this ridge, Marse Hi, and I'll bear to the left and go down the draw. That way we'll get 'em going and coming."

"These long-horns ain't so snaky as them in Lower Mescal," observed Hiram.

"The Mescal cattle are pretty wild, all right," agreed Don, doing up his rope. "But I've figured out an easy way to get 'em. Just wait till they go to water and catch 'em backing out! Well, so long!"

He trotted away. Hiram rode slowly down the backbone, humming a gay and lilting saddle song:

Over the hills and down to the water,
Some old man's goin' to lose his daughter!

But he did not "jump" any stock. Cattle were scarce on the Jornada side of the rim. There were only three outfits of less than a thousand head each—the K I M, the K Y, and Touissant's H B T. The "wild bunch" was mainly composed of spirited strays from the west side.

From a bend in the deep cañon to his left a saddled horse burst suddenly and vanished round the next curve. As he passed at top speed Hiram had barely time to note that it was a side-saddle. He dug Blackie with the spurs. "That horse'll be winded at the rate he's going and Don'll drop the twine on him," he thought. "Me to see who's hurt."

Sure-footed Blackie fell away down the steep slope in a cloud of dust. Striking the

The One Complete Writing-Adding Machine is the Model 11

Remington Typewriter

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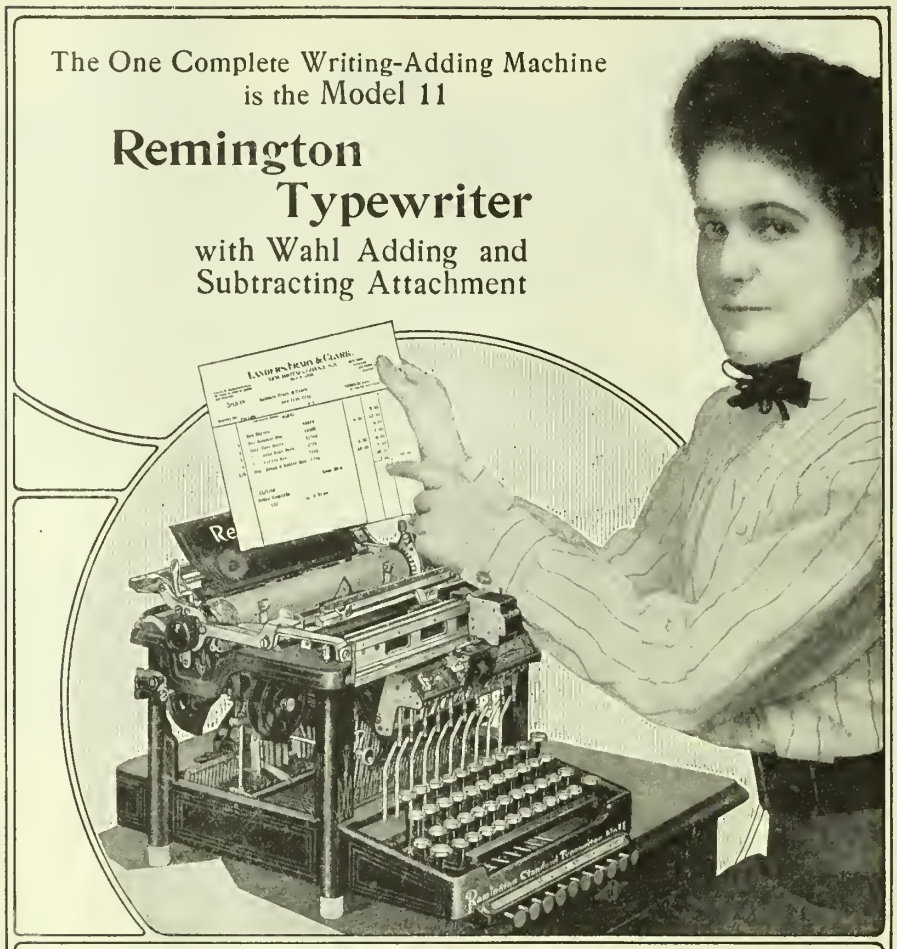

It writes the headings; it writes the items; it writes the amounts; it adds the amounts; it makes subtractions from the amounts; it gives the totals; it writes the totals; it proves the totals; it writes as many copies as you want; *it does everything.*

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
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NEW YORK AND EVERYWHERE

We Can Save Money for the User of Small Machinery

In thousands of business houses the world over, where machinery requiring up to 15 h. p. is in use, the Robbins & Myers way is saving many dollars a year in cost of production. For with a motor drive there is none of the waste of power sure to follow the use of shafting and belting. And a motor, unlike practically every other means of developing power, consumes energy only when *actually at work.*

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represent years of specialization in the small-motor field, and in operative economy and all-'round satisfaction they stand unrivailed. They are rated from 1-30 to 15 h. p., direct current only.

If you are using small machinery and have power connection, we can prove to you conclusively that Robbins & Myers Standard Motors will mean a lessening of operating cost and a greater efficiency that will represent a big yearly saving.

We ask an opportunity to demonstrate this, without cost to you and without obligation on your part.

Simply write us and tell us what work you have to do. Our consulting engineers will analyze your problem and tell you, also, full details of the type and power of motor you require to do your work most economically. But you are in no way obligated. We rest our case on your own judgment of the showing we make.

We also issue a number of booklets and bulletins covering every phase of motor application, all of which are at your service. Write today.

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Branches: New York, Rochester, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston.

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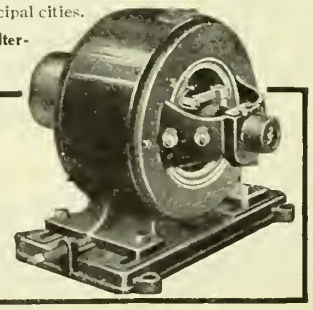


Keep in Tune

A piano "jangles" when the strings are "run down."

The body "jangles" when the nerves are out of tune.

The delicate nerve fibres of the body may be compared to the strings of a musical instrument only they are a thousand times more wonderful and delicate.

Irritability, sleeplessness and other signs of "unstrung nerves" are frequently due to improper food and drink—lack of healthful nerve nourishment.

A cup of well-made

POSTUM

will help powerfully to put the nerves in natural tune again.

A ten days' trial tells. Postum contains the pure vitalizing elements of the field grains without drugs of any kind. Its pleasant nourishment is quickly assimilated and the rebuilding processes of health show distinct gain.

Postum must be well boiled according to directions upon pkg.—15 minutes at least.

This develops its rich snappy flavour, full food value, and when served with good cream, it at once wins favor.

"There's a Reason"

—

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

trail of the runaway in the broad valley of McRae Creek, Hiram followed the back track at a gallop; the shod feet had gashed deeply in the loose, sandy soil.

He was speeding by, intent on the "sign," when a voice reached him, soft, melodious and startlingly near. It said in a mocking drawl:

"Do you happen to be looking for me?"

Close above him on the steep hillside sat a culpably well-favored young woman in a black riding-habit, leaning at ease and smiling at her rescuer in frank amusement. Blackie scrambled up the hill; Hiram swung down, hat in hand.

"You're not hurt, Miss Mallory?"

"Not a bit," said the young woman with the utmost composure. "Did you see my horse? I got down to gather these"—indicating a small heap of agate pebbles—"and very stupidly forgot to drop the reins. So he ran away. Then I came up here to watch him, saw you coming and waited for you. And, if you please, how do you know that I am Miss Mallory?"

"Yes, I saw your horse drifting up the cañon," said Hiram. "But he seemed to be goin' somewhere and I was afraid whoever you were was in trouble, so I came along."

"I should say you did!" said the girl admiringly. "How can you ride that way? Aren't you afraid you'll break your neck, or ruin your horse at the least? General Putnam's famous ride was nothing to that. But you didn't tell me how you knew my name?"

"Shucks!" said Hiram disdainfully. "That ain't nothin'! You ought to see the boys after a wild bunch in the brush. Ride? Why, the steeper it is the faster they go! They'd lose old Isr'l so quick he couldn't follow their dust. Hurt? Naw! Men nor horses either. We're used to it. That's our game. Isn't there any one with you?"

At the disapproval of his tone the young lady tossed her head with spirit. "Oh, you men think we mustn't go anywhere alone! But I didn't really mean to come so far. First I went to the lake and then to see the prairie-dog town."

"Lots o' them agates there," said Hiram, shrewdly designing to divert his questioner from a certain yet unanswered query. At this the girl contracted her brows to a slight frown, which might have been displeasure, but was really an intent effort to recall that same sidetracked query. Hiram thought this frown fascinating. She had frank, steady eyes, warm and big and brown, a piquant nose, a mouth humorous, expressive and capable, rather large than otherwise, but eminently provocative and alluring.

She wrinkled her nose resentfully. Evidently she did not approve of masculine dictation. "Thank you, I saw them. And then I rode up the pipe-line to the reservoir on top of the hill. Then I thought I would go back a different way and see some new country. Why shouldn't I?"

Hiram almost cast a significant look to that quarter whence he came, checked himself, and turned his gaze admiringly to the blue zenith, resolutely compressing his lips in most provoking fashion.

"Don't say it!" warned Miss Mallory; then inconsistently abandoned this position and took to the defense. "Anyway, all I had to do was to walk over to the pumphouse and wait for the stage. But you haven't answered my question. How do you know what my name is?"

"I guess your people would be pretty uneasy before the stage came. But I can easy see how you came to drift so far," said Hiram tolerantly. "It's natural. As Don, my pardner, is always saying, you follow the line of least resistance. We—I did the same thing. I'm supposed to be in Dundee town right this very now—yes, and long before now. But then, I'm a man."

But Miss Mallory was not to be taunted into retort. "Will you kindly tell me how you know my name?" she said in ominously slow and measured tones.

There was no evading this. "I saw you when you went to Hot Springs with Kim Ki Rogers. So I asked him."

"When I went to Hot Springs? Why-y!" Miss Mallory's admirable composure was not proof against this implied candor. Swift, dainty rose-color fluttered on her rounded cheek. "But, dear me, there were ten of us!"

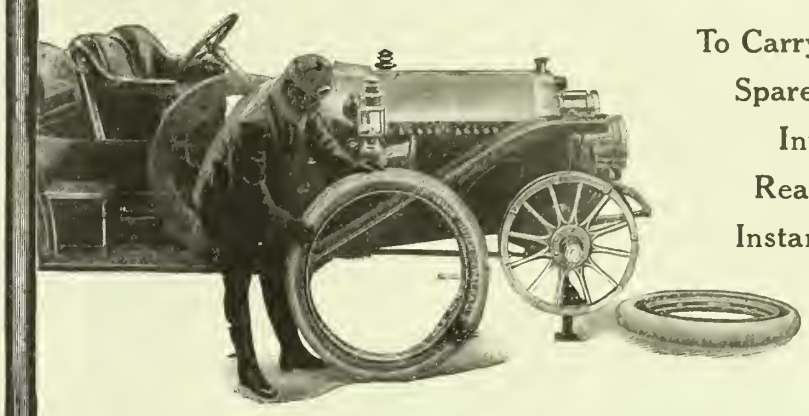
"I didn't see the others," Hiram explained. It was outrageous. But she forgave him. To forgive is admirable. It is rather a feminine quality. A ruddier and stronger tide swept to her brow. Then

The Equipment of America's Best Cars

The following automobile manufacturers *permit us to announce* that they are using

"Firestone"

Quick-Detachable Demountable Rims



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—and most of the other progressive manufacturers, realizing the great advantages of this equipment, are large users of the up-to-date Firestone rims.

You need not wait for your new car, before enjoying the advantages of Firestone Quick-Detachable Demountable Rims. You can have them equipped to your present car **right now** as we explain a little further on.

WHY *YOU* SHOULD HAVE THEM

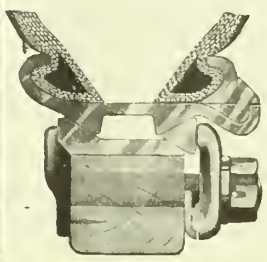
They equip you to make quick tire-changes right on the spot, without loss of time, hard work or even pumping-up. You merely substitute an already inflated tire for the injured one, rim and all, and resume your trip.

The number of tire-changes you can make per trip is not restricted to the number of spare inflated tires you carry. Additional changes can be made without removing rim from wheel, using only the quick-detachable rims in the regular way, without reference to the demountable feature.

There are no lugs or staybolts of any kind to bother with in the up-to-date Firestone Rims. It's easy to substitute an inflated tire on the road, and easy to change and repair the damaged tire on the spare rim when you get back.

No matter where you live, you can have the Firestone Quick-Detachable Demountable Rims put on your present car **right now.** They cost from $65 to $90 per complete set applied to your car, according to size of tire used. You will save this amount in tire bills alone in a very short time, as they remove all temptation to run your injured tires for even a short distance and so ruin them.

Think of the saving in tire delay, tire work and tire expense. Send the attached coupon and we will give you full information and name of your nearest demonstrating dealer.



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Send me full information and the name of nearest dealer demonstrating your Demountable Rim.
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the brown eyes crinkled to warm mirth; dimpling adorably, she broke forth into frank, full-throated laughter. "That was very nice of you," she declared, dabbing at her brimming eyes with a dainty kerchief.

"Well, you wanted to know," said Hiram, unabashed, "and I told you. Now, hadn't we better be going? Blackie's plumb gentle, and I'll rig you up a stirrup with my gun strap."

Miss Mallory regarded him curiously and seemed about to give way to a fresh outburst of mirth. "But what a shame for you to walk so far!" she said hesitatingly. "And what will become of my horse?"

"Oh, we'll get him on the fall roundup," said Hiram lightly. Whereat they both laughed.

"I don't see how you can walk at all in those absurd high-heeled boots," she said in deeply sympathetic tones. "You'll turn your ankles. I don't understand why you wear them."

"Yes, that's always the way," grumbled the pedestrian. "Folks seem to think we wear boots for looks. We got to have 'em. When we rope horse afoot we dig the heels in the ground, else we couldn't hold 'em. And when we ride wild horses—look at this stirrup!" He held the stirrup up for examination. "If it wasn't for the 'silly heels' our feet'd go through the stirrups and we'd be wasted. If we made the stirrups smaller we'd never get our feet in 'em at all with a horse whirlin' and plungin' and buckin' seven ways for Sunday while we was tryin' to get on. And if they was smaller our feet'd hang every time a horse fell with us, wild or gentle, and we'd be mashed or dragged to death regular once every day. No, sir-ee! Can't run cattle at all without high heels."

"That reminds me," said Miss Mallory with a dazzling smile, "that I know your name, too. You're Mr. Yoast—Mr. Hiram Yoast. I saw you riding a wild horse across the track the other day. So I asked who you were. I didn't see the man with you!"

"Huh! Wild horse! That horse wasn't wild. Just skittish. That was my pardner, Don Kennedy. Talk about ridin'! You ought to just see him ride! I tell you, there's one man that's strictly on the job any place you put him. When he don't get what he goes after there's no use sendin' any one else! He's got brains, too, Don has—and schoolin'."

"Dear me!" quoth Miss Mallory. "Is—is he in town now?"

"No-o. But he'll be in soon."

"When did you see him last?"

Hiram recurred to his evasive tactics. "You ain't at all like what I expected you would be," he said, looking up in open admiration. "I don't understand it. First, your wanting to go back the other way. And you're as friendly—why, you're just like folks! Boston people are supposed to be sorter stand-offish. Like they was—well, someway ——"

"Made of finer clay?" suggested Miss Mallory. "Oh, they are! Decidedly! But then, you see, I'm from Omaha. Omaha girls are not made of clay at all, but 'sugar and spice and everything nice.'"

"But Kim Ki said ——"

"Guardy—my guardian is a New Yorker. But that's not quite Boston. But we're forgetting. When did you see your Mr. Kennedy last?"

"Well, you see," said the wretched Hiram in a last desperate attempt to change the subject, "we were out in the hills so long we lost track of the day of the month. Someway we got from two to four days apart in our reckoning. So when I thought it was the tenth or twelfth Don was sure it was the thirteenth or fourteenth."

"And yet you didn't strike me as being at all a backward young man," mused Miss Mallory. "You ought to cut notches in a stick, like Robinson Crusoe."

"I will!" said Hiram promptly. "Beginning from today!" At this impertinence Miss Mallory frowned again. It was time to let this resourceful young man know that he could not have matters all his own way. Casting about for an advantageous attack, she noted her companion's agonized limp.

"Your poor feet must pain you dreadfully. I declare, it's too bad," she purred deceitfully.

Hiram heroically ceased to limp. "Oh, that's all right," he declared stoutly, rejoiced to have diverted this direct and persevering young person from further chronological research. "We'll soon be up to the head of the draw where we can see town, and, as English says, then-we-shan't-be-long."

"There! That's one of the things I wanted to ask you!" said the girl in the jubilant tones of one who recalls a fugitive topic of interest. "How am I to know the difference between an arroyo, a cañon, a ravine, a draw and a creek bed?"

"Why—let's see. A creek bed is gravelly, and there may or may not be gravel in any of the others. Then a cañon is a big arroyo, an arroyo's a small cañon, a ravine—I'm not sure, but I think a ravine is a gulch, and a gulch is a steep-sided ravine, and a draw is not so steep—gentle slopes, more like a valley. The head of a cañon is generally a draw till it begins to get rough. But really, we use the words higgledy-piggledy."

"Thank you. I see!" said the girl thoughtfully. "And a divide? Why, of course, it's the higher land dividing any two watercourses, whatever they are called. Mr. Yoast, don't you think we ought to go to the divide between this—draw"—she hesitated, with a questioning look aslant, to see if she had used the right word. Hiram nodded encouragingly—"between this draw and the next one south, and wave your friend to come on with my horse?"

At this swift and unexpected onslaught the disconcerted Mr. Yoast sat down abruptly on a forked soapweed and looked at her in wide-eyed reproach. With sighing caution he took his ankle in his hand and solicitously worked it to and fro, bending his head to listen intently. "Suffering humanity! hear it creak!" he murmured, and gently put it down. "I'll have to send 'em to a cheer-up-odist."

"I'm sure your feet have been punished enough," said Miss Mallory sympathetically. "After all, it wasn't their fault. If it was your deceitful tongue that was being blistered, now——" She set her red lips to a straight, stern line, but there was a traitorous quiver at the corners.

Hiram raised his downcast eyes. "I didn't deceive you ——" he began.

"Indeed you did not!" said Miss Mallory, dimpling. "But you tried to! I saw him when he dodged back behind the hill. He must be a very discreet person."

"I mean, I didn't tell you any—whoppers."

"Lies," said Miss Mallory vindictively. "No, you didn't. And you were just as careful not to tell the truth. You squirmed." She leveled an accusing finger and wrinkled her nose in derision. "Shame-y, shame-y! How you did squirm!"

Hiram squirmed again, most unhappily. He broke a flower stalk from the soapweed and trimmed it with his knife.

"But I suppose I'll have to forgive you—the compliment was so obviously sincere. You do compliments very nicely, Mr. Yoast. It bespeaks long practice."

"It don't!" said this exasperated and goaded young man rudely. "You're the first girl I ever ——"

"Walked for? Oh, I can believe that," she said maliciously. "But the first one was a—whopper. Of course you saw the others."

"I didn't!"

"Mr. Yoast, it is very rude to contradict."

Mr. Yoast might well have made the plea that the contradicted statement was a question in all but form, but cleverly did no such untactful thing. He was—unprofessionally—singularly honest and wise.

"But I didn't—not really see 'em. Of course I knew they were there, but there isn't one I'd know again if I met her in the big middle of the road."

"Women are so credulous!" she mocked. "But I'd dearly love to believe that if I could." She sighed hypocritically, not ill pleased for all that. "What are you making of that stick, Mr. Yoast?"

Hiram had shaped and rounded the head of the soapweed stalk and, at this query, he cut a deep, emphatic notch almost through the thickest part of it and got to his feet with groaning alacrity. "All ready! Let's hobble along and find Don. This, Miss Mallory, is my combined cane and calendar."

Miss Mallory blushed furiously at the significant notch.

"Oh, you silly boy!" she said. "Do get along with you!"

Hiram's dancing eyes looked the obvious and blissful retort: "Oh, you dear old lady!" But he did not say it. After all, it was not necessary.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

KEYSTONE
14 K
TRADE MARK
KEYSTONE
SOLID GOLD

TRADE MARK
JAS. BOSS
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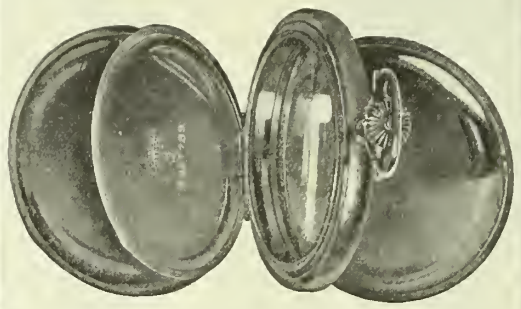
GOLD FILLED



The Marks of a Good Watch Case

When men and women buy watches they think of the movement—the "works" as they call it—but rarely of the watch *case*.

Your jeweler buys watch cases and movements separately and combines them to make a complete watch.

You are particular about the "works" of your watch—you know the maker's name; do you know the name of your watch case? There is room there for adulteration—for low standards—for the cheapening process that creeps in wherever folks pay for *anything* without *knowing* about it.

The trade marks illustrated on this page are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for 50 years. They mean absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay, in construction of a watch case.

The Keystone Company was the first to guarantee the wear of gold-filled cases—nowadays the words "guaranteed for 20 years" have become so common that you may find them stamped on a brass case washed with gold. The only real guarantee is the integrity of the maker—the name behind the case.

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Prof. Anderson's Story

About Foods Shot from Guns

One night on the train—after the final perfection of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—Prof. Anderson told the writer this story.

When I was a professor in Columbia University I sought for a method to break up starch granules in grain.

The methods in use were entirely inadequate. Cooking, baking or toasting left millions of the granules unbroken. And the digestion of those granules was hard or impossible.

I knew that all grains contained moisture, which permeated every iota of starch. So I conceived this idea: Why not turn that moisture to steam, and explode it? Why not literally blast those starch granules to pieces?

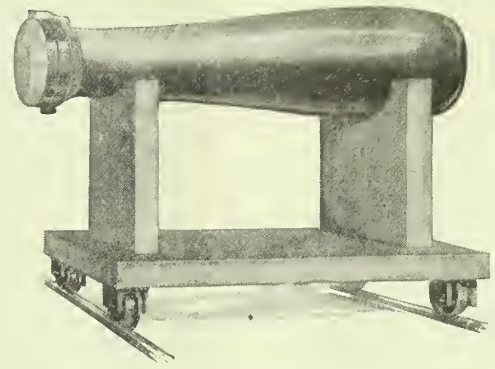
The Original Gun

I first made the attempt by using pieces of gas pipe, securely sealed at both ends. I would put wheat or rice kernels into the pipe and apply a terrific heat. In one of these attempts the piece of gas pipe exploded.

Then I met a surprise. I expected a result somewhat such as we get from the popping of corn. But these grains– though puffed to eight times natural size—were shaped like the original kernels. The coats of the grain were unbroken.

The terrific explosion had done what I wanted. Every starch granule was blasted to pieces. I had what I aimed at—the most digestible cereal that was ever created.

But I had more than I dreamed. I had whole-grain foods that were crisp and enticing—four times as porous as bread. I had the most delicious foods in existence as well as the most digestible. And I knew then—as we all know now—that millions of folks would delight in them.



One of the Guns Used Today

But I had to make these foods commercially practicable, and it took years to solve that problem.

I had to build guns to withstand a fierce heat, and also tremendous pressure. I finally built them of bronze and steel.

I had to build ovens in which to revolve them in a heat of 550 degrees. I had to seal the guns as tight as a boiler, until the moment came for the explosion. Then I had to arrange to explode them.

In working out this problem there were several accidents which came pretty near to ending all the experiments.

I built guns finally to hold 75 pounds of grain. I found that I created sufficient steam pressure by revolving them for an hour in a heat of 550 degrees.

I devised a steel carriage to take the gun from the oven and hold it while I shot the charge.

I built a long room with a wire screen at the end, against which to shoot the grain. Then I worked out a way by which the guns could be suddenly unsealed and exploded.

You saw the result today. The terrific explosion shoots the grain out in a cloud of steam. The grain is stopped by the screen, and it falls into the hopper just as it goes to the table.

They look like raw grains magnified. The coats are not broken, the shapes are not altered.

Actual size of the wheat and rice kernels before and after explosion

But the grains are made nut-like and porous and crisp. Every starch granule is blasted to pieces, so digestion begins before the food reaches the stomach.

I deliberately planned to make foods that were good for us. But their deliciousness was purely an accident.

Puffed Wheat 10c

Except in Extreme West

Puffed Rice 15c

Except in Extreme West

Serve Them With Fruit

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice blend deliciously with any sort of fruit. Mix them with berries and note how much their nut-like flavor adds.

Or serve them alone, with sugar and cream. But first crisp the grains in a warming oven.

Or serve them in a bowl of milk. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are crisper than crackers, and four times as porous as bread. And they supply the whole grain, while crackers and bread do not.

People are eating—in these hot days—fifteen million dishes per mo th. You will eat them, too—for breakfast, luncheon and supper—when you find them out. Don't wait another day. Telephone your grocer now.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

(58)

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They Cost Only the Postage

Beautiful art lights of polished brass finish, with richly etched globe and Lindsay Tungsten Gas Mantle. They retail regularly at $1.25 each.

Thousands are equipping their homes with these handsome lights without cost, and at the same time are learning what real gas-mantle satisfaction is.

Lindsay Tungsten Gas Mantle

The Lindsay Tungsten Mantle is the sensation of the gas-light world.

It is made of specially tough fibre, specially treated. It outlasts several ordinary mantles and does not shrink with use. It gives a powerful light, yet soft and pleasant to the eye.

At thirty cents, it is the cheapest mantle made. We say this though we ourselves make the best mantles possible at the price to retail at fifteen, twenty and twenty-five cents.

You can easily prove its worth by buying one mantle from your dealer for a test.

Save the Box Lids

When you have twelve lids from Lindsay Tungsten Mantle boxes, send them to us with ten cents for postage and packing, and we will forward the beautiful premium light prepaid.

Many people are buying the mantles in dozen lots so as to get their first light at once. Look for the name Lindsay, which represents *quality* in gas lights and gas mantles, and the lavender-colored mantle.

If your dealer can't supply you, send your order direct, mentioning his name.

Lindsay Light Company
NEW YORK CHICAGO

DEALERS: If unprepared to supply Lindsay goods, write us at once. You are missing trade without them. (20)

THE NEXT VACANCY

(Continued from Page 11)

"Right," said Proctor. "Jove! This coaldust is beastly. How's the loading getting along?"

He was a man of thirty, tall, serious and carelessly agreeable. The captains and officers in the firm's employ liked him for his mere humanity. "You can say what you mean to Proctor, and he'll tell you to go to blazes yourself," they said of him.

"Coal doesn't come very quick," Gowan told him. "There's forty trucks due now. Did you want to see the captain himself or is it something I can handle for you?"

Proctor had taken a seat on the lockers. "Oh, I didn't want anything," he said. "The lock's open and I couldn't get back, so I thought I'd look him up; but you'll do instead."

The coffee arrived at that moment, and they sat talking idly while they drank it, till Gowan put his cup down and sat up.

"Was that some one shouting to us?" he said.

He rose and went forth to the bridge and scanned the littered quay. Proctor, behind him, lit a cigar and yawned.

"Chandos ahoy!"

"Why!" said Gowan; "it's from the other side. Must be a boat."

Proctor followed him across the bridge and stood at his side.

"Might be the captain," he suggested. "The lock's open; so he might have taken a boat."

Gowan nodded. "Listen!" he said.

They listened. The noise of coal-loading from a big steamer across the basin traveled over the water to them. On a bark, moored in the middle of the dock, a man was singing.

"Yes, it's a boat," said Gowan. "I can hear the oars." They were plainly to be heard a minute later—an irregular clacking that made Proctor frown. He had been a rowing man at Cambridge.

"His boatman seems to be drunk," he said. "Listen how he pulls."

The boat came out from a bank of shadows to the lighted water; there were three or four people in it. Their voices were suddenly audible; there seemed to be the makings of a quarrel among them. Some one was talking in a high, passionate quaver; the two men on the bridge of the Chandos could make out some of the words and hear the short, guttural bark of the man who answered. The man at the sculls rowed jerkily, but without ceasing.

"Captain Sleeman can't be there," said Proctor decisively.

There was an interval of a moment before Gowan replied. His lifelong habit of loyalty to his shipmates was too strong for him. He longed for Proctor to know the truth. His eyes, habituated to staring through the darkness, had recognized the narrow shoulders of the captain in the man who was rowing. This was a festive evening closing with a visit to the ship. But he turned to Proctor quietly.

"No, sir," he agreed. "Some clerks from the dock offices. You don't want to see 'em. If you'll go into the chartroom I'll attend to them all right."

"No," said Proctor shortly.

It was not possible for Gowan to urge him further. At that moment the voice of the man who complained tailed off to a scream, and he leaned forward and struck. The other man rose and they clinched. Their figures were black against the lighted water as they swayed.

"Look out, there!" roared Gowan, but it was too late. One of them thrust the other back; they lurched together, there were shouts and the stamping of feet on the bottom-boards of the boat, and she was overturned. It was as brief a piece of violence as one could witness. In an instant the boat was floating bottom-up and a head was bobbing near it. Of the others there was no sign.

Gowan made a trumpet of his hands. The salt-sea roar woke the echoes along the dock. "Man overboard!" it sounded, reverberating along the quays. "Boat wanted! Man overboard!"

Behind him Proctor made sounds like whimpering. "They won't be in time," he was crying. "They won't be in time."

Gowan jerked him away with a sweep of his arm. "Out of the road!" he cried, and his coat, as he flung it off, took the younger man in the face. He had not time for his

Victrola

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That's where the Victrola is pre-eminent.

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That represents years of patient experiment—with various woods, with different proportions, with numerous vibratory surfaces—and it is simply astonishing how slight a variation in size, in shape, in position, produces discord instead of harmony.

No, the Victrola tone can't be equaled! Even though the eye could take in every detail of construction, there is still that same indescribable "something" which makes the Stradivarius supreme among violins, which gives to the Victrola such a wonderfully sweet, clear and mellow tone as was never known before.

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Magazine

was founded in 1900 upon some radical ideas and as a distinct departure from the usual type of monthly publications.

It was to be a strictly fiction magazine.
It was to contain no illustrations.
It was to depend upon no authors' names for its popularity.
It was to publish stories simply for their merit, even were they the first production of the writer.
It was to publish a complete novel in each number.
It was to have no serial or continued stories.
It was to give the purchaser **160** pages of text, the brightest and cleverest things that its editors could discover.
Contrary to the current idea of that day—the cheap ten-cent magazine—it was to sell for twenty-five cents.
Its founder believed that if its contents were of sufficiently high order the reading public would cheerfully pay that price.

IT SUCCEEDED

From its first number it was accorded a first place in the current literature purchased by the cultured world.
It quickly attained an exceptionally large circulation.
Its popularity caused a great number of imitations, or attempts at imitation, in fiction magazines at low price.
A decade has now passed, and the intelligent and discriminating readers of America and Europe have so steadily grown in appreciation of what the editors of **SMART SET** have given them that it holds to-day far and away the very first place in current fiction.
It now proposes a new departure.

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It has been suggested that there are many readers who, while highly appreciating our magazine with its completed stories, would find an added interest in a long novel published serially. To test the strength of this sentiment, and at the same time in no way curtail the ample assemblage of short stories on which the magazine's wide popularity has rested, the management of **SMART SET** has decided to add to the present size of the magazine **16** text pages, and use them in giving serially long novels by the most notable authors. This enlargement will begin with the

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Out August 15th

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E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

admittedly the most delightful and entertaining of fiction writers of the day, entitled

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which instantly commands the interest of the reader and holds it intensely to the end.

It will run through seven of the numbers following September.

16 MONTHS for the price of 12

Subscriptions **at the regular annual rate —$3.00**—beginning with the opening of the Oppenheim story, will run to the end of **1911.**

THE SMART SET, 454 Fifth Ave., New York

inarticulate protest before Gowan went overboard, head first, from the wing of the bridge.

He struck the water awkwardly and the impact drove the breath out of him. He came up gasping and struck out for the overturned boat, tearing his way through the water with all the wasted energy of an unaccustomed swimmer. The bobbing head went down just before he reached it; he raised his arms and let himself sink after it. Cold gripped him and wrung him, and he felt of a sudden lost and helpless. Then a hand touched his face, clawed for a hold and slipped off; he reached violently, found an arm and came up with it. The drowning man clutched him with his legs about the body, and he had but one glimpse of the light before he was dragged down again. There was water in his mouth and the sour taste of fear; he set himself to fight loose. In the depths he could not strike, could not thrust; it was a battle of some oppressive nightmare. He heard a clangor in his ears; he ceased to struggle, and then he was up in the air again and some one had hold of his collar. He was still gripping the arm of the man he had saved. Men were leaning above him from a boat; he could hear their voices as though through a closed door. He never remembered how he was lifted aboard the boat and taken ashore to the little office where the brisk fire kept somebody's coffee hot.

"As plucky a thing as you'd want to see," some one was saying, as Gowan lay on his back and slowly returned to mastery of himself.

"He'll do all right," said another voice.

He opened his eyes. A man in a black coat, palpably a doctor, nodded to him with a smile. Near by was Proctor, still white and shaking. A couple of others were talking to them. One of them had a notebook.

Gowan sat up. Everybody turned to him.

"Didn't I save him, then?" he demanded of Proctor. "Didn't I save him?"

Proctor made motions with his hands as if he were hushing a child.

"It's all right," he said. "It's all right. You did all you could."

But Gowan was determined to know; and so they moved asunder, that he might see upon the table, from which the teacups had been removed, the still form shrouded under a sheet. He gazed at it with uncomprehending eyes, into which there crept a quick light of horror. He lay back with a sigh.

The man with the notebook nudged Proctor.

"Gowan's the name, I think you said, Mr. Proctor? Yes. Mate of the Chandos, isn't he?"

Proctor coughed. "No," he said. "Not now. Put him down Captain."

From the Portuguese

When I lived in the village of youth
There were lilies in all the orchards,
Flowers in the orange gardens
For brides to wear in their hair.
It was always sunshine and summer,
Roses at every lattice;
Dreams in the eyes of maidens,
Love in the eyes of men.

When I lived in the village of youth
The doors—all the doors—stood open;
We went in and out of them laughing—
Laughing and calling each other
To show each other our fairings—
The new shawl, the new comb, the new fan,
The new rose, the new lover.

Now I live in the town of age
Where are no orchards, no gardens.
Here, too, all the doors stand open,
But no one goes in or goes out.
We sit alone by the hearthstone
Where memories lie like ashes
Upon a hearth that is cold;
And they from the village of youth
Run by our doorsteps laughing,
Calling, to show each other
The new shawl, the new comb, the new fan,
The new rose, and new lover.

Once we had all these things—
We kept them from the old people;
And now the young people have them
And will not show them to us—
To us who are old and have nothing
But the white, still, heaped-up ashes
On the hearth, where the fire went out
A very long time ago. —*E. Nesbit.*

Huge Profits in Ice Cream!

You Can Now Manufacture 30 to 200 Gallons per Hour with this Wonderful Continuous Freezer

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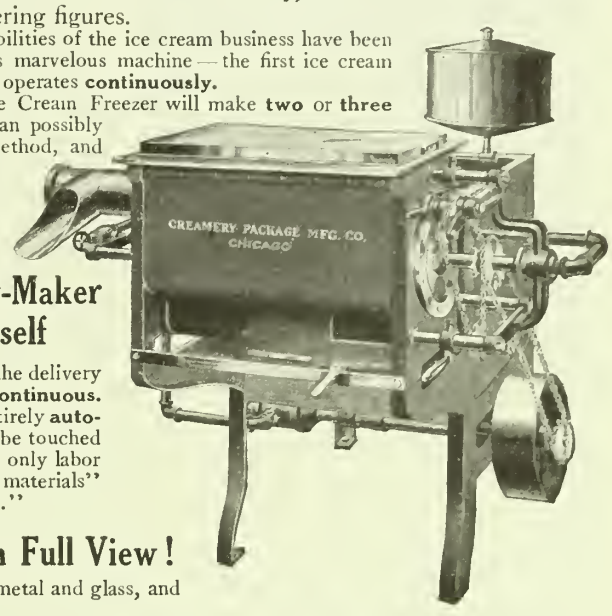
The money-making possibilities of the ice cream business have been tremendously increased by this marvelous machine—the first ice cream freezer in the world that really operates **continuously.**

The Disc Continuous Ice Cream Freezer will make **two** or **three times** more ice cream than can possibly be produced by any other method, and saves 50 per cent of the **labor cost.** It makes a smoother, better grade of cream than ordinary freezers.



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The inflow of "mix" and the delivery of frozen cream are absolutely **continuous.**

The freezing process is entirely **automatic.** The cream need not be touched by human hands. About the only labor required is to supply the "raw materials" and pack the "finished product."

Ice Cream Frozen in Full View!

The machine is made of metal and glass, and is of very pleasing design.

Through the plate glass top you actually see the ice cream frozen! The novelty of the method makes the freezer a great attraction. The Disc Continuous Freezer can be operated in a show window or the front part of the finest store—none of the muss and disorder of ordinary freezers.

The Disc Continuous Ice Cream Freezer
Brings Delicious Profits to Its Owner

A Highly Profitable Business on a Small Investment

We build these Continuous Freezers in various sizes, to cover all requirements, from the largest wholesale establishment down to the modest soda fountain or ice cream parlor.

If there is a market for as little as 20 gallons of ice cream per day in your locality, you can make money with this machine.

A little investigating will open your eyes to the profits in the manufacture of ice cream with this new type of freezer.

It's a Revolutionary Improvement in Ice Cream Freezers

The Disc Continuous Ice Cream Freezer is different in design from all other freezers. It **reverses** the usual order—freezing from the center **outward.**

The brine circulates in a continuous current through a coil of rapidly revolving hollow discs immersed in the cream.

No loss of refrigeration, as is the case with the ordinary freezer, in which the brine **surrounds** the cream.

This means a saving of ice and salt. The cream is poured in the feed pan and the frozen cream is discharged directly into the packer.

Important to Ice Cream Manufacturers

You can easily double or triple your output by installing Disc Continuous Ice Cream Freezers, and cut the labor cost at least 50 per cent.

The "Continuous" saves space, ice, power, time and labor; increases your "overrun" and produces a better quality of cream.

Every ice cream maker should investigate the advantage of this remarkable profit producer.

Write for Free Literature and Proofs of Profits

In addition to our regular catalog, we have issued a book in storyette form entitled "HOW JOHN MADE GOOD." Gives the actual experience of a man who built up a big business which pays him many hundred per cent on the amount invested. The book not only tells how to conduct the manufacturing and wholesaling business, but also describes the way to conduct an ideal ice cream parlor or to make the sale of ice cream a profitable feature of a drug store or confectionery establishment. Ask for the book.

Investigate the money-making possibilities of this ideal manufacturing business. Learn how little it takes to become an ice cream manufacturer.

Wouldn't you like to hear the whole story? Send today for catalog and other literature. (1)

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Presidents, Kings, Queens and the World's Leaders use

THERMOS

Why not you?

THERMOS in the hands of Lieutenant Peary was carried to the top of the World; it accompanied Lieutenant Shackleton to within 111 miles of the South Pole; the Colonel Roosevelt Expedition to Mombassa; the Richard Harding Davis Expedition to the Equator, in the heart of the African Congo; the Wright Brothers, Count Zeppelin, and Curtiss through Cloudland; is in the White House with President Taft; a good servant to the crowned heads of all Europe; and best of all, is contributing to the comfort of millions of people throughout the thirty civilized countries of the globe.

Every need of the family, from infancy to old age, has been provided for in THERMOS. Every home that shelters small children has requirements that can be met in no other way—save through THERMOS. For the health of young children, THERMOS is a necessity—for THERMOS is sanitary. Liquids fed to infants from THERMOS are germ-free. THERMOS not only saves sickness, but saves labor. In the night time, hot or cold beverages are always ready—without loss of sleep. In the sickroom THERMOS proves a blessing and affords hot chocolate, broths or cold drinks at the exact moment wanted. THERMOS tea or coffee pots are a real necessity in any household where various members breakfast or lunch at different hours. There is no longer any need for reheating tea or coffee for each member of the family. With a THERMOS tea or coffee pot each member may have the same excellent tea or coffee whenever they are ready for it. A THERMOS BOTTLE in your husband's lunch box or the children's means hot tea, coffee or chocolate whenever they want it. With a THERMOS decanter you can serve your favorite beverages just as wanted, when wanted. With a THERMOS jar your roasts or solid foods, ice-cream and ices, can be served at any temperature desired. The THERMOS humidor preserves the moisture, the flavor of the leaf and the original strength and aroma of cigars or tobacco. Made in silver trimmed mahogany or Circassian walnut. THERMOS is indispensable for Automobiling, Yachting, Hunting, Fishing, Golfing, Boating, Sickroom, Nursery, Office, Factory, Home or Travel. THERMOS keeps contents hot 24 hours or cold 3 days. Works both ways. Lasts a life time. No chemicals used. Please be cautious. Look for the name THERMOS on every genuine article. Prices from $3.00 up. Sold the world over.

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Thermos Building, 243-247 West 17th Street, New York

"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY
81 Dey Street New York

Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

GASOLINE GOES UP

(Continued from Page 15)

they've been doing it for five years. I believe, myself, it's coming. Probably the store lot will be worth what he's asking some day; but, Great Scott! I can't sell goods to the people until they get here."

A careful survey of possible courses of procedure served merely to point out the hopelessness of the situation. The estate owned everything in the hamlet, and all the land to the east. On the other side were the orchards, far too large to be purchased merely as the site of a store. Moreover, to move would be to invite competition in the building vacated. Bill decided to stand the raise, but to stop short if he met with further trouble.

Six weeks later the manager came down in his big automobile. For a few days Bill did not see him; he was busy inspecting the stock, the property, and the work of his foreman. When he walked into the store Bill received his cordial greeting with a coolness that was not unnatural.

"Mr. Kellar," he said, looking around at the well-stocked shelves, "you have worked a wonderful transformation here—positively wonderful. I used to tell Mr. McWilliams that he was overlooking much business; but he was slow—far too slow to be a successful merchant."

"He was a wise guy," said Bill grimly.

"Now," the manager went on, "I suppose you are referring to the rent. Probably you think I have been using you a trifle roughly—eh?"

"Not at all," said Bill. "I'm afraid of savings banks; I'd hate to have you leave me any surplus."

"Oh, it's not as bad as that!" The manager laughed good-naturedly. "Here's the point: I've got a store here that ought to bring in seventy-five dollars a month rent. I've always felt that it should. Now a capable young fellow like you takes hold of it and makes a big thing for himself, and why shouldn't I get what it's worth?"

"Seventy-five a month," ejaculated Bill, "for a building that cost about two thousand to put up?"

"It's not the building," insisted his landlord. "It's the value of the location. Look at the desirable corners in a city; they bring in a fortune in rents. Try to see my side of the case, and I'm sure we'll get along."

"I'll try," said Bill; "but I'm afraid I won't live long enough."

"At any rate, I want to talk it over with you. It's one of the things I came down for. I have mentioned to you the improvements that we plan for this place."

"Several times," said Bill.

"Well, they are now coming to a head. We are going to put the ranch on the market in small tracts. Hundreds of settlers will be attracted. Lots here in the town site will be worth a great deal of money. The railroad is an undoubted fact; of course we could not go ahead otherwise."

"In view of which," said Bill, "we feel that we must ask you to come up once more with a slight increase. Is that it?"

"Exactly. You see ——"

"Nothing doing," said Bill. "I've reached the limit. Every time you speak of a brick building it costs me dollars. I don't want to hear about the railroad—I can't afford to."

"Nonsense! You have an ideal ——"

"Positively nothing doing," Bill interrupted firmly. "I quit right here. I have to pay for prosperity too long before it reaches me. Back to the asphalt pavements—stock, fixtures and good-will. And I'll sell 'em all off in a month. I'm not tied down half as tight as you think."

In the back of the store the telephone rang and Bill went to answer it. The station agent of the little local road, eight miles away, had a telegram for Portola. It was his custom to telephone the telegrams to Bill, who would dispatch a clerk on a bicycle to finish the delivery. The agent called monotonously:

"Mr. F. Herbert Saunders, Portola. Offered twenty-five thousand delivery Coalinga Friday return ——"

"Wait a minute," shouted Bill. "Mr. Saunders is in the store. I'll call him."

The manager took the receiver, got the message, and without hanging up gave the agent a reply. Bill heard part of it:

"Hold them. Back today's train."

He came out looking at his watch.

"I have an hour and thirty-five minutes to do twenty-two miles," he said. "Plenty

Treat Your Family

to a case (48 large glasses) of this delicious ginger ale. It will be delivered anywhere east of Mississippi River for

$2.50 Per Case

(24 full pints; 48 generous glassfuls)

West of Mississippi to Rocky Mts., $3.00 per case. West of Rockies, price on application to Los Angeles office.

We Pay Carriage Charges

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale

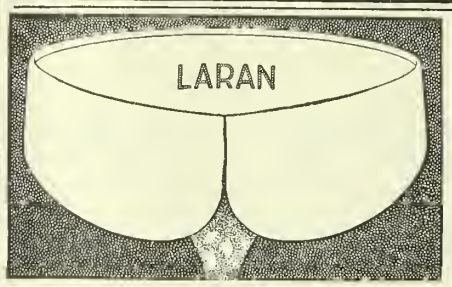
Pronounced Kleek-O Club

NO OTHER drink is so acceptable in summer or so healthful and good. Clicquot Club, made under the supervision of an expert chemist, from the finest ginger, confectioner's sugar and pure citric fruit flavors, combined with the famous Clicquot spring water, lacks the sting and burn of ordinary ginger ale and is grateful, healthful and refreshing. Its great sale and popularity (among millions of people) are eloquent proof of its fineness and purity. If your grocer has it order from him; but if he hasn't do not fail to order a case from us, as it will give your family a delicious and unusual treat.

Write for Complimentary Booklet, illustrating and describing springs and factory.

The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.

West of Rockies—The Clicquot Club Co., 111 Winston St., Los Angeles.



A low close-fitting

ARROW COLLAR

for Summer

15c. each, 2 for 25c. In Canada, 20c. each, 3 for 50c.
ARROW CUFFS, 25c.
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Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, paper, &c.
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It's surprising how close the towns are when you ride an **R. S. Motorcycle.** It brings work nearer home, fun while you ride and the country just a minute away. The **R. S.** embodies every proved motorcycle improvement, and has enough exclusive features to put it in a class by itself. Write for catalog and name of nearest agent. Agents wanted where we are not represented.

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Moving Picture Machines

Make Big Money

Almost **no limit** to the profits showing in **churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres,** etc., or operating

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE

After Twenty Years—Where Opportunity Lies

RETURNING as a modern Rip Van Winkle to the land of the Ozarks in Arkansas, **Opie Read,** the famous author, sees a remarkable industrial development, which he tells about in **The National Magazine** for September. **W. R. Lighton,** author of "An Arkansas Farm," rings the bell in a pithy sketch of its resources. And **Editor Joe Mitchell Chapple,** who personally visited drainage projects, rice farms and peach orchards, carries the reader on an intimate excursion into every section of Arkansas. From these carefully written and conclusive articles you will be able to accurately judge for yourself of the opportunity for profit that exists in Arkansas today for the farmer, the business man, the manufacturer and the horticulturist. How $5.00 land can produce $50.00 will interest you. Get the facts and sound conclusions reached in these authoritative articles on where opportunity lies—**"The Awakening of Arkansas"** will tell you.

Send 15 two-cent stamps for 3 months' subscription, which includes all above, together with a correct 3 color map of Arkansas. Copy of "Dear Old Songs"—eighty selections—given free with this offer.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Massachusetts

WHEREVER vacation days may find you, look for the Store that shows this Sign

AGENCY Whitman's CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS

It is connected by telegraph and express with the Whitman headquarters in Philadelphia and has a fresh and perfect supply of the famous **Fussy Package** Chocolates, Honey White Nougat, Chocolate Peppermint Marshmallows and a hundred other distinctive Whitman packages.

Should you fail to find an agency convenient we will send by mail prepaid a Fussy Package at $1.00 a pound; White Nougat in 50c packages; Chocolate Peppermint Marshmallows in 50c packages; or Chocolate-covered Maraschino Cherries in 50c packages.

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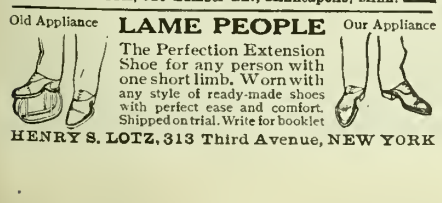
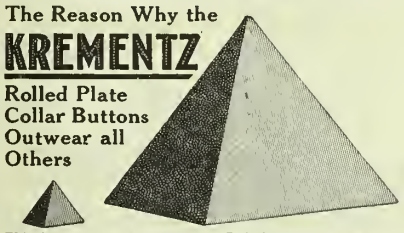
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Established 1842
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate.



The Reason Why the **KREMENTZ** Rolled Plate Collar Buttons Outwear all Others



This Diagram Illustrates Quantity of Gold in **Imitation Buttons**

This Illustrates Quantity of Gold in the **Krementz Button**

Every dealer authorized to give a new

Krementz Collar Button

in exchange for an old one that is broken from any cause, and ask no questions.

We make this offer because Krementz Buttons are made for hard service, of honest materials, with no solder joints.

The quality is stamped on the back and guaranteed. Shape is just right.

Easy to button and unbutton.

Look for the name "KREMENTZ" on the back and be sure to get the genuine.

At all dealers. Solid gold and rolled plate.

When dealer fails to supply you write us, giving dealer's name.

Booklet showing shapes and sizes free.

Krementz & Co., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

A Big $1 Offer—"KEITH'S"

for six months and a copy of my new book.

100 PLANS
Bungalows Cottages
$400. to $3000.

No. 85. $2300. One of the 100.

Keith's monthly magazine is the recognized authority on planning and Decorating Homes. $1.50 year. News-stands 15c copy. Each 80-page issue gives 8 to 10 designs by leading architects.

My other books for home-builders are:

100 designs for Attractive Homes, $2,000 to $4,000 . . . . $1.00
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LAME PEOPLE

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet

Our Appliance

HENRY S. LOTZ, 313 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

of time, but it's a lucky thing I was here. I've got to catch the train up this afternoon. Well, Mr. Kellar, we will leave things where they are for the present. I'll be back in a week or so, as there are several things I'm leaving undone. Meantime, think it over."

Bill was thinking it over very bitterly when the manager reappeared. He and Jake and two teamsters were pushing the automobile. Leaving the machine to the others, Mr. Saunders dashed into the store.

"All out of gasoline," he panted. "I must have finished on the last drop. Fill her up in a hurry, will you?"

The clerk started for the back door. All his life Bill had been accustomed to decide things quickly; to buy or sell at the drop of a hat; to seize opportunities before they quite reached him. In a flash he saw a chance and took it.

"Just a minute, Morgan," he called, and the clerk turned around. "I'll wait on Mr. Saunders myself."

"Do it, then," snapped the manager. "I've got to be starting."

"Of course," said Bill slowly. "You are in a hurry. And you need gasoline. Now, it's unfortunate, but I have no gasoline to sell."

"What!" exclaimed the other. "Of all the cursed luck! Why the devil don't you keep a supply on hand?"

"I have plenty on hand," said Bill, "but none to sell."

For a minute they glared at each other.

"Why?" asked the manager.

"You have something that I want to buy," said Bill, "and I have something you want to buy. So far we're even. You won't sell—therefore, neither will I!"

"Gad!" shouted Mr. Saunders. "Are you crazy? You mean the store? Of course I'll sell. I told you so. Six thou——"

"Man, man!" said Bill sorrowfully. "Let's pretend that the aeroplane has busted all to smash and that we're back on earth again. Shall we? You haven't got time to crawl all the way from that price down to what this little corner is worth. Forget the brick building and the settlers—remember that we're still out in the rural districts—talk business."

"Jake," the manager asked his foreman, "is there a drop of gasoline on the ranch? How about the engine? Think fast!"

Taken by surprise, Jake nearly swallowed his tobacco.

"The engine is plumb dry," he reported. "We haven't used it since last—let me see—I reckon it was ——"

"None at the house?"

"I got a quart bottle that I was usin' to clean my pants."

Mr. Saunders silenced him by swinging around again to Bill.

"What is your idea of the value of the store?" he asked.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," said Bill promptly. "You know what it would cost to duplicate the building, and it's old. My estimate of the lot may be modest; but you've been gouging me lately, and my best offer is twenty-five hundred. Any amount over that will be equalized by the price of gasoline. Pay me one hundred dollars a gallon for ten gallons of the gas and I'll raise my offer to thirty-five hundred. That's how it works. I don't know how badly you want to get back to town, but if it's a case where you positively have to make it I have blank deeds in the desk. I'll pay one hundred down and the rest in three yearly payments. If you can't sign a deed I can knock out a contract on the typewriter that will do just as well. These gentlemen will be witnesses. I don't want to use any compulsion, you understand; it's merely a matter of how much you're willing to pay for gasoline. It will take me fifteen minutes to make out the papers; that leaves one hour for the trip, less what time you need to think it over."

. . . . . .

Bess was on the porch, pruning the roses.

"You're early, dear," she said as Bill came up the walk. "What is it? Tell me, Bill. Did Mr. Saunders come in?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He wants seventy-five a month."

Instinctively she rushed to comfort him. "Bill, dear, you positively must not feel like that. What's the use of getting discouraged? What do we care about this old place? We can go back. It will be fun to live in town again, Bill."

Bill felt a lump rising in his throat. He put his arm around her waist.

"We're not going back," he said.

YOUR scales, Mr. Retailer, are the most important store equipment you possess.

A slow acting, common beam scale can cost you several times more in overweight every year, than the price of a computing scale.

The Angldile quickly buys itself by preventing inaccuracies of weight and computation; it continues to save you money every day thereafter.

The Angldile is the only successful scale showing *A Plain Figure For Every Penny's Value*—an improvement made possible by its patented, cone-shaped chart.

The scale computes—the dealer reads the figures in type larger than you are now reading. *He doesn't have to guess at dots and dashes or count hair lines.*

The Angldile takes its name from the 45 degree inclination of its computing chart—the natural angle at which you are now holding this magazine.

The open-faced dial—the largest on any counter scale, shows the customer the pound and ounce indication in clear, easily read figures.

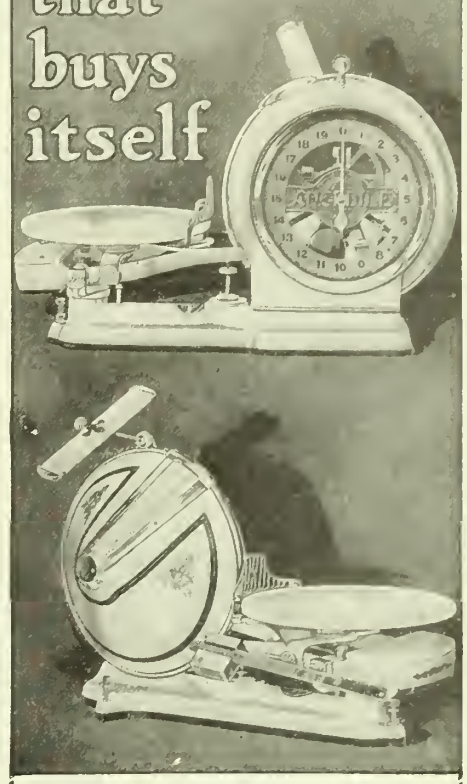
The man in front as well as the man behind the counter, is never in doubt as to the exact weight of every purchase.

The Angldile has no springs; hot or cold weather does not affect its accuracy.

Use the coupon and learn the easy terms on which **the Angldile** can be placed on your counter—where its accuracy will safeguard your interests, and at the same time prove your store's honest-weight policy.

Angldile Computing Scale Co.
110 Franklin St., Elkhart, Ind., U.S.A.

This is the Scale that buys itself



Angldile Computing Scale Co. P-2
Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen:

Please send me the **Free** Angldile book.

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DES MOINES DOES THINGS

Des Moines, Certainty Talk No. 4

MATTERS of chance elsewhere are *Certainties* in Des Moines. 2,500,000 people in Iowa—so prosperous that they average $200 deposited in the savings banks, and that their per capita wealth is $1,828—want to buy things from Des Moines.

PRACTICALLY every great trunk line in the middle west reaches Des Moines. Nineteen railway lines make Des Moines the distributing point of the Mississippi Valley.

Des Moines today supplies but one-third of the demand of its trade territory. That makes Des Moines the City of Certainties for the man who establishes himself here, whether he begins in business, locates a branch house or brings his industry bodily.

* * *

HERE'S an instance: 150 car loads of bottles are used annually by the large medical and pharmaceutical houses of Des Moines. There is no large bottle factory supplying this demand.

Kitchen utensils could be made and sold from Des Moines to the whole state. 25,000 farm wagons are used annually in Iowa. They might as well be made in Des Moines.

* * *

THE only way to make money is to go where it is. Iowa is rich. Iowa people want to buy things made in Iowa. Iowa is the state of success and Des Moines is the City of Certainties. Iowa's farms produced last year over one-half more wealth than all the gold mines in the world.

DES MOINES is the best-known city of its size in America today. Men who see the Certainties of today as well as those of five years hence are choosing Des Moines. The Greater Des Moines Committee wants to discuss all this with you. It is an organization of successful business men. From them you get the benefit of their experience. They keep you from making mistakes; they go over your plans with you and with their knowledge of the field show you the course to Certainty.

* * *

"Wealth"—a little magazine of big facts, will be sent you for the asking. Clip your Certainty Coupon, fill it and mail it today, and get started to Des Moines.

THE GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
Des Moines, Iowa

Clip your Certainty Coupon.

Certainty Coupon

GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
Des Moines, Iowa

Send me WEALTH.

My business is _____

_____

_____ SEP 4

WHY THEY GO

(Concluded from Page 7)

In front of one booth three reformed Pullman porters
Stood forth in disguises of Moslem exhorters,
A Darktown brigade in Arabian Nightwear.
People came flocking in loose wear and tight wear
Eager to see
Something New, something Free.
Ali ben Johnson stepped forth from the three,
Crying, "Somebod' lend a reeng, pliz, to me!"
"Say, what's a reeng?" the Boy Humorist cried.
"Reeng for da feenger," the Moslem replied.
So a pretty gold band
From the pretty white hand
Of a Keokuk bride was sent up to the stand.
Next Ali ben Smudge
Took the ring with a nudge.
"Heer ees da majick—I leave you to judge!"
In a cotton bandanner
The ring he enwrapped;
With mystical manner
The bundle he tapped,
Thrice three times repeating this rhythmical rune,
"Hi-ree-ra, hi-lee-ra, mazooma-matzoon!"
He held out the kerchief for people to feel—
The ring still reposed in its cryptical seal.
Next Picayune Pasha, his tan-browed assistant,
Circles twice two
Round the audience drew,
Crying, "Bishmallah!
Allah il allah!"
And all eyes were fixed on the ring, when—behold!
A Yankee-nosed Spieler stepped forth calm and cold,
Exclaimed, "While you wait to find out what's became
Of the ring, just step in to the Real Show inside.
It's a London Success, as you'll see by its name,
Which is Nellie McGinty, the Murderer's Bride."

But the crowd melts away till it's awfully thin,
For they've seen what is Free and the rest they can guess—
Which proves what experienced Spielers confess:
It takes more than Magic to gather 'em in.

V

(Waltz Song, written in a Coney Dancing Pavilion—all orchestra, symphony, harmonica, phonograph, grand-opera, steam-piano and moving-picture rights reserved by the Management.)

Sure, I wouldn't swap jobs wit' them Tux-e-do snobs,
For I feel that I'm getting my share
When my forearm is placed round the seven-inch waist
Of the girl wit' the candy-gold hair.
Ah, her soft chin is laid on my right shoulder-blade
As she lisps wit' an accent of bliss,
"Waltz on, Mister Jack, plum to Heaven and back,
For I feel I could die doin' this!"

(So I answer polite
To her Dreamland delight:)

"Come, shake your toe with your Dreamland beau,
Beautiful Coney Queen (ta-ra-loo),
To the dopey lay of the orchestray—
Ain't it the stylish and flashy scene?
Oh, your eyes they shine and your hat's divine—
Now place your chewing-gum next to mine,
And we'll slide, glide to mat-ri-mony,
My Con-
ey
Queen!

"There are Fellers galore who have jobs in a store,
And they think they are better than me;
But I'd do fer 'em right if they crossed me tonight
When I'm waltzing, sweet Lulu, with thee.
There are lots of Swell Screams who will buy you ice creams,
But I'll give you this loving advice:
On your Wedding Day—gee!—don't you fail to pick me
As the Guy that they Hit with the Rice!"

(Tonight is the night,
O' my Dreamland delight!)

"Come, shake your toe with your Dreamland beau,
Beautiful Coney Queen (ta-ra-loo),
While the Rubes all cheer with a 'See who's here!'
Maybe they're glad, but their eyes look green.
Oh, brush my cheek wit' your golden hair
And play that I was a millionaire,
And we'll slide, glide to mat-ri-mony,
My Con-
ey
Queen!"
(Repeat until the band gets peevish.)

VI

Round and round the Dreamland Tower
The crowd goes wandering hour by hour,
With Dreamland air and Dreamland stare
They gaze into the Dreamland glare.

Mrs. Harriet Van Gilt
And pretty Alice Toodlebilt
And Percy Pierrepont Bonnybeau
Have motored down
From Tarrytown
To see the Other Half, you know.
Mrs. Van's o'ercultured gaze
Travels round the madding maze
As she cries, "How very queer
All their pleasures are, my dear!
See them ride that jiggly thing,
Hear the way they shout and sing!
How they travel round and round—
Such a band!—the awful sound!
My!" (she sniffs), "how can they slide
Down that horrid Great Divide?
Don't do anything, my dear—
Some one might observe us here."
Near the Glaciers' jaggly crags
Pretty Alice rather lags,
Gazing on its caves of ice,
Whispers, "Don't you think it's nice?"

Round and round the Dreamland Tower
The crowd goes wandering hour by hour.

"Seeing Venice" claims them next.
Mrs. Van, though rather vexed,
Joins a mixed and motley crew
Riding in a "gondoloo."
Down the fake Canals they go
Packed with folks they scarcely know.
Past St. Mark's in pasteboard state,
Past the painted Pitti Palace
Tranquilly they circulate.
(Percy's holding hands with Alice.)

Mrs. Van, still unenthused,
Says, "They're easily amused.
Candidly, I can't endure
Such close crowding, to be sure.
Don't you think we'd better go?"
Alice balks, remarking, "Oh,
Come, let's do another show."

Round and round the Dreamland Tower
The crowd goes by another hour.

Look! adown the slippery chutes
The reckless-riding Scooter shoots!
Who is that within the bow
Shrieking like the wildest now,
Holding on to Bill MacPherson
(Plainly quite a Common Person)
As the speeding boat—kersmash!—
Hits the lake a mighty splash?
Why, by all that's soaked or spilt,
It is Mrs. H. Van Gilt!
"Man!" she shouts to Bill MacP.,
"How can such things ever be?
Thrown together thus—and yet
We have never even met!"
Bill replies, in accents quaint,
"I ain't shocked, ma'am, if you ain't."

Round and round the Dreamland Tower
The crowd goes wandering hour by hour,
And Mrs. Van and Percy B.
And Alice T., a lordly three,
Are looking for a lively show—
Another thrill before they go.

VII

Some one murmurs in the dark,
"Say, let's go to Loony Park."
Answers back a soft-voiced coo,
"Oh, you kid, I'm crazy to!"
I and old Diogenes
Through the Tube are shot like peas
In a car jammed Coney-style,
Couples sleeping,
Babies weeping,
Back to hot Manhattan Isle.
Tired Diogenes, he mused:
"Life is fair when not abused;
Sorrow has its comforts wide,
Poverty its brighter side;
Even Illness ain't so bad
Only Pleasure makes me sad."

"NIGHT LETTERS" BRIDGE DISTANCE

The new "NIGHT LETTER" service of The Western Union Telegraph Company offers manifold advantages as a means of unabbreviated correspondence by wire.

It enables those who are traveling to keep in close touch with conditions in their homes—the "NIGHT LETTER" of information or inquiry being delivered early next morning.

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ITHACA GUN COMPANY Dept. A ITHACA, N. Y.

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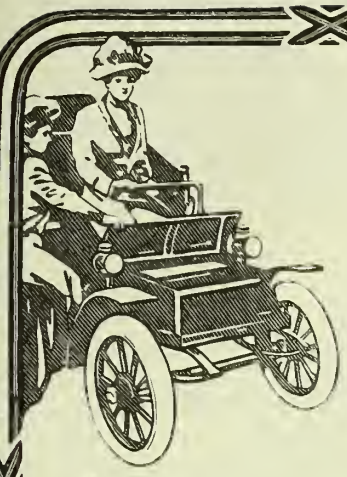

See that your Electric has a Westinghouse Motor

TO the auto buying public the big thing of the coming season will be the perfected electric motor car. The finest 1911 cars will be equipped with the Westinghouse Electric Motor, and while we do not pretend to speak for the auto manufacturers—we know that several of the best of them will not increase the price of their cars on account of the Westinghouse motor—though they might well do so. They pay more for it and it is worth a *great deal* more to you.

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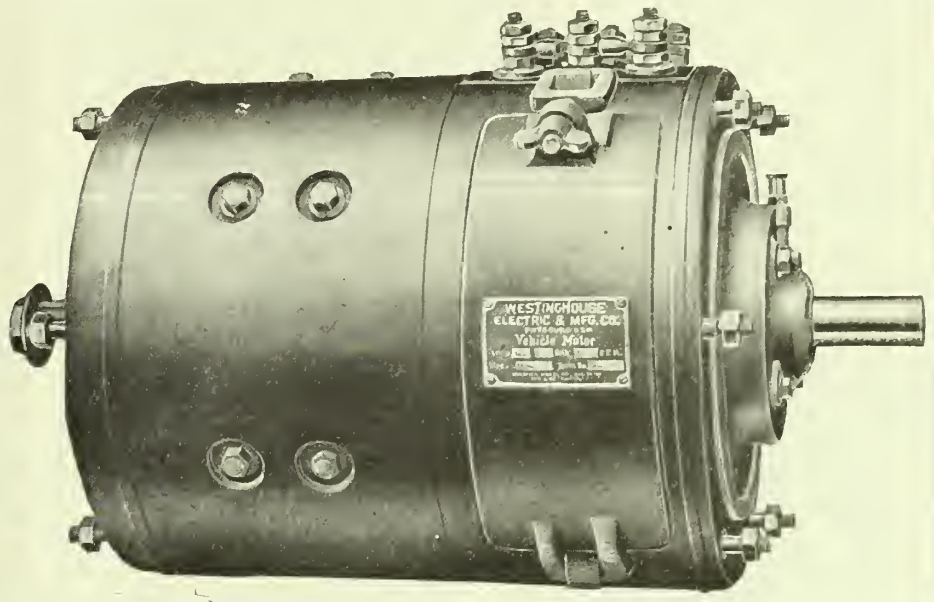

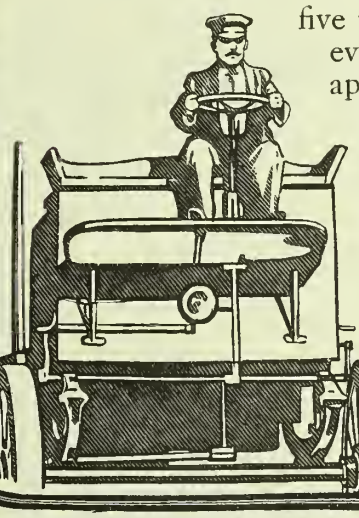

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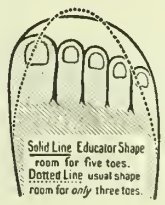

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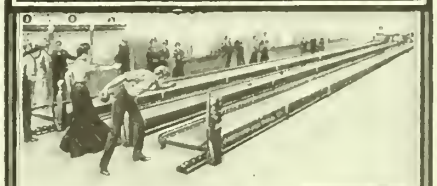

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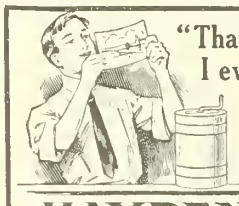

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AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 21)

shook her head and looked wonderingly at Berkley. "Nothing has happened to her," she said. "A Sister of Mercy was wounded in the field hospital near Azalea, and they sent for Mrs. Paige to fill her place temporarily. And"—looking from Celia to Berkley—"she is well and unhurt. The fighting is farther west now. Mrs. Paige heard yesterday that the Eighth Lancers were encamped near Paigecourt and asked me to find Mr. Berkley—and deliver a letter ——" She smiled, drew from her satchel a letter, and, disengaging her other hand from Celia's, went over to the bed and placed it in Berkley's hands.

"She is quite well," repeated Letty reassuringly; and, to Celia: "She sends her love to you and to your husband and son, and wishes to know how they are and where their regiment is stationed."

"You sweet little thing!" said Celia, impulsively taking her into her arms and kissing her pale face. "My husband and my son are safe and well, thank God, and my cousin, Phil Berkley, is convalescent, and you may tell my sister-in-law that weall were worried most to death at not hearing from her. And now I'm going to get you a cup of broth—you poor little white-faced child! How in the world did you ever get here?"

"Our ambulance brought me. We had sick men to send North. Ailsa couldn't leave, so she asked me to come."

She accepted a chair near the bed. Celia went away to prepare some breakfast with the aid of old Peter and Sadie, her maid. And as soon as she left the room Letty sprang to her feet and went straight to Berkley.

"I did not tell the entire truth," she said in a low, excited voice. "I heard your regiment was here; Ailsa learned it from me. I was coming anyway to see you."

"To see me, Letty?" he repeated, surprised and smiling.

"Yes," she said, losing what little color remained in her cheeks. "I am in—in much—anxiety—to know—what to do."

"Can I help you?"

She looked wistfully at him; the tears rushed into her eyes; she dropped on her knees at his bedside and hid her face on his hands.

"Letty—Letty!" he said in astonishment, "what on earth has happened?"

She looked up, lips quivering, striving to meet his gaze through her tears.

"Doctor Benton is here. . . . He—he has asked me to—marry him."

Berkley lay silent, watching her intently.

"Oh, I know—I know," she sobbed. "I can't, can I? I would have to tell him—and he would never speak to me again, never write to me—never be what he has been all these months!—I know I cannot marry him. I came to tell you—to ask—but it's no use—no use. I knew what you would say ——"

"Letty! Wait a moment ——"

She rose, controlling herself with a desperate effort.

"Forgive me, Mr. Berkley—I didn't mean to break down; but I'm so tired—and—I wanted you—I needed to hear you tell me what was right. . . . But I knew already. Even if I were—were treacherous enough to marry him—I know he would find me out. . . . I can't get away from it—I can't seem to get away. Yesterday, in camp, the Twentieth Cavalry halted—and there was John Casson!—And I nearly dropped dead beside Doctor Benton—oh, the punishment for what I did!—the awful punishment!—and Casson stared at me and said: 'My Lord, Letty! is that you?'"

She buried her burning cheeks in her hands.

"I did not lie to him. I offered him my hand; and perhaps he saw the agony in my face, for he didn't say anything about the Canterbury, but he took off his forage-cap and was pleasant and kind. And he and Doctor Benton spoke to each other until the bugles sounded for the regiment to mount."

She flung her slender arm out in a tragic gesture toward the horizon. "The world is not wide enough to hide in," she said in a heart-breaking voice. "I thought it was—but there is no shelter—no place—no place in all the earth!"

"Letty," he said slowly, "if your Doctor Benton is the man I think he is—and I

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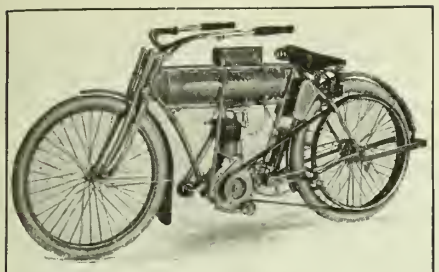

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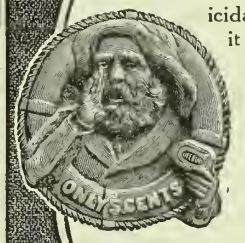

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THE CLENDENING 190 W. 103 St., N. Y. **Select, Home-like, Economical.** Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath **$1.50** daily and up. Write for booklet G with map of city

once knew him well enough to judge—he is the only man on earth fit to hear the confession you have made this day to me. And I'm going to tell you that I wouldn't hesitate to marry you if I loved you."

"W-what!"

He laughed. "Not one second! It's a good partnership for any man. Don't be afraid that you can't meet men on their own level. You're above most of us now, and you're mounting steadily. There, that's my opinion of you—that you're a good woman and a charming one, and Benton is devilish lucky to get you. . . . Come here, Letty."

She went to him as though dazed, and he took both her hands in his.

"Don't you know," he said, "that I have seen you, day after day, intimately associated with the woman I love? Can you understand now that I am telling the truth when I say, Let the dead past bury its ghosts, and go on living as you have lived from the moment that your chance came to live nobly? I know what you have made of yourself. I know what the chances were against you. You are a better woman today than many who will die untempted. And you shall not doubt it, Letty. What a soul is born into is often fine and noble; what a soul makes of itself is beyond all praise. Choose your own way, but if you love him give yourself to him. He will want you—as I would—as any man would. . . . Now you must smile at me, Letty."

She turned toward him a face pallid, enraptured, transfigured with an inward radiance that left him silent—graver after that swift glimpse of a soul exalted.

She said slowly: "You and Ailsa have been God's own messengers to me. . . . I shall tell Doctor Benton. . . . If he still wishes it I will marry him. It will be for him to ask—after he knows all."

Celia entered, carrying the breakfast on a tray.

"Curt's Zouaves have stolen ev'y pig, but I found bacon and po'k in the cellar," she said smilingly. "Oh, dear! the flo' is in such a mess of plaster! Will you sit on the aidge of the bed, Miss Lynden, and he'p my cousin eat this hot co'n pone?"

A napkin was spread over the sheets, and pillows tucked behind Berkley; and Celia and Letty fed him, and Letty drank her coffee and thankfully ate her bacon and corn pone, telling them both, between bites, how it had been with her and with Ailsa.

"It was dreadful," she said. "We could hear the firing for miles and miles, and nobody knew what was happening. But all the Northern papers said it was one great victory after another, and we believed them. All the regimental bands at the landing played and everybody was so excited. We all expected to hear that our army was in Richmond.

"Everybody was so cheerful and happy in the hospital—all those poor sick soldiers," she said; "and everybody was beginning to plan to go home, thinking the war had nearly ended. I thought so too, and I was so glad. And then, somehow, people began to get uneasy, and the first stragglers appeared. . . . Oh, it did seem incredible at first; we wouldn't believe that the siege of Richmond had been abandoned."

She smiled drearily. "I've found out that it is very easy to believe what you want to believe in this world. . . . Will you have some more broth, Mr. Berkley?"

Before he could answer, the door opened and a red Zouave came in, carrying his rifle and knapsack.

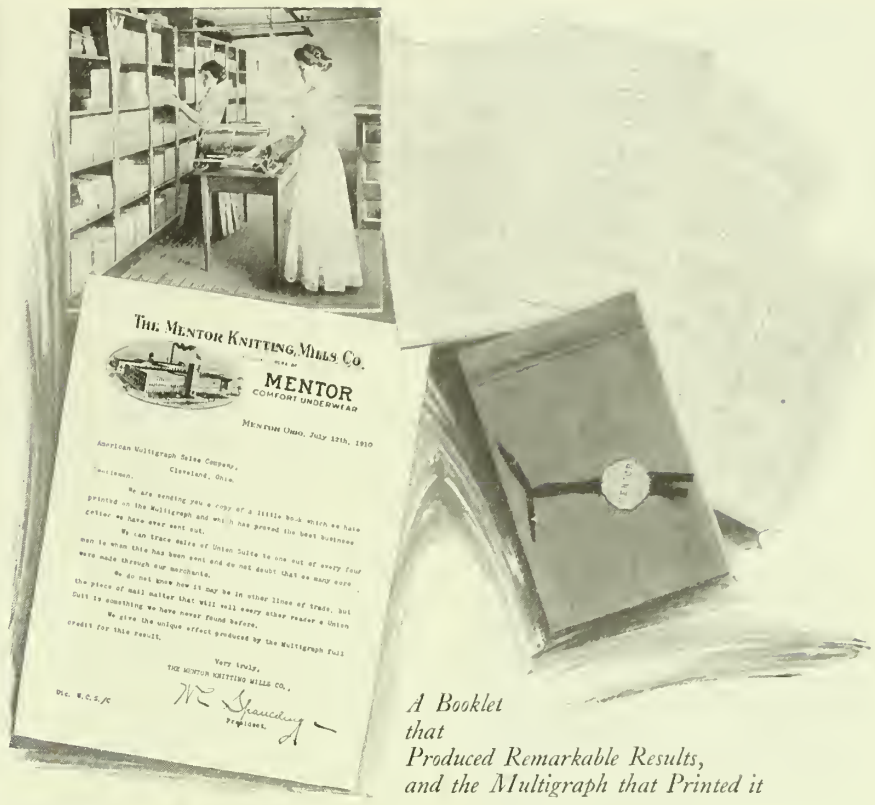
"Mother," he said in an awed voice, "Jimmy Lent is dead!"

"What!"

He looked stupidly around the room, resting his eyes on Letty and Berkley, then dropped heavily on to a chair.

"Jim's dead," he repeated vacantly. "He only arrived here yesterday—transferred from his militia to McDunn's battery. And now he's dead. Some one had better write to Camilla. I'm afraid to. . . . A shell hit him last night—oh, he's all torn to pieces—and Major Lent doesn't know it either. . . . Father let me come; we're ordered across the river. Goodby, Mother ——" He rose and put his arms around her.

"You'll write to Camilla, won't you?" he said. "Tell her I love her. I didn't know it until just a few minutes ago. But I do, Mother. I'd like to marry her. Tell her not to cry too much. Jimmy was playing cards, they say, and a big shell fell inside the redoubt. Philip—I think you knew Harry Sayre? Transferred from the



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"We do not know how it may be in other lines of trade, but the piece of mail matter that will sell every other reader a Union Suit is something we have never found before.

"We give the unique effect produced by the Multigraph full credit for this result."

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It means results like those shown in the report at the head of this page from The Mentor Knitting Mills Co.

You can double your saving by adding our Universal Folding-Machine to your Multigraph Equipment. It makes all ordinary folds in letters, circulars, booklets, etc., at a cost of 2 or 3 cents a thousand as against printers', binders' or hand-folding cost of 10 cents to 45 cents.

Write for free booklet, "More Profit with the Multigraph"

You *can't* buy the Multigraph until we know that you have a real money-making need for it in your business. If you are interested to know just how and why this is so, and what the Multigraph means to you personally, write today, using the letterhead of your firm or corporation.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Fifty Branch Offices Executive Office, 1800 East 40th St., Cleveland

"Before using Eskay's, my boys were sick nearly all the time," writes Mrs. Rich. J. Lyons, Des Moines, Ia., mother of these handsome prize-winning twins, "but they began to improve when put on Eskay's and *never had a sick day afterwards.*"

ESKAY'S FOOD

added to fresh cow's milk makes the perfect substitute for breast milk.

Eskay's Food supplies the necessary elements that plain cow's milk lacks—and renders it digestible by the most delicate stomach.

If *your* baby is not thriving let us send you today enough Eskay's to prove it is *the* food for him.

Smith, Kline & French Co., 475 Arch St., Philadelphia.
Gentlemen: Please send me free, ten feedings of Eskay's and your book for mothers, "How to Care for the Baby."

Name_____

Street and Number_____

City and State_____

PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NO METAL can touch you

YEAR ROUND COMFORT

25¢, 50¢, $1.00.

Dealers or direct upon receipt of price

A. Stein & Co., Makers
Congress St. and Canal Sts., Chicago

Let Me Send You the Rapid FIRELESS COOKER

At Factory Price. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Saves 80 per cent. on fuel, time and work. Pays for itself in a month or two. No experience needed. Boils, Steams, Stews, Roasts, Bakes, Fries. GENUINE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS FREE. Also metal composition Heat Radiators; can't break or crack. Send for free book and 125 splendid recipes to-day.

On 30 Days' Trial

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept. 14 Detroit, Mich.

Seventh to the Zouaves as lieutenant in the fifth company?"

"Yes. Was he killed?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! Everybody in the shebang except Arthur Wye was all torn to pieces. Tommy Atherton, too; you knew him, of course—Fifth Zouaves. He happened in—just visiting Arthur Wye. They were all playing cards in a half-finished bomb-proof. . . . Mother, you will write to Camilla, won't you, dear? Goodby—goodby, Phil—and Miss Lynden!" He caught his mother in his arms for a last hug, wrenched himself free, and ran back across the hall.

"Oh, why are they sending Curt's regiment across the river?" wailed Celia, following to the window. "Look at them, Phil! Can you see? The road is full of Zouaves—there's a whole regiment of them in blue too. The batteries are all harnessed up; do you think there's going to be another battle? I don't know why they want to fight any mo'!" she exclaimed in sudden wrath and anguish. "I don't understand why they are not willing to leave the South alone. My husband will be killed, and my only son—like Jimmy Lent—if they don't ever stop this wicked fighting ——"

The roar of a heavy gun buried the room in plaster dust. Letty calmly lifted the tray from the bed and set it on a table. Then very sweetly and with absolute composure she took leave of Celia and of Berkley. They saw her climb into an ambulance which was drawn up on the grass.

Then Berkley opened the letter that Letty had brought him:

"This is just a hurried line to ask you a few questions. Do you know a soldier named Arthur Wye? He is serving now as artilleryman in the Tenth New York Flying Battery, Captain McDunn. Are you acquainted with a lieutenant in the Fifth Zouaves named Cortlandt? I believe he is known to his intimates as Billy or 'Pop' Cortlandt. Are they trustworthy and reliable men? Where did you meet Miss Lynden and how long have you known her? Please answer immediately.

"AILSA PAIGE."

Wondering, vaguely uneasy, he read and reread this note, so unlike Ailsa, so brief, so disturbing in its direct coupling of the people in whose company he had first met Letty Lynden. . . . Yet, on reflection, he dismissed apprehension. Ailsa was too fine a character to permit any change in her manner to humiliate Letty, even if by hazard knowledge of the unhappy past had come to her concerning the pretty, pallid nurse of Sainte Ursula.

As for Arthur Wye and Billy Cortlandt, they were incapable of anything contemptible or malicious.

He asked Celia for a pencil and paper, and, propped on his pillows, wrote:

"My darling, I don't exactly understand your message, but I guess it's all right. To answer it:

"Billy Cortlandt and Arthur Wye are old New York friends of mine. Their words are better than other people's bonds. Letty Lynden is a sweet, charming girl. I regret that I have not known her years longer than I have. I am sending this in haste to catch Letty's ambulance just departing, though still blocked by artillery passing the main road. Can you come? I love you. PHILIP BERKLEY."

Celia sent her colored man running after the ambulance. He caught it just as it started on. Berkley, from his window, saw the servant deliver his note to Letty.

He had not answered the two questions concerning Letty. He could not. So he had evaded them.

An enormous cloud of white smoke rose curling from the river—another, another; and boom! boom! boom! came the solid thunder of cannon. The gunboats at the landing were opening fire; cavalry were leading their horses aboard transports; and far down the road the sun glistened on a long column of scarlet, where the Third Zouaves were marching to their boats.

The sharpshooters had already begun to trouble them. Their officers ordered them to lie down while awaiting their turn to embark. After a while many of the men sat up on the ground to stretch and look about them, Stephen among the others. And a moment later a conoidal bullet struck him square in the chest and knocked him flat in the dirt among his comrades.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

John Deere Plow Works, Moline, Ill.—Largest in the World—Covered with **THE CAREY ROOF STANDARD**

BECAUSE of its **standardized construction,** Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing has been preferred for the greatest and best known industrial plants and mercantile buildings in America. Let us send you a free sample and booklet explaining the unequalled, intrinsic value found in

The Carey Roof Standard

Practical time tests of over twenty years have proved its durability and earned for Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing the reputation of being thoroughly **standardized** and always dependable.

Be the building great or small; the surface steep or flat; the sheathing wood, tile or concrete **Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing** meets every condition with the assurance of lasting satisfaction.

For proof of its durability, permanent flexibility, absolutely water-tight joints and relatively low cost, ask nearest branch to send a representative, or write the factory direct for free sample, descriptive booklet and address of nearest dealer.

Our 50 Branches and 3,000 Dealers are a Guarantee of Prompt Service

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43 Wayne Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio

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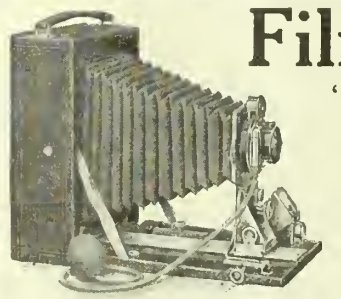

It's as small as a purely film camera, yet takes films or plates with equal facility.

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PETE, THE POLICEMAN

(Continued from Page 9)

They always say this, whether the man is fighting crazy or not. They just want you to be a bugaboo, to scare him, but not to hurt him. In this case the woman had a pair of black eyes and had been pretty well beaten up, so I went in to take a hand.

As usual, the fellow put up an argument. "Where's your warrant now?" he demanded, and then started in to abuse me. Finally he got fighting mad and made a pass at my head. He was a big chap too, taller and stronger than I was, and to save myself I hit him with my fist. Then, of course, the woman took a hand too. She came at me with a frying-pan and the man took a chair. Naturally I had to use my club, and before I could subdue the pair the woman had been tumbled over on the stove and the man had got a crack over the head with a night stick.

In court, the police magistrate looked us over. I hadn't a mark on my face, but the man was all bandaged up for the one crack I'd given him over the head. He wasn't hurt much, of course, but he looked like a sight. Then the woman had her burned hands to show, and after I'd told my story they both said I lied. Her story was that they'd been making a little noise when I rushed in and struck the man over the head. She had gone to his rescue then, and after giving her a pair of black eyes I'd pushed her down on the stove. Nor could the judge be convinced otherwise; perhaps he didn't wish to be. He had it in for the coppers at the time, and made a grandstand play by declaiming against brutal policemen, police outrages and all that sort of thing, and wound up by advising the man and his wife to complain about me at headquarters. They said they would, and were discharged. Instead of complaining, however, they packed up and skipped.

Ruling by the Rod

But boys on the street are the real bane of a copper's life. They cause more trouble to a patrolman than all the gangs of crooks put together. More complaints are received from this cause than from any other. I remember the first young imp I gathered in. I let him go as long as I could, because I remembered I had been a boy once and an imp just as well. But when he tried to brain me with a brick I brought him in.

As a pleasant introduction the sergeant on the desk looked up from ruling red lines in the blotter and grinned.

"Is that the best you could do?" said he, taking stock of the boy's size. Then the boy's mother came rushing up.

"You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself, officer. You big loafer and good-for-nothin'!" said she, all in a breath. "You was the fellow I saw going into a saloon back door yesterday, and if you want to do your duty why don't you arrest those crap-shooters in the next block and those burglars that stole the milk off my stoop? Oh, no!" she cried, and shook her finger at me; "but you'd run in my innocent young boy what was only tossing a little ball to his playmates and goes to school regular, and it wouldn't be surprising to me if you was intoxicated at the moment, and ——"

"Here, here, madam!" says the sergeant, breaking in. Then he keeps her quiet long enough to ask me the charge.

"Felonious assault with a brick," says I, and after she'd gasped a little she sailed right in again.

In court, next day, I got another dressing down from the mother, and might have caught one, too, from the judge but for the fact that the lad got scared and said if they'd let him off he'd never do it again. After that I never took a boy to the house. Instead, when I got my hands on him, I would bend him across my knee and make up for a little of what his parents had neglected to give him. In time, I had that beat as well-behaved as a Sunday-school the day before the picnic.

When a patrolman has to take a petty offender to court on his day off it's a pretty sore point with him. He has none too many hours of leisure as it is. One cause of this is that he is often assigned to special duty on his days off, and again, whenever he is drilled or sent on target-practice it is invariably during the hours that would otherwise be free for him. I myself believe that one of the greatest faults of the present police system is that the men have too little free time and too little rest. If they had more I and a great many others think they would show a much higher efficiency. It doesn't do any man any good to take away from him the little freedom that is his by right. But a policeman has no friends to shout for him, and as a class we are worked in a way that no other class of men would be worked without starting some kind of an indignation meeting.

"Oh, the cop has an easy-enough time of it," say the folks who know nothing at all about it; and they let the matter go at that.

Now I know that we patrolmen are often charged with stupidity, arrogance and brutality. Now and then a regular fever of complaints against the force will break out over all the town. All the same, this bill of particulars can't be charged against the great body of patrolmen. No doubt there are some who exceed their authority or who don't know their jobs or are a little too ready to hand a citizen a wallop with their sticks; but it's to be remembered, too, that there are more than ten thousand men in the New York department, and an army as big as that is bound to contain a few sluggers and bullies and lunkheads. The trouble with the police business is, in this respect, that the whole force has to stand for it whenever an occasional copper breaks loose.

Nowadays, as I can tell you, a man hardly dares to use his stick except as a last resort. That's all right too; but just the same it has its drawbacks. If some of the citizens always complaining were sent out to do a tour they'd change their minds about our brutality. On some of the beats, believe me, it's worth a man's life to be caught off his guard. In the old days, when the gangs began to cut up too much with the cops, it was the regular practice to lay for the toughs and teach them a handy lesson. A new cop would be sent out as a stalking-horse with a squad of men following in plain clothes. Then, when the gang got busy, the outfit would sail in and dust up the street with the toughs. You can make up your mind this taught them to respect a uniform where now they give it the laugh; but the bad part of the old system, and the thing that killed it, was that if a cop had political pull enough he could do about as he liked. Today, however, there is too much light turned on the police to let a man last if he's no good. Of course this doesn't refer to grafters, because in this case the knowing ones have the game laid down to such a system that it's almost humanly impossible to nab them.

The Men Who Make Big Money

Now, getting back to the graft again, there was something else about which I had my eyes opened. Before I got on the force I imagined every copper had the chance, if he was built that way, to pick up easy money. Nothing could be further from the truth. Also, I believed a majority of patrolmen were out for everything and anything they could lay their hands on. Well, that isn't so either. Knowing as I do all the ins and outs of the trade, I would say instead that the majority of the police, no matter what may be their associations, temptations and all that sort of thing, are as strictly honest as any other men in any trade or profession. When they fall for the game they come to it through the same causes that incite men in other callings. Lots of bank clerks, for instance, have gone to jail because they hadn't enough to live on, to keep themselves and their families. A good many others, too, have taken to tapping the till because they saw the cashier or the president getting away with big money from the bank. It's the same thing on the force: perhaps the cop sees his captain getting rich, raking down the dough as fast and as easy as a Wall Street flimflammer. Naturally the cop gets to thinking he'd like a little of it for himself. And when he sees that the practice of getting easy money is customary among his superiors, and is considered the natural thing, what's left of his conscience is gradually put to sleep.

All the same, few patrolmen go to grafting on their own hook. If they do, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases they are caught in pretty sudden order. When this happens the man isn't charged outright with the graft; instead, he will usually be

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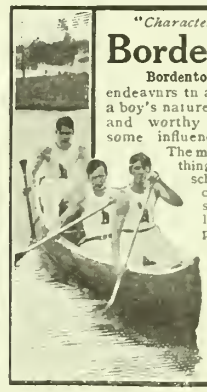

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charged with something else. Even if he manages to scrape through at first with a fine or a suspension they'll keep after him till they manage somehow to break the fellow. This is because one of the tightest customs in the department is the unwritten law that no man doing a tour in uniform shall break into the graft for himself. For graft, if I must say so, is strictly reserved for the inspectors, the captains and their wardmen. By this I mean, of course, the big graft, not the picayune business of picking up a dollar or so here and there. Nor do I mean the small-fry trade, where the precinct doormen or the court officers mace the prisoners out of their small change for messenger charges and meals brought in. What I'm talking about now is the big money. To be sure, a patrolman may sometimes pick up a five-spot or even as much as fifty dollars for releasing some citizen he has picked up, but he can't make a regular thing of doing this, or they'll have his shield away. Under some captains the rule is so strict that if a patrolman is caught standing up a saloonman for the drinks he will be broken right off the ree!. And to break a cop is the easiest matter in the world if you understand the ways of doing it. This is so because no man who ever lived could manage to live up to all the regulations given in the book of rules. One of these, for example, is that no policeman shall speak to a citizen unless it be on police matters. Another is that the patrolman must not stand in one place for more than five minutes at a time. Still another, that illustrates the nature of the regulations, is that a man isn't allowed to speak to his side partner on the next beat unless it be also strictly in line with his duties. There are dozens of rules like this, and some of them are broken by every policeman every day in the year. But nothing is said about it unless the man is in bad with his superiors. Then every misstep he makes is spotted and a charge laid up against him.

The Captain's Fatal Peaches

I remember a case of this sort. There was a gambling house that for some reason wouldn't come across with the protection money; so the captain stationed a uniformed man in front of the door. The idea was to keep customers from going in or coming out. One night when I relieved the man on this duty, he passed me up a tip.

"There's a couple of plunks in it, sport," he advised, "every time you let any one go in or come out. Walk down the block when they tip you the word, and when you come back you'll see a two-spot on the steps."

I had, however, learned enough by then to be wise. I knew the captain had it in for the place, so I attended strictly to business. It was a good thing I did, because six weeks later they sent for the other man to go to headquarters, and there they took his keys and shield away.

There is a little graft for the patrolman, however, that is considered perfectly legitimate. This, for instance, is where a man has a special assignment at some affair like a wedding or a party, or is stationed at the door at a big banquet. No one objects, then, if the person in charge slips the cop a five-dollar bill or so. But grafting on people engaged in legitimate business is always pretty rare. In the first place, the coppers consider it mean, and then again, even the hungriest of grafters is afraid to tackle straight business men. Usually the only chance is when the tradespeople violate some city ordinance, such as the regulation against piling goods and cases on the sidewalks. Some years ago a captain was broken and very nearly sent up the river for grafting like this on a commission merchant. The bribe passed was a basket of peaches. As you can see, there's nothing in it. Some time ago a man on tour might manage to pick up a little from the push-cart pedlers and other hucksters, but now this also has nearly gone by. These fellows have an association today, and a bunch of lawyers behind them, so that if a copper tries to shake down a few they'll be after him in less time than it takes to tell it.

As for the big graft, it still exists, though owing to a lot of causes it's by no means so good as it used to be. Legislation against racing has hurt it a lot, and then a while ago the politicians higher up got to fighting among themselves. Nevertheless, the easy money still raked down in New York amounts to quite a good deal.

I'd been on the force nearly eleven years before I got my first peep at the big

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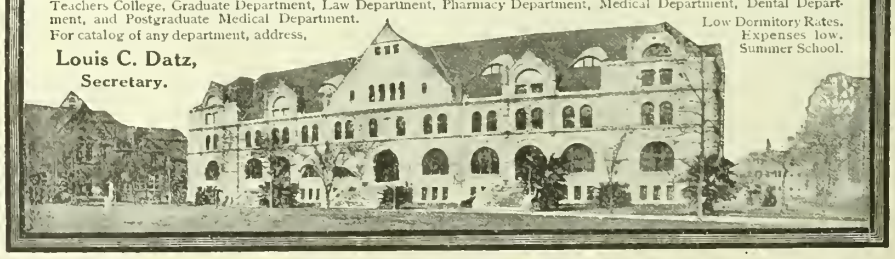

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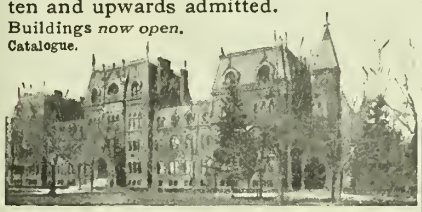

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cash; in fact, I'd begun to think, like a majority of patrolmen, that all the talk about rich money was mere moonshine. I still thought so, even after I was made a "flatty" and was sent out to snoop around the precinct. There might be money in the police game, I told myself, but it wasn't hauled down by the thousands, said I. One day, however, when I was leaning up against the desk, buzzing away at the sergeant, the "old man" came out of his room and tipped me a quiet nod.

"Let's take a walk," said he.

It was the regular summons, as I learned later. For the balance of the afternoon I strolled around with the skipper and never spoke unless I was spoken to. The next day it was the same, and so on for a week. Then one day the captain took me into his room and closed the door.

"You go over to such and such a place," said he, giving me the number. "There's a new game there that's been running on the quiet for three weeks or so. Just say to the boss that he owes for a month's rent."

That was all. There was nothing said about asking for money or to whom it was to be paid; as I learned later, there never was. But I had my instructions. They were specific, and I carried them out to the letter. There was little difficulty in getting into the house, and once inside I had no trouble in picking out the proprietor.

"Boss," said I, getting him to one side, "you owe for a month's rent."

For a moment he looked kind of sour; then he turned on his heel and went out of the room. As my business was finished, I went back to the "old man."

"I saw the boss," said I, and when I'd said it the skipper merely gave a grunt. He showed no further interest, and so far as he was concerned the affair seemed to be ended. But two or three days later a plain envelope came to me mysteriously. In it were two five-dollar bills, nothing else. It was clear to me, however, that this was the way this particular captain had of squarely making the divvy.

Peter Decides to Make a Change

Ten per cent is always the wardman's rake-off; what share the captains and inspectors get I'll say honestly I can't tell you. Nor can I tell you how much of the graft goes higher up or who the man or men higher up really are. I doubt if even many of the captains know, though it's well believed that politicians are mixed up in it; in fact, every one is kept guessing.

In my experience I found that the scale of prices was on a fixed basis. Stuss games are usually taxed fifty dollars a week, a rather high price, as such games are always crooked. The price for back-room poker games and other small gambling layouts ranges from twenty-five to one hundred dollars a month, depending on what they take in. Other kinds of vice have to pay from one hundred to five hundred dollars a month, with something laid down before the place is opened.

Now I'm not going to say much about this side of the business, but there's one sure fact that I'll tell you. No house can ever run in a precinct without the captain knowing about it. In the first place, if a resort starts up without applying to the precinct commander, other places in the same line of business will be quick to hear about it and to complain. However, very few attempt to open up without first arranging with the "old man." For one thing, they don't care to risk losing the money they invest, and in the end it's always cheaper to be protected. It insures peace, you know, not only for the proprietors but for their patrons too. Now and then it's the rule, besides, to pinch even the protected places just for the sake of appearances; but in these instances nothing much ever happens to the people in charge. When the case comes up for trial it generally turns out that the men sent out to get the evidence have nothing to testify that bears any weight in a court of record. This is the great dodge always played on any place that tries to open without paying the regular fee. If the place has been raided and the proprietor squares himself after his arrest, when he is brought to trial the police witnesses show either an extraordinary lack of memory or give evidence so arranged that it's bound to clear the defendant. Saloonkeepers, too, come in for this sort of thing if they try to run open on Sundays without paying up.

Admitting that this graft exists, that it's organized and pretty extensive, after all it's

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nothing you can hold up against the average policeman. A man may be on the force for twenty years, as I have learned, and still know nothing at all about it. He will hear rumors, of course, and feel sure that it's going on, but never once in that time will he get a single item of direct evidence. For one thing, it's too well guarded, and then very few are engaged in it. I may be wrong, but I should say offhand that not above five per cent, if as many as that, of the entire ten thousand men are engaged regularly in shaking down this easy money. More than likely, half that number would come nearer to the truth.

It may be a slap at myself, but I'd like to say, all the same, that the better element in the department never do certain kinds of plain-clothes duty. Some of them won't stand for it and the others never get the chance. The reason I got out of it myself was because I saw my partners were beginning to eye me a little more knowingly than I cared to have them. Then, too, I got married after a while, and when my wife tumbled to where all the extra money was coming from I got a line of talk that would make a Dutch uncle turn green with envy. But as I was then in the game too deep to quit without being suspected, I just resigned from the force and started in a legitimate trade, far enough away from New York to be quiet.

The Price of a Party

In the police business it isn't always the policeman, as I've said, who does all the grafting. This was something else I learned after I got into the department. Before I'd been on the force a month I began to get touched like my fellows. The first case was when I was held up to buy two tickets to a chowder party that a certain politician was advertised in the papers as giving to his constituents. Maybe he did give the party, but as a matter of fact we patrolmen paid for it.

"I don't want any tickets," said I when I was asked to buy. "I don't want to go and I couldn't if I wanted to. I'll be on duty all that day."

"That's all right," said the fellow who was handling the business; "you may not want to go and maybe you can't go. But all the same," he added, looking me up and down, "you'll buy a couple off of me."

I told him to chase himself, and walked away. That night, however, I got a straight tip from my side partner that if I didn't give up I'd better get ready to hunt another job. Nor was he stretching the truth, as I learned later; and when I got the facts into my head I hunted up the ticket-seller in a hurry.

"I'll take those tickets," I said to him.

Once again he looked me over. "I've sold those two," said he, turning up his lip; "all that's left now is a set of four."

So I took the four, though my hands itched to hand him one for luck.

After that I ran up against a regular round of subscriptions to all sorts of affairs. In each and every case some politician was behind it. Nor were even the captains and inspectors safe from the fellows in power, who made a practice of shaking down the police. When there was one of these big blowouts on hand every captain within reach was made to come across for the price of a box or for a bunch of tickets.

Now none of us objected to charity. As a class there are no men more openhearted. I recall a lot of cases where the men have gone down into their pockets to help some poor woman and her babies that had been brought in off the street. And many a poor starving fellow, too, has been fed in the same way by the men in blue. But when we were held up to pay for a charity it galled us to know it was nothing but a frame-up to give some political flimflammer a little bogus credit.

Another way in which we were made to give up was when we policemen looked for any legislation in our favor. Then we had to pay for it and to pay handsomely, as well. If we didn't, any little bill that favored us was killed in short order.

Let me say this to you now: If they could only get the police department out of the hands of the politicians there isn't a patrolman in New York who wouldn't be tickled to death to see it done. Of course this would hurt a lot of fellows in gold lace, but the ordinary copper would be glad to see this, anyhow. All of us know that such a step would be the first real move to stop all forms of graft. I guess the politicians know this too; or it seems so to me.

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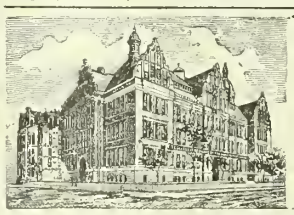

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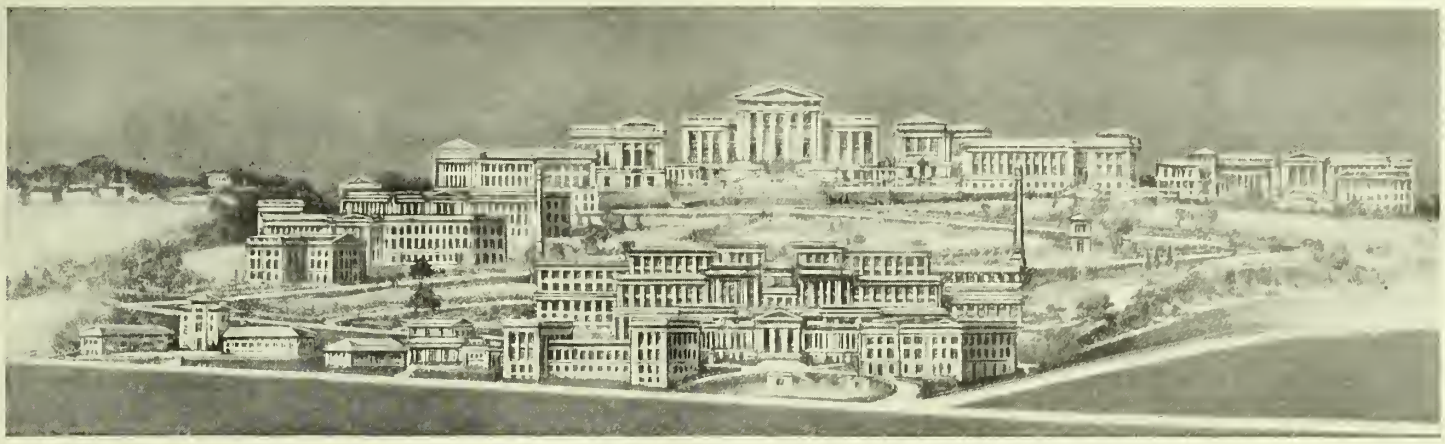

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FENCING OFF A NATION

(Concluded from Page 13)

care for infected animals. Cattle whose blood is being sucked need more food than those not infested by the tick. These two items will total $8,500,000 a year, taking into account the dips and other preventive measures that are included in the item of extra care.

It costs the Government and the states at least $75,000 a year to enforce the quarantine regulations independent of the amount expended for tick eradication.

The cost of maintaining separate pens, disinfecting cars and the other extra expenses of the transportation of cattle from the infected area will reach $30,000 a year.

And this is not all. Southern cattle become stunted as the result of infection in their youth. The Northern cattleman can market his beef when it is from twenty-four to thirty months old, while his Southern brother is required to keep his cattle from one to two years longer before they are ready for the slaughter-pen. This means two years' extra food and extra care. It costs easily five dollars per year to keep a cow. To keep the entire thirteen million at this figure means an annual loss of $65,000,000, not to mention interest on a capital of some $150,000,000.

A little addition will show that the annual cost of feeding the tick is about $96,000,000, and this does not include the item of over $50,000,000 for shrinkage in the value of Southern cattle not sent to market, which can be said to be a permanent loss, though it is an annual charge against the price of the beefsteak that you and I ate for breakfast this morning.

Look at the matter of expense in another way. On January 1, 1910, there were 3,502,000 milch cows below the dead line. Their average value per head was $27.67 as against an average value of $35.79 per head for milch cows in the tick-free area; a difference of $8.12 per head, or $28,436,240. On that date there were 10,412,000 beef cattle in the infected region valued at $13.80 per head as against an average value of $23.70 per head for beef cows above the dead line; a difference of $9.90 per head or $103,078,800. Together these figures give us $131,515,040 as the decrease in the value of the Southern cattle because of the presence of the invader. Rather astounding figures, and yet they entered into the price of that beefsteak we ate this morning. The average value of the 600,000 beef cattle in Arkansas on January 1 was nine dollars per head, while the average value of 3,611,000 beef cattle in Iowa on that date was $22.20 per head. Rather eloquent figures these. "But," I hear the Iowa farmer protest, "those scrub cattle in Arkansas would not be worth as much as my pure-breds even if they had not a tick on them." "Not so fast, Mr. Iowa Farmer, not so fast. What you say is true. No one will say for an instant that the Arkansas scrub, hoofs, hide and all, is worth any more than nine dollars, but why is the Arkansas steer a scrub?"

A Demonstration of the Ages

Why? Because of the Texas-fever tick, and for no other reason. If the Arkansas farmer tried to improve the breed of his cattle by the importation of pure-breds from Iowa, the Northern cattle either died or reverted rapidly to the scrub type. He probably gave it up as a bad job, as well he might, so long as his fields or his neighbors' fields were infested with ticks, ready to suck the blood of his pure-breds and to put the death-dealing protozoa into their blood. The Arkansas breeder might have succeeded in freeing his fields of ticks, and even have persuaded his neighbors to do the same; but he was unable to exhibit his cattle at the Northern cattle fairs and he was unwilling to risk exhibiting them at the Southern fairs, and he did not get much encouragement to become a breeder of fine cattle. What reason is there to believe that, if there were no ticks in Arkansas, the six hundred thousand cattle would not be worth as much as the Iowa cattle, and even that the six hundred thousand would be swelled to equal or exceed the three million? No tick means fatter cattle and better cattle and more cattle. This means better beef and more beef, and it has very considerable to do with the price of beefsteak.

The day of the great range is passing into history. Some writers have dolorously pointed to this fact as spelling the end of cheap beef. It means the end of cheap beef unless beef is supplied from the farm that has supplanted the range; but the fact is that the production of beef on the range is the most wasteful method of producing beefsteak that could be conceived. The exposure to winter and the waste of the range itself constituted an economic crime. The uplands will always furnish some range land, but the range of the plains has given way before the approach of civilization. The experience of ages has demonstrated conclusively that the keystone of the agricultural arch is a healthy livestock industry to put back on to the soil, in the form of animal manure, the elements that vegetation has taken from it. Mineral fertilizers have proved of little value compared to the fertilization of a healthy livestock industry.

Cotton Changed to Cattle

Just now agriculture in the South is in a great transitory stage. With the passing of the range has come the passing of the great cotton plantation. The impoverishment of the soil that has resulted from the continuous production of one crop and the ravages of the Mexican boll-weevil have made cotton growing much less certain than in the antebellum days. The Southern planter is realizing that he must cease "mining the soil," diversify his crops and produce livestock if he is to continue in prosperity. Many Southern cotton planters have tried to turn from the production of cotton to the production of beef, but the tick drove them from this field as the boll-weevil drove them from cotton growing. Farmers in twenty-eight counties in Mississippi last fall petitioned the State Board of Agriculture of that state to start the work of tick eradication at once, because they had been put out of the cotton-growing business by the boll-weevil and wanted to start in the business of raising beef. The natural relation between the cotton industry and the beef industry has already manifested itself. Cotton-seed meal, long thought to be a worthless by-product of the cotton-growing industry, has proved to be of enormous value as a fattener of cattle. The South ships most of this away. Some of it goes north and over a billion pounds go to Europe each year. If it could be used to fatten cattle on the Southern plantations it would bring to the Southern cotton grower easily $10,000,000 a year more as beef than he gets for it as meal. The value of the fertilization of the soil by the cattle would easily equal this figure.

To say that the annual loss, actual and potential, occasioned by the cattle tick is more than half a billion dollars is to speak well within the mark.

The new era is at hand in the South. In every island of tick-free territory, and in the area released from quarantine, the cattle industry has taken on a fresh impetus. The blood of the native cattle is being improved by the introduction of better strains from the North. Land values have advanced as the result of tick eradication. When the intruder is finally forced beyond the borders of the country, and the raising of livestock shall have attained its proper relation to Southern agriculture, the South will assume the place for which its climate and soil fit it—that of the greatest beef-producing section of the world. The building of that fence between California and Mexico means much for the future of American agriculture.

The Call

Come on, old scout—
Cut loose and come;
We'll take the route
We used to go,
Where woodwinds hum
And cool brooks flow,
And speckled trout
Flash to and fro.

The lake is there,
The same old blue
That once we cut
In our canoe.
Don't sit and stare;
Don't "If" and "But"—
The open air
Is calling you. —*Berton Braley.*

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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

Good only in United States

A Twenty-Million-Dollar Fight—By Walter V. Woehlke

ON THE afternoon of Saturday, January 1st, John Schrader, station agent and one of the two inhabitants of Elgin, was restless and worried. A dozen times during the slow hours his nervous fingers tapped out the same series of dots and dashes; a dozen times he listened eagerly to the reassuring answer of the clattering key. "Doctor coming on Number Four," the reply spelled. "Will bring nurse along. Don't worry." And both John Schrader and his young wife listened eagerly for the whistle that would announce the approach of the train.

They waited in vain. Number Four did not arrive at Elgin New Year's Day, nor the next day, nor the next month. In its stead came a swirling flood that was not on the traffic or stork schedule. Fed by the sudden torrents of a hundred creeks, lashed by the screaming gale that drove the rain before it in stinging sheets, the river, a quarter of a mile wide, leaped over the rails, thundered against the station and, in the darkness of the night, served a summary eviction notice upon the couple. They obeyed. Far up on the hillside they sought shelter from the pelting rain behind a pile of rocks, and there, the storm howling above and the black flood roaring below, Johnnie Schrader, Jr., entered into a dark and troubled world.

No; Elgin is not a station on the banks of the Mississippi, the Missouri or the Ohio. Though the station building was swept away by a flood, it was not built on the banks of any river or stream. It stood high above a wash, above a sandy, gravelly bed that sometimes carried water and more often did not, in a region where men carefully fill their canteens before venturing farther than a mile or two from the water-hole, in the country of lean steers and rich mines; where the ghosts of those who died by the slow torture of thirst haunt the bitter plains and barren ranges. And yet this dry wash in the waterless hills of southeastern Nevada developed, within the short span of a night, a turbulent torrent that destroyed a hundred miles of track before breakfast, tied up all through traffic on a transcontinental railroad for half a year, and inflicted perhaps the worst damage by water ever sustained by a steam line in the United States.

The River That Doesn't Exist

Since Stephenson's iron horse laboriously crawled over its rickety rails no other line has suffered as much from floods and washouts as the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad, the road traversing the driest portions of three of the driest states in the dry Southwest. Three times in the five years of its existence the line has been hit below the belt and paralyzed by floods which swept away many stations depending upon tank cars for their water supply. Barely ten months after the completion of the line the water goblin of the dry places mischievously ran off early one morning with a few miles of rails and roadbed. He stood by, snickering, while the engineers filled the gap. A year later the imp playfully twisted forty-five miles of track into a series of bowknots, carried off half a dozen bridges, ran away with a freight train and vanished into the thirsty soil of the desert twenty-four hours after his appearance. It required two months' time and a million and a half in money to reunite the frazzled ends of the steel artery severed by the erratic sprite. This year the goblin extended his operations over more than a hundred consecutive miles of track. So thoroughly and conscientiously did he do his work that for nearly five months not one through train rolled over the road, not one passenger, not a ton of freight, made the journey from terminal to terminal over the line which, before the flood, had been enjoying a revenue of twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars a day from through traffic. The passenger riding over the road today looks vainly for the mighty torrent that accomplished the destruction. All he sees is a sandy, waterless arroyo, hundreds of wing dams thrown up at right angles to the track, apparently without purpose, for there is no suspicion of water in sight, except now and then a little trickle, meandering listlessly.

It cost the Southern Pacific three millions and a half to protect its tracks in and its revenue out of the Imperial Valley, in southern California, from the ravages of the runaway Colorado River, the largest stream in the Southwest—a river with a drainage area and a discharge nearly equal to the basin and volume of the Mississippi; a river that gnawed its way through the colossal depths of the Grand Cañon. With three millions and a half the Southern Pacific defeated an antagonist worthy of its gold. It has cost the Salt Lake route over ten million dollars to battle for its life with a river that does not exist, to fight an insignificant rill, a stream without water most of the time, a creek so feeble that only occasionally can it drag itself to the banks of a stream which discharges its sparse contents into a tributary of the Colorado River. And the Salt Lake route has lost its fight with the intermittent stream. Even now the road is preparing to leave the goblin in full possession, to spend many additional millions in re-locating one-seventh of its line in order to give the diminutive brooklet in Meadow Valley a wide berth.

The Meadow Goblin Makes Merry

The goblin must have danced with glee when he saw, during the construction of the Salt Lake route, armies of men fight for the possession of this identical Meadow Valley wash. W. A. Clark, the Montana copper Senator and father of the road, was positive that possession of this long valley between barren desert ranges was essential to the successful execution of his railroad plans. E. H. Harriman, into whose territory the new line headed, likewise considered the wash the key to the situation; and promptly, before the Montana man could stroke his beard, Harriman closed his hand over the key, surrendering it only after the new line had promised to be good and had joined the secret society of Harriman highways. Could Harriman have seen the grin of the water goblin on the blue, naked heights above the wash, he might have been content to let the Montana millionaire have undisputed possession until the key had been fitted to the lock.

The Salt Lake route forms the base of a gigantic right-angled triangle. One side of the triangle, the Central Pacific, extends from Salt Lake City and Ogden almost seven hundred miles directly west to Sacramento, and beyond to tidewater. The second leg, the Southern Pacific, runs from Sacramento south to Los Angeles, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. Before the coming of the Salt Lake route, all traffic between Ogden, the gateway of the Rocky Mountains' western slope, and Los Angeles had to move over the two sides of the triangle, climbing on the way over the heavy grades of the Sierra Nevada, the Tehachapi Mountains and the Sierra Madre, north of Los Angeles. Obviously the base of this right-angled triangle is considerably shorter than the sum of its two sides. As early as 1873 Utah capital, following the advice of far-sighted Brigham Young, had attempted to draw a double line of steel along the triangle's base, thus saving a haul of four hundred miles, with grades one-third lower than on the existing route. Lack of funds, however, nipped the early project in the bud. Later, in 1896, when A. W. McCune, aided by the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line, began grading the first three hundred miles of the road through southern Utah almost to the Nevada line, the heavy hand of Collis P. Huntington, master of the Southern Pacific, forced the builders to abandon the enterprise.

Huntington was in his grave when Senator Clark, in 1900, revived the project, bought the abandoned McCune right-of-way and began construction work. In Huntington's place a new and greater power had arisen, a power controlling both Union, Central and Southern Pacific. Harriman had no intention of giving the Gould system ending at Ogden an outlet to the Pacific through a possible alliance with the projected Clark road, which, by virtue of a shorter haul over easier grades, would cut heavily into Southern Pacific business. Pouncing upon the long, comparatively narrow valley through which

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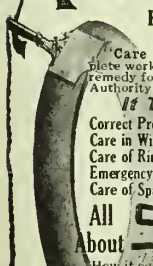

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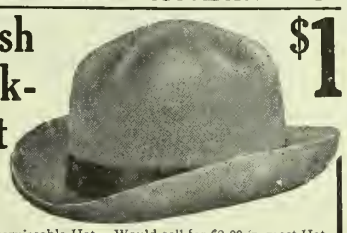

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the Mormon pioneers fifty years before had broken a trail from the hot plains of Utah to the dry Nevada and California deserts, the Harriman forces for a year held the strategic points in the meandering valley against all comers, keeping the Clark hosts at bay by means of rifles, revolvers and the favorite weapon of the railroad gangs—dynamite. After one of the bitterest wars in the history of railroading Senator Clark, in 1902, capitulated. By the terms of the treaty Harriman was given the right to purchase fifty per cent of the Salt Lake stock; in return, he gracefully surrendered possession of the Meadow Valley wash and transferred the branches of the Oregon Short Line south of Salt Lake City to the new road.

Less than a year after the formal opening of the new line on May 1, 1905, a torrent rushed down the slopes, hit the shiny new rails, undermined them, tore them away and buried them in the sands of the wash. Twelve hours later every trace of the torrent was gone. Nothing but the short, easily bridged gap in the roadbed remained to testify of the goblin's fleeting visit.

Month after month the sun blazed from a hard sky upon gray sagebrush plains, upon unreal purplish hills rising out of shimmering make-believe lakes. For a year, every evening, the dying sun filled the winding valley with living color. On the afternoon of March 5, 1907, a curtain of sable clouds was drawn across the face of the sun. That evening a thousand gullies and ravines, stone dry for a year, were spouting water, running full to the top, gushing forth the contents of the cloudburst that tarried not upon the bare roof of the ranges.

Moving the Stream

Down the wash the turgid flood raged, bombarding the roadbed with driftwood and grinding gravel, battering down bridges and trestles with boulders big as a house, spreading far in the wide places, hurling itself fifteen and twenty feet deep through the narrows. Like a nightmare, the flood had vanished when dawn broke.

Throwing the painstakingly gathered data of minimum and maximum precipitation, of average run-off and discharge, the fruit of years of observation, to the hot winds, the engineers fixed their eyes upon the highest spot reached by the flood and proceeded to raise the roadbed above that plainly visible mark. Since the days when the ambassadors of Brigham Young toiled through the wash with their teams of oxen, such volumes of water had been unknown in the region, and a century might elapse before the trickle in the sand would again be able to touch the mark. Nevertheless the engineers, having acquired a wholesome respect for their antagonist, insisted upon additional safeguards.

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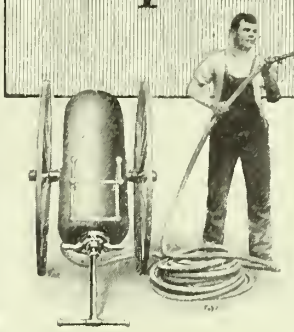

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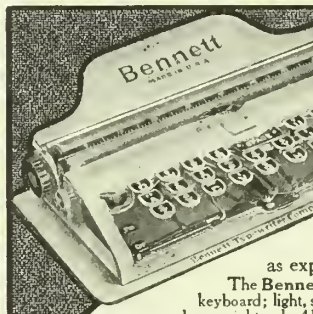

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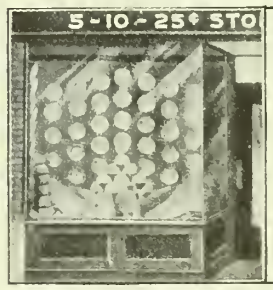

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the walls converged and forced stream and track into close proximity, they excavated the channel down to bedrock, blasted out a hundred and twenty thousand cubic yards of the rock still further to deepen the channel, and piled the rock under the rails. Through the solid spur of a mountain jutting out into the wash a way was torn for the stream by powder and pick. A thousand carloads of cement were poured into the foundations of the new bridges, and sixteen solid miles of riprap, requiring two hundred and thirty thousand cubic yards of selected stone, were constructed on the side of the roadbed that faced the whimsical wash. When the engineers had spent more than a million and a half, to protect forty-five miles of track against the ravages of a river without water, they called a halt. The fight was won. The wet sprite of the Meadow Valley wash was tamed, relegated for all time to the deep recesses of a rockbound channel, and the road was on top.

The goblin grinned.

It was abnormally cold in December of last year. The bare mountain ranges of the Nevada desert, shivering in the icy blasts, covered themselves with a thick, soft blanket of snow. Into the white, frozen wilderness came a warm, moist chinook wind, driving black clouds, piled high, before its blasts. On New Year's Day the desert ranges, feeling the tingle of warm drops of rain, decided that the white blanket was no longer necessary and suddenly threw it off into the wash.

On the last night of the old year, in a pouring rain, a train carrying more than a hundred passengers pulled out of Los Angeles for Salt Lake City. Though the travelers did not know it, the train was to break the slow-speed record for the distance, arriving at its destination on the eighth of June, one hundred and fifty-nine days after the start. Far up in the Meadow Valley, still in a pouring rain, the engineer discovered three feet of water on the track. He backed up only to find his train marooned, the rails both in front and in the rear having accepted an urgent invitation, with free transportation, to view the wonders of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Playing solitaire, enjoying the hospitality of the dining car, chopping ties for exercise and fuel, the passengers, floodbound in the desert, passed four days on the train before the waste places could supply enough horses, mules and wagons to transport the adventurers to the nearest station left intact by the torrent. Five months later the releasing rails were pushed under the rusty wheels of the locomotive.

Unaided, the melting snowdrifts piled deep in the gullies and arroyos of the desert hills would have been comparatively harmless. Neither would the steady downpour of forty-eight hours have been able to reach the amply protected rails, but the combination of the two sources by far overtaxed the new channel's capacity. Leaping over the banks, scattering the costly riprap work in all directions, spreading from wall to wall, a booming river the size and depth of the Ohio rushed down the wash, howling into the black night, gulping down roadbed, rails, bridges, houses, locomotives, freight cars, wherever it could reach them.

Tying a Knot in a Steel Bar

Where the barren hills draw far apart to make room for a wide, bare plain, lies the town of Caliente, headquarters in the fight of the money kings for the Meadow Valley wash. Caliente is a Spanish term denoting superlative heat accompanied by grievous lack of moisture. Also, Caliente is a division point whence a branch starts up a tributary wash to the ancient silver camp of Pioche, one of the most picturesque of the Southwest's historic mining towns. On the night of January first Caliente was neither hot nor dry. More cold water mixed with fertile soil and sharp sand passed through the town that night than the population had ever dreamed of seeing in the desert, and part of the town passed along with it. Freight cars were coming down the main line as usual, but not on their wheels; and down the Pioche branch came a river of muddy water instead of a stream of silver ore.

Neither was Caliente hot and dry for days to come. A cold wave, following on the heels of the storm, surprised the rearguard of the torrent before it could find refuge in the sand. A temperature of eighteen degrees below zero halted the water as it sped over the ruined road and froze it into brown ridges and hummocks, against which the picks and shovels of the shivering Mexican laborers were powerless. More than a week passed before the ice barricades melted away and allowed the engineers to view the goblin's work.

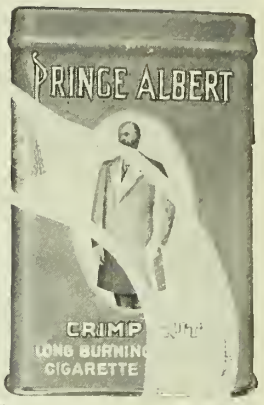
Throughout the length of the wash nothing remained except isolated islands of rails here and there. All the rest—track, ties, roadbed, riprap, stations, bridges—had gone swimming. Miles of rails were carried downstream into the desert, some portions so far away from the line that they have not been found to this day. At Caliente seventeen locomotives stood in the roundhouse buried four feet deep in frozen mud, the same fertile substance carpeting the floors of practically every house in the town. At St. George the water lifted a side track, put a curve into the main line and neatly tucked the rails under the branch. Long stretches of track were lifted up bodily, elevated high above the roadbed and carefully leaned on end against the walls of the wash, like picket fences, with steel rails taking the place of barbed wire. Here and there single lengths of the heavy rails were draped becomingly, like streamers, over giant boulders, the loose ends pointing downstream. At one spot the goblin paused long enough to tie an actual knot in a bar of steel twelve yards long and weighing over half a ton.

Nearly a month after the flood, when full data concerning the damage were on hand, the management acknowledged its defeat in the fight with the phantom river. Besides the original cost of construction, besides the surrender of the road's independence, the wash had swallowed a million and a half spent in rebuilding the track washed out in 1907, had eaten an equal amount in loss of revenue and equipment, and was now clamoring for ten millions more. What was the use of feeding the insatiable maw? Better let the wash have its way and build a new line around it than to sink more millions in its dry sand.

The Costliest Track in the World

This early decision was overruled when calmer counsel prevailed. It would not do to stop all through traffic pending the completion of the roundabout line, the construction of which would require at least a year and a half. During that period the business-getting organization of the road would go to pieces, all the patronage and prestige laboriously acquired in five years would be lost. Freight shipments had been increasing rapidly from year to year, passenger traffic had grown to such an extent that just before the flood an additional train was placed in service; but all this work would come to naught and a new start would have to be made should the road show the white feather, leave the dry ditch in possession of the pass and decline all through business for eighteen months. The wash must be conquered, no matter what the cost. From January until June the engineers worked in feverish haste, building a temporary track, spurred on by the knowledge that each hour's delay was costing the road more than a thousand dollars in lost revenue. When the first through train in more than five months came puffing into Los Angeles on the evening of the eleventh of June, Johnnie Schrader, Jr., the child of the flood born on the hillside above the roaring torrent, was there to greet the "choo-choo" cars that failed to bring the doctor in time for the stork.

With the reopening of the line the fight between the railroad and the phantom river in the heart of the desert has not come to an end. Only a truce of indefinite duration has been declared. To gain permanent peace the railroad must either raise its tracks through the wash twenty feet above the present level of the roadbed, or else it must abandon the wash altogether, seek a new route and build around the pass. When the new permanent line is completed it will be one of the most expensive pieces of railroad track in the world, representing an investment of nearly twenty million dollars in construction and reconstruction, in temporary and supposedly permanent repairs, in loss of equipment and in the fearful loss of revenue following the floods. Almost two hundred thousand dollars will have gone into each one of the hundred miles because the dry bed of a sandy wash in the heart of the desert, blinking at the unreal, purplish hills dancing in the heat waves of the waste places, could not be conquered by the ingenuity of the engineers.



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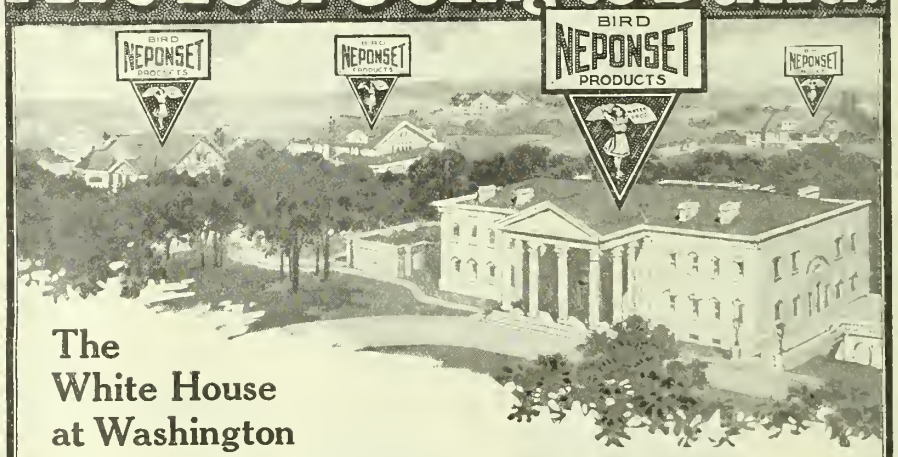

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If the Auto horn is a KLAXON

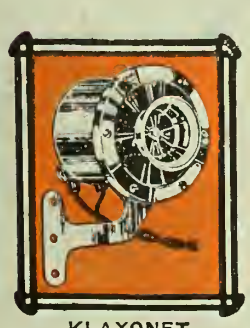
Children hear its sharp blast, no matter how absorbed they are in their tag or "One Old Cat." It is audible for blocks, even above the roar of elevated trains and the noise of traffic, and its note has a peculiar warning quality which compels attention. The romping boy and girl, the absent-minded man crossing the street with his nose in a newspaper—all are warned in ample time for safety.

If a child is struck by an automobile, it is because he did not hear the horn, or because he heard it too late. The horn is blown, but he darts from the sidewalk unheeding—and the tragedy occurs before brakes can be set.

A soft-toned horn attracts no attention, even from adults. Against children it is useless, as every motorist knows. Yet it is the motorist's duty to protect the children, because they have not learned to protect themselves.

The peculiar rasping tone of the KLAXON is intentional. It warns where no other horn is heeded. It safeguards children and pedestrians, and it lifts a weight from the motorist's mind and nerves. It is a long-range signal for warning unseen horsemen at bends and blind corners: but it is equally useful for emergencies anywhere.

Your children are SAFE if the automobile uses a KLAXON!



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KLAXON

"The X Ray of Sound"

KLAXON

BIRCH-FIELD

When Good King Arthur ruled the land,
He was a goodly King:
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag pudding.

A bag pudding the Queen did make
And stuffed it well with plums;
And put therein great lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

The King and Queen did eat thereof
And all the Court beside;
And what they could not eat that night
The Queen next morning fried.

When next the King did feast his Court
He spread a royal board;
Nor plums nor fat was served thereat
To tempt each Dame and Lord.

Yet when the Queen arose next morn
There was naught left to fry,
Whereat she sat upon a stool
And piteously did cry.

Of all that mighty feast was left
No single scrap to eat.
All had been valiant trencher-men,
For 'twas the **Cream of Wheat.**

Painted by G. C. Widney for Cream of Wheat Company.

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Judge For Yourself

Ask for **Holeproof Hose**—

the original genuine guaranteed hosiery—and judge for yourself as to its many excellent and attractive qualities.

You want hose that fit your feet and make them happy.

You want hose that feel light and soft on your feet, but have strength and firmness that will guarantee wearing quality.

You want hose that appeal to you because of their texture, softness, fast colors, fine appearance. You will find all these virtues in **Holeproof Hose. Be sure you get the genuine Holeproof Hose**—the kind with this trade-mark on the toe.

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

There are a score of imitations of Holeproof Hose which are "guaranteed." They are made of coarser, common materials. When you touch them you do not find that soft, fine, thin-feeling texture that you do when you put your feet into Holeproof Hose.

There is a Reason for Quality

It took 32 years of experimenting and experience to produce this soft, fine, light-feeling texture of **Holeproof Hose.** This experience is backed up by the use of materials selected because of their superior quality and fitness for the manufacture of Holeproof Hosiery.

We pay an average of 70 cents per pound for the yarn we use in Holeproof Hose. We could buy a coarser, common yarn as low as 33 cents per pound.

We pay $30,000 each year to inspect every pair of Holeproof Hose before it leaves our factory—to insure that it is hosiery perfection.

We spend thousands of dollars every year for machinery that helps perfect the process of making Holeproof Hosiery. We spent $5,000 last year for one machine that only aided in the process which guarantees fast colors.

We Make 20,000 Pairs a Day

We have often been asked how we can put such good quality in Holeproof Hosiery—guarantee them for 6 months—yet sell them 6 pairs for $1.50. Here's the answer:

We make 20,000 pairs of Holeproof Hosiery every day. This is the largest output of guaranteed hosiery in the world. We were the pioneers in the guaranteed hosiery field. Last year millions of pairs of Holeproof Hose were sold everywhere.

A large percent of this mammoth output went to purchasers on repeat orders—purchasers who had tried Holeproof Hosiery and found the soft, fine, thin-feeling texture of our hose just the thing they wanted and who insisted upon the genuine Holeproof Hose in their subsequent buying.

Holeproof Hose Cost No More Than the Common Kind

Holeproof Hose for men sell from 25 cents per pair, or $1.50 per box of six pairs (guaranteed for six months), up to $3.00 per box of six pairs. "Holeproof" are made in medium and light weight. There is a large range of colors—black, light and dark tan, pearl gray and navy blue being some of the leading colors.

Holeproof Lustre Hose for men and women are specially attractive to those wishing extra good hose. They are finished like silk and are extra light weight. A box of six pairs of Holeproof Lustre Sox sells at $3.00 and a box of six pairs of Holeproof Lustre Stockings sells at $3.00.

Holeproof Silk Sox sell at $2.00 for three pairs. They are guaranteed for three months and are warranted pure silk.

Be Sure You Find This Label on the Toe!

FAMOUS

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We place our trade-mark on the toe of every pair of Holeproof Hose for your protection. The stamp, **"Holeproof Hosiery,"** means quality, soft light-feeling texture, good appearance, just the things you have been looking for in hose, with a six months' guarantee besides.

Insist upon **Holeproof Hose**—the original, genuine guaranteed kind—the kind with **Holeproof Hosiery** stamped on the toe, and judge for yourself.

This guarantee comes in each box of six pairs of Holeproof Hose: *"If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within 6 months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."*

The genuine **Holeproof Hosiery** is sold in your town. We will be pleased to tell you the dealers' names, or we'll ship direct where we have no dealers, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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Are Your Hose Insured?

The STYLE BOOK

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THE Style Book for fall shows New England scenes; and incidentally our new fall styles; these clothes seem to go well anywhere.

The above illustration is not the cover of the Style Book; it is an advance poster of it. Send six cents for a copy of the book and look it through.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Three Pirates of Penzance

The Story of an Automobile, a Red-Haired Man and a Bureau

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I

IT WAS three o'clock in the morning when we got back to the lake, and it was twenty minutes before Carpenter heard us and started the ferry across. Tish had lost her glasses in the excitement at the Sherman House, and she did not see that Carpenter had forgotten to put the bar across the end of the boat. Aggie and I screamed, but it was too late: she drove the car down the bank in the moonlight and she did not stop in time. The first we knew we were sitting waist-deep in Lake Penzance, with Tish still holding the steering wheel and the stars making little twinkles in our laps.

As Tish said afterward, it was a fit ending to a sensational night, but, what with the wetting aggravating Aggie's hay fever, and my having bitten through the side of my tongue when the machine struck the bottom of the lake, it more nearly finished us. The engine drowned with a gurgle, and after Carpenter's first yell there wasn't a sound. Then we heard him come to the end of the ferryboat and look down at us, and the next moment he had dropped the lantern and was doubled up on the dock, laughing like the fool he is.

"Are you both there?" said Tish, without turning her head.

Aggie sneezed, as she always does after a shock, and a wave moved slowly in and raised the water level with my breastbone.

"We are both here," I said, with a bitterness that was natural under the circumstances. "No thanks to you, Tish Carberry. There's no fool like an old fool."

"What do you mean?" Tish demanded fiercely, twisting around in the water with her dust cap over her eye. "Who was it said I ought to buy the dratted thing? Drive it yourself if you think you can do any better."

"Row it," I corrected. "It's finished for good as a touring car, but by putting an awning over it we might make it into a tolerable gasoline launch."

Aggie was crying.

"I told you something would happen," she sniffled. "You'll kill us all yet, Tish Carberry—and me in my foulard silk that spots with a drop of rain!"

But Tish wasn't paying any attention. She picked up the wrench that she had kept by her as a sort of weapon and stood up on the seat. Tish is a large woman.

"Abraham Carpenter," she snapped, with as much dignity as she could with her clothes glued to her, "if you do not stop that noise I will brain you."

Carpenter eased down gradually, and holding his sides he leaned over the end of the ferry.

"What'll I do, Miss Tish?" he asked, beginning to jerk again, but with an eye on the wrench. "I can go around to the other dock and get a rowboat, but it'll take time."

"Don't bother about the other dock," Tish snapped. "Get that board there on the ferry and put one end of it down to the automobile. Then turn your back."

That's the way we got out. I went up the board first, on my hands and knees, and barring a few splinters I got up very nicely. Aggie came next, and as the board was getting wet she had more trouble. But Tish had the worst, for by that time the board was as slippery as a toboggan; twice she got as far as the middle, only to slide back on her stomach, and the last time she refused to try again. She sat down on one of the seats, with the water up to her waist, and said that she was skinned alive, and that she wished there was a tide to come up and drown her and the miserable machine. We got her up finally by throwing her a rope to put under her arms, and once up she collapsed on the ferry-bench. It was then that Aggie missed the money. Carpenter had slid down the board and was preparing to salvage the cushions when Aggie clutched at her stocking and yelled.

"It's gone!" she screeched, and then she sat plump down on the floor of the ferry-boat and began to cry.

"What's gone?" Tish demanded.

"The money," Aggie said, feeling frantically around the tops of her shoes. "When we went over the edge something broke—I felt it—and the money's gone."

Tish had both her arms in the air and the rope over her shoulder, but she stopped struggling and stared at Aggie.

"Gone!" she said in an awful voice. "Aggie Pilkington, every dollar of that money was graft money. Only the prospect of stuffing it between that red-haired man's teeth has kept me alive through this terrible night. Don't tell me you've lost it."

"We can give him a check," said Aggie feebly.

"We can!" Tish snorted, and not another word did she say until Carpenter had taken us across the lake and we stood dripping on the front porch of the cottage, while Aggie got the key from under a flower-pot. Then Tish looked across the moonlit lake to where the cushions of the machine floated in a nest of stars at the end of the ferry-dock. "We averaged thirty miles an hour coming home," she said triumphantly, "and for the first time I feel that I have mastered the machine."

Wet as we were, we remembered to put the lantern in the window as we had promised, and we thought we saw a skiff shoot out in the starlight from the other side of the lake. Tish and I took some hot milk, and Aggie had a raw egg and some more baking soda, and we went to bed. The stars were fading by that time, but after I got into bed I distinctly heard footsteps on the gravel below my window.

"Are you sure you said the first house on the left?" Tish called to me. And then we heard Mr. Ostermaier's voice from the upper window next door, and we knew it was all right. I crawled out and tried to see into the preacher's parlor, but the shade was partly down. I could only make out a sleeve of Mrs. Ostermaier's kimono. It was disappointing after all we had gone through.

She—Mrs. Ostermaier—came over the next morning after breakfast, while Aggie's foulard silk was hanging on the clothes-line. She had been down with the other cottagers, looking across to where the red leather of Tish's machine stuck up above water-level.

"Be careful," Tish said under her breath when she saw her; "she's got something in her hand!"

"What a terrible accident, and how lucky nobody was hurt!" Mrs. Ostermaier began, holding the thing she was carrying against her skirt and staring from the three of us to Aggie's foulard. "The spots did run, didn't they? I told Mr. Ostermaier they would. He thinks you are wonderful women, to go around the country as the three of you do at all hours of the night."

It Was Very Peculiar

Just then the sunlight caught the thing she held in her hand, and I knew in a moment what it was: it was Mr. Lewis' silver cigarette case. Tish saw it too, and ran her needle into her finger.

"We had an exciting night too," Mrs. Ostermaier went on. "Dear me, Miss Carberry, you've jabbed your finger!"

"An exciting night?" I asked, to keep her attention from Aggie. Aggie

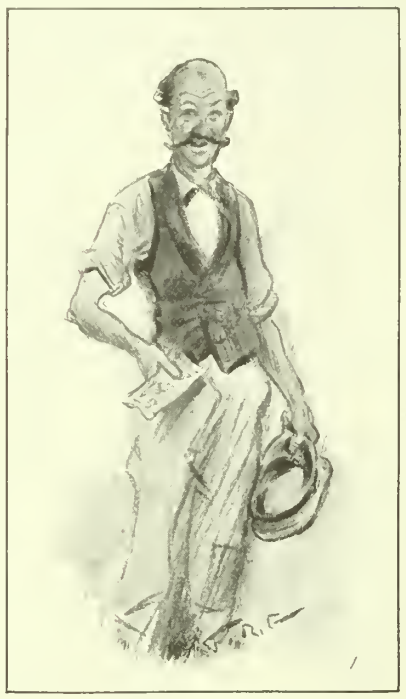
had just seen the cigarette case and she had gone blue around the nose.

"Most exciting. About three o'clock this morning—about the time you three ladies were having such a dreadful experience—a young couple came to our cottage and wakened Mr. Ostermaier. I think they threw gravel through the window. They wanted to be married."

Tish sat up and tried to look scandalized.

"I hope your husband didn't do it," she said. I had to pinch Aggie; she was leaning forward with her eyes bulging.

That put Mrs. Ostermaier on the defensive. "Why not?" she demanded. "They had a license, and they were of age. I believe in encouraging young love; Mr. Ostermaier says it is the most beautiful thing in the world. Cousin Maggie and I were witnesses, and we threw rice after them. It was barley, really, but we didn't discover that until this morning."



"For Twenty Dollars I'd be Willing to Swallow My Tongue Backward"

Aggie gave a sigh of relief; we had guessed, but it was the first time we had really known.

"I told Mr. Ostermaier that it gave me quite a thrill, the way he looked at her as Harold pronounced them man and wife. 'All the world loves a lover,' and Cousin Maggie has been reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox diligently all morning."

She turned to go and we breathed easier. Now that we knew they were safely married —— Mrs. Ostermaier turned and started back.

"I nearly forgot what brought me," she called. "My Willie found this in the bed of your automobile, Miss Tish." She held out the cigarette case and Tish took it and dropped it into her workbasket.

"It belongs to my nephew, Charlie Sands," she said, looking Mrs. Ostermaier in the eye. Tish has plenty of courage, but I felt calamity coming.

"So I told Mr. Ostermaier," the creature said, with a smile. "But he insists on remarking the coincidence that the initials on the cigarette case are W. L. and that the young man's name on the license was Walter Lewis."

I have always thanked Heaven that at that moment her Willie fell off the dock, and although the child was not drowned, still, as Tish wrote to Maria Lee, her niece, "he had swallowed enough water to wash the initials off the tablets of his mother's memory." And so far as we know, although the papers came out with great headlines about the marriage, and another article about the post-office having been robbed—we had nothing whatever to do with that—and about three men disguised as women making their escape toward Canada in a red automobile and having run over a pig at Dorchester Junction—I told Tish at the time it was a pig, but she insisted it was a cow—although the papers came out with all this, nobody ever suspected the truth except Carpenter. He happened to find a menu from the Sherman House at Noblestown floating in the body of the car, and the good-for-nothing took a trip to the city and traced us.

He did not say anything, but about a week later he came to the cottage and put a package on the table in the kitchen.

"It's been puzzlin' me for four days, Miss Lizzie," he said, fumbling with the string of the bundle. "I sez to Mrs. C., sez I, 'It ain't possible,' I sez. 'She sez she lost her shoe when the automobile went into the water, and she's a truthful woman; and yet, two days after, the chambermaid at the Sherman House finds it high and dry under a bureau, forty miles away. It's spooky,' I sez."

Aggie was pouring hot water into the teapot, and she kept on pouring till it went all over the place.

"Nonsense," said Tish. "That shoe doesn't belong to Miss Lizzie."

But I looked at Carpenter's face and I knew it was hopeless.

"You've been a good friend to us, Mr. Carpenter," I said. "We've always felt we've owed you something. Here's a little present, and thank you for the shoe."

He took the money and we looked each other straight in the eye. Then he grinned.

"For twenty dollars, Miss Lizzie," he said, "I'd be willing to swallow my tongue backward. And the shoe ain't the tongue kind."

II

BOTH Aggie and I had objected when Tish talked of buying an automobile. But the more you talk against a thing to Tish the more she wants it. It was just the same the time her niece, Maria Lee, went to Europe for the whole summer and offered Tish her motor boat. Aggie and I protested, but the boat came, and Tish had a lesson or two and sent to town for a yachting cap. Then, one day when we were making elderberry jelly and ran out of sugar, Tish offered to take me to the mainland in the boat. That was the time, you remember, when the stopping lever got jammed, and Tish and I circled around Lake Penzance for seven hours, with people on different docks trying to lasso us with ropes as we flew past, and Aggie in hysterics on the beach below the cottage.

People of Penzance still speak of that day, for we figured out that we had enough gasoline to run one hundred and sixty miles, and after Peter Miller, at Point Lena, had lassoed us and was dragged for a quarter of a mile before he caught hold of a buoy and could let go of the rope, we got desperate. I was at the wheel and Tish was trying to stop the engine, pouring water over it and attempting to stick an iron rod in the wheels. And just as she succeeded, and the rod shot through the awning on the top of the launch like a skyrocket, I turned the thing toward shore, where it looked fairly flat.

"I'm going to get to land," I said with my teeth clenched. "I don't care if it crawls up and dies in a plowed field; I'm going to get my feet on dry land again."

I had not expected it to stop so suddenly, but it did, and Tish and I and the granulated sugar landed some distance ahead of the boat and well above high-water mark; in fact, Tish broke her collarbone, and that en[illegible]re summer, whenever the doctor had to peel off the adhesive plaster, Tish would get ugly and turn on me.

Well, we should have known about the automobile. I had a queer feeling when I started out that morning. Tish had had the car out the day before by herself for the first time—both Aggie and I had had the good judgment to refuse—and she got home safely, although she had a queer-looking mark on her right cheek, and one of the mud-guards didn't look exactly right. She said she had had a lovely ride, and we helped her push the machine into the wash-house, where we had had Carpenter knock out a side, and then she went to bed and had a cup of tea. Aggie heard something moving that night, and she found Tish sitting up on the side of her bed, holding like death to the back of a chair and turning it around like a wheel. Aggie got her back to bed, but Tish only looked up at her and said:

"Four chickens!" and went to sleep again.

The next morning her left leg was quite stiff from what she called the clutch, and she sat on the porch peacefully and rocked. But at noon she went to the wash-house, and when she came back she was pale but determined.

"I'm going to take it out," she said solemnly. "If I don't I'll forget everything I've learned. Besides, we've been coming here every summer for ten years, and there are plenty of places we have never seen."

Aggie looked at me, but we knew it would have to come some time, and so we all went in and tied up our heads.

"We needn't go fast," Aggie said when she was putting on her bonnet. "We have all afternoon, and one doesn't really enjoy the scenery unless one goes very slowly."

Tish's face was pallid but resolved.

"It's a great deal easier to go fast than slow," she remarked. "I haven't quite got the hang of going slow. But there's one comfort about going fast: you get around much quicker."

At the foot of the stairs she stopped and called up. "I'm going to take a tablespoonful of blackberry wine," she said. "I feel chilly in the small of my back."

Aggie and I didn't say anything, but we each took a tablespoonful of blackberry wine also.

Tish had written out a list of things to do to start the car, such as "Turn A," "Push forward B," and so on. And she had pasted bits of paper marked A and B on the levers and plugs. So I read:

"Turn A; push up B, crank, and release C."

It started nicely.

"Just one thing," Tish said over her shoulder as we passed the Ostermaier cottage, and they waved to us from the porch: "Don't scream in my ears; don't lean over and clutch me around the neck; and if we run over anything try to look as if you didn't know we had."

Luckily she had not noticed my traveling bag. After the affair of the launch I was prepared for anything, and I had packed up three nightgowns, a balsam pillow, a roll of bandage, a bottle of arnica, a cake of soap, my sewing box and a prayer-book. Aggie had some sandwiches; so we felt we were prepared for everything, from sudden death to losing a button.

We got on to the ferry safely enough. Carpenter, who runs the cable drum of the ferry with a gas engine, examined the machine with a great deal of interest on the way over.

"It's a pretty hot day, Miss Tish," he called as we were starting off the boat. "You'll have to watch her; she'll boil."

Tish looked worried, but she said nothing.

"What is there to boil?" Aggie whispered to me.

"The gasoline," I told her; "and if it boils it'll explode. I'm no mechanic, but I know that much."

After a few minutes Aggie leaned forward.

"Tish," she said.

"Don't take my mind off this machine!" Tish shouted back. "Isn't that a buggy coming?"

"It's too far off to see. It's either a buggy or a wagon," I said. "Tish, where's the gasoline tank?"

But Tish wasn't listening. "Why doesn't that man turn out? Does he want the whole road?" she snapped. There was a silence while we neared the buggy ahead. Then Tish leaned over and began jerking at levers.

"I can't stop the thing," she gasped; "and there isn't room to pass!"

There wasn't time to pray. I saw Aggie shut her eyes, and the next moment there was a

"Come Out," Said Tish to the Bureau. "Make No Resistance; We are Armed!"

terrific jar. Aggie and I were flung together in a corner of the seat, a man yelled, and the next minute we had leaped out of the ditch again and were going smoothly along the road. I glanced behind. The man had halted his horse and was standing up in the buggy, staring after us.

"I didn't think I could do it," said Tish complacently.

"Only the glory of God took you into that ditch and out again, Tish Carberry," I snapped. "And if you are going to do any more circus performances I want to get out."

She could stop the car well enough when there was no crying need to, and now, to our alarm, she stopped every now and then and got out and held her hand over the front of the machine, like testing the oven for cake. Finally she said:

"It's boiling!"

Aggie got ready to jump.

"It'll explode, won't it?" she quavered.

"I don't see why it should explode," Tish replied, wetting her finger to see if it sizzled when she touched it. "But it's hot enough, in all conscience. A good rain would cool it."

The sun was blazing down on us, however, and there was no sign of rain. I said I would just as soon be blown up as melted down, and we got in again. The machine would not start. We all took a turn at the handle in front, but it was like winding a clock with a broken spring.

That is where the man and the girl and the little Pomeranian dog enter the story. For they came along in a blue runabout car just as Tish threw her book called Automobile Troubles over the fence and said she was going to walk home. The book said, "Beginners having trouble with their engines should look under the headings Ignition, Carburation, Lubrication, Compression, Circulation and Timing." As Tish remarked, the only one that was understandable was Circulation, and anybody could tell without a book that the car wasn't circulating to any extent.

Just as Tish threw the book away the young man in the blue runabout stopped and got out.

"In trouble?" he asked. "Can I do anything for you?"

"It was boiling," said Tish. "I suppose something has melted inside."

"Oh, I think not." He looked at the car, pushed something, went round and turned the handle—crank, Tish called it, and it's a good name—and the engine started.

"You didn't have your gas on," said the young man. "And don't worry; you're sure to heat up on a day like this, but nothing will melt."

"Or explode?" asked Aggie.

"Or explode."

He looked at the girl and smiled, and when we started off they were still there, watching us. The dog yelped, and the girl smiled and waved her hand. Aggie, who is farsighted, turned around a second time. "He reminds me of Mr. Simmons," she said with a sigh, still looking back. Aggie was engaged years ago to a young man in the roofing business, who fell off a roof.

After a minute, "He's kissing her!" she gasped. After that she nearly broke her neck watching them out of sight. Aggie is romantic. I turned around, but I had on my near glasses.

I don't know how we lost the Noblestown Pike. Tish blamed it on having to drive with one eye shut, on account of something getting into the other. Aggie's nose was sunburned and swelling, and I would have given a good bit for something heavy in my lap to anchor me. When I was a girl I rode horseback, and with any kind of a steady horse you can tell when the next jolt is coming; but Tish's machine has a way of coming up and hitting you when you are off guard, so to speak.

To go back, after an hour or so we found we were on the wrong road. It kept growing narrower, and when at last it became only a dusty country lane Tish realized it herself. There was a rickety farmhouse about two hundred feet from the road, with a woman bending over a washtub outside the door. I stood up and made a megaphone of my hands.

"Which way to the Noblestown Pike?" I yelled, while Tish got out and stuck a wet finger on the hood over the engine.

The woman looked up and pointed sullenly in the direction from which we had come. We looked at the road. There wasn't a spot to turn—not another road in sight to back into. It was hotter than ever. The engine hummed like a teakettle on a hot stove, and there were little clouds of blue smoke coming from somewhere or other about it. Aggie said she thought the gasoline tank was on fire.

"If it is you'll soon know it," said Tish grimly. "It's under the seat. I'm going to back up on to this bridge business over the gutter. I think I can make it."

"Do you know how to back up?" I asked; and just at that minute the woman left her tub and started to run down the walk.

Tish backed. With an awful grinding of wheels she got the right lever finally; the machine gave a jerk that would have decapitated a chicken, and we backed slowly on to the timbers that bridged the gutter and made a road toward the house. When it gave the first crack we shouted—Aggie and I. It might not have been too late, but Tish put on the emergency brake by mistake and for a minute we hung on the verge. Then we began to settle. We went down slowly, with Tish above us and rising; and when we stopped, there we were, Aggie and I and the rear of the machine, a good four feet below Tish and the engine, with something grinding like mad and clouds of smoke everywhere.

When we crawled out the woman who owned the bridge was standing on the bank looking down at us, and her face was something awful.

"You'll fix that bridge before you leave!" she said, shutting her mouth hard on the last word.

"You'll fix that automobile before I'm through with you!" said Tish, pointing at the thing, which looked like a horse sitting down in a gutter.

"Oh, rats!" the woman said rudely. "That's four of them things that's gone through that bridge this week, and I'm good and sick of it. Ain't there any other bridges in Chester County?"

"Not like that," retorted Tish, eying the ruins. "You don't call that a bridge, do you?"

"It was," said the woman.

She came forward and a ferocious-looking dog stepped from behind her.

Tish looked at the dog.

"It wasn't much of a bridge," she said, more politely. "If you've got any men on the place I'll give them a dollar apiece to get my machine out of there."

"No men around," said the woman shortly. "Theodore"—to the dog—"don't you go around bitin' until I give you the word. Sit down."

The dog sat down.

"Before you leave," she said to Tish, "you'll mend that bridge or I'll know the reason why. Meantime your automobile is trespassin', and the fine is twenty dollars."

Then she sat down on the bank and began to tickle the dog's ears with a blade of grass.

"Theodore," she said, "if them three old maids think they can bluff us, they don't know us, do they?"

I had stood about as much as I could, so I walked around in front of her and glared at her.

"I wouldn't sit so close to the automobile if I were you," I remarked emphatically. "Something is likely to explode."

"I feel like it," she said. "When I get mad I'm good an' mad. Anyhow, I own this place, and I'll sit where I please. Theodore, let's put the washing-machine on wheels and go round the country bustin' down folks' bridges and playin' hell generally!"

An oath always rouses Tish. She got the engine stopped. Then she came around beside me with her goggles shoved up on her forehead.

"Woman," she said sternly, "how dare you mention the place of punishment so lightly!" Tish has been superintendent of a Sunday-school for thirty years.

The woman stared at her. Then she got up slowly.

"I wasn't alludin' to the next world," she said bitterly. "Ninety-five degrees of heat, seven inches of dust, five miles to a telephone and ten miles to town, with an automobile sittin' down in your front yard—that's all the hell I want."

Then she walked up the path. We stared after her; between her shoulder-blades her blue wrapper was wet through with sweat, and the dog trailed at her heels. Aggie, who is always sentimental, took a step after her.

"I say," she called. "If we come back for you some nice afternoon will you let us take you for a ride?"

But she got no answer. To our amazement, the woman turned around at the top of the path and put her thumb to her nose!

We did not see her again for some time, but after Tish had climbed in twice and started the engine, to see if the car couldn't climb out—the only result being that it almost turned over backward—the woman appeared again. She carried a board that looked like a breadboard nailed to a broom-handle, and on it, in fresh ink, as if she had done it with her finger, were the words:

"Trespassing—fifty dollars."

"You said twenty before," I protested.

"That was for those little dinky, one-seated affairs," she said, jabbing the broom-handle into the dirt beside the road. "Two seats, forty dollars; two seats and a folded-back buggy-top, fifty." She adjusted the sign carefully, looked up and down the road, and then went back to the house.

So we sat down on the bank and Tish explained how she happened to do it. I am a Christian woman, and Aggie is so gentle that she has to scratch twice to light a match, but I must say we were bitter. We told Tish we didn't care how she happened to do it, and that some day she would be punished for a temper that made her throw away books that she would be sure to need some time; and that, anyhow, an unmarried woman of fifty has no business with an automobile.

"It's my belief," Tish retorted, "that she keeps her old bridge for that very purpose. She could make a good living off it, and all the work she'd have to do would be to build it up after every accident."

"Oh, no," Aggie said bitterly. "We are going to repair it, I believe."

The back of my neck began to smart from the sun and the dust eddied around us. A white hen came down the path, hopped on to the sloping step of the machine, perked its head at us, and then, with a squawk, flew up into Tish's seat behind the wheel. I was thirsty and my neck prickled.

Early in the afternoon we had a difference of opinion about who should walk the five miles to telephone for help, and after that we did not speak to each other. Tish talked to the machine and Aggie to the chicken. Every now and then Tish, after staring at the machine for a

"Ninety-Five Degrees of Heat, Seven Inches of Dust, Five Miles to a Telephone and Ten Miles to Town, With an Automobile Sittin' Down in Your Front Yard—That's All the Hell I Want"

while, would get up and pick up the soundest of the bridge timbers, put it under the dropped end of the car and push with all her might.

"Call this a bridge?"—push—"Why, this is nothing"—push—"but a rotten old fence-rail!"—bang!—the timber broke. Tish stood with her back to us and kicked the pieces; then she turned on us. "As far as I'm concerned," she snapped, "the thing can sit there till it takes root. You're very much mistaken if you think I'm going to walk to that telephone, after bringing you out on a pleasure trip."

"Pleasure trip!" Aggie retorted. "I can get more pleasure out of a three-dollar rocking-chair. The next time you ask me to go on a pleasure trip, Tish Carberry, just push me off the porch backward. It's a good bit quicker."

By four o'clock I had a rash out all over my shoulders and chest, and my mouth was so full of dust that my teeth felt gritty. I had not cared particularly about going up to the house, but every few minutes between three and four the woman had come out, pumped some water, making a mighty splash, and gone back into the house again. It was more than human nature could stand. At a quarter after four o'clock I got up from the baked earth, glared at Tish, looked through Aggie, and walked with as much dignity as I could muster up the path to the well. There was a sign hung on it by a string around the nail in the top. It read, "Water, one dollar a tin. For automobiles, five dollars a bucket."

The woman came out and pumped some. The water ran cool and clear into a trough and then spread over the ground in dreadful waste. I could have lapped it up out of the trough; every bit of skin on me and lining membrane in me yelled "Water!" and—I had no money with me! The woman stood and waited, Theodore beside her.

"That's an outrage," I fumed. "How dare you put up such a sign! I—I shall report you!"

"Who to?" she asked indifferently. "I ain't askin' you to drink it, am I? It's my well, ain't it?"

"I'll send the money to you by mail." I had lost all my pride. "I'll come back and pay you."

"Cash in advance," said the creature; and pumping enough into a tin basin to have cooled me inside and out she put it down for the dog to drink!

III

I HAVE always felt that we did the right thing that night. It was all very well for Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew, when he heard the story, to say: "And they talk about giving women the vote! Why, for sense they would substitute sentiment; they would buy their opinions at the department stores along with their bargains, and a little two-penny love affair could upset the Government!"

Tish was raging.

"It does not matter whether you approve or not, Charlie," she said loftily, "as long as our consciences approve."

"Approve!" He nearly fell back out of his chair. "My dear ladies, you should every one have been jailed! As for conscience, I'd give a thousand dollars to have a conscience that would set the seal of its approval on assault and battery, highway robbery and abduction."

"The end justifies the means," I retorted; "and when did you get a conscience, Charlie Sands?"

"I think I've got the one Aunt Tish used to have," he said, and I got up and went into the house.

Well, I left the dog drinking. To go back, at that instant I happened to look at Tish, and she was standing on the bank waving her handkerchief at something in the road. I stepped to the corner of the house, and saw what it was—creeping along a lane we had not noticed was the blue runabout car. Creeping is the word. It would crawl forward a dozen feet and stop, and it kept on repeating the performance. But what puzzled me was a spot of pink, just in front of the car and moving slowly forward.

At the end of the lane the pink spot hesitated and then turned our way. Once beyond the hedge, it proved to be the girl with her pink motor veil. She was walking with her hands in the pockets of her ulster, and she was limping. About a dozen feet behind her, and stopping every now and then so as not to overtake her, came the runabout. It was very peculiar. The young man had his jaws set tight, and as he was staring at the girl, and as she was staring straight ahead, neither of them saw us on the bank just above their heads.

The girl—she was a very pretty girl, although streaky just then—had a tight grip on the Pomeranian. She had it tucked under her arm and it was wriggling and yelping to be free. Just after the blue machine had turned the corner the little beast got loose, and with a yelp he dashed to the car and into the empty seat.

The girl stopped. So did the car. She faced about and the young man looked over her head.

Suddenly the girl looked up and saw us, and with a quick glance she spied the lamps of Tish's machine around a curve. No one would have guessed from the front end of the thing that the rear had died in a gutter.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh, I'm so glad you're here! Are you going back to town?"

"We are not going anywhere," Tish said shortly, "unless your young man can help us."

"He is not my young man," the girl retorted, with distinctness; "but if there isn't very much the matter I dare say he can do something."

(Continued on Page 44)

WHY THEY GO

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A Cynic Sage and a Ribald Rhymester See Some Summer Resorts

Newport

I

DIOGENES was hard to please
And cried in tones emphatic:
"Is every sort of health resort
So bally democratic?
Look at Coney—cheap and phoney,
Trampled by the rabble;
Motley bunches eating lunches
While the spielers babble—
Can't one find another kind?"
Asked the musty mystic—
"Something restful—less suggestful
Of the Socialistic;
Some exclusive, wealth-inducive,
Open-to-the-few port——"
Spasms grasp me. "Sage, you rasp me—
Come, let's go to Newport!"

So to Newport off we started,
Land of Milk and Honey
(Or, a neater phrase and sweeter,
Land of Silk and Money).
Land they yell of, land they tell of
In the yellow journal;
Dukes and dances, fads and fancies,
Millionaires infernal;
Land of yachting, tommyrotting,
Weddings, monkey-dinners,
Beauties, bores and Commodores,
Tiffs and trophy-winners;
Land of zephyrs, Golden Heifers,
Mammon at the wicket;
Only zone where Coin alone
Can't get a season ticket;
Land where Earls enthuse the girls,
Land where styles are born,
Land of Ranks where highbrow cranks
Oft point the thumb of scorn;
Land where folks, like other folks,
Are foolish, dull or gay,
Though golden strains run through their veins—
To Newport, then, away!

II

Newport, like Life, with its pranks and its guffs,
Is built on a series of rather tall Bluffs;
These the waters of cold Narragansett divide
From the cloying, annoying,
Mere hoi-polloi-ing
Jangle and jar of the vulgar Outside.
And Newport, unblended,
Is cloven in twain—
Into Newport the Splendid
And Newport the Plain.
Now Newport the Plain cuddles down, quiet thing!
Like a shy little Cat gazing up at a King.
It's a sweet, cozy town,
Quite decently made
With houses of brown
And profusion of shade,
Where your citified jokes
Are greeted with pleasantry:
God-fearing folks—
(My! I almost said "peasantry"!)
Newport, in fact, has a picturesque grace—
Sort of a comical-opera place
With a large Army Post and a huge Naval Base
Where 'prentice-boys drilling
In uniforms thrilling,
Officers swaggering, armed for the killing,
Tourists mad-scrambling,
Lanes long and rambling,
Boats at the dock with their whistles out-shrilling—
Very well done,
As though set for Act I,
When the Chorus sings "Hail!" with theatrical zeal
And the long lines divide
To an aisle straight and wide
As Midas steps down from his automobile.

But Newport the Splendid!
Ah, that were intended
For metric stenography finer than mine—
Proud, highty-tighty
Seats of the Mighty,
Gorgeously simple, yet simply divine.
Here on the Shore Drive, portentously solemn,
Oceanward looks the Society Column;
Names to the right of you,
Names to the left of you,
Names to the front of you pompously thundered—
Oh! what a hit they made!
Hit of the Smart Brigade,
Noble Four Hundred!

Here all the castles and villas and palaces
Plucked from the Old World are set in the New.
Florentine Courts with their gardens and chalices,
Near-Windsor Castles, loom grandly to view;
Mansions Venetian, mid-Norman, Phenician,
Domaines de Bagatelle, marble and bronze,
Pompeian gardens suggesting the Grecian,
Vine-covered pergolas carven with fauns;
Lawn-girding walls rich with bearings armorial,
Lofty, impressive and Waldorf-Astorial—
Here, holding tight to both birthrights and pottages,
Dwell the wise Esaus. And these are their "cottages."

III

Wild country life, how I sing your delight!
Four o'clock comes and the roads are alive;
Bright-rubbed victorias, stately, polite,
Silver-tipped harness, adorn the smooth drive.
Toilets Parisian and coachmen erect,
Sedulous bows from the Very Elect,
Nods of formality,
Smiles of cordiality—
Carefully graded, I firmly suspect.
Ocean's deep waters may break on the scenery,
Crude Mother Nature may lure with her greenery,
Little they care—it's the Social Machinery
Moves 'em along with a Central Park gait,
Taking the air as a Matter of State.

Mrs. Gott-Barryls, who's socially On,
Is serving 'em tea in her Georgian salon.
Merely a few
Of the New York Who's Who
Are asked to the lady's ambrosial brew.
For when only Few come there are reasons, to wit:
It means you are either a Hit or a Nit.

At the Casino there's tennis today.
Newport is there in its usual way:
Splendor of gowns from the Rue de la Paix,
Birds of a feather
Chirping together;
Several Crows trying hard to look gay.
Gentle applause from the audience tingles—
Two mighty Champions pitted at singles
Bounce the swift rubber—
A hush from the crowd—
See! Mrs. Icebox has snubbed Miss O'Dowd!
What does she mean by it? What does it prove?
What is the proper return for the move?
Tennis may charm, but it seems rather tame
In a region where Freeze Out's the favorite game.

IV

(Light Artillery Quickstep, composed by Diogenes while observing twenty beautiful ladies walking to the Golf Club at a distance of six and a half miles.)

Of all the vain fallacies Jennies or Alices
Ever thought proper to plan,
That thing-a-ma-jinction called "social distinction"
Most puzzles the Masculine Man.

Why treat like a scullion sweet Widow Van Bullion,
Yet bow down to Mrs. Tom Cod?
And why in the Dickens should Annabel Blickens
Be Boss of the Ice-Water Squad?

Hep, hep!
Get into step!
Better be drowned than be out of the swim.
Drill, girls, drill
With a strenuous will,
Plain and handsome and fat and slim.
Shoulder parasols! Forward march!
Calls the trumpet to Bridge—ta-ra!
To the Cause be true
And some day you
May also be Gener-al-iss-i-ma!

If some peacherino about the Casino
Should scoff at sweet Annabel's pranks,
She'd soon be disabled and carefully labeled
"Too-sassy—reduced to the ranks."
Her station forsaken would shortly be taken
By some better-disciplined wife
Of suitable trimmin'—and yet they say Women
Aren't built for Political Life!
Hep, hep! Get into step! etc.

(Reflections of a Horse, written by Diogenes while driving a grocer's cart in the light-road-wagon class at the Newport Horse Show.)

Of all the vain fallowness founded on shallowness
Drawn from its classical source,
An Equine Exhibit's the thing that prohibits
The praise of a sensible horse.
As you trot round the ring, sir, they don't do a thing, sir,
But gaze at your Master's new spats,
While the beautiful creatures who sit on the bleachers
Are gathering pointers on Hats.

Prance, prance!
On with the dance!
Is it a wonder that horses get sore?
Whoa, Bill, back!
It's a thankless track,
For the Beauty Show is the thing once more.
Shoulder parasols! Forward march!
Four-Foot Servant of Man, ta-ta!
Give the Dog his day,
But the Horse, neigh, neigh!
When Fashion is Gener-al-iss-i-ma.

V

The motto of Newport—it's nearly a taunt—
Is "Privacy, privacy—that's what we want."
But, man being human, I greatly regret
That Privacy's just what they don't seem to get.
O see!
Peek-a-boo!
O me!
Pray who
Can that be
Looking through
From yon tree
With pencil and kodak, and eyes seeking trouble,
And false purple whiskers like Sherlock Holmes' double?
And who, I pray,
Is the lady in gray
With the Pinkerton air and the book-agent way?

Land Where Earls Enthuse the Girls

Florence, Though a Perfect Peach,
Posed in Vain on Bailey's Beach

Who are the folks bribing butlers and grooms,
Sliding down chimneys, peeking in rooms?
So ho!
You know!

They're the Social Reporters who seek high and low
For gossip sufficiently spicy to go
With the Chit Chat and Wig Waggle Publishing Co.
They hide behind shrubs,
They crawl under flues;
In tonneaus, in tubs,
In iceboxes, pews.
On private affairs
They ardently pitch
And add to the cares
Of the Downtrodden Rich.
See! their notebooks are loaded with all they can use
Of the flatulent stuff called "Society News."

And another sore plague which Exclusiveness' bottle
Strives nobly and vainly to cork up and throttle
Is the deluge of Tourists.
Those thrill-seeking purists,
Stolid as Eskimos chewing their blubber,
Open their lunches and come there to rubber
With simple, admiring, impersonal gall,
Much as they'd "take in" Niagara's fall.
For a dollar a whack
The Man with the Hack
Will show you the Sights round the circle and back.
His voice carries far as old Gabriel's blast,
And his virulent shout
Most distinctly bawls out
The gossip of Newport, both future and past.
"That lady in white in the auty-mobeel
Is Mrs. Upp-Cummins," the Driver will spiel.
"It's her second marriage.
That girl in the carriage,
Her folks is just spendin' a awful amount
To marry 'er off to a Portuguese count.
That lady in brown—
Look! she's turnin' aroun'!"
You hiss, "Don't! She'll see you."
But on goes the Jehu,
"She's the fash'nable horsewoman, Mrs. Olde Towne.
She ain't goin' to stay
Long in Newport, they say—
Her husband's too stingy—they're goin' away."
So the Driver prates on, dropping story and quip
As he shows the Elect with the point of his whip.

VI

The Young Men of Newport are seldom plain Toddles,
Slender-shanked Brummels or pale Mollycoddles.
If their dads have grown fat in the temples of Wealth
The sons have retained the inheritance Health.
They're off for their jogs in motoring togs,
Their shoulders are wide and their foreheads are brown.
Approved of the mentors, firm-seated as Centaurs,
The noble Smooth Riders go charging through town,
Past the Newport Photographer's own exhibition
Of beautiful ladies of social position,
Up to the Reading Club's simplified rooms
Furnished with Authors and Butlers and Grooms.
Here the closely-drawn curtains suggest to the joker
That some who love Reading are fonder of Poker.

What feminine heart but must beat a wild solo
As the Young Men of Newport swing fiercely at polo,
As they race down the field
On their lithe little steeds
While the mallet they wield
For miraculous deeds?
What maid so obtuse
She'd refuse
To enthuse
As merry young Jason swings blithely away
In his beautiful yacht down the beautiful bay
For a gold-spending, happy-go-anywhere cruise?
O heiress of Newport, here comes my rebuke:
Pray why, in your fancies
For Perfect Romances
Must you pack off to Europe and buy you a Duke?

VII

Mrs. Ladder was a climber—
What, O Muse, can be sublimer
Than the soul that would aspire
With the motto "Ever Higher"?
Vergil said of men (and ladies):
"Easy is the drop to Hades,
But it is the Climb that rankles,
Twists the wrists and skins the ankles."

Mrs. L. a "Cottage" built,
Solid porphyry and gilt,
Architected, carved, embossed;
Twice a million was the cost.
Terraced lawns and spreading plazas,
Pergolas and broad piazzas
Where, like Patience on a throne,
Mrs. Ladder sat alone.

Mrs. Ladder's daughter Florence
Viewed the scene with vast abhorrence,
Knowing luck was dead aginst 'er.
"Ma," she wailed, "I'll die a spinster!"
Mrs. Ladder's husband George
Paced about with rising gorge.
Mrs. Ladder smiled sublime,
"Great campaigns," she said, "take time."

Like a certain fabled Smarty,
Mrs. Ladder gave a party;
Priceless, princely preparations,
Half a hundred invitations,
Famous singers operatic,
Fireworks, dancers acrobatic.
Night arrived—O hour of shame!
No one but the waiters came.

Florence, though a perfect peach,
Posed in vain on Bailey's Beach
Near the sign "Subscribers Only."
Yes, it was surpassing lonely.
Though the Youngsters murmured "Cad!
Say, she isn't half so bad!"
All the Chaperons cried, "Dear!
Everybody's coming here."

Mr. Ladder, plainly blue,
Tried the links a time or two.
Once he matched Augustus Bluffer,
Who pronounced him "Quite a duffer."

(Concluded on Page 41)

Land Where Styles are Born

THE HOME LIFE OF GRANT

Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook

DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE WHITE HOUSE

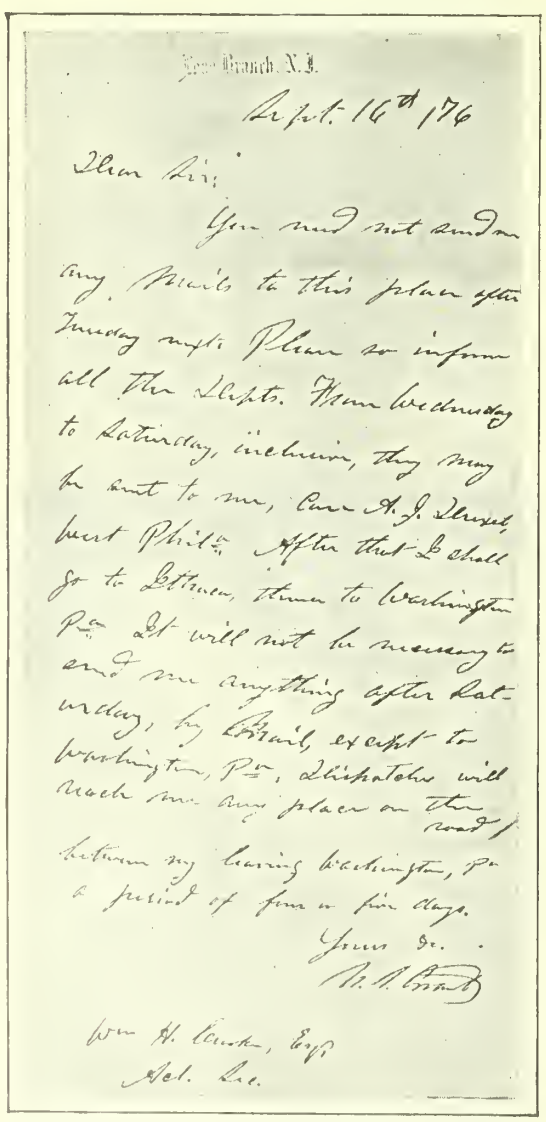
THE home life in the White House of President Grant and his family was distinctly unlike that of his two immediate predecessors, President Johnson and President Lincoln. To those of us who were actively engaged in the daily doings of the Executive Mansion, whether our stations were high or low in point of responsibility, there never could be duplicated, of course, the wonderful atmosphere compelled by Lincoln's personality, radiant with hope even in the darkest days of the war; suffused with the light of a love for mankind so universal that it was almost divine; trembling with tenderness, yet firm as the everlasting hills when questions of right or wrong arose. And I think that all of us whose lives were centered in and around the Executive Office during Mr. Johnson's unhappy Administration sincerely hoped that never again would we experience the turmoil and suspicion that had made of the President's office an uncomfortable, seething caldron. And in this respect our hopes were almost wholly carried out.

It must be borne in mind by those unfamiliar with official Washington that, in many respects, the home life of the President's family in the White House is in great measure like the home life of a gentleman's family anywhere else. Sometimes, owing to a matter of temperament, this President or that one has permitted the official side of his experience to influence, even more or less to intrude upon, his family routine. But Grant was determined, from the hour he arrived at the White House as President, to keep his official life distinct and as far apart as possible from his home life. He felt that, no matter how exalted was the office to which he had been elected, he had a right to his own family life; and he maintained it successfully.

This was easier for him, perhaps, for the reason that he and Mrs. Grant were fully accustomed to White House affairs and White House etiquette before they went there to reside. It will be remembered that from the close of the war until the day of his inauguration General Grant had his headquarters in Washington, and with his family resided in a brick dwelling on I Street, near New Jersey Avenue. During the Johnson Administration Grant stayed in Washington, attending strictly to his duties, never going away to make campaign speeches or other addresses in the hope that by such means his political prominence would be increased. Like all good men and true, General Grant liked to have the good opinion of his fellow-citizens rather than their ill will or their suspicion. But he never sought it by any of the familiar means employed from time immemorial by cheap politicians. Because of his inherent greatness, evidenced by the great deeds he had wrought, he was a world-figure—although one would never get that idea from his manner; and I doubt if he ever realized it to the day of his death. Grant, like Lincoln, was modest to a degree, and well bore out the opinion, now become almost an axiom, that personal simplicity is almost invariably an accompaniment of true greatness.

When Johnson came to the White House as President I had already accompanied Mrs. Lincoln to Chicago, so there were none but employees and servants to welcome the Johnson family when they arrived later. The relations between Johnson and Grant, and their respective supporters, were such that the President and his daughter, Mrs. Patterson, contrary to precedent, did not stay to receive their successors at the White House. Nevertheless, after having been inaugurated at the Capitol on that fourth day of March, 1869, President Grant and Mrs Grant drove directly through Pennsylvania Avenue, and when they arrived at the White House they found the Blue Room and the Red Room and the Green Room filled with Army and Navy friends and others, all eager to welcome the newcomers: a bright, eager, merry throng, aglow with the excitement and exhilaration of the hour. And they gave the new President and his family a welcome as cordial as it was sincere.

Photograph of the Grant Family Made the Year Before General Grant Entered the White House as President



Letter Written Colonel Crook by President Grant, While the President was Away from Washington in the Summer

A Departure From the Old Customs

THE contrast between this gay, light-hearted, happy arrival of President Grant's family and the lonely coming of President Johnson's a few years previous was almost painful in its intensity. Here there was no gloom cast over the arrival, as in the previous instance by the fact that half the country already was at loggerheads with President Johnson. There was no such anxiety as had been constantly felt concerning Mrs. Johnson's feeble health. There was none of the strangeness to new surroundings, no ignorance of White House etiquette as was the case when Mrs. Johnson and her children and grandchildren had arrived. On the contrary, Grant was the most popular man in the country—a hero admired, believed in, trusted to guide to greatness and prosperity and influence the nation, which even then had somewhat recovered from the shock of civil war. Every one wished him well, was eager to follow his leadership, to help him. And this feeling of sympathy and cordiality extended to the members of his family.

When the first greetings of welcome had been exchanged soon after the newly inaugurated President arrived at the White House, a luncheon was served to all the guests, who shortly afterward withdrew, leaving the President's family to get settled in their new home. Besides the President and Mrs. Grant there were present, as I recollect them, that day, all their children—Frederick Dent Grant, a lad of nineteen years who was then a West Point cadet, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Nellie and Jesse.

Owing to various reasons social life at the White House during Grant's time was more imposing, more elaborate, than it had been during the Lincoln or the Johnson Administration. For one thing, the war was over and the country was rapidly pulling itself together again. A million men had left camp and once more were back in their homes pursuing their usual vocations. Hundreds of thousands of families, reduced well-nigh to penury while the breadearners had been at the front, were regaining a condition of prosperity, in many instances a condition of affluence. People could think of something else besides war; anxiety was ended as to the outcome of the long struggle; men and women felt the need of relief in social life. Then, communication between Washington and other cities was easier, quicker. Ocean voyages were becoming shorter, and many more Europeans of high station crossed the Atlantic and visited the National Capital than ever before. And these foreign visitors brought with them standards of social life and an atmosphere of formality more distinct than that to which American society in general had been accustomed. All these things, and others, influenced directly or indirectly the social life at the White House. Beginning with the Grant Administration, therefore, it was necessary to be punctilious about a hundred little matters which before then might have been disregarded.

It so happened that the first housekeeper employed at the White House came there during the first Administration of President Grant. She was a quaint little old lady, a Mrs. Mullen, very pleasant and bright, and perfectly familiar with all the duties required of her; in fact, she was so thoroughly capable and businesslike, as well as so faithful, that Mrs. Grant soon became fond of her. In those days the steward purchased all the table supplies, and with these Mrs. Mullen had little to do; but her duties included practically everything else connected with the housekeeping end of the Executive Mansion: oversight of the servants, the care of the various rooms and the furniture, and the thousand and one details that must be looked after in such a large establishment.

Mrs. Grant had no secretary to attend to her correspondence, the great bulk of which was referred to the office for action. She used to receive an enormous number of appeals for help, for charities, for assistance, in aid of almost every cause that could be imagined. As she was a warm-hearted and sympathetic woman herself some of these appeals made a strong impression upon her. I can remember several instances when Mrs. Grant requested her husband to give this person or that one the position that was asked for, or to accede to some other request of like nature. She always called the President "Ulys," and, excepting upon the most formal occasions, he always addressed her as "Mrs. G." Both the President and his wife were plain people; simple in their tastes to an extent that would cause surprise today when everything has so changed throughout the social fabric of the entire nation. As an example of the unaffected personality of Grant I recall one of his very infrequent visits to Washington during the war. It was not his habit to come to the National Capital whenever he had an excuse; General Grant's business was at the front, and there he stayed on active duty practically all of the time. But on the occasion referred to it was necessary for him to make a flying trip to Washington, and it so happened that he arrived in the city late in the evening when one of the Thursday receptions was being given by President Lincoln to the general public—one of the old-fashioned levees, as they were termed. As usual I was standing opposite Lincoln,

where I could scan the long line of men and women who came up to be presented to him, for my business, as already mentioned in a previous article, was to see that no person might by any possibility do harm to the President.

The foreign Ministers and other members of the Diplomatic Corps, in all their gorgeous uniforms and gold lace, accompanied by their wives and grown daughters gowned in Paris frocks, were passing the receiving party, and immediately after this most brilliant body of men and women came the highest officers of the army and navy, all in full-dress uniform, and then hundreds and hundreds of private citizens from all over the country, who stretched out in a long line two by two through the various rooms. But in that group of magnificently uniformed army and navy officers was one short, solidly-built man wearing a much-used service uniform, carrying a slouch hat in one hand and an army overcoat across his other arm. This man was General Grant. He had reached Washington on an important mission, and had hurried in a direct line from the railroad train to the White House, and thought nothing whatever about his personal appearance. Moreover, he was so great and commanding a figure in the nation that few among the hundreds present noticed the strange contrast he made to the brilliant group that surrounded him.

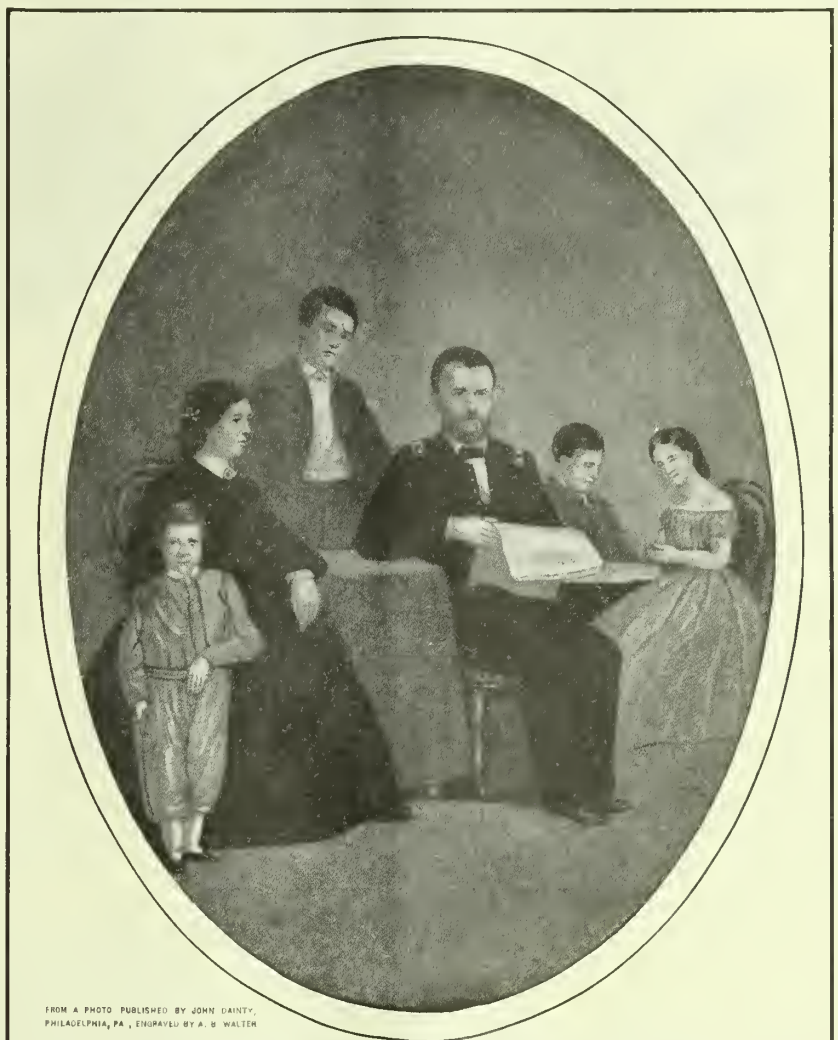
Now, this plainness and simplicity was characteristic of both Grant and his wife when they came to reside in the White House; but it was incumbent upon them to modify their personal inclination to a certain extent because of the high official position they then occupied. As distinguished from the purely social, or what may be termed the "entertainment" side, was the intimate family life of the Grants in the White House; and in this there was all the charming simplicity and unaffectedness that makes such a life successful. It must be remembered that in addition to the President and his wife and their children there were a great many visitors at the Executive Mansion during Grant's occupancy. Grant himself, of course, had a host of friends and former comrades in arms whom he esteemed highly and whom he always made welcome; and though he was not so fond of entertaining as his wife naturally was, yet he did his share.

Their Unofficial Life

MRS. GRANT was a woman of medium height and rounded figure; she had dark hair and hazel eyes, and a skin that betokened the excellent health she always enjoyed. She was energetic and lively of spirit, and very active indeed. She, too, had many friends in and around Washington, and quite a number of relatives who often were at the White House—among them Mrs. Sharp, whose husband Grant afterward appointed as Marshal of the District, and another sister, Mrs Casey, whose husband was a prominent man before Grant appointed him collector of the port of New Orleans Mrs. Casey by the way, is living in Washington at the present time. Then Mrs. Grant's brother lived in Georgetown—General F. T. Dent, one of the secretaries to the President. He and his wife and children naturally were often at the Executive Mansion. One of General Dent's daughters, "Madgie," as we all called her, was a great friend of her cousin, Nellie Grant. The two girls were about the same age and both were vivacious and bright, and made charming companions. While I have been jotting down memoranda from which this article is to be written, Madgie Dent has called on me in the Executive Office of the White House. She is no longer Madgie Dent, however, but the wife of Mr. Lafayette E. Campbell, a wealthy mineowner of Chicago. Of course we talked of old times, and she reminded me of the occasions on which I used to take her driving about the city and suburbs when she was a little girl. Furthermore, she assures me that she is now a grandmother herself—but this I could hardly believe.

Another of the Dent children who made up a part of the merry company of young visitors at the White House during Grant's Administration was "Jack" Dent, now Colonel John C. Dent, U. S. A., at present residing in Washington and awaiting retirement for disability. And little "Jack" Dent actually is a grandfather himself! The third of General Dent's children was a splendid lad named Sydney, who is now practicing law some place in California.

In those days children at the White House and elsewhere were not so much in evidence as they are in a majority of American homes at the present time. But all these youngsters and their young cousins of the Grant family made merry all over the Executive Mansion when permitted to do so, and spent many of their happiest hours in games and sports about the broad rolling acres at the south side of the Executive Mansion. I was associated with Grant, especially during his second Administration, more closely and constantly than with any other of the Presidents during my term of service in the White House, which began in Lincoln's time and has continued to the present day. And the family life of the Grants was as harmonious and equable as any that I have ever seen. Grant himself was, of course, a man of complete self-control. Mrs. Grant, though cheery and of a very happy disposition, never knew what the words excitable or nervous meant; her calmness was unusual. In this respect she was much like the General. She accepted his desire that their family life in the White House should be as distinct as possible from his official life, and though she went to his office whenever she wanted to speak to him about anything that came up, yet she never appeared there until she had made sure that he was alone, and that she would not disturb him in his official business. Ordinarily she dressed plainly and, like Mrs. Johnson's, her clothing was of the best materials and made by the best dressmakers. She was not particularly fond of jewels, although, with due respect for the proprieties, she was willing to wear them on formal occasions, as was befitting her position.



FROM A PHOTO PUBLISHED BY JOHN DAINTY, PHILADELPHIA, PA., ENGRAVED BY A. B. WALTER

The Grant Family—The Children (Reading From Left to Right) are: Jesse, Frederick, Ulysses and Nellie

Under ordinary circumstances the President and his entire family retired between half past nine and ten o'clock at night, for Grant believed in getting plenty of sound sleep whenever possible. I think his tremendous exertions during the years of the war had taught him to value uninterrupted sleep as most people do not value it. The family would breakfast at about half past eight in the morning, and soon afterward Grant would go to his office for the transaction of business. Mrs. Grant, after seeing the children started off to school, would hold consultations with her housekeeper and with the steward, and then settle down to her heavy correspondence. Likely as not, during the morning some of her relatives or intimate friends would come to the White House informally, or she would spend an hour or two in the conservatory of which she was very fond, or she would go shopping. The entire family met for luncheon at about one o'clock, and they had such a good time at the table that nobody ever willingly was absent or even late.

Grant was at his best at the table with his wife and children; and for an hour or two after dinner in the evening he devoted himself to them wholly and solely. When he was with those whom he loved so dearly, all his taciturnity would vanish and his stern expression would melt away, and he would be an affectionate, sympathetic father delighting in the comradeship of his little folks, sharing their plans and jokes, and prouder than anything else, I think, that they confided in him so freely all their hopes and fears and aspirations. This is the Grant I like to think of just as much as I like to think, with a thrill of admiration, of Grant the grim, indomitable warrior.

As luncheon or dinner drew to its close the President would push back his chair from the table and light the inevitable cigar, and then while jokes were flashing across from one child to another he would amuse himself by rolling bits of soft bread into little balls and shooting them through the air at Jesse or Nellie, much in the same manner as a boy would shoot marbles on the ground. Sometimes these bullets of soft bread would hit the mark intended and sometimes they wouldn't, but the President enjoyed it all and so did the children.

In the afternoon Mrs. Grant usually went driving in her landau, either around the city or over to the Soldiers' Home or along country roads just outside of Washington. Sometimes two or three of her children were with her, and sometimes other people; for she seldom went alone. The two horses were the finest that could be obtained for the White House stables, and the coachman and footman, colored men of unusual appearance, wore a dark rich livery with silver-plated buttons. The coachman, Albert Hawkins, was tall, splendidly built, and intensely black—a powerful, smooth-shaven man who sat on his box like the ebony statue of a grenadier. And the footman, "Jerry" Smith, was even more imposing in appearance. Together with the carriage itself and the horses and their harness, these men made an appearance strikingly impressive. They realized to the full the importance of what they considered their high official station in life, and they showed it by their immovable dignity and extreme gravity on every occasion.

Grant's Games

WHEN one of Grant's friends, like Mr. A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, concluded a visit at the White House, he would be driven in the landau to the railway station. Then, while Hawkins sat motionless on the box, Jerry would swing down to the sidewalk, open the door and, with a bow of acknowledgment worthy a courtier, receive the usual tip for such service—a twenty-dollar bill for himself and another for Hawkins. Mr. Drexel used to say, laughingly, that a drive from the Executive Mansion to the train, back of Grant's coachman and footman, was worth forty dollars at any time.

I suppose Grant himself sometimes went for a drive in his landau—when he could not very well help it, but what he liked to do was to sit on the edge of the seat in a light racing buggy, pull the brim of his slouch hat down over his eyes, lean forward until his arms and shoulders were just above the dashboard, and, speaking a few words to the magnificent trotting horse in front of him, sweep past every other pair of heels kicking up the dust on a smooth road—and this on almost any beautiful afternoon when he could get away from the Executive Office. Grant was very fond of two forms of indoor games: billiards and cribbage. So far as I remember, whist was not played at the White House, certainly not to any extent, during Grant's time there. But frequently at evening, after the children had gone to bed, and when Mrs. Grant perhaps was engaged with the wives of Cabinet Members or other ladies calling upon her, the President would send out for General Van Vleet or another of his warm personal friends, and would sit down to a game of cribbage, over which he would fight almost as hard as he had fought in some of his military campaigns. In order that he might be able to play his other favorite game whenever he had time to spare, Grant built a billiard-room out of a part of the old conservatory; and there he would generally go for a little while after dinner, practicing with cue and balls, and puffing clouds of smoke through half-closed lips while he perfected himself in difficult shots and combinations.

The President took little exercise other than bending and walking around the billiard table, excepting his walks about the city of Washington, and these he would take at almost any hour of the day when he could spare the time, although he usually went in the late afternoon. He never thought of having any guard to accompany him

(Concluded on Page 37)

Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

The Music of the Sphere—By Robert Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

His White Hand Was Raised, Grasping a Black Iron Ball

LORD STRANLEIGH was not housecleaning exactly, but rather furbishing up a bit, for he expected a distinguished visitor. The *rapprochement* between Russia and Britain was to be helped forward another notch by the entertainment of His Highness, Prince Azov. A great banquet at the Guildhall had been arranged, presided over by the Lord Mayor and attended by members of the Cabinet, Ambassadors, Ministers, representatives of science, art and literature, with a generous sprinkling of English nobility; indeed, one or two scions of the Royal family would occupy seats of honor at the Guildhall table. The Prince was to be presented with the freedom of the city in a gold box, and during the first week of his stay in London some important and dignified function was allotted to every day.

Throughout this week the Prince was to be the guest of the Russian Embassy; after that he came to Lord Stranleigh, removed the decorations of his rank, and then the pair, who were old friends, intended to have a good time together like any other young men about town.

Stranleigh was giving final instructions regarding the preparation of the suite of rooms for Prince Azov's occupation when the usually imperturbable Ponderby came in betraying a state of agitation that filled his master with astonishment. Ponderby's stout figure seemed to have shrunk. His erstwhile rubicund countenance was actually pale, and his face wore a crestfallen expression almost akin to terror that was not without its touch of comicality. Indeed, Stranleigh almost smiled, and, in fact, would have smiled had the victim been a man of less consequence than his indispensable valet; but, instead of smiling, he spoke very calmly:

"Well, Ponderby, what's the trouble?"

"It's the Suffragettes, my lord. They demand to see your lordship and won't believe you're not at home. There's about twenty of them, my lord."

"A mere mistake in identity, Ponderby. Tell them the address of the Premier is No. 10 Downing Street. Turn them away firmly, but kindly."

"They won't be turned away, my lord. The moment the footman opened the door they rushed him; nearly knocked Spilkins over, my lord, and now they're all in the hall, except one who stands outside the door waving a banner inscribed, 'Votes for Women.'"

This time Stranleigh did smile, in spite of himself, as he pictured the six-foot Spilkins, so cold and formal in manner, unexpectedly submerged at the door by an impetuous onrush.

"Ponderby, when you are captured, the only thing to do is to capitulate as gracefully as possible. Go to the hall, Ponderby, take a glance over the assembled women, and note the general tone of their costumes, then show them into whatever room best corresponds in color and decoration with their own attire. Tell them I shall do myself the honor of waiting upon them within five minutes. Ask Spilkins to lure away the bannered young lady from outside the door; then, when you have them all seated comfortably, report progress to me."

The score of ladies were in quite a flutter when they learned how easily victory had come to them, and there arose a murmur of admiration as the solemn Ponderby ushered them into one of the most beautiful drawing-rooms they had ever seen. The girl with the banner rolled it up hastily, as if somehow it was out of keeping in a salon displaying such perfect taste. When all were seated the silent Ponderby withdrew, closing the door very gently.

"I wonder," said the lady with the banner, "if we are trapped. This all seems too easy. I believe Lord Stranleigh has got us in here so that he can slip out unseen, for his motor car drove up just as I came in. I should have remained on guard."

She rose impulsively from her chair and gave a flirt to the banner that partially unrolled it.

"I'm off to intercept him," she said, but a very quiet old lady, with beautiful gray hair, spoke soothingly:

"Sit down, my dear. I know Lord Stranleigh. He would not do such a thing."

The girl, but half convinced, slowly reseated herself. She was in a room where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. She knew their sneaking ways. However, she made no audible protest, and her companions were all very quiet, as though rather awed by their surroundings and the celerity with which their desire had been accomplished. The door opened and Lord Stranleigh entered.

As he came in the door closed behind him without any visible motive power. His eyes took in very quietly, yet without seeming to do so, the group awaiting him, and then lit up with pleasure as they recognized the delicate old lady with gray hair who rose to greet him. His indolent manner fell from him like a discarded cloak. He came forward rapidly, bent over her proffered slender white hand and raised it to his lips with old-fashioned courtesy.

"We have rather stormed your citadel," she began.

"Dear madam, had you only let me know you were coming you would have found my door wide open for your reception; but you come so splendidly chaperoned that I fear this may be a business visit and not a friendly call."

"I hope you will regard it as both."

"I cannot be so impartial, madam, and am certain to incline toward the friendliness, for, after all, I am but a poor business man."

"You are quite alone in that opinion, my lord. Indeed, we are here because of your latest coup in business, and so, that we may not take you more by surprise than already has been the case, I warn you to prepare for a unanimous vote of censure."

"Dear lady," laughed Stranleigh, "why use a threat when I am eager to obey your slightest request?"

The girl who had been on guard slipped the stick with its furled banner out of sight behind her chair. This meeting was too much like a scene from a society play: there was certainly nothing militant about it.

"Pray be seated, madam," said Stranleigh, "and I beg that you will allow me to take this chair fronting you all. They say that when danger threatens the best plan is to face it, which accordingly I do. To what particular successful coup do you refer?"

Stranleigh took a chair near a table.

"The newspapers have printed column after column about it. Assisted by the weight of your money, that arch-rascal, Bannerdale, secured his second line to the Pacific, and 'froze out,' I think that is the term meaning ruined, a vast number of unfortunate men who were opposed to him."

"Yes," said Stranleigh, "I received many hundreds of letters on that subject, and talking of votes of censure I've been censured by every reputable journal in England. The incident just proves what I have been saying to you, namely, that I'm no man of business at all, but merely a gullible simpleton."

"Why, how can that be, if it is true that you cleared nearly a million by the deal?"

"I certainly made a sum of money, the amount of which I have not had time to inquire; but that was an unintentional side issue. I made no protest against what the journals said, but I should be sorry for you to misjudge me. My mind has recently turned toward the possibility of giving away money by some method that will do good instead of harm. At a health resort on the Continent I met a man who seemed poor and ill, and at his behest I made a railway investment through a Frankfort firm. The profits, if any, were to go to him, while the loss, if any, was borne by me. It turned out that the person calling himself Garner was in reality the multi-millionaire railway king, Bannerdale. He needed the use of my name and secured it. He published a quite untrue statement that I was his partner, and thus was enabled to consummate the deal he had in hand. He never applied to me for a penny of the money I made on his behalf, and so, you see, instead of wearing the hoofs and horns presented to me by the press, I was merely the victim of a man much shrewder than myself. I confess that the contumely heaped upon me has not caused me an hour's wakefulness, but if you ladies add a vote of censure, then shall I be indeed desolate."

Many of the delegation laughed, and it was evident his young lordship had nothing to fear from that quarter. The lady with gray hair now spoke, very gently:

"I am sure I express the sentiment of this committee when I say we are all glad to know you invested in an American railway speculation solely to benefit a fellow-creature whom you supposed to be in distress. We came here hoping to show you a better use for your money than that to which you had devoted it."

"You mean, madam, that I should contribute to the cause of Woman's Suffrage?"

"Yes."

"That I am pleased to do, and if you assist me by naming the amount I will send a check to your treasurer."

"On behalf of my fellow-workers, not only of those here, but of the thousands laboring elsewhere for our cause, I thank you for your great generosity. Our mission now being accomplished, I shall detain you no longer than it takes to tender our gratitude for your kind reception."

The young man was rather confused as he listened to these words and the slight ripple of applause they called forth, but the tension of the situation was relieved by the young woman who carried the banner rising to her feet.

"I thought perhaps our chairwoman would embody those sentiments, with which we all agree, in a formal vote

of thanks, and that in seconding this motion I should find opportunity for speaking on a subject very interesting to me. I gathered from the Earl of Stranleigh's remarks that he has given some thought toward the distribution of money to aid the downtrodden and the afflicted. If this is so I should like to ask what success has followed his philanthropy."

Stranleigh laughed a little and tried to shake off his embarrassment.

"My efforts can hardly be dignified by such a term as philanthropy. It is a question that bristles with difficulties. When I give a sovereign to a sober ragamuffin, if I meet him again before the money is spent I regret to find he is then usually a drunken ragamuffin. In a larger way, where I depend on my own judgment, as was the case with the American I have spoken about, my effort has merely meant the discomfiture of people unknown to me whom I would not willingly have injured. This is doubtless because I am rather a muddle-headed person, and a muddle-headed person with good intentions and plenty of money seems to be a distinct danger to the community. I try to inform myself of what wiser people have done, but my search has not proved encouraging.

"Through the genius of the late Sir Walter Besant a great People's Palace was erected in the East End, which I am told has failed in its object on account of the abstention of those it was intended to benefit. That gracious lady whose memory is revered by us all, the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, carried out what seemed a most practical project by building a huge market in the East End, where poor people might obtain good food at reasonable prices; but she merely disturbed temporarily the costermonger trade, and I think the great building, if not abandoned, is used for other purposes than the one for which it was erected. The poor, apparently, would have none of it.

"The other day, as I drove from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, I noticed along the road great iron pipes being ruined by rust, and learned from my dragoman that years before the Baroness had bestowed a very large sum of money for bringing the pure water of Solomon's Wells to Jerusalem, which has always depended on the rains for its supply, gathered into filthy tanks. The bulk of the money had been stolen by Turkish officials, and these broken, rusty pipes were the useless result of a most beneficent plan. So you understand my difficulty: I am quite willing to give if assured that the donations would accomplish any useful purpose."

"Don't you think," replied the confident young woman, "that these failures are due to the indolence and ignorance of the giver? The man with money, unless he has made it himself, is indolent, and therefore, to gain information, does not take the trouble a business person would expend before making an investment."

"Doubtless, madam, that is very true in my own case, for I am both indolent and ignorant. Money seems as dangerous to meddle with as dynamite. I read in the bankruptcy proceedings the other day of a young and industrious mechanic, earning good wages, whose uncle in Australia left him sixteen thousand pounds. That sum lasted him a year, or nearly so, and when it was spent he got amazingly into debt, and now is adjudged a bankrupt, with no chance of his creditors receiving a penny. A year ago he was a useful and estimable citizen; today he is a vicious loafer, a human derelict."

"That may be an exceptional case," said the confident one.

"Perhaps. Have you any suggestion to make?"

"It seems to me, in the instances you cited, that neither the Baroness nor Sir Walter took the trouble to find out what the poor really wanted or needed. They bestowed upon them, therefore, something they did not require. Now I think a man with time at his disposal should examine the matter, as I may say, from the ground up. He might take an individual, study him, discover what was really needed, and after that supply the deficiency."

"Madam, you describe exactly what I did in the case of Mr. Bannerdale, alias Garner; yet see how narrowly I missed a vote of censure from you for that very action."

"My lord, have you ever seen the play, written by one of us, entitled Diana of Dobson's?"

"I have not enjoyed that advantage."

"It deals very cleverly with the subject we are discussing."

"Very well. I shall secure a box at once."

Before the banner girl could say anything further the lady with gray hair rose.

"I think," she said, smiling, "that the Earl of Stranleigh has earned the formal vote of thanks you suggested, and so, taking it as proposed and seconded, I beg to tender it and bid him farewell."

Saying this, she marshaled her following and departed.

When Lord Stranleigh left Kingsway Theater he was thinking less of the employment problem in the play than about its acting. The American actress had been superb, and the leading man, whom he considered Britain's greatest tragedian, caused him to wonder, because, although he had the production of the piece in his own hands, he had chosen for himself the humble rôle of policeman, appearing only for five minutes or thereabouts in the darkened picture of the last act, which represented the outcasts dozing on the benches of the Thames Embankment.

Stranleigh walked down Kingsway to the Strand, entered the Gaiety Restaurant and treated himself to a well-chosen supper. When he emerged, remembering the last scene of the play, he strolled down Arundel Street to the Thames Embankment, intended to be London's chief boulevard, although this thoroughfare, bordered by great luxurious hotels, becomes after nightfall an outdoor bedroom for the penniless—millionaire and pauper sleeping within a stone's throw of one another. However well the Thames Embankment may compare with a Parisian boulevard during the day, all the brightness of the latter is absent at night, for here are no cafés and restaurants.

He Made the Piano Sing Like a Nightingale

Stranleigh's first impression was how well the actual benches of the Embankment imitated their counterfeits on the stage. Even the slow policeman that passed him walked with the great tragedian's measured step. The young nobleman aroused the first sleeper, asked a few questions, and receiving replies that he didn't in the least believe presented the derelict with a sovereign, telling him to get something to eat and a more comfortable bed. This was repeated again and again, and monotonous iteration indicated that no denizen of the Embankment was there through any fault of his own.

Stranleigh knew that many a man who later became famous spent his first night in London on the Embankment, and he hoped that by chance he might succor some genius; yet he fancied that in such case his benefaction would not have been so greedily accepted as it was by these outcasts. He yearned for some one to tell him to go to the devil and leave the slumberer to his rest, but he met no such cheering indication of independence.

The slow policeman, marching by the parapet, paused and watched him with some suspicion in his attitude. Finally the officer spoke:

"Rather a dangerous business, sir."

"I know it is," said Stranleigh, coming alongside. "I don't believe in indiscriminate charity, but these poor wretches are so far down in the social scale that perhaps a little unexpected money will do them no harm."

"That wasn't quite what I meant, sir," said the policeman, who seemed disappointed to find Stranleigh was not intoxicated, as he had evidently surmised. "Some one you've given money to has already passed on the word, and if you're not careful you may find yourself waylaid and robbed. Better let me whistle a cab for you, sir."

"I'm not afraid, officer, but I dare say you know the crowd a great deal better than I do. I gave a sovereign to each of those who have since vanished. I hoped I might learn something, but I find I haven't; so, if you don't mind, I'll make you my proxy charity commissioner."

The young man gave the astonished commissioner a handful of gold, and said:

"You take your percentage out of that and distribute the rest among those who need it most."

"With your permission, sir," said the policeman, "I'll change all this into silver tomorrow and divide it tomorrow night. I suppose you don't know that these people would have some difficulty in getting honest change for a gold piece. None of them could convince anybody that they had come fairly by it."

"I hadn't thought of that. I'm rather a bungler, you see."

"Well, sir, begging your pardon, you don't seem very wise."

"You've hit the nail on the head, officer. Good night to you."

"Better have a cab, sir. You may get your head hit before you leave the Embankment."

"My skull is too thick to be injured by any of these weaklings. Good night."

Good night, sir."

(Continued on Page 29)

"You Mean, Madam, That I Should Contribute to the Cause of Woman's Suffrage?"

THE WOMAN SHOPPER

How to Make Her Buy—By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

IF WOMEN only bought what they set out to buy there would be fewer department stores," said the house manager as he watched the ebb and flow of the tide of shoppers in a great New York drygoods establishment. He summed up in a sentence the state of mind that has made the whole many-sided science of merchandising for the sex possible. In the profitable encouragement of the feminine buying instinct lies the secret of the successful conduct of a vast part of the retail business in the United States, because the average woman not only shops for herself, but, by reason of her position in the household, shops for the entire family, husband often included. The winning trade appeal must be to her. A. T. Stewart recognized this many years ago, for his first published advertisement was addressed to "the ladies of New York." Perhaps in no commercial activity does human nature play so big a part or is competition so keen. In the explanation of some of the methods employed there is a helpful lesson in retailing for the shopkeeper, no matter whether he sells pins or pianos.

The problem of merchandising for women is peculiar and universal. Temperament enters largely into the transaction. A man who goes out to buy something for himself usually knows just what he wants and he almost invariably gets it without delay. He hasn't the time to shop. Merchandising for him is comparatively easy. A woman, on the other hand, does not always know exactly what she wants when she goes forth; she waits to see what is offered. Style, suggestion, environment, even atmospheric conditions, contribute to the choice and the extent of her buying, and she has the leisure to pick and choose. Just as you find a Tartar when you scratch a Russian so do you instantly uncover the born shopper when you offer a woman goods across the counter. It is the instinct of her sex and in the main it knows no creed or caste. So general is it that one may well paraphrase Kipling's lines to read:

For the Colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady
Are shoppers under the skin.

Though this genius for shopping is universal, you find on comparison that the American woman is the best shopper in the world. One reason is that, where the French woman, for example, looks only for effect when she shops, the American woman scrutinizes the details that combine to cause this effect. The seeking out of these many little things comprises the perfect art of her buying. In brief, she knows everything that she is getting and she is particular about what she gets.

The merchant who meets all these varied and exacting requirements achieves something well worth investigating. Although the shopping instinct is the same in Portland, Maine, as it is in Portland, Oregon, there are certain places where it receives a larger gratification. Nowhere perhaps has it fuller play than in New York. On that hiving battleground of retailing for women that lies between Eighth Street and Thirty-fourth Street the hand of business reaches out to the gold-lined purse of the rich and the penny of the poor. All natures, nations and needs meet in this moving drama of merchandising. What follows is practically a composite of the experience of half a dozen stores through whose doors more than a million shoppers have passed in a single day and the volume of whose business for a year would finance an empire. What do they do to get the people and the trade?

Since the instinct of woman is to shop, it follows that the first step in successful merchandising for her is to make the place where she can shop as accessible as possible. The way to her buying must be the easiest way. You find that almost all of the stores that attract begin on a corner, because a corner is a beacon-light for business. Women naturally gravitate toward one. When you have a corner and perfect transportation facilities you get the ideal combination for drawing a woman's trade. The general rule to be laid down, which may be followed by any kind of retail merchant, is, "Get near the densest traffic." If the store is to be kept open day and night it should be located where traffic does not cease in the evening. Such a store should not be near a bank or group of banks, because they close early and are dark and deserted at night. This tends to give the whole block a dead appearance.

It sometimes happens that a store starts out in a dense traffic zone and then, through some unforeseen circumstance, loses part of its transit facilities. What can be done? The concrete case of what two stores on Sixth Avenue, in New York, did will answer the question. These stores were situated on what is known as the West Side, but they sold large quantities of goods to people from the East Side, which is located straight across town. Under the old Metropolitan street-railway system transfers were allowed from the northbound and southbound cars to the crosstown lines. This enabled the Eastsiders to get to the stores for one fare. But when the street-car lines went into the hands of receivers, due to the burden of water in their stock, the transfers were cut off. The Sixth Avenue stores lost a lot of business because the people from the East Side would not pay two fares each way when they shopped. The store managers said, "We must get these people over to our stores in some way." The result was that they started their own crosstown lines in the shape of big, comfortable stages that make dozens of trips every day from the elevated and subway stations to the stores. Any woman can ride on them, the only condition being that she procure a ticket at the store.

What happened? The lost trade from the East Side has not only been restored but actually increased, because the free ride in a well-appointed bus is comfortable and it gives the woman unaccustomed to riding in a carriage or a cab a fine feeling of luxury. More than this, it appeals to the universal human desire to ride for nothing.

The bus idea is not particularly new, because Marshall Field first put it into effect in Chicago years ago to haul patrons from the railway stations to his store. The important fact is, the cheaper and more direct the transportation the better the chance of increasing trade with women. Experience shows that they will not go to much trouble to reach a store.

Another factor in the matter of profitable site and accessibility is close proximity to the theaters. Matinées are great feeders to the department stores. So close is the relation between shopping and theatergoing that one great Chicago store has a theatrical ticket office, where seats for all current attractions may be obtained at regular prices. This saves a woman from having to stand in line at the box office and it enables her to remain just that much longer in the store.

"He Has a Smile and a Manner That Make Them Feel That He is Genuinely Interested in What They Want"

Stores attract some women like theaters. Any one of a dozen department-store managers in New York will tell you that there are women who come into their establishments every business day for the mere love of wandering around and seeing just what is being offered. They may not make a purchase once a week, but they like the sensation of being near bargains.

Assuming that the merchant has the properly accessible site, what is he to do to make the woman buy the moment she gets into the store? The whole secret, after having seasonable, reasonable and dependable goods, is to make the main floor as attractive and alluring as possible. It is at this point that one result of a careful study of the feminine temperament comes in, because the really successful main floor is so arranged as to stimulate the shopping instinct and make the woman buyer feel that she "simply must have" the articles displayed.

That fascinating psychological institution—the power of suggestion—does the job. The shrewd merchandiser simply turns it loose when he fills the main floor with "pickups," little articles that attract the eye and make the woman pause and examine them. They may be jewelry, belts, belt-buckles, silver or gilt picture frames, toilet articles, notions, hatpins, leather goods, fans, veils, combs, umbrellas, hosiery—all the things that appeal to feminine fancy, that arouse instant interest and make a swift and unexpected appeal for purchase. The woman will buy them impulsively because they fascinate her. This starts the buying machinery and gives the shopper the feeling that she is getting just what she wants. The chances are that she will buy more than she ever expected to buy on that trip.

This naturally leads to what might be called the geography of merchandising for women. By having the small, highly suggestive and quickly salable articles, whose buying requires no forethought, at the entrance and near by on the main floor, the merchant is enabled to place the less attractive goods, and the stocks that require time and thought in buying, farther back and higher up. A woman who starts out to buy a suit or a long coat or a brass bedstead, or even a pair of shoes, is willing to go to the third or fourth floor after them. She has made up her mind to get this particular article and needs no power of suggestion to guide her. You can see that one reason why some retail merchants for women have failed is simply because they put the wrong kind of stock on their main floors, and especially near the doors.

There is still another good business reason behind the grouping of enticing articles on the main floor. It creates quick buying, and a busy counter is one of the first and best aids to merchandising for women. Crowds of women shoppers have been likened to flocks of sheep. Experience shows that if a woman stops at a counter and says out loud, "I think this is a real bargain," nearly every other

She Goes to the House That Makes a Dignified Announcement

woman within the range of her voice will at once think the same thing and rally around the goods. Many of them will buy. Thus to the power of suggestion must be added the potent influence of the power of example in inducing women to buy. The whole machinery that stirs the far-flung American bargain line into action operates on this theory. Bargains are good bait, for they bring people into the store. Women will buy them because they think they are cheap, whether they need them or not. Then they stir around to find some place or use for them.

The very origin of bargain day indicates its best value today. Formerly Friday was the poorest business day of the week. It was the lull after the rush of the first part of the week and the calm before Saturday, which was the general payday, when many people did their buying. How to make this a profitable day was the problem. A clever man said to himself, "Why not have a big volume of business at a very small profit rather than no business at all?" He marked down a pile of goods, advertised them and called Friday "bargain day." Women, being by instinct shoppers and bargain-hunters, flocked to the store. Friday is now as big a day as any other, and sometimes bigger.

Every great merchandiser has his own peculiar system of creating bargains. Often bargains are the result of opportunities. The shrewd merchant will buy a stock that may be slightly out of date and sell it at a small margin of profit. The article is unusual and it brings a lot of new people into the store. In short, it is one form of publicity.

There are many clever devices to get women into the stores. One is the "rainy-day special." It is a well-known fact that unless there is some very special inducement the average woman shopper will not rush out to buy on a rainy day. One far-sighted New York merchant hit upon an idea to make this inducement. He said, "Why not make the store so attractive on rainy days that the women will make it a point to come to my store every time it rains?" He planned a series of special bargains, which would not be advertised and which would be available only on rainy days. Thus the women would have to come to the shop to see just what they were. The element of surprise added interest to the performance.

The announcement that the firm made tells the story, for it read:

"When a day begins with rain our usual crowds do not come. Casting about for a means to sustain the sales' record of fair days in spite of rain we have hit upon the idea of establishing a system of rainy-day specials. Therefore, you may come to us on any day that starts with a drizzle or a downpour expecting to find extraordinary bargains. You may locate these groups by cards like this. There will be interesting values on every floor; goods reduced for the purpose of turning stormy dull days into stormy busy days."

On the back of this announcement was a facsimile of the placard that announced the special. It bore the words "Rainy-Day Specials, Not Advertised" in large type, and was stamped with the device of the store. Underneath was the price of the article in large, plain figures.

Hoisting the Lavender

THE words in the announcement, "On any day that starts with a drizzle," and so on, have an interesting bearing. No day is a provocation for the specials unless it rains when the store opens. It is officially declared a rainy day when the manager arrives. Assured that rain is falling he at once orders a placard containing the words "Rainy-Day Specials" posted at the big station in the center of the store. This is like a signal hoisted to the masthead of a flagship, for in a few minutes rainy-day cards flash up in red all over the establishment. A carefully planned system of reductions is on file and it is at once in operation. A corset that may have sold the day before for two dollars is marked down to one dollar and seventy-five cents; stockings that on bright days would bring eighty-five cents a pair go to seventy-nine cents, and so on. There must be real bargains on these rainy days.

Another New York store puts lavender placards out on rainy days bearing the words "Unadvertised Specials." It has educated its customers to look for them at such times, and they back them up with low prices in various stocks.

Still another rainy-day inducement is in the form of personal publicity. When business is dull on such days the clerks in the stores do their shopping. The managers will make special prices to them sometimes on certain lines. These girls take their purchases home and tell their families and friends about them. It sets women to talking, and merchandisers for women have learned that one of the most powerful influences they can have at work is the talk of shoppers.

All great merchants do not agree on the subject of bargains as the only bait. John Wanamaker, for example, sums up part of his business philosophy in this sentence, "New goods are better than bargains." This means the swift turning of stocks, which crystallizes the creed of Marshall Field, "Keep stocks moving, for action is the life of merchandising." When you turn to the rule that guided another master merchant, the late R. H. Macy, you find that he, too, realized, many years ago, that movement of merchandise was profit. His axiom was:

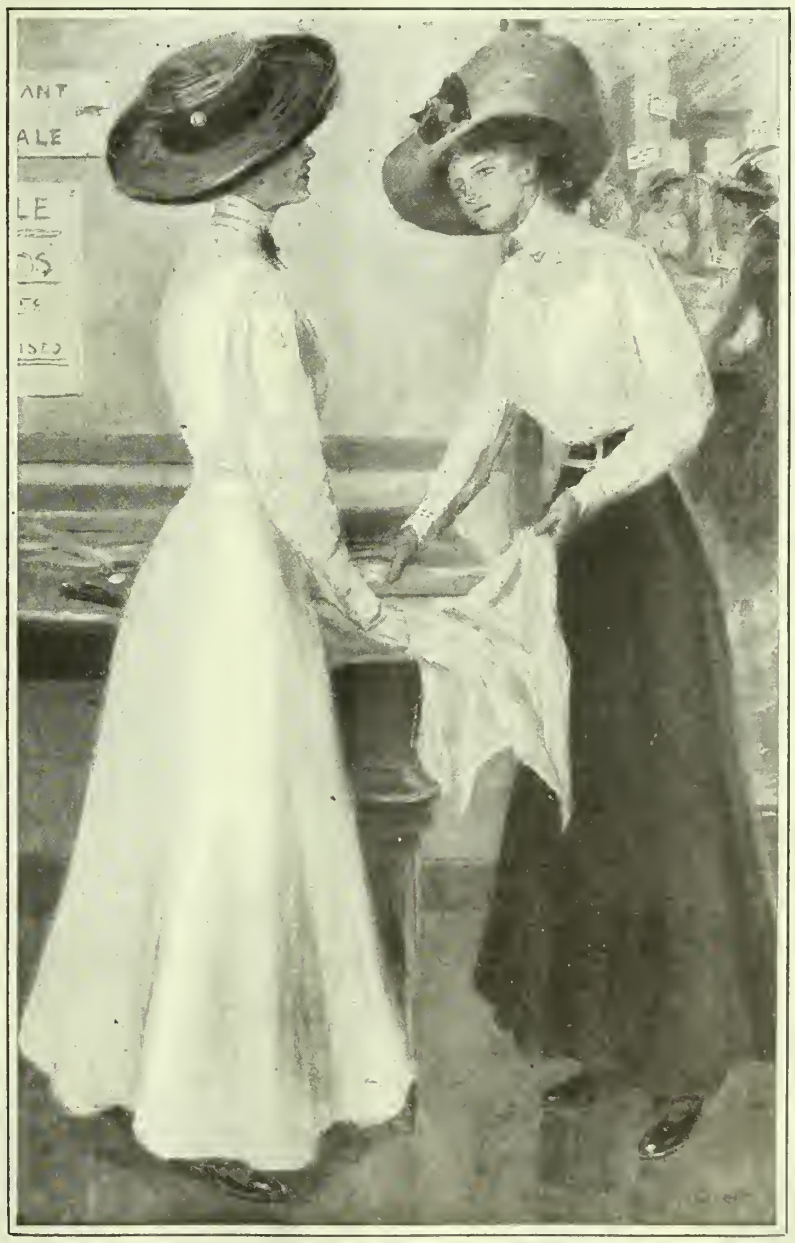
You make money by your turnovers·
You lose money by your leftovers.

In no kind of merchandising is action so necessary as in purveying for women. This is due to the fact that styles for them are constantly changing. With a man it is different. If green suits are not modish, and he happens to have one left over from last season, he will wear it anyhow. But if fashion decrees that turbans are stylish a woman will not wear her big hat, no matter how stunning it may be. She will continue in her hunt for turbans, and this means that the stores must have all kinds of turbans on hand.

Right buying, therefore, becomes one of the great problems of the merchandiser for the sex. In the office of the merchandising manager of a vast Sixth Avenue store you will see this sign hung up:

GOODS WELL BOUGHT ARE HALF SOLD
BUT
GOODS HALF SOLD ARE BADLY BOUGHT

How is the merchant to know whether he is buying right? Simply by keeping track of what his competitors are doing, and this is achieved by having what is technically known as the "Shopping Department." Sometimes it is called the "Comparison Department."



"It is So Cozy and Intimate"

Go to any well-organized department store, and somewhere in the big establishment you will see an office, separated by glass partitions from the rest of the store, with the word "Private" painted on the door. Many offices may have this word on the outside, but this particular office has special significance. Inside you will find two women, and one of them will very likely be reading and marking the department-store advertisements in the daily newspapers. The other will be examining laces, stockings, underwear, shoes, or any one of the hundred articles to be found in a well-stocked store. The place looks like a sample-room. In reality it is the "Shopping Department."

The goods that you see have been bought from competing stores, for the business of the department is to keep sharp track of what other stores are selling so as to compare the goods with the same kind of article in the house. What is the value of this work? It is not difficult to find out. Suppose that this particular store is selling a certain silk stocking at ninety-eight cents a pair. The next day a rival house advertises the same stocking for eighty-nine cents a pair. The shopping department, which has at once noted the advertisement, sends a woman to buy a pair of the stockings and they are compared with the quality her house is selling. If they are the same quality then something is wrong with the buying end. The buyer in the silk-stocking department is then hauled up and asked to explain why he cannot buy these stockings so as to sell them at eighty-nine cents a pair, or even a few cents lower than the price charged by the competitor. Thus, by means of such a department, the merchant not only can keep his finger on just what his trade rivals are doing but can know from day to day whether his department heads are on their jobs and buying the right goods at the right price.

Right buying for women means scouring the world for the latest styles and color effects. The successful merchandiser must have a bureau in Paris manned by men and women who watch style developments as eagerly as foreign correspondents on the spot watch the march of events. But this is only one detail. The merchant must also have agents in scores of places in the Orient for draperies; in the Madeira Islands for embroideries; in Ireland for linens; in Chemnitz for underwear, and so on. There must be shrewd Americanism behind the watch on this panorama of fashion and change. Many French gowns, for instance, must be Americanized when they come to New York. A novelty that looks well in terms of francs must be equally attractive and salable in terms of good United States dollars.

Cabling Paris Styles

NOT all the hints for catchy styles come from the conventional watch at the race-tracks, the boulevards, the theaters or the papers. Some drift in from unexpected sources. I saw a picture postal card that came to a great American merchant from a woman in the south of France. It showed a woman looking through a lorgnette fastened to the handle of an umbrella. It was quite an original device. Offhand it seemed acceptable. But the merchandise manager to whom it was referred asked this question, "Will the American woman like it?" He brought up his keenest women buyers, trained in the shifting taste and desire of their sex. "No," they said. "The American woman likes the lorgnette in the conventional place. This is a toy and a freak, and it won't do."

One great American merchant has an entire editorial staff in Paris which sends him a daily fashion letter. This staff publishes an illustrated weekly magazine, with plenty of pictures and news and gossip of the fashion world. If a new scarf is worn at the races it is photographed; a picture is sent over by the next steamer and with it full instructions as to how it is to be worn. Some of these scarfs are ordered. Cables have prepared the way for their coming. So when they arrive the head of the department to which they go assembles his people, tells them all about the new article, and by the time the goods are actually on sale the saleswomen can talk about them intelligently, just as if they had been handling these innovations for years.

Fashion and vanity are compatible terms. Hence the shrewd merchandiser for women cleverly appeals to the vanity of the sex. An incident will show how successfully it can be done. A certain American merchant, who is a heavy importer of the latest things in gowns and wraps, and who had studied the woman's state of mind, devised this plan to make a winning appeal to her. In the autumn

he held an elaborate exhibition of styles, and in the announcement of his show made the following statement:

The area devoted to this exhibition will be known as the Court of Foreign Fashions, where only the fashions just received from the ships will be displayed, and where the trunks and original packages that contain them, which have been seen before only by the customs officers, will be opened in your presence for the first time.

What appeal could be more irresistible? Here was the chance to be in at the literal opening of the very last word in the things that women most adore. The "original package" idea drew a throng of enchanted buyers.

There are other kinds of appeal to the woman's vanity. A. T. Stewart, who was wise in his generation, had a good plan. When he had a sale of fine silk dress goods he had a way of saying to a clerk in the presence and hearing of a well-to-do customer whom he knew by name: "By the way, Mr. Jones, you remember the duplicate of that silk dress pattern which was made for Queen Victoria? Well, I think Mrs. Blank would like to examine it."

Of course, Mrs. Blank was glad to examine it and delighted at what she considered the privilege of buying the same pattern that probably at that moment was covering the ample shoulders of the good queen.

This play on the woman's temperament has many ramifications. It reminds me of an incident in the life of a great American merchant. Twenty years ago he had a drygoods store that was big for the Southern town in which it was located. He was in New York one summer and went shopping with his sister. They went to a large store, where his companion asked for five articles. The store had only three. It made a deep impression on the brother, for he said to his sister:

"Why, I could beat that down home. I have all five of those things."

Years passed; that man went to New York and today he is at the head of two of the largest department stores in that city. When you ask him for the rule that underlies his successful merchandising for women he will tell you the story of that shopping expedition with his sister twenty years ago, and will add: "It consists in having all those five things all the time, for merchandising for women simply consists in having what they want when they want it."

What Every Woman Knows

ALL the genius of providing the right kind of store and the right kind of stock will be unavailing, however, if there are not intelligence and selling ability behind the counter. Although rules for employees are made every day by the score, experience shows that the whole science of reaching the woman customer lies in two simple things — attention to the customer and knowledge of the stock.

Clerks who study the merchandise they handle roll up big sales, and it is easy to see why. Take a girl at the lace counter. A woman happens to be strolling through the store and sees an attractive pattern of lace, and stops. Without being intrusive the intelligent clerk can engage in conversation with the woman. If she can tell her, for example, that this particular lace was woven by some nuns in a French convent the chances are that she will at once interest the woman. She invests her stock with a story interest that wins. So with any kind of goods. The very moment that a clerk, by reason of investigation or study, can impart interesting facts about what she sells she plays a strong card for business. Thus that much-worked institution — human interest — performs its labor at the drygoods counter as it does in the larger sphere of wholesale salesmanship and in that still greater activity — the whole work of the world.

Knowledge of merchandise means that the clerk can serve her customer and serve her well, and this is the basis of all retailing. If the woman buyer finds out that the clerk knows more than she does about goods, in nine cases out of ten she will buy, even if she had no intention of buying at the start. A man, on the other hand, often wants to feel that he knows more about the goods than the clerk, and when given a chance to display this knowledge will buy, even if he did not expect to make a purchase.

The clerk can obtain the knowledge about the merchandise she sells very easily. Heads of departments are glad to impart it. In addition, every great store has its "store school," and one great American merchant has founded a university for his employees in order that they may have the proper training.

When this knowledge is backed up with a smile and a pleasant personality there is no limit to the advance of the clerk. A story will illustrate. In one of the large New York department stores a premium is given to all clerks who sell more than a certain amount of goods every week. The manager noticed that one salesman in the silk dress-goods department led all the rest. Some weeks his premium was twelve dollars. He sent for the head of the silk-goods department and asked:

"Are you sure that Jones is not getting credit for the mail orders he fills?"

"Quite sure," was the reply. "He sells the goods."

"How does he do it?" asked the manager, very much interested.

"Women customers gravitate toward him," was the answer, "because he has a smile and a manner that make them feel that he is genuinely interested in what they want. He makes them realize it the moment they come into the department, and if he is standing in a group of salesmen they pick him out."

It is hard to tie this kind of salesman down. The next vacancy among buyers was offered to him and he filled it so acceptably that he is now headed toward an assistant managership.

Successful merchandisers for women have learned that when you make a woman feel cozy in her buying she will come back again. This inspiration has led to an interesting innovation in the display of dress goods. For years these goods were kept on shelves fortified by counters. Though bolts were piled up on counters some obstacle seemed to be interposed between the woman and free and unrestrained access to the goods.

A merchant, wiser than all the rest, reasoned thus: "Wouldn't it be more attractive to the woman buyer if she could find these bolts spread out on small tables that were not barricaded by counters? She could take up the goods herself — wade into them, so to speak — and establish a close relation with them. In short, she would be at home."

The merchant discarded his shelves and displayed his dress goods on individual tables. What was the result? He sold more dress goods than ever before; and, what was more to the point, the women not only came back but brought their friends. They almost had parties in this department, for they said, "It is so cozy and intimate."

When you analyze what this clever merchant did you find that it is simply an adaptation of a plan that has many uses. The average person would rather eat at a small table in a restaurant or a hotel than at a large table where there are a lot of strangers. You have only to consult human nature to sell goods.

Wherever you turn in highly-organized merchandising for women you find that the stores that provide the best and most human aids to shopping do the business. Children, for example, are a great problem with the shopper who cannot afford to keep a maid. To have a child tagging around from floor to floor is not only burdensome to the woman but very wearying to the little one.

One New York store has solved this problem. The woman can have her baby carriage checked at the door and her baby or older child checked at a roof garden, where trained attendants are on the lookout and where there are sand piles, ponds, and all the other diversions for the child. In bad weather and in winter the children are checked in a large recreation room, where there are indoor games. This has proved a strong inducement to shoppers. It makes for unhampered buying and it relieves the woman's mind; for, instead of worrying about the children whom she has left with a neighbor or locked up, she can have a feeling of security because they are close at hand.

The same store, by the way, has another winning appeal for women. It claims to sell meat at cost. I asked the manager why he did this and he said:

"It's a very simple proposition. Meat is a necessity and people must have it every day. They will go where they can get it the cheapest. When we sell meat at cost we bring a large number of people into the store every day. Most of our customers have no servants and do all their household work, and have to take care of their children. Many have other things to buy besides meat, and the chances are that they will combine all their buying at one place. Thus we get all their business."

There are many ingenious ways of getting people into the store. Here is a typical case. An enterprising Chicago merchant had a big sale of iron savings banks. They were sold at twenty-five cents each, had cost him forty and were worth a dollar. But they were sold with the understanding that the store was to keep the key, and the buyer of the bank, therefore, could not open it without coming back to the establishment. Thousands bought the banks because they were a real bargain.

Shopping Through the Tube

NOW, this merchant was not a philanthropist. He knew that when people came back to open their banks they would spend in his store some of the money they had saved. He was not mistaken. Many did not wait until the bank was full. They needed something and said, "I've some money in my bank. The key is at Blank's store. I can get what I want there." This plan served a twofold purpose; for, in addition to being a form of compulsory saving, it provided a sure lure to get people back to the store.

Another plan put into effect by a Rochester store consisted of a distribution of lapel buttons by the thousand. Each button had a number. On certain days the store advertised a list of numbers, and the persons having these numbers on their buttons could call and get prizes. This scheme had the virtue of making thousands of people read advertisements who otherwise would not have done so, and thus their attention was directed to the store and its stocks. Also, in wandering through the establishment in search of their prizes they became familiar with the place and with what it had to offer.

Successful merchandising for women must meet and solve many new problems and conditions. Our suburban zone, for example, is constantly expanding. The merchant must serve and reach the suburbanite. Merely sending her goods out to her free of charge does not solve the problem. Original aids and comforts in shopping must be provided.

New York has the largest suburban population. Let us see what the great stores do for it. The most recent innovation is typical of the enterprise of a great house. It has established a bureau for shoppers in the concourse of the Hudson Terminal building. This is an inclosed highway through which the flood of tube commuters to New Jersey sweeps twice a day. The bureau is really a branch office of the business, equipped with telephones and manned by clerks who know all the departments and who have prices, catalogues and lists of bargains advertised.

Here is the way it can serve a suburbanite. A woman in Montclair, New Jersey, is invited to a luncheon in New York. She wants to make a call before the function and she must go back to her home immediately after the party. She needs a number of articles and she has no time to shop. She can stop at this booth on her way to the city, leave her orders and find all the packages ready for her at the booth when she goes back in the afternoon. It is just a step from the booth to the tube, and the tube lands her in the railway station in Hoboken or Jersey City. Her problem is solved.

Now turn to another kind of aid to the suburbanite, although this help may be employed by the city dweller as well. It consists of the "shopper's guide." A woman who is not familiar with the geography of a great store can ask the first floor-walker she meets for a shopper's guide. In a few

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She Knows Everything That She is Getting and She is Particular About What She Gets

The Line of Least Resistance

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

IV

THE clean, resinous scent of new lumber was in the air. It came from every quarter—from paintless wooden buildings blistering in the unclouded sun; from woodwork of adobes; from canvas streets yet whitely unbeaten by any storm, redolent of rough boarded floors and walls, of pine frames and tables and bunks; from aromatic curls of fresh, sweet shavings, wind-lodged by bush and shrub and fence wall.

No grass yet grew over the newly laid pipe-line from the pumphouse at Muerto Spring. The water-tank was new, the railroad buildings were new, and newly painted to an opprobrious, economical hue that might almost be called a hue and cry—a nameless raw and offensive color, popularly held to be composed of iron-rust, brickdust and blood. The railroad itself was new; the ties—save where resin simmered and stewed at knot or gash—were bright and unfaded, the barrow pits bare and brown, the rails shimmering away to a blinding dazzle toward the sun.

The stages were gone—men of affairs were about; from beyond the powder-house came the incessant crackling of rifles, where transient Dundee beguiled the passing hour at target practice. On the broad, shady porch of the Dundee House foregathered a group so habitual of late that Polk Armstrong, moved by some vague Wordsworthian memory, had twitched his elderly thumb at them and murmured: "We are seven."

Miss Mallory, Don and Hiram you know in part. First of the remainder, four, note now Mr. Breese, promoter and ex-broker, of tubercular tendencies, uncle and guardian to Miss Lena Mallory—to Dundee and to us important in the latter capacity as explaining her sojournings. Of Mr. Breese himself it may be said that he came to cough and remained to prey; finding here a rich field for his breaking and promoting proclivities. In passing, be it added that he stood more than a chance of becoming the preyed upon in turn; the preyee, so to speak. For him, for any other like him, a danger lies constantly in wait, of gradually believing his own spontaneous and glowing eloquence.

Such insidious credulity was now creeping upon Breese; he was in a fair way to become his own next victim. In this infatuation he was abetted by horny-handed and otherwise scaly parties having mines vendible of which they desired to become dispossessed. It is not death alone that loves a shining mark.

He was an immaculate, smooth-faced, fragile little man, with silvery, silken hair, a pearly skin and birdlike claws of brittle appearance—all which lent themselves readily to the prevalent supposition that he was made of glass. Glacial of manner and brusque of speech, it was half by mistake that his name became Freeze upon the popular tongue.

To Miss Lena he was "Guardy," and to his wife he was simply "Father," as she was "Mother" to him. This wistful usage in a childless old couple was not without pathos, if only any had noticed it. But no one did; Lena being used to it, which comes to exactly the same thing. Unless, indeed, it were Don Kennedy, who noticed most things.

"Mother"—otherwise "Aunt Polly"—was a dear, dim-eyed old lady of vague chameleon mental characteristics and consolatory exterior, who played pinocle earnestly with "Father," oblivious to passing decades, and lent a desultory decorum to the diversions of Miss Mallory.

The last two of this group of seven were Dolly, his daughter, and the Professor himself—to adopt his own order of precedence. Dorothy was fifteen, blue-eyed, delicious and doubly spoiled for that her mother was dead and herself poor of health. The Professor—Lathrop Ormsby Otis—whatever his other virtues, was unquestionably a good father to his motherless girl. Because of her failing health he had, at forty-three, given up his chair in a well-known New York college and abandoned a career in which he had won no small distinction, notwithstanding his comparative youth, to seek a more genial clime and there devote himself to Dorothy's welfare.

"Take That One!"

An archæologist by avocation, this had brought him to New Mexico rather than elsewhere; coming last to Dundee en route for certain famous cliff-dwellings—or, rather, cave-dwellings—on the Gila. The cave-dwellings were still there; but having met Mr. Breese, as explained above, the Professor loitered in Dundee. We cannot blame him. It was a long and tiresome journey to the mines; the veranda was cool and pleasant; Don and Hiram were sufficiently prehistoric in their mental and ethical attitudes to quiet any twinges of the archæological conscience. Slim Dorothy, day by day, grew merry, sun-brown and strong; acquiring at the same time an amazing out-of-doors vocabulary and an outdoor manner verging on the hoydenish. She was learning to ride; the Professor accompanied her—and Miss Mallory—on thrilling voyages of discovery. Those cave-dwellers were all dead, anyhow, and the Professor felt suddenly very much alive; unearthing, in the attic lumber-room of memory, the dusty monograph of a famous literary doctor, who—at forty—had resolutely maintained that a man was at the prime and vigor of life between forty and forty-five; later revising this opinion to make fifty the meridional year. The Professor recalled this monograph with interest and pleasure, finding it logical, brilliant and convincing; more so, indeed, than it had seemed at first reading.

The firm of Yoast and Kennedy might well have been otherwise engaged. There was much to be done "fixing up" their ranch with windmill, watering troughs and corrals; even—should the whim so seize them—with a house. They had, indeed, taken out their windmill and pump in the fourth day of the new era as recorded in Hiram's calendar, but, in a sudden access of incompetence, had decided to get an experienced man to put it up, and had returned to the veranda two weeks since; where they patiently waited for an experienced man to broach to them the subject of windmills.

The dim, unheeded panorama of the far-off, jostling world passed on and left them to the deep life of the hour, lotus-eaters in "a land where all things always seemed the same"; smiling days, languorous, dreamy, delicious; nights of moon-magic, witchery of throbbing song, the luminous arch of stars.

It will occur to you that the situation called for a chaperonage less theoretical than Aunt Polly's. The privileges of that time and place will fully cover appearances. For the reality, Miss Lena was an eminently capable person, of foresight, prudence and skill. With unfailing vigilance she vigorously put down attempts to overstep the strict lines of friendliness by either the Professor or Kennedy. But she was a kind and thoroughly good-hearted girl, and so only suppressed them alternately. Being herself mature and twenty she was less severe with Hiram, who was barely twenty-two, and whom she, therefore, regarded merely as an amusing boy—a thing equally dissatisfactory to Hiram and to his elders.

"Will some one please tell me why these apparently otherwise intelligent people find such unfailing delight in rifle practice, to the exclusion of all other interests?" asked Miss Mallory. "One would think it would pall in time."

"Why, that's dead easy!" said Hiram. "They was born in captivity, and gettin' out o' their cages has gone to their heads."

"Exactly! In their more civilized communities," said Don, "their activities in this line have been so restricted by step-paternal legislation that when a gentleman observed a skunk in his henhouse he had to call in legal advice. Then, if no especial act of the legislature was required, and if the skunk remained on the premises beyond the expiration of the closed season, the henman, having first duly served notice of trespass on the offender, and having affixed proper revenue stamps to his gun and to each cartridge, displaying his license so folded that the notarial seal shall be plainly visible, calls upon the skunk, in the presence of a properly appointed inspector or commissioner, or his deputy, demanding that he, the said skunk, do now show his license to kill fowl, ducks, geese and other feathered domestic poultry. And if said skunk cannot show such license, or refuses to show such license, the featherless biped shall call upon him, the said skunk, to desist; and if said skunk does not then desist he may then be shot in accordance with the provisions of this act, entitled an act to amend an act entitled an act——"

The Professor was a bit of a poet. All this while his eyes were dreamily following the contours of Moongate Pass, studying the deep-shadowed wrinkles distinct against the morning sun, and shaping in imagination the hinted misty valleys beyond; so negligent of his duty. For while their conversational procedure was informal, it was tacitly understood that when either Otis or Kennedy declared himself upon any proposition the other would forthwith uphold the contrary with life, fortune and sacred honor.

Up rose Dolly, his daughter, then and stood before Kennedy with minatory finger and flashing eyes. "Now you're making fun of my daddy again! You make me feel bad!"

"Dolly!" groaned the Professor. "Do you wish us to understand that your sense of touch is imperfect or that you are conscious of being morally depraved? 'Daddy,' too! What would your Uncle Thomas say?"

"Oh, you know very well what I mean!" cried this unrepentant and degenerate damsel. Evidently the opinions of Uncle Thomas carried no weight. "You know very well what El Señor Don means too. Why don't you squash him?" She stamped a vehement little foot for emphasis and winked shamelessly at Miss Mallory. Dolly, as she herself coarsely put it, "egged on" the combatants with cheerful impartiality. When, as now, either was too indolent to take up the challenge it was her part, as a sort of intellectual toreador, to "poke 'em up." Such was her own reprehensible phrase.

For Father and Mother Breese, their communication was confined, with rare exceptions, to ejaculatory remarks of "Dis!" "Pinocle!" "Kings eighty!" and the like. But they lent a listening ear, except at critical moments of the game, and rewarded a neat stroke with laughter and applause. Lena and Hiram, lightly skirmishing, kept for most part aloof from the main affray, but occasionally swooped down, sometimes on opposing sides, sometimes as allies, to rescue the discomfited or to add to his discomfiture, exactly as pleased their whim. It was also Lena's care to see that the buttons were kept on the foils, and to strike them up if one were lost in the warm play.

The Professor reluctantly abandoned the Moongate. "Very well, I'll meet you on the bloody sands," he said to

Kennedy. His eyes were twinkling; he had a wholesome sense of humor that went far to soften and ameliorate his many virtues. "Our game laws frequently overstep the mark. Admitted. But is that not far better than your extreme? The frontiersman openly violates what few and liberal game laws he has, with the natural consequence that all game will soon be exterminated."

"You wouldn't let a deer actually butt you, would you, Professor?" queried Hiram in grieved astonishment.

"There's your frontiersman! To him, breaking the law varies between a downright duty and a good joke!" The Professor was aroused; his refined, scholarly face glowed with animation.

Don sprang to the defense: "Of all the fantastic sentimentality the world has ever known, this howl about the vanished game of a continent is the silliest and sloppiest. To hear them mourn you'd think 'twas a national calamity that good farms had replaced the buffalo, and pitiful beyond belief that Ohio and Kentucky were not still the undisturbed haunt of black bear and deer and turkey. They are fighting evolution. I expect to hear next of an act protecting angleworms from the depredations of the plow."

"And that brings up my pet story," said Lena. "In Nebraska, politics is a contest between the Missouri River cities and the rest of the state. Once Omaha, being in power, passed stringently protective game laws that bore heavily on the farmers, leaving them helpless to protect their crops ——".

"If they obeyed the silly law," suggested Hiram.

"If they obeyed the silly law—which they didn't. In retaliation the farmers banded together and posted their farms with trespass notices to keep off the city sportsmen during the open season. Then they elected a majority in the next legislature, and to put on a finishing touch they passed a bill to forbid hunting on the roadside. But they worded it carelessly, with this disastrous result:

"'Hereafter it shall be unlawful to shoot or fire off any gun upon any public road or highway in the State of Nebraska except for the purpose of killing some wild and dangerous beast or an officer in discharge of his duty!'"

"Such a bill has features that should make it popular here," observed the Professor grimly, as the laughter died. Then he returned to the assault with renewed vigor. "My dear Mr. Kennedy, we are so far apart on this matter that I do not think we are talking about the same thing. Laws are often ill-advised, but a good citizen will obey a law even while hoping and working for its repeal."

"I thought you were a Daughter of the American Revolution," said Hiram spitefully, when the Professor stopped talking.

"Then they were poor citizens who fought at Lexington and Concord?" seconded Lena.

Thus hard beset by three, the Professor fell back. "A great war for a great principle is not the same thing as reckless disregard of any law that does not meet your approval, leading inevitably to contempt for all laws," he protested. "And we were speaking of specific law or laws regulating the slaughter of game."

"What is wrong for the individual is wrong for any aggregation of individuals; and what is right for many is right for one," said Don oracularly. "But let us come back to the specific law, by all means. Our grandads in convention found a principle at stake in those very laws. So much so that when they looked over the Constitution to see what bets they'd missed, the second oversight corrected was this: 'The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.'"

"There you go again, at the old trick of mutilating the text," said the Professor indignantly. "'A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state'—you took pains to leave that out."

"Yes, I know that many learned jurists construe the passage to mean that the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall be infringed, but the right of the people to keep and bear gold lace shall not be infringed. But such is not my reading of the amendment. I make it: 'The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.' Only that and nothing more. As for the clause which you charge me with willfully omitting, I didn't remember it. It was merely explanatory; it told why they did what they did; but what they did is entirely in the part I gave. If you don't believe it, try your clause alone and see what sort of an amendment it makes. 'A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state ——' Incomplete, isn't it? The sense is all in the other part of it."

Matters Were Going Ill With Red-Faced Kim Ki

"They meant that training of militia companies should never be prohibited," said the Professor doggedly. "Not that bearing of arms by individuals should not be regulated."

"They meant that history had taught them that disarmament had always been a preliminary to oppression. They meant liberty and not license," retorted Don. "They were quite right. Tell us honestly—how would you like the job of oppressing New Mexico?"

The Professor laughed, passing his hand through his lightly frosted hair. "I shouldn't care to undertake to oppress it or to repress it, either. Kindly remember that President Hayes was obliged to declare martial law here during your Lincoln County War."

"Martial law! Just for a little disturbance between cowmen and cattlemen! That was a short-sighted policy, anyway," said Don with some arrogance. "It was seriously proposed to leave a strip six miles wide between Lincoln County and Donna Ana for a No Man's Land where gentlemen of diverging views might adjust their differences with no expense to the taxpayers. Had this long-headed arrangement been carried out there would have been no need of martial law, and the war might have been going on yet!"

But the Professor would not be laughed aside. "Think of the carnival of bloodshed the territory has just gone through! Think how many murders are committed by men who are good citizens in the main, simply because they bear arms ready to hand in the moment of anger! How you can be so obtuse as to defend the practice of carrying deadly weapons, in the face of such glaring evidence, is beyond me. Mr. Kennedy, it grieves me to have a man of your unusual intelligence express such views."

"On the contrary, how a man of your usual intelligence can be so singularly obtuse is beyond me!" said Don, sighing mournfully. "Kindly remember that the necessity for martial law existed before it was declared. So citizens, good in the main, when they buckle on their forty-some-odds, declare a little martial law on their own account. We carry the law of the land at the saddle-horn, as the saying goes. The bad citizen packs a gun anyway and the good one ought to have an even break. It won't work, Professor. There are many good reasons to urge on your side—notably the appeal to arms just because they're handy. But there's no argument for or against a man carrying a gun that won't apply with equal force to a nation building a navy. A navy does other things besides fighting. A nation with a navy may be more likely to go to war than if it had none, but it is also less likely to be wronged or to be the subject of attempted wrong. There are crimes besides violence; and the violent man or the warlike nation does not submit to them. I might agree that it would be better if a man didn't pack a gun and a nation didn't tote a navy, but I'll never believe one is right and the other wrong."

"On the other hand ——"

"Let me interrupt you, Professor. I will freely admit the undeniable truth of much that you urge. But in that little phrase 'on the other hand' you have admitted all I care for—that there is something to be said on both sides. That is precisely what most of your people never do. They hear one side of all these subjects reiterated, uncontradicted, till they repeat their views in a reverent chant, as if they were axioms, self-evident, needing only authoritative statement to put down all opposition. So when you admit that there is really something well founded in our views there is no more to be said. We knew that your views were worth while."

"But the preponderance of opinion—observe that I say opinion, not fact—is against you."

"I think not," said Don. "This is only a detail of the two general tendencies, to be law-ridden or lawless—in which tug-of-war you and I are pulling opposite ways. That we are pretty evenly matched is amply proved, since we neither have tyranny on the one hand nor Rob Roy's simple little plan on the other."

"I dare say you are right. The truth always lies somewhere between the two extremes," agreed Otis amicably. "But it will be hard to cite an instance of our erroneous legality to offset the recent glaring excesses here in the Southwest."

"Easiest thing there is! Only, I shouldn't have 'named it'—as Hiram says—without this invitation," rejoined Kennedy. "There's the Salem Witchcraft ——"

But this was a subject on which the Professor was sensitive. His finely-chiseled features hardened to a frown. "That was generations ago," he said. "The world has progressed since then. You have to go back some time to match your outrages."

"You miss my point, Professor. You repudiate all that as a shameful crime. But you don't look at it as I do. My indignation is for the law-abiding state of mind of the men who let these things be done, unresisted, to their nearest and dearest. Think of it, Hiram! They meekly let Martha and Priscilla be done to death on this monstrous accusation without ever pulling trigger! Witches deserved death—some one told them so—'twas the law! That don't go here. John is that lawless and violent that if the whole United States Navy should come bounding and skipping o'er the lily-white lea on any such pious errand he'd go down after his hardware and give 'em a small touch of high life, law or no law." Don could use English on occasion, having been expelled from the University of Virginia; but to conceal his emotions he generally fell back on flippant colloquialism.

Otis ran his hand through his hair in some perplexity. "It was an unhappy madness on both the people and magistrates for which they should not be judged too harshly."

"One stiff-necked desperado with a bell-mouthed blunderbuss and half a pint o' slugs would 'a' sent 'em home sane and happy," rejoined Kennedy, answering the mental attitude behind the words. "I've voted for 'magistrates' myself before now. I always remember who made him a magistrate—I myself, that excellent man. And to sum it all up, I—nor yet any possible number of I's—cannot delegate to our deputy any power we do not have ourselves. This helps me to keep my reverence for their infallibility within bounds, even when they are sanest. And the spectacle of a magistrate barking mad and frothing at the mouth does not excite me to unreflecting obedience—especially where Mattie's concerned. No, sir! Just one pig-headed, upstanding he-man who revered the workings of his own contumacious mind more than he did the voice of authority would have stopped the whole black business cheap—for maybe a magistrate or so."

The Professor was privately impressed, but not in the least convinced. And he did not at all relish this unexpected turn of the ox-goring. "It is small wonder that Mr. Kennedy and I seldom agree," he said rather stiffly. "We stand on different viewpoints with our eyes rigidly fixed in opposite directions. The sectional feeling here is so strong ——"

"Sectional feeling! Oh, shade of Great-Uncle Paul Revere!" cried Don wrathfully. "The measure of our

antagonism is the superiority you affect—no, no, that isn't the word. The superiority you feel. I would cast no doubt on your sincerity. Of course we resent it. If we didn't resent it that would be proof that we deserved it. But how about your sectionalism? Look once: New York bickers at Boston, and both pick on Philadelphia, and all three consider themselves hardy explorers when they venture past a line drawn in any direction from Washington! Think of the treatment you give Edgar Allan Poe, and consider how you'd have sainted him and burned incense and punk before his image if he'd only dwelt together in peace and unity at Concord! Why, that isn't even sectionalism—that's quarter sectionalism. You people come out here and go hurrahing industriously about, ruthlessly plucking beams from our eyes like a steam stump-puller on a new farm, and if we so much as twist the corner of a silk handkerchief to go after one tweenty-weenty little mote in your northeast eye, you have the infernal impudence to accuse us of sectionalism!"

The Professor led the roar of laughter that restored the usual good humor.

"But, Mr. Kennedy, you people out here really are different in every way," said Breese. "And you'll own that it's only natural for us to think the ways to which we are accustomed are right."

"There are fewer vital differences than you suppose," said Don. "Perhaps the most important is that your people, when not rich, are poor and needy, while we're only poor. We're not even that while this mining foolishness keeps up. But it can't last. Then your rigorous climate makes providence, foresight and industry compulsory, while we never allow business to interfere with our pleasure. They call this 'the *mañana* country.' It's a misnomer. More than in any other corner of the nation we live in and for today. We have learned nothing from the past and we care nothing for the future. I'm inclined to think that, aside from these two points—in both of which I grant that the distinction is in your favor—we are very much of a muchness. Those two points alone make you immeasurably our superiors in material progress except in the matter of public buildings. There we are your superiors—we have no poorhouses! You beat us on another count: our manners lack the pose of Vere de Vere. But, morally, I believe men are divided, there as here, along the same lines—brute, bully, bounder, blackguard, knave, fool, cad, snob, prig, bore, sham, dupe and true man."

"Well!" gasped Lena. "I must say! What chance has a poor woman of picking the true man from that lot? That's even worse than the old classification of rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief!"

"Poor woman, you completely misunderstand me. I didn't say men were classified that way. I said they were divided that way. The proportions differ—that's all. And, pardon me—there is a venerable myth to the effect that the poor men are supposed to do the guessing." (As you will observe, Don was not free from the masculine weakness for satirizing the effeminacy of woman.) He turned to Otis. "My belief is that we show a higher percentage of the brute and bully than you do, and that you run correspondingly more to sham and dupe. Otherwise the assay is about the same."

What scathing retort the Professor might have made to this blasphemy was checked by an interruption.

V

IT WAS Mrs. Vane of the fixed, benevolent smile, a fellow-guest of good intent. With a hasty nod to the veranda she hurried by to intercept an unwary person at the gate: Mr. Uncle Jimmy Collins, a somewhat reconstructed Confederate. At her greeting he swept off his hat with an air.

Casting an apprehensive glance at the unconscious Jimmy Junior, working across the way, Mrs. Vane lowered her voice to an agitated whisper, with tragic and rhythmic underscoring of words: "Oh, Mr. Collins! I hate to mention it—but do you know your Jimmy *gambles?*"

The veranda listened shamelessly; even the pinocle was suspended. The query visibly staggered the old soldier. He mopped his forehead and disconsolately studied the lining of his hat. "Gambles? Dear me, dear me! Jimmy! I've tried to teach him better'n that, ma'am. Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes! Why, I saw him myself! He was playing with a Mexican boy on the freight depot platform in broad daylight! They had the money in front of them!"

"Dear me, dear me!" said the old gentleman again, in great distress. A puzzled look came to his eyes. "I am surprised. Whose—whose money was it?" he faltered.

"Whose money?" echoed the beaming lady. "Why—his, I suppose."

The veteran gave a sigh of relief. "Oh-h! I thought maybe it was yours! Good-mawnin', madam!" He clapped on his hat with bow and flourish and went stumping on his wooden-legged way with a new and jaunty erectness of bearing, leaving good Mrs. Vane to retreat, red with mortification, and the veranda redder still with smothered merriment.

"Splendid, splendid!" gasped Lena. "I wouldn't have missed that!" She turned to the Professor. "Now don't disapprove and spoil it, you rigid moralist. It's too good."

"Do you expect me to approve?" The Professor was struggling, with indifferent results, to repress a refractory grin to austere, steel-trap lines.

"You do!" she defied him. "Else, why do you laugh? Gossip makes more trouble than gambling."

"There'll be more to this!" prophesied Hiram, dolefully wagging his head. "The old man'll lead Jimmy behind the barn, pullin' a strap between his fingers. 'Jimmy!' he'll say, 'this hurts you worse than it does me!'"

"Oh, I like it here!" declared Lena. "The men are so direct and straightforward. Even in their open wrongdoing there is a childlike simplicity, a lack of all intent to conceal, that goes far to condone their offenses. Yesterday I went over to the store. They were playing that extraordinary game—I can't remember the name of it—where they all throw up coins and the one that falls nearest a crack in the floor takes all the rest ——"

"Crack-Loo," said Don reminiscently. "Crack-Loo can be made singularly unremunerative at times."

"There! You see!" said Lena with the triumphant feminine faculty of conveying a meaning entirely foreign to the words. "They were just like that. They moved back, but kept quietly on at their game, evidently unconscious of any impropriety. I'll tell you what it's like," she cried, with that eagerness we all use to hunt down a luckless simile. "It's like the tents they live in, with the doors wide open, revealing their domestic economy with unshrinking candor to the passer-by. No skeleton in the closet there."

"Would it not be more accurate to say there is no closet for the skeleton?" asked Kennedy. "I will cheerfully admit, however, that any of them possessing a skeleton are quite capable of providing a cozy bunk and an easy chair for it."

"I must not have understood you correctly, Miss Mallory," said the Professor. "Not to be ashamed of what you do is surely not quite the same thing as not to do that of which you should be ashamed."

"That's not a fair statement at all," said Don. "I appeal to Miss Mallory if she meant any such thing. If a man scorns to conceal his acts he may do naughty-naughty things—yes, indeedy. But when he comes to something ——"

"'Here we go round the mulberry bush!'" said Miss Mallory rudely, describing swift circles with a shapely hand. "Miss Mallory is quite capable of knowing what she means without having two great clumsy men explain it to her. As a matter of fact, I mean exactly what the old lady in the story did: 'My son, never do anything you need be ashamed of and then you need never be ashamed of anything you do!'"

"Oh, well," said Hiram, "we've got one big advantage over your closed-and-double-locked-door system. We're not afraid of being exposed and so we never commit one crime to conceal another."

"In other words, our sins and crimes are chosen, not forced upon us," supplemented Kennedy.

The Professor shook his head. "It works both ways. The fear of exposure would deter a timid soul like mine from many a delightful sin which a—a ——"

"Hardened ruffian?"

"Thank you—which a hardened ruffian like you or Mr. Kennedy would enjoy without hesitation."

"'How he would take his pleasure once!'" quoted Kennedy, *sotto voce.*

Otis eyed him sharply. "A cowman who quotes Browning—and quotes so very much to the point—is properly the object of suspicion."

"Bless your soul," said the object of suspicion, evading the more serious charge, "I'm not a cowman. I'm only a cattleman."

"I plainly see," said Lena, "that you won't be happy till some one asks you to explain. Very well, Mr. Johnson; will you kindly tell us the difference between a cowman and a cattleman?"

"A cattleman owns cattle. A cowman is one who understands the business and yet learns something new about it every day. A cowman may work for wages or he may own cattle. But he'll never do anything else and he'll never know anything else. To be just, he knows that one thing so much better than other men know any other one thing that he is easily equal to any superiors. And he is scrupulously, almost absurdly, honest about inanimate things—a specialist, you see. Now I own cattle, but I have been some time farmer, lumberman, telegraph operator and railroader. Hiram was a cowman at seven and will be that at seventy."

"How may the uninitiated tell them apart?'" asked Otis

"I See at Last Why It is Always the Western Man and the Eastern Girl Who Fall in Love—in the Novels"

"It's hard to do. The only sure way is to keep tally of their herds. If the rate of increase is over one hundred per cent per annum the owner is a cowman. But there are indications that help. The cowman names a brand where the other gives the owner's name. I speak of Bowman and Hutchinson, The California Company, Hardcastle and Mitford; Hiram says the K Y outfit, the John Cross, the H A M."

"The John Cross?" echoed Dolly. "What's that?"

"The California Company's brand. The Las Palomas people. I used to have my frugal earnings invested in John Cross stock. But I sold out because they're to get in trouble about taking up homesteads."

"Why do they call it John Cross?" Dolly wanted to know.

"Well, you see, some of the original big stockholders were Canadians and they always called the outfit after the old Hudson Bay Company.

"But why did you call the Hudson Bay Company that?" persisted Dolly. Don shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, palms down.

"Now you've got me. I'm from the South."

"Kind Heaven be thanked, you are out of your depth for once. I was beginning to fear you were omniscient." Miss Mallory settled back in her chair with cozy feline satisfaction, cuddled her chin in her rosy palm, dimpled with deliberate, cold-blooded insolence and eyed Mr. Kennedy with a broad and speculative smile. "Ah! I see at last why it is always the Western man and the Eastern girl who fall in love—in the novels. It's so they can have something to talk about. It's hardly fair for the girl either. He tells her hundreds of things she doesn't know, though they are every-day commonplaces to him. So the poor girl naturally thinks he's wonderful."

"If that is the tradition, Miss Mallory," Don hinted, "you will find me ——"

Miss Mallory disrespectfully wrinkled her saucy nose at him. "I was speaking of novels, not of real people. But I don't hold with novels at all. Their victims expect more than the workaday world can give."

Here an opportune interruption arose across the way.

The blacksmith shop and the stage stables were built, for reasons unknown and unimaginable, directly fronting the hotel. Here the KIM hay outfit, destined now for the wide reaches of grama below Fra Christobal, was busily making ready for the road; filling water-barrels and loading supplies. Bishop was tying the rake to "trail" the hay-rigging. Young Jimmy Collins lay on his back under an old mowing machine, industriously tightening nuts; and Pappy Sickles, Canadian, was hitching his team to the other mower, fire-new and gaudy with blue and red.

Now came hastily Kim Ki Rogers, his employer, the great man of Dundee—postmaster, owner of store, hotel, Kim stage-line and the KIM brand—a beefy, bull-necked, red-faced man, now irate, blustering and loud.

"What you hitchin' up to that machine for, you dodderin' old idiot?" he bawled. "Bishop's goin' to have that."

Pappy threw a fleeting, cursory glance over his shoulder as he bent over to hook a trace. "You promised it to me," he observed mildly. "I'd as lief be an idjit as a natchel-born liar."

Kim Ki grew redder than ever; without more ado he made a vicious pass at Pappy's grizzled head. But Pappy ducked nimbly. Thud—thud! His fists landed solidly on Kim Ki's portly sides. Rogers rushed, swinging furiously; Pappy ducked, lunged, clasped him in a fond embrace, threw him heavily. His left forearm was pressed squarely on the postmagisterial throat, backed by Pappy's gray head, thus snugly protected by the bend of the arm; and Pappy's free hand hammered lustily at his employer's ear.

The veranda, save Don and Hiram, rose in some excitement but, noting such agitation to be unshared, sat down again. The loading went on undisturbed; the cook stowed dishes in the chuckbox; young Jimmy plied his wrench assiduously. English Jerry, chambermaid to the Kim stables, sat tranquil on the wagon-tongue and smoked a peaceful cob pipe; Pres Lewis, blacksmith, leaned in the shop door, cast a loitering glance at the proceedings, stroked his silky-brown Jovian beard and turned a grave, weather-wise eye to contemplation of a stray cloud over Cuchillo Negro. Jerry rose, tapped his pipe, yawned, stretched himself and shambled back to the stables.

Meantime, matters were going ill with red-faced Kim Ki. Vainly he heaved and strained to dislodge his wiry and wily adversary; Pappy clung like a leech. During the struggle his arm had got under Kim Ki's neck, and for a little they were nose to nose, eye to eye, in ludicrous likeness to a pair of gamecocks. But Pappy now had his head again tucked safely away in the bent arm, and his good right, when it could free itself from desperately-clutching fingers, thumped vigorously away in deliberate little short-arm jabs.

The luckless magnate rolled his eye at the blacksmith, only to find that worthy engrossed with meteorological observation. He creditably grasped the humor of the situation. "Pres," he gasped, "take this old man off'n me: I don't want to hurt him."

Thus appealed to, Pres thrust his hands in his pockets and leisurely sauntered out. "Pappy," he said dispassionately, "Kim's afraid you'll bruise up your hand. Reckon you hadn't better stop? Dinner'll be ready presently, anyhow."

"Do I git the machine?" Pappy's gray beard was doubled over his own mouth and the demand came in muffled tones.

"Sure you do!"

"Leggo my shirt, then—you're tearin' it plumb off'n me." Rogers rose and felt his damaged face with tentative fingertip. Then he waved his hand in airy, comprehensive gesture. "All you boys go over and have one on me," he said briskly. "Pappy, I'm goin' to make you

(Continued on Page 33)

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

XIX

THE smoke and spiteful crackle of the pickets' fusillade had risen to one unbroken crash, solidly accented by the report of field guns.

Ambulances were everywhere driving to the rear at a gallop past the center and left sections of McDunn's battery, which, unlimbered, was standing in a cotton-field, the guns pointed southward across the smoke rising below.

Claymore's staff, dismounted, stood near. The young General himself, jacket over one arm, was seated astride the trail of the sixth gun, talking eagerly to McDunn, when across the rolling ground came a lancer at full speed, plunging and bucketing in his saddle, the scarlet rags of the lance pennon whipping the wind. The trooper reined in his excited horse beside Claymore, saluted, and handed him a message; and the youthful General, glancing at it, got on to his feet in a hurry and tossed his yellow-edged jacket of a private to an orderly. Then he faced the lancer.

"Tell Colonel Craig to hold his position no matter what it costs!" he exclaimed sharply. "Tell Colonel Arran that I expect him to stand by the right section of the Tenth battery until it is safely and properly brought off!" He swung around on Captain McDunn.

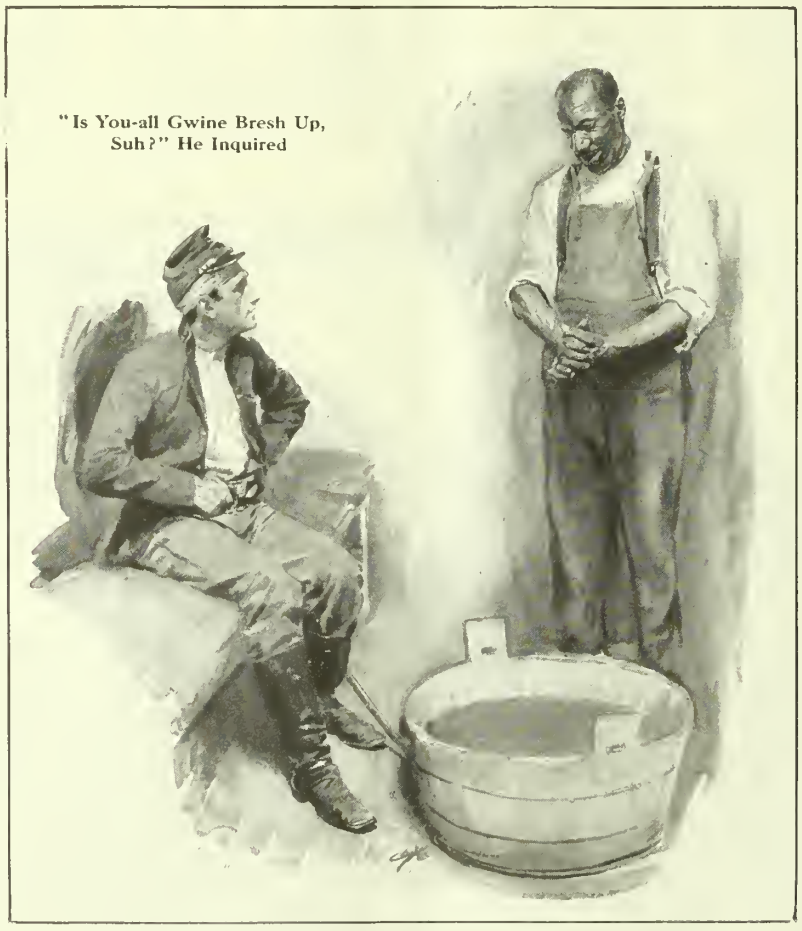
"Limber your battery to the rear, sir! Follow headquarters!" he snapped, and threw himself into his saddle, giving his mount rein and heel with a reckless nod to his staff.

McDunn, superbly mounted, scarcely raised his clear, penetrating voice: "Cannoneers, mount gun-carriages; caissons follow; drivers, put spur and whip to horses—forward—march!" he said.

"Trot out!" rang the bugles; the horses broke into a swinging lope across the dry ridges of the cotton-field; whips whistled; the cannoneers bounced about on the chests; guns, limbers and caissons thumped, leaped, jolted, rose up, all wheels in the air at once, swayed almost to overturning, and thundered on in a tornado of dust, leaders, swing team, wheel team, straining into a frantic gallop.

The powerful horses bounded forward into a magnificent stride; General and staff tore on ahead toward the turnpike. Suddenly, right past them came a driving storm of stampeding cavalry, panic-stricken, riding like damned men, tearing off and hurling from them carbines, canteens, belts; and McDunn, white with rage, whipped out his revolver and fired into them as they rushed by in a torrent of red dust. From his distorted mouth vile epithets poured; he cursed and damned their cowardice and, standing up in his stirrups, riding like a Cossack at full speed, attempted to use his saber on the fugitives from the front. But there was no stopping them, for the poor fellows had been sent into fire without knowing how to use the carbines issued the day before.

Into a sandy field all spouting with exploding shells and bullets the drivers galloped and steered the plunging guns



"Is You-all Gwine Bresh Up, Suh?" He Inquired

The driver of the lead team, fifth caisson, was shot clear out of his saddle, all the wheels going over him and grinding him to pulp; piece and limber whirled into a lane on a dead run, and Arthur Wye, driving the swing team, clinging to the harness and crawling out along the traces, gained the saddle of the lead horse.

"Bully for you!" shouted McDunn. "I hope to God that cowardly cavalry saw you!"

The left section swung on the center to get its position; limber after limber dashed up, clashing and clanking, to drop its gun; caisson after caisson rounded to under partial cover in the farm lane to the right.

The roar of the conflict along the river had become terrific; to the east a New Jersey battery, obscured in flame-shot clouds, was retiring by its twenty-eight-foot prolonges, using canister; the remains of a New Hampshire infantry regiment supported the retreat; between the two batteries Claymore, in his shirt-sleeves rolled to his elbows, heavy revolver swinging in his blackened fist, was giving a tongue-lashing to the stream of fugitives from the river woods.

"Where are you going? Hey! Scouting? Well, scout to the front, damn you! . . . Where are you going, young man? For ammunition? Go back to the front or I'll shoot you! Get along there, you malingerers, or I'll have a squadron of Arran's pig-stickers ride you down and punch your skins full of holes! Orderly! Ask Colonel Arran if he can spare me a squad of his lancers for a few minutes ——"

The orderly saluted, coughed up a stream of blood, fell backward off his horse, scrambled to his feet, terror-stricken, both hands pressed convulsively over his stomach.

"Damn them! They've got me, General!" he gasped; "they've g-got me this time! There's a piece of shell inside me as big ——"

He leaned weakly against his mild-eyed horse, nauseated; but it was only a spent ball on his belt plate, after all, and a few moments later, swaying and sickly, he forced his horse into a trot across the hill.

A major of Claymore's staff galloped with orders to the Zouaves; but, as he opened his mouth to speak, a shell burst behind him and he pitched forward on his face, his shattered arm doubling under him

"Drag me behind that tree, Colonel Craig!" he said coolly. "I'll finish my orders in a moment." Major Lent and Colonel Craig got him behind the tree, and the officer's superb will never faltered.

"Your new position must cover that bridge," he whispered faintly. "The left section of McDunn's battery is already ordered to your support. . . . How is it with you, Colonel? Speak louder ——"

Colonel Craig, pallid and worn under the powder smears and sweat, wiped the glistening grime from his eyeglasses.

"We are holding on," he said. "It's all right, Major. I'll get word through to the General," and he signaled to some drummer-boys lying quietly in the bushes to bring up a stretcher, just as the left section of McDunn's battery burst into view on a dead run, swung into action and began to pour level sheets of flame into the woods, where already the high-pitched rebel yell was beginning again.

A solid shot struck number five gun on the hub, killing cannoneer number three, who was thumbing the vent, and filling number one gunner with splinters of iron, whirling him into eternity amid a fountain of dirt and flying hubtires. Then a shell blew a gun-team into fragments, plastering the men's faces with bloody shreds of flesh; and the boyish lieutenant, spitting out filth, coolly ordered up the limbers, and brought his section around into the road with a beautiful display of driving and horsemanship that drew raucous cheers from the Zouaves where they lay, half stifled, firing at the gray line-of-battle gathering along the edges of the woods.

And now the shrill, startling battle cry swelled to the hysterical pack yell and, gathering depth and volume, burst out into a frantic treble roar. A long gray line detached itself from the woods; mounted officers, sashed and debonair, trotted jauntily out in front of it; the beautiful battle flags slanted forward; there came a superb, long, low-swinging gleam of steel; and the Southland was afoot once more, gallant, magnificent, sweeping on into the red gloom of the Northern guns.

"Yes—*My Son*"

Berkley, his face bandaged, covered with sweat and dust, sat his worn, cowhide saddle in the ranks, long lance couched, watching, expectant. Every trooper who could ride a horse was needed now; hospitals had given up their invalids; convalescents and sick men gathered bridle with shaking fingers; hollow-eyed youngsters tightened the cheek straps of their forage-caps and waited, lance in rest.

In the furious smoke below them they could see the Zouaves running about like red devils in the pit; McDunn's guns continued to pour solid columns of flame across the creek; far away to the west the unseen Union line-of-battle had buried itself in smoke. Through it the Southern battle flags still advanced, halted, tossed wildly, moved forward in jerks, swung to the fierce cheering, moved on haltingly, went down, up again, wavered, disappeared in the cannon fog.

Colonel Arran, his naked saber point lowered, sat his saddle, gray and erect. The Major never stirred in his saddle; only the troop captains, from time to time, turned their heads as some stricken horse lashed out, or the unmistakable sound of a bullet hitting living flesh broke the intense silence of the ranks.

Hallam, at the head of his troop, stroked his handsome mustache continually, and at moments spoke angrily to his restive horse. He was beginning to have a good deal of trouble with his horse, which apparently wished to bolt, and he had just managed to drag the fretting animal back into position when, without warning, the volunteer infantry posted on the right delivered a ragged volley, sagged back, broke and began running. Almost on their very heels a dust-covered Confederate flying battery dropped its blackened guns and sent charge after charge ripping through them, while out of the fringing woods trotted the gray infantry, driving in skirmishers, leaping fences, brush piles and ditches, like lean hounds on the trail.

Instantly a squadron of the lancers trampled forward, facing to the west; but down on their unprotected flank thundered the Confederate cavalry, and from the beginning it had been too late for a counter-charge.

A whirlwind of lancers and gray riders drove madly down the slope, inextricably mixed, shooting, sabering, stabbing with tip and ferrule.

A saber stroke severed Berkley's cheek strap, shearing through visor and button, and he swung his lance and drove it backward into a man's face.

In the terrible confusion and tangle of men and horses he could scarcely use his lance at all, or avoid the twirling lances of his comrades, or understand what his officers were shouting. It was all a nightmare—a horror of snorting horses, panting, sweating riders, the swift downward glitter of saber strokes thickening like sheeted rain.

His horse's feet were now entangled in brush heaps; a crowding, cursing mass of cavalrymen floundered into a half-demolished snake fence, which fell outward, rolling mounts and riders into a wet gully, where they continued fighting like wildcats in a pit.

Yelling exultantly, the bulk of Confederate riders passed through the lancers, leaving them to the infantry to finish, and rode at the flying Federal infantry. Everywhere bayonets began to glimmer through the smoke and dust as the disorganized squadrons rallied and galloped eastward, seeking vainly for shelter to reform.

Down in the hollow an entire troop of lancers, fairly intact, had become entangled among the brush and young saplings, and the Confederate infantry, springing over the fence, began to bayonet them and pull them from their horses, while the half stunned cavalrymen scattered through the bushes, riding hither and thither, looking vainly for some road to lead them out of the bushy trap. They could not go back; the fence was too solid to ride down, too high to leap; the carbineers faced about, trying to make a stand, firing from their saddles; Colonel Arran, confused but cool, turned his brier-torn horse and rode forward, swinging his heavy saber, just as Hallam and Berkley galloped up through the bushes, followed by forty or more bewildered troopers, and halted for orders. But there was no way out.

Then Berkley leaned from his saddle, touched the visor of his cap and, looking Arran straight in the eyes, said quietly:

"With your permission, sir, I think I can tear down enough of that fence to let you and the others through. May I try?"

Colonel Arran said quietly: "No man can ride to that fence and live. Their infantry hold it."

"Two men may get there." He turned and looked at Hallam. "We're not going to surrender: we'll all die here, anyway. Shall we try the fence together?"

For a second the silence resounded with the racket of the Confederate rifles; three men dropped from their saddles; then Hallam turned ghastly white, opened his jaws to speak, but no sound came. Suddenly he swung his horse and spurred straight toward the open brush in the rear, whipping out his handkerchief and holding it fluttering above his head.

Colonel Arran shouted at him, jerked his revolver free and fired at him. A carbineer also fired after him from the saddle, but Hallam rode on unscathed in his half-crazed flight, leaving his deserted men gazing after him, astounded. In the smoke of another volley two more cavalrymen pitched out of their saddles.

Then Berkley drove his horse blindly into the powder fog ahead; a dozen brilliant little jets of flame pricked the gloom; his horse reared and went down in a piteous heap, but Berkley landed on all fours, crawled hurriedly up under the smoke, jerked a board loose, tore another free, rose to his knees and ripped away board after board, shouting to his comrades to come on and cut their way out.

They came, cheering, spurring their jaded horses through the gap, crowding out across the road, striking wildly with their sabers, forcing their way up the bank, into a stubble-field, and forward at a stiff trot toward the swirling smoke of a Union battery behind which they could see shattered squadrons reforming.

Berkley ran with them on foot, one hand grasping a friendly stirrup, until the horse he clung to halted abruptly, quivering all over, then sank down by the buttocks with a shuddering scream. And Berkley saw Colonel Arran rising from the ground, saw him glance at his horse, turn and look behind him where the Confederate skirmishers were following on a run, kneeling to fire occasionally, then springing to their feet and trotting forward, rifles glittering in the sun.

A horse with an empty saddle, its off foreleg entangled in its bridle, was hobbling around in circles, stumbling, neighing, tripping, scrambling to its feet again and trying frantically to go on. Berkley caught the bridle, freed it and, hanging to the terrified animal's head, shouted to Colonel Arran:

"You had better hurry, sir. Their skirmishers are coming up fast!"

Colonel Arran stood quietly gazing at him. Suddenly the Colonel reeled and stumbled forward against the horse's flank, catching at the mane.

"Are you badly hurt, sir?"

The Colonel turned his dazed eyes on him, then slid forward along the horse's flank. His hands relaxed their hold on the mane and he fell flat on his face; and Berkley, still hanging to the bit, dragged the prostrate man over on his back and stared into his deathly features.

"Where did they hit you, sir?"

"Through the liver," he gasped. "It's all right, Berkley. . . . Don't wait any longer ——"

"I'm not going to leave you."

"You must. . . . I'm ended. . . . You haven't a—moment—to lose ——"

"Can you put your arms around my neck?"

"There's no time to waste! I tell you to mount and run for it! . . . And—thank you ——"

"Put both arms around my neck. . . . Quick! . . . Can you lock your fingers? . . . This damned horse won't stand! Hold fast to me. I'll raise you easily. . . . Get the other leg over the saddle. Lean forward. Now I'll walk him at first—hold tight! . . . Can you hang on, Colonel?"

"Yes—*my son.*"

A wild thrill ran through the boy's veins, stopping breath and pulse for a second. Then the hot blood rushed stinging into his face; he threw one arm around the drooping figure in the saddle and, controlling the bridle with a grip of steel, started the horse off across the field.

All around them the dry soil was bursting into little dusty fountains where the bullets were striking ahead, dark smoke hung heavily. Farther on some blue-capped soldiers shouted to them from their shallow rifle pits.

Farther on still they passed an entire battalion of regular infantry, calmly seated on the grass in line-of-battle; and behind these troops Berkley saw a stretcher on the grass and two men of the hospital corps squatted beside it, chewing grass stems.

They came readily enough when they learned the name and rank of the wounded officer. Berkley, almost exhausted, walked beside the stretcher, leading the horse and looking down at the stricken man, who lay with eyes closed and clothing disordered where a hasty search for the wound had disclosed the small, round, blue hole just over the seat of the liver.

They turned into a road that had been terribly cut up by the wheels of artillery. It was already thronged with the débris of the battle, skulkers, wounded men hobbling, pallid malingerers edging their furtive way out of fire. Then ahead arose a terrible clamor, the wailing of wounded, frightened cries, the angry shouts of cavalrymen where a provost guard of the Twentieth Dragoons was riding recklessly into the fugitives, roughly sorting the goats from the sheep and keeping the way clear for the ambulances now arriving along a cross road at a gallop.

Berkley heard his name called out and, looking up, saw Casson astride a huge horse, signaling him eagerly from his saddle.

"Who in hell have you got there?" he asked, pushing his horse up to the litter. "It's Colonel Arran," he added

in a modified voice. "Is he very bad, Berkley?"

"I don't know. Can't you stop one of those ambulances, Jack? I want to get him to the surgeons as soon as possible——"

"You bet!" said Casson, wheeling his horse and displaying the new chevrons of a sergeant. "Hey, you black offspring of a yellow whippet!" he bellowed to a driver, "back out there and be quick about it!" And he leaned from his saddle and seizing the leaders by the head swung them around with a volley of profanity. Then, grinning amiably at Berkley, he motioned the stretcher-bearers forward and sat on his horse, garrulously superintending the transfer of the injured man.

"There's an emergency hospital just beyond that clump of trees," he said. "You'd better take him there. Golly! but he's hard hit. I guess that bullet found its billet. There's not much hope when it's a belly-whopper. Too bad, ain't it? He was a bully old boy of a colonel; we all said so in the dragoons. Only—to hell with those lances of yours, Berkley! What cursed good are they alongside a gun? And I notice your regiment has its carbineers, too—which proves that your lances are no good, or you wouldn't have twelve carbines to the troop. Eh? Oh, you bet your boots, sonny. Don't talk lance to me! It's all on account of those Frenchmen on Little Mac's staff ——"

"Shut up!" said Berkley nervously. "I can't stand any more just now."

"Oh!" said Casson, taken aback, "I didn't know you were such cronies with your colonel. Sorry, my dear fellow; didn't mean to seem indifferent. Poor old gentleman! I guess he will pull through. There are nurses at the front—nice little things, God bless 'em! Say, don't you want to climb up with the driver?"

Berkley hesitated. "Do you know where my regiment is? I ought to go back—if there's anybody to look after Colonel Arran ——"

"Is that your horse?"

"No—some staff officer's, I guess."

"Where's yours?"

"Dead," said Berkley briefly. He thought a moment, then tied his horse to the tailboard and climbed up beside the driver.

"Go on," he said; "drive carefully." He nodded his thanks to Casson as the team swung north, then, grave, preoccupied, folded his arms and sat leaning forward, resting his elbows across his knees.

The provost guard, filing along, carbines on thigh, opened to let him through; and he saw them turning in their saddles to peer curiously into the straw as the ambulance passed.

It was slow going, for the road was blocked with artillery and infantry and other ambulances; but the driver found a lane between guns and caissons and through the dusty blue columns plodding forward toward the firing-line, and at last a white hospital tent glimmered under the trees, and the slow mule team turned into a leafy lane and halted in the rear of a line of ambulances which were all busily discharging their mangled burdens. The cries of the wounded were terrible.

Operating-tables stood under the trees in the open air; assistants sponged the blood from them continually; the overworked surgeons, stripped to their undershirts, smeared with blood, worked coolly and rapidly in the shade of the oak trees, seldom raising their voices, never impatient. Orderlies brought water in artillery buckets; ward masters passed swiftly to and fro; a soldier stood by a pile of severed limbs, passing out bandages to assistants who swarmed around, scurrying hither and thither under the quiet orders of the medical directors.

A stretcher was brought; Colonel Arran opened his heavy lids as they placed him in it. His eyes summoned Berkley.

"It's all right," he said in the ghost of a voice. "Whichever way it turns out it's all right. . . . I've tried to live lawfully. . . . It is better to live mercifully. I think—she—would forgive. . . . Will you?"

"Yes."

He bent and took the wounded man's hand in his.

"If I knew—if I knew ——" he said, and his burning eyes searched the bloodless face beneath him. But in it he read no surface corroboration of the secret tumult that raged in his very soul; every nerve in him grew tense under the deep, straining gaze; every fiber quivered.

"God!" he whispered; "if it were true ——"

A surgeon shouldered him aside, glanced sharply at the patient, motioned the bearers forward.

Berkley sat down by the roadside, bridle in hand, head bowed in his arms. Beside him his horse fed quietly on the weeds. In his ears rang the cries of the wounded; all around him he was conscious of people passing to and fro; and he sat there, face covered, deadly tired, already exhausted to a stolidity that verged on stupor.

He must have slept, too, because when he sat up and opened his eyes again it was nearly sundown, and somebody had stolen his horse.

A Zouave with a badly sprained ankle, lying on a blanket near him, offered him bread and bad meat; and Berkley ate it, striving to collect his deadened thoughts. After he had eaten he filled the Zouave's canteen at a little rivulet where hundreds of soldiers were kneeling to drink or dip up the cool, clear water.

"What's your reg'ment, friend?" asked the man.

"Eighth New York Lancers."

"Lord A'mighty! You boys did get cut up, didn't you?"

"I guess so. Are you Colonel Craig's regiment?"

"Yes. We got it, too. We got it all right."

"Is your colonel all right?"

"Yes. Steve—his son—corporal—was hit."

"What!"

"Yes, sir. Plumb through the collar bone. He was one of the first to get it. I was turrible sorry for his father—fine old boy!—and he looked like he'd drop dead hisself—but, by gosh, friend, when the stretcher took Steve to the rear the old man jest sot them clean-cut jaws o' his'n an' kep' his gold-wired gig-lamps to the front. An' when the time come he sez in his ca'm, pleasant way· 'Boys,' sez he, 'we're agoin' in. It's a part of the job,' sez he, 'that has got to be done thorough. So,' sez he, 'we'll jest mosey along kind o' quick steppin' now, and we'll do our part like we al'us does do it. For'rd—mar-r-rch!'"

Berkley sat still, hands clasped over his knees, thinking of Stephen and of Celia and of the father out yonder somewhere amid the smoke.

"Gawd," said the Zouave, "you got a dirty jab on your coc'anut, didn't you?"

The bandage had slipped, displaying the black scab of the scarcely-healed wound; and Berkley absently replaced it.

"That'll ketch the girls," said the Zouave with conviction. "I've only got a sprained ankle to show my girl."

"The war's not over," said Berkley indifferently. Then he got up painfully from the grass, exchanged adieus with the Zouave and wandered off toward the hospital to seek for news of Colonel Arran.

It appeared that the surgeons had operated and had sent the Colonel a mile farther to the rear, where a temporary hospital had been established in a young ladies' seminary. And toward this Berkley set out across the fields, the sound of the battle dinning heavily in his aching ears.

As he walked he kept a sullen eye out for his stolen horse, never expecting to see him, and it was with a savage mixture of surprise and satisfaction that he beheld him bestrode by two dirty malingerers from a New York infantry regiment, who rode on with difficulty and objurgations, and reproached each other for their mutual discomfort.

How they had escaped the provost he did not know; how they escaped absolute annihilation they did not comprehend; for Berkley seized the bridle, swung the horse sharply, turning them both out of the saddle; then, delivering a swift kick apiece as they lay cursing, he mounted and rode forward amid enthusiastic approval from the drivers of passing army wagons.

Long since the towering smoke in the west had veiled the sun; and now the sky had become gray and thick, and already a fine, drizzling rain was falling, turning the red dust to grease.

Slipping, floundering, his horse bore him on under darkening skies; rain fell heavily now; he bared his hot head to it; raised his face, masked with grime, and let the drops fall on the dark scar that burned under the bandage.

In the gathering gloom eastward he saw the horizon redden and darken and redden with the cannon flashes; the immense battle rumor filled his ears and brain.

"Which way, friend?" demanded a patrol, carelessly throwing his horse across Berkley's path.

"Orderly to Colonel Arran, Eighth New York Lancers, wounded. Is that the hospital yonder?"

"Them school buildin's," nodded the patrol. "Say, is your colonel very bad? I'm Twentieth New York, doin' provost. We seen you fellers at White Oak. What a wallop they did give us ——"

He broke off grimly, turned his horse and rode out into a soggy field where some men were dodging behind a row of shaggy hedge bushes. And far behind Berkley heard his loud, bullying voice:

"Git! you duck-legged, egg-suckin', skunk-backed loafers! Go on there! Aw, don't yer talk back to me, 'r I'll let m' horse bite yer pants off! Back yer go! Forrard! Hump! Hump! Scoot!"

Through the heavily-falling rain he saw the lighted school buildings looming among the trees; turned into the drive, accounted for himself, gave his horse to a negro with orders to care for it, and followed a ward master into a shed where a kettle was boiling over a stove.

The ward master returned presently, threading his way through a mass of parked ambulances to the shed where Berkley sat on a broken cracker-box.

"Colonel Arran is very low. I guess you'd better not bother him to-night."

"Is he—mortally hurt?"

"I've seen worse."

"He may get well?"

"I've seen 'em get well," said the non-committal ward master. Then, looking Berkley over: "You're pretty dirty, ain't you? Are you ——" he raised his eyebrows significantly.

"I'm clean," said Berkley with the indifference habituated to filth.

"All right. They'll fix you up a cot somewhere. If Colonel Arran comes out all right I'll call you. He's full of opium now."

"Did they get the bullet?"

"Oh, yes. I ain't a surgeon, my friend, but I hear a lot of surgeon talk. It's the shock—in a man of his age. The wound's clean, so far—not a thread in it, I hear. Shock—and gangrene—that's what we look out for. . . . What's the news down by the river?"

"I don't know," said Berkley.

"Don't you know if you got licked?"

"I don't think so. You'd hear the firing here plainer."

"You're the Eighth Cavalry, ain't you?"

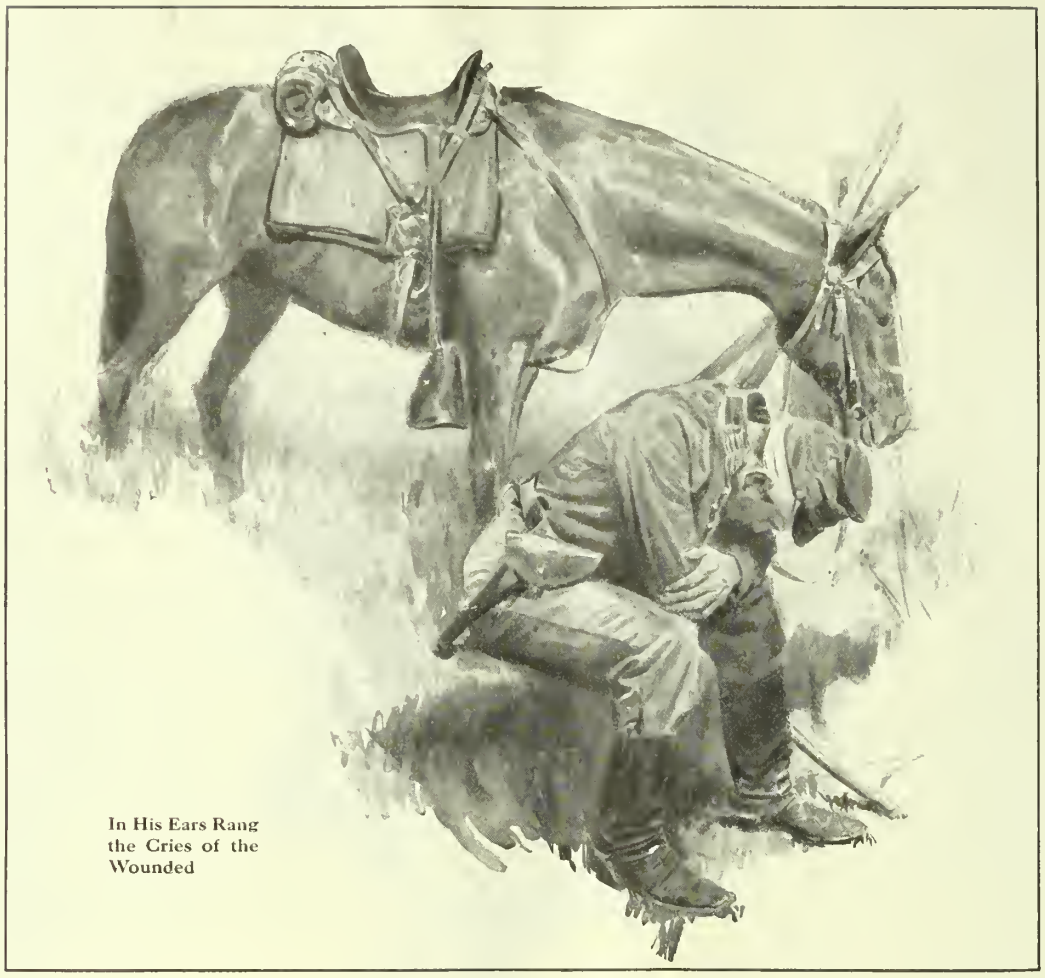
"Yes."

"They say you got cut up."

"Some."

"And how about the Zouaves?"

'Oh, they're there yet," said Berkley listlessly. Fatigue was overpowering him; he was aware, presently, that a



In His Ears Rang the Cries of the Wounded

negro, carrying a lantern, was guiding his stumbling steps into a small building where, amid piles of boxes, an army cot stood covered by a blanket. Berkley gave him a crumpled mess of paper money, and he almost expired.

Later the same negro rolled a wooden tub into the room, half filled it with steaming water and stood in profound admiration of his work, grinning at Berkley.

"Is you-all gwine bresh up, suh?" he inquired.

Berkley straightened his shoulders with an effort, unbuckled his belt, and began to take off his wet uniform.

The negro aided him respectfully; that wet wad of dollars had done its work profoundly.

"Yo' is de adjetant ob dis here gin'ral ob de lancers, suh? De po' ole gin'ral! He done git shot dreffle bad, suh. . . . Jes' you lay on de flo', suh, 'twill I gits yo' boots off'n yo' laigs! Dar! Now jes' set down in de tub, suh. I gwine scrub you wif de saddle-soap—Lor'-a-mighty! Who done bang you on de haid dat-a-way?"—scrubbing vigorously with the saddle-soap all the while. "Spec' yo' is lame an' so' all over, is you? Now I'se gwine rub you ha'd, suh; an' now I'se gwine dry you ha'd." He chuckled and rubbed and manipulated, yet became tender as a woman in drying the clipped hair and the scarred temple. And, before Berkley was aware of what he was about, the negro lifted him and laid him on the cot.

"Now," he chuckled, "I'se gwine shave you." And he fished out a razor from the rear pocket of his striped drill overalls, rubbed the weapon of his race with a proud thumb, spread more soap over Berkley's upturned face and fell deftly to work, wiping off the accumulated lather on the seat of his own trousers.

Berkley remembered seeing him do it twice, then remembered no more. A blessed sense of rest soothed every bone: in the heavenly stillness and surcease from noise he drifted gently into slumber, into a deep, dreamless sleep, and lay still as death under the army blanket.

The old negro looked at him with compassion.

"Po' li'l sodger boy," he muttered. "Done gib me fo' dollahs. Lor'-a-mighty! Spec' Mars Linkum's men is all richer'n ole Miss." He cast another glance at the sleeping man, then picked up the worn, muddy boots, threw the soiled jacket and breeches over his arm and shuffled off, shaking his grizzled head.

XX

IT WAS still dark when Berkley awoke with a violent start, dreaming of loud trumpets, and found himself sitting upright on his cot, eyes staring into obscurity.

Outside on the veranda a multitude of heavy steps echoed and reëchoed over the creaking boards; spurs clinked, sabers dragged and clanked; a man's harsh, nasal voice sounded irritably at intervals:

"We're not an army—we're not yet an army; that's what's the matter. You can't erect an army by uniforming and drilling a few hundred thousand clerks and farmers. You can't manufacture an army by brigading regiments—by creating divisions and forming army corps. There is only one thing on God's long-enduring earth that can transform this mob of state troops into a national army—discipline!—and that takes time; and we've got to take it and let experience kick us out of one battle into another. And some day we'll wake up to find ourselves a real army, with real departments, really controlled and in actual and practical working order. Now it's every department for itself and God help General McClellan! He has my sympathy! He has a dirty job on his hands half done, and they won't let him finish it!"

And again the same impatient voice broke out contemptuously:

"War? These two years haven't been two years of war! They've been two years of noisy, gaudy rough-and-tumble! Bull Run was opera bouffe! The rest of it has been one fantastic and bloody carnival! Did anybody ever before see such a grandmother's rag-bag of uniforms in an American army! What in hell do we want of Zouaves in French uniforms, cavalry armed with Austrian lances, ridiculous rocket batteries, Polish riders, Hungarian hussars, grenadiers, mounted rifles, militia and volunteers in every garb, carrying every arm and wearing every uniform ever created by foreign armorers and military tailors! . . . But I rather guess that the fancy-dress-ball era is just about over. I've a notion that we're coming down to the old-fashioned army blue again. And the sooner the better. I want no more red fezzes and breeches in my commands for the enemy to blaze at a mile away! I want no more picturesque lances. I want plain blue pants and Springfield rifles! And I guess I'll get them if I make noise enough in North America!"

Who this impassioned military critic was, shouting opinions to the sky, Berkley never learned; for presently there was a great jingling and clatter and trample of horses brought around, and the officers, whoever they were, mounted and departed as they had arrived, in darkness, leaving Berkley on his cot in the storehouse to stretch his limbs, and yawn and stretch again, and draw the warm folds of the blanket closer, and lie blinking at the dark, through which now a bird had begun to twitter a sweet, fitful salute to the coming dawn.

Across the foot of his couch lay folded an invalid's red hospital wrapper; beside his bed stood the slippers. After a few moments he rose, stepped into the slippers and, drawing on the woolen robe, belted it in about his thin waist. Then he limped out to the veranda.

In the dusk the bird sang timidly. Berkley could just make out the outlines of the nearer buildings and of tall trees around. Here and there lights burned behind closed windows; but, except for these, the world was black and still—stiller for the deadened stamping of horses in distant, unseen stalls.

An unmistakable taint of the hospital hung in the fresh morning air—a vague hint of anesthetics, of cooking—the flat odor of sickness and open wounds.

Lanterns passed in the darkness toward the stables; unseen shapes moved hither and thither, their footsteps sharply audible. He listened and peered about him for a while, then went back to the storeroom, picked his way among the medical supplies and sat down on the edge of his bed.

A few moments later he became aware of somebody moving on the veranda, and of a light outside; heard his door open, lifted his dazzled eyes in the candle rays. "Are you here, Philip?" came a quiet, tired voice. "You must wake now and dress. Colonel Arran is conscious and wishes to see you."

"Ailsa!"

She stood looking at him placidly, the burning candle steady in her hand, her face very white and thin.

He had risen, standing there motionless in his belted invalid's robe with the stenciled S. C. on the shoulder. And now he would have gone to her, hands outstretched, haggard face joyously illumined; but she stepped back with a swift gesture that halted him; and in her calm, unfriendly gaze he hesitated, doubting his senses.

"Ailsa, dear, is anything wrong?"

"I think," she said quietly, "that we had better not let Colonel Arran see how wrong matters have gone between us. He is very badly hurt. I have talked a little with him. I came here because he asked for you and for no other reason."

"Did you know I was here?"

"I saw you arrive last night—from the infirmary window. . . . I hope your wound is healed," she added in a strained voice.

"Ailsa! What has happened?"

She shuddered slightly, looked at him without a shadow of expression.

"Let us understand one another now. I haven't the slightest atom of—regard—left for you. I have no desire to see you, to hear of you again while I am alive. That is final."

"Will you tell me why?"

She had turned to go; now she hesitated, silent, irresolute.

"Will you tell me, Ailsa?"

She said wearily: "If you insist I can make it plainer some time. But this is not the time. . . . And you had better not ask me at all, Philip."

"I do ask you."

"I warn you to accept your dismissal without seeking an explanation. It would spare—us both."

"I will spare neither of us. What has changed you?"

"I shall choose my own convenience to answer you," she replied haughtily.

"Choose it, then, and tell me when to expect your explanation."

"When I send for you; not before."

"Are you going to let me go away with that for my answer?"

"Perhaps."

He hooked his thumbs in his girdle and looked down, considering; then, quietly raising his head:

"I don't know what you have found out—what has been told you. I have done plenty of things in my life unworthy of you, but I thought you knew that."

"I know it now."

"You knew it before. I never attempted to conceal anything."

A sudden blue glimmer made her eyes brilliant.

"That is a falsehood!" she said deliberately.

The color faded from his cheeks, then he said with ashy composure:

"I lie much less than the average man, Ailsa. It is nothing to boast of, but it happens to be true. I don't lie."

"You keep silent and act a lie!"

He reflected for a moment, then:

"Hadn't you better tell me?"

"No."

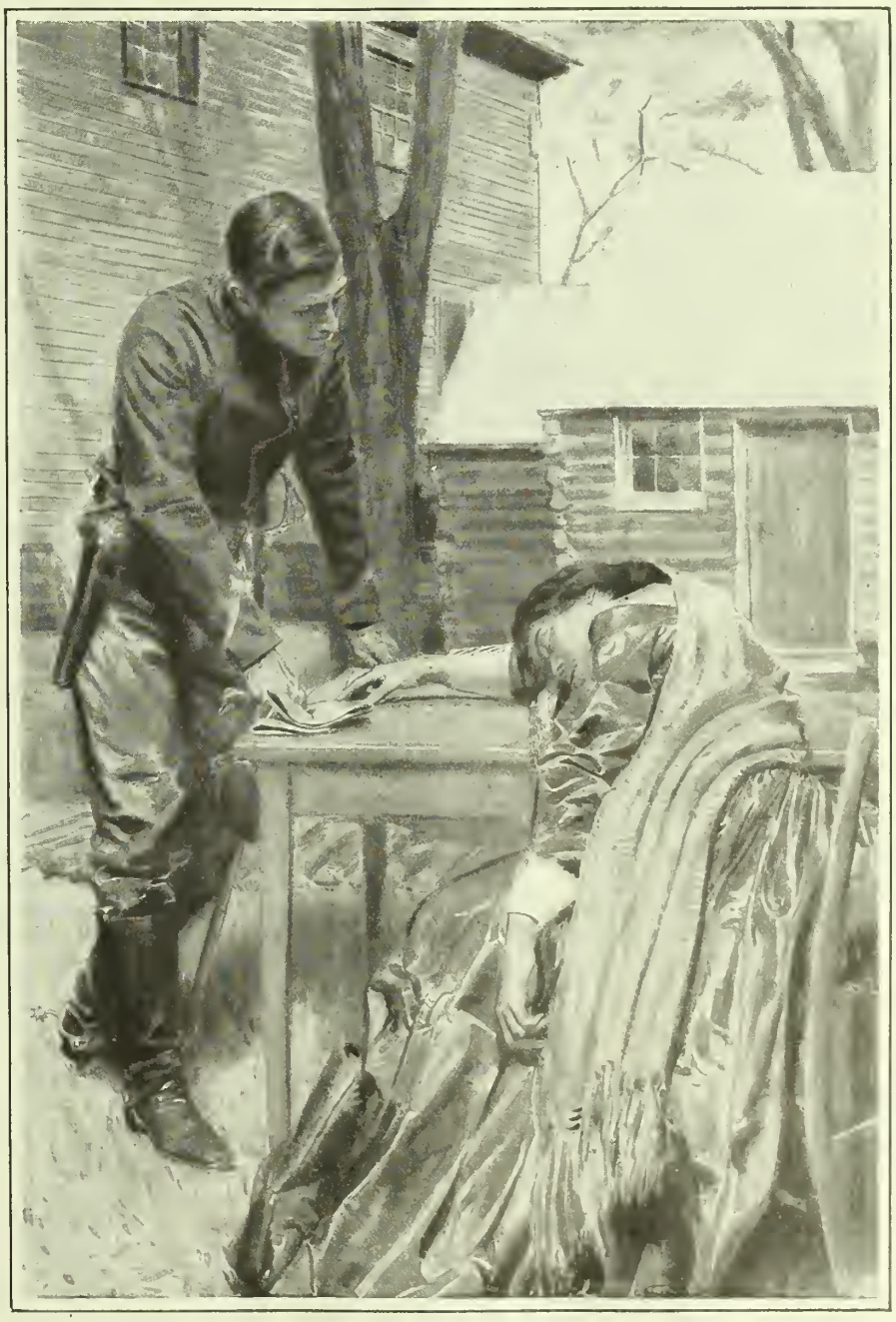
Then his color returned, surging, making the scar on his face hideous; he turned, walked to the window and stood looking into the darkness while the departing glimmer of her candle faded on the wall behind him.

Presently, scraping, ducking, chuckling, the old darky appeared with his boots and uniform, everything dry and fairly clean; and he dressed by lantern-light, buckled his belt, drew on his gloves, settled his forage-cap, and followed the old man out into the graying dawn.

They gave him some fresh light bread and a basin of coffee; he finished and waited, teeth worrying the stem of his empty pipe for which he had no tobacco.

Surgeons, assistant surgeons, contract physicians, ward masters, nurses, passed and repassed; stretchers filed into the dead-house; coffins were being

(Continued on Page 41)



Into His Memory Came the Recollection of the First Time He Ever Saw Her So

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 20, 1910

Is Democracy Bankrupt?

THE United States Supreme Court decided that Georgia had no authority over the Cherokee Indians inhabiting a reservation that lay within state lines. Only the Federal Government had power to deal with the Indians, it said. "The Cherokee nation is a distinct community occupying its own territory with boundaries accurately described, in which the laws of Georgia have no right to enter." Nevertheless President Jackson, as he explained in a message to Congress, "informed the Indians that their attempt to establish an independent government would not be countenanced by the Executive of the United States, and advised them to emigrate beyond the Mississippi or submit to the laws of the state."

In other words, to uphold the doctrine of states' rights the President calmly overruled the Supreme Court, and as he commanded the army his ruling was effective.

That may be regarded as the high tide of the ancient Democratic dogma of states' rights, which Jefferson preached a good deal but practiced very little. A subsequent powerful assertion of that doctrine resulted in a war that was supposed to have settled the question.

Why can't the Democrats let this dead and mouldering old dogma alone? Ever and anon they rattle its bones—in opposition to centralization of government—in a manner suggesting that they have run out of live material. Wall Street also vigorously agitates the skeleton whenever the Federal Government exercises a power of regulation over interstate business. The party to which, perhaps, the country will be turning for salvation before long should get used to doing its thinking outside of a graveyard.

Collecting Our Foreign Bill

TO RELIEVE an acute money pinch, induced by the troubles of October, 1907, we imported much gold. In that fiscal year we shipped abroad about a thousand million dollars' worth of cotton, breadstuffs, provisions and petroleum, and on the net balance between imports and exports of precious metal we gained seventy-five million dollars of European gold. But in the fiscal year recently closed we sent it all back—net exports of gold almost exactly equaling net imports two years before. In ten years the balance of trade in our favor has amounted to four and a half billion dollars; but we have drawn only seventy million dollars of gold, net, from abroad. That is, we have been able to collect a little over one per cent of what the world theoretically owed us. Going back twenty years the balance of trade in our favor is seven billions, while the gold movement is almost exactly even. Practically speaking, we haven't been able to collect a dollar in hard cash of the seven billions.

Broadly speaking, also, a nation cannot sell goods at all for cash. Whatever it sells it must take out in trade in one way or another. This does not agree with the protectionist program of producing at home everything we consume and selling the surplus abroad; but it agrees with the facts.

Immigration to the South

PRIOR to 1907 immigration from Canada to the United States had shrunk to nominal proportions. That year it increased to twenty thousand, the next year to thirty-eight thousand and the year following that to fifty-two thousand. Washington reports say it is now even larger and that a considerable part of these incomers from the North are going to the Southern states—which, we hope, is true—while at the same time Western wheat farmers may continue to invade the Canadian Northwest.

Before the Civil War slavery turned the whole tide of European immigration to the North, for the free labor would not compete with the slave. From 1830 to 1860 the white population of the South Atlantic states increased one million; of the North Atlantic, five millions; of the Middle South, two millions and a quarter; of the Middle North, seven millions and a half. The old bar is removed; but it is only very recently that immigrants have turned in any considerable numbers to the South. At the last census seven Southern states had only about a third as many European-born whites as Iowa, and in the whole South ninety-eight per cent of the population was native-born. Meanwhile there are agricultural possibilities in the South—although often requiring some capital for development—that may yet fairly match what the West had to offer a generation ago.

Wasting at the Bung-Hole

DEPLETION of the lumber supply attracts much attention. We imagine Uncle Sam discussing it earnestly, even passionately; then lighting his pipe and absently dropping the match in the wood box. The country produces five hundred million dollars' worth of lumber a year and burns up eighty million dollars' worth of frame buildings—and seventy million dollars' worth of contents, to show that it has no prejudices in the matter. The annual fire loss—largely preventable—amounts to two dollars and a half for every man, woman and child.

The country is readily excited by a suspicion that Messrs. Guggenheim mean to sequestrate its Alaskan coal; but in various forms of sheer waste we throw away an Alaska every year.

Simple extravagance is a minor ill. Whether or not a farmer puts a thousand dollars in an automobile may safely be left to his own discretion. But when he puts a thousand dollars' worth of farm machinery out in the sun and rain, or under no other protection than a tree, it is evident he has no discretion. There was once a district convention to demand better service from the railroads in transportation of certain agricultural products; but some of the delegates were unable to attend because their own country roads were practically impassable.

If the Guggenheims did go after that Alaskan coal possibly they justified themselves by the reflection that we annually throw away at least a quarter of the coal we mine by reckless handling, careless firing and faulty furnaces.

Getting the Will of the People

MR. BRYAN favored county option as the best method of dealing with the liquor traffic. Other Nebraska Democrats did not. In a test vote at the state convention Mr. Bryan was beaten by 435 to 394. The decision turned, then, on the votes of twenty-one delegates out of 829—or less than three per cent of the total number. But at the last presidential election there were over a hundred and thirty thousand Democratic voters in Nebraska, so the twenty-one whose ballots decided the issue in the convention were as one to about six thousand of the whole number of Democrats. That a solitary one of the 829 delegates had anything more than a vague, general notion as to the sentiment of a majority of Democrats in his own immediate locality is improbable.

At the last election there were nearly a hundred and thirty thousand Republican voters in Nebraska. Nobody knows how many of them believe in county option and how many do not. If twenty-one delegates put a county option plank in their platform, while the Democratic platform, by the votes of twenty-one delegates, contained none, very likely we should have a hundred thousand Democrats and Republicans who were unable to vote the way they wanted to because forty-two men were of a different opinion from themselves.

This situation, in one degree or another, constantly arises under our system of representative and delegated government. But there is no good reason why it should arise, for there is no reason why voters should not express themselves directly upon the question at issue.

Is Michigan Awake?

"NEVER," the Honorable Julius Cæsar Burrows is informing Michigan audiences, "will I vote for a law to turn American labor into the street!" This is the best reply the Senator is able to think of to the charge that, in framing the new tariff law, he bobbed every time Aldrich pulled the string.

Much iron ore is produced in Michigan—by the Steel Trust—and to avoid turning that labor into the streets the Senator obediently supported a duty on it, although President Taft and the House wanted it on the free list. Fortunately we have an authoritative report on the iron mines of Minnesota, where conditions must be much the same as in Michigan. Of the labor there employed twenty-three per cent is American, thirty-three per cent Austrian, sixteen per cent Finnish, eleven per cent Italian and ten per cent Scandinavian. Of the foreign-born only forty-eight per cent can speak English. This is the same sort of labor that the Senator is valiantly protecting in Pennsylvania steel mills, where it works seven days a week to make a living.

There are over two hundred thousand farms in Michigan mostly operated by real American labor. Senator Burrows dutifully assisted Aldrich to increase already excessive duties on cotton cloth, rubber goods and linoleum used on these farms, and to maintain the wool duties which even President Taft could not stomach.

Michigan is one of the states in which a Senator will be chosen by the people this year. Whether Burrows is returned will be decided at the Republican primaries in September. Michigan is a good state, too, but politically is it awake or sleeping? Can it be taken in by a reactionary party machine, a set of whiskers and a line of twaddle? This question assumes national importance in view of the circumstance that Burrows, if reëlected, will succeed Aldrich as chairman of the Finance Committee. Strangely enough, this is urged as a reason why Michigan people should vote for Burrows—as though to afflict the nation by putting a pinchbeck Aldrich in the most powerful position in the Senate would somehow reflect glory on the state! We seem to hear cries of dissent and dismay from the other forty-five states whose legislation the Finance Committee will shape.

Taxing the Poor Man

HERE are two hundred typical workingmen's families on the West Side of New York—truckmen, grocers' clerks, icemen, janitors, stone-cutters, carpenters and so on. They are mostly American, English, Irish and German. On an average there are five and a half persons in a family. A third of them have incomes of a thousand dollars a year or more. The average income is $851 and rent takes $162, or over nineteen per cent of it. The details can be found in Wage Earners' Budgets, by Louise B. Moore.

These are the people that pay much of the city's taxes. New York raises over a hundred millions a year by direct tax on real estate. Tenants, of course, foot the bill. Suppose ten families occupy a flat-building assessed at thirty thousand dollars. Taxes on the building come to $504, or rather over fifty dollars a family. Our West Siders are comparatively well off. Scores of thousands of families, especially on the East Side, have smaller incomes. Broadly speaking, the smaller the income the more proportionately goes for taxes. Where the income was $750 to $1100, eighteen per cent went for rent; where it was $450 to $650, rent took twenty-four per cent.

The value of New York realty has increased enormously of late years. The higher the land value the heavier the taxes and the greater the rent. Benjamin C. Marsh concludes that the unearned increment accruing to landlords by reason of advanced value of realty amounts to about forty-five millions a year. Our West Siders support this accretion by paying higher rent and taxes.

Prejudice Against Wall Street

A FINANCIAL review, published at the close of July, says: "On the first two days of this week the stock market was moving at a rapid pace toward something unpleasantly like a panic."

We know now what the trouble was. A bull pool, loaded down with vast quantities of stocks, non-dividend-paying and of dubious value, was staggering to its fall. Its speculative commitments are said to have reached fifty million dollars. Fortunately the general situation was sound and the trouble was merely local and temporary. In 1873 the general situation was less sound and the memorable panic of that year was ushered in by the blowing up of an inflated promoting house. The crisis of 1884 was started by the collapse of Grant & Ward assets, seven hundred thousand dollars; liabilities, sixteen millions—and the loot of the Marine Bank. The toppling of a great railroad gambler's house of cards and the exposure of a putrid "industrial," which paid a hundred per cent dividend in January and confessed bankruptcy in May of the same year, played stellar rôles in the first act of the panic of 1893. The Morse-Heinze system supplied the match for the explosion of 1907.

A paint factory is a useful institution. But an establishment that catches fire periodically, spreading conflagration through the neighborhood, is pretty certain to become an object of popular aversion. Public prejudice against Wall Street is too often indiscriminating. In some respects it is regrettable—as when the fear that a central government bank will succumb to Wall Street influences becomes the greatest obstacle to the establishment of such an institution. But it seems hardly likely that the prejudice will abate so long as the Street remains substantially what it is.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Napoleon Bonaparte—Filibuster

THERE have been plenty of filibusters—the deed—in the United States Senate and plenty of filibusters—the men—in the same profound conclave, but somehow the adventure pales into a sickly mauve when one considers Senator Bill Stone filibustering in a whisper, or Battle Bob La Follette performing the same daring deed in a pompadour, or Senator Carter casting his paint-brush whiskers to the breeze of his own verbosity and declaring he will stand and talk on that spot forever and a day lest this iniquity shall perish. (Loud applause.)

We are prone—that is, we would fain—think of filibusters as brave and hardy men scooting on piratical ships out of some port in some country and sailing boldly into some port in some other country bent on deeds of high emprise, seeking to set up a new government or set down an old one, and delivering arms, munitions and patriots to the oppressed or the oppressor, depending on which high contracting party is most liberal with the coin. Now, a Senate filibuster cannot rightfully be said to be a deed of high or even low emprise. It is a deed of conversation, mostly of language, not necessarily coherent or cohesive, but just language, and it is engaged in for the purpose of holding up some legislation pending unless the filibuster gets into that bill his particular pet appropriation or his particular pet idea. The rules of the Senate allow unlimited debate. Hence, any Senator who has a grievance or a graft has no restriction, save physical and tracheal, on the amount of filibustering he may do. He need have no thoughts. He must have words.

So, we have seen filibuster after filibuster, ranging in violence and ferocity, from the one Ben Tillman conducted against the naval bill in the closing days of Congress for the purpose of getting something for the Charleston Navy Yard to the noiseless one of Bill Stone against the financial bill. I must confess that the various filibusters, brave and fearless though they may have been, have not inspired any particular amount of awe or enthusiasm. They have seemed like a lot of garrulous men talking their venerable heads off.

But have you heard the news from Florida?

The United States Senate, by virtue of the recent primaries which will be ratified by the legislature, has acquired a sure-enough filibuster, a real filibuster, a filibusterino, in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, who is to succeed Senator Taliaferro—pronounced Tolliver—having defeated Taliaferro—now pronounced Mud—in the second primary held in that state. Napoleon Bonaparte Broward is no conversational, languagiferous filibuster. He is the goods, the materials. He and two others built the famous tug, The Three Friends, and they ran in eight cargoes of guns, powder and malarial Cubans to aid the sacred cause of *Cuba Libre*.

Broward and Dynamite Johnny O'Brien made snoots at the Spanish gunboats for the greater part of two years, sliding across to the fair but devastated land time and time again, being shot at, chased, held up, searched and all but scuttled, but getting there each time and landing their cargoes where said cargoes were most needed to help put a dent in Weyler. That was filibustering as was filibustering, and Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, soon-to-be United States Senator, was the active spirit. If he starts to run a filibuster in the Senate even the heavy guns of Heyburn or Hale or Aldrich will not scare him. He'll put his cargo in the bill he wants it in, or there will be a muss that will be historic, for this person, Broward, is set and determined in his ways and sniffs the battle from afar.

Hard-Headed and Soft-Hearted

WE ARE constantly finding in the biographies of our statesmen records of achievement that should make any American boy think he has a chance. Still, I doubt if any Senator came up through so many difficulties as Broward, or made so much of a small beginning. He was born in direst poverty, in Duval County, Florida, in 1857. After the war his family moved back to the farm in Duval County and found it wrecked and ruined. Father, mother, the boys and girls went to work to clear up some of the land, suffered from malaria, eked out a scanty living with the help of such game as could be shot and such fish as could be caught, made a few cents cutting water-oak pins to be used in rafting, doing anything to get along. The mother died and then the father, and when he was twelve years old Broward and his brother, younger than he, undertook to run the farm themselves.

He had little schooling, worked on his grandfather's farm and then became cook on a steamboat belonging to his uncle—the worst cook that ever was, he says himself. Presently he was made a deckhand and assistant wheelman, and in the winter got to the public school for a few weeks. A little later he went to Cape Cod, Massachusetts, dressed in cotton jeans, and got a berth on a fishing smack. He went to the Banks, nearly froze, and when he got back to Boston had thirty-one fights in thirty days with dockwollopers who did not like his Southern attitude.

Broward followed the sea for two years, working on all sorts of coastwise vessels, and got back to Florida where he worked on steamboats on the St. Johns River. He became a pilot and accumulated enough money to buy an interest in passenger and mail boats between Mayport and Palatka. He kept at this until 1887 when he moved to Jacksonville and ran a woodyard. Then he was appointed and elected sheriff and after that held various political offices, including a membership of the legislature. He went into phosphate mining and, in 1895, designed the model and moulds of The Three Friends and superintended the building of that famous tug. He was a member of the Jacksonville city council and police commissioner for that city. Then came the filibustering days and the war with Spain, when Broward was captain of a boat used by some of the correspondents in Cuban waters.

Broward was elected Governor and was defeated in the canvass for Senator against the present Senator Fletcher. He won against Taliaferro and will enter the Senate on March 4 next, as the legislature is bound to ratify the choice of the primaries.

He is a rough and ready person, a hard man, they say, because of the hardships of his life; but he is as softhearted as a child over a tale of distress, and he goes far out of his way to perform services for his friends and supporters. On the day of the primary he was told of a little girl, whose father kept a grocery store, who had defended Broward against the attacks of some customer. "I must go and thank that little girl," he said, and he did. They were talking to him of the bravery of Dynamite Johnny O'Brien and others of the filibusters, and Broward said: "Yes; they were brave men, but don't forget that nigger deckhand. I have forgotten his name, but he was just as brave as any of the rest of us."

Broward is responsible for the work now going on in the draining of the Everglades. He held tenaciously to his theory that the work could be done because water will run down hill, but was defeated twice by the people of the state. Then he carried the scheme through and he, personally, is responsible for the advance in price of hundreds of thousands of acres of land in his state from ten cents an acre to twenty or thirty dollars, and in some instances a hundred dollars an acre. He is an enthusiast, a dreamer, but a doer also.

He is a most convincing talker and a good politician. Some of the people who have met him think him almost a hypnotist. If he hears of an opponent he goes to that man and asks for half an hour. Then he sits down and, as William W. Carroll, the Pecan King, says: "He sits close and with the forefinger of his right hand begins to pack his argument into your leg just as a small boy stuffs rags up an exposed water pipe. Soon you are jammed full of Broward and go away preaching his doctrine, even if you do reverse yourself."

His political opponents used to say Broward ate with his knife—or his fingers—but they have quit using that on him now. Nor did he let the fact that he lives in East Church Street, in Jacksonville, while Senators Taliaferro and Fletcher live on Church Street, worry him any. As in the Everglades enterprise he kept right on, and finally won what he was after, which is a way he seems to have.

Broward is a big, broad-shouldered man. His mouth is large, but his head is finely shaped and he is impressive in a rugged, don't-tread-on-me style. He has eight daughters and one son, Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, Jr., aged three months. He talks well, in a not particularly polished but most convincing way, and he has all the energy and virility and determination that men schooled as he has been should and usually do have.

And, say, what this Senate has needed has been a real filibustering filibuster. There are enough of the discursive kind. Here is one who knows how, and I trust he will turn one loose early in his career as a Senator. The dry bones around there surely do need some scientific rattling.

He Sniffs the Battle From Afar

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Hot Times

JIMMIE HAY, one of the bright young men of the Washington Times, who "covers" the White House and usually travels with President Taft, was sent to Beverly when the President went to the summer capital. There was not much doing and the managing editor wired Jimmie to come back, thinking he would be of more use in Washington.

One of Hay's associates on the paper, who has the office reputation of being very close-fisted, thought to have some fun with Jimmie and telegraphed him: "Welcome back to our fair city. Temperature is 104 at the Kiosk today."

Whereupon Jimmie replied: "It must be hotter than that in Washington to melt the price of a telegram off your roll."

Tim's Family Tree

WHEN Big Tim Sullivan, the New York East Side politician, went to Europe this summer one of the passengers was Mrs. Astor.

During a conversation Sullivan expressed surprise that William Waldorf Astor should have expatriated himself and become a British subject.

"Why," said Mrs. Astor, "I see nothing strange in that. Now, for example, what is the difference between Mr. Astor's going from America to England to live and becoming an English citizen, and your going from Ireland to America to live and becoming an American citizen?"

"But I didn't," said Big Tim. "I was born in New York, and so were my father and mother."

"Ah," said Mrs. Astor, "that must make you one of the old Knickerbocker families."

"No," replied Tim, as he walked away, "one of the old Five Points families."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Brand Whitlock, the mayor of Toledo, used to be a political reporter on Chicago papers.

℄ Frank Daniels, the comedian, looks funnier off than on. His tailor is a comedian too.

℄ When Horace Fletcher, the chewologist, is at home he lives in the Palazzo Saibante, Venice. Mostly he lives in a New York hotel.

℄ B. F. Yoakum, the big railroad man, has a farm out on Long Island where he raises chickens that cost him about a dollar a feather. An egg is expensive enough to put in a breastpin.

℄ Very few people know what the H in the name of John H. Carroll, president of the Society of Great Men of the World and big railroad lawyer, stands for; but the secret is now revealed. His middle name is Haydock, but he never does it.

℄ Tiring of authorship John Jacob Astor has become an inventor. His latest invention is a device to keep a revolving chair from revolving, or something like that—a long-felt want that chairmakers have for years been trying to meet by making non-revolving chairs.

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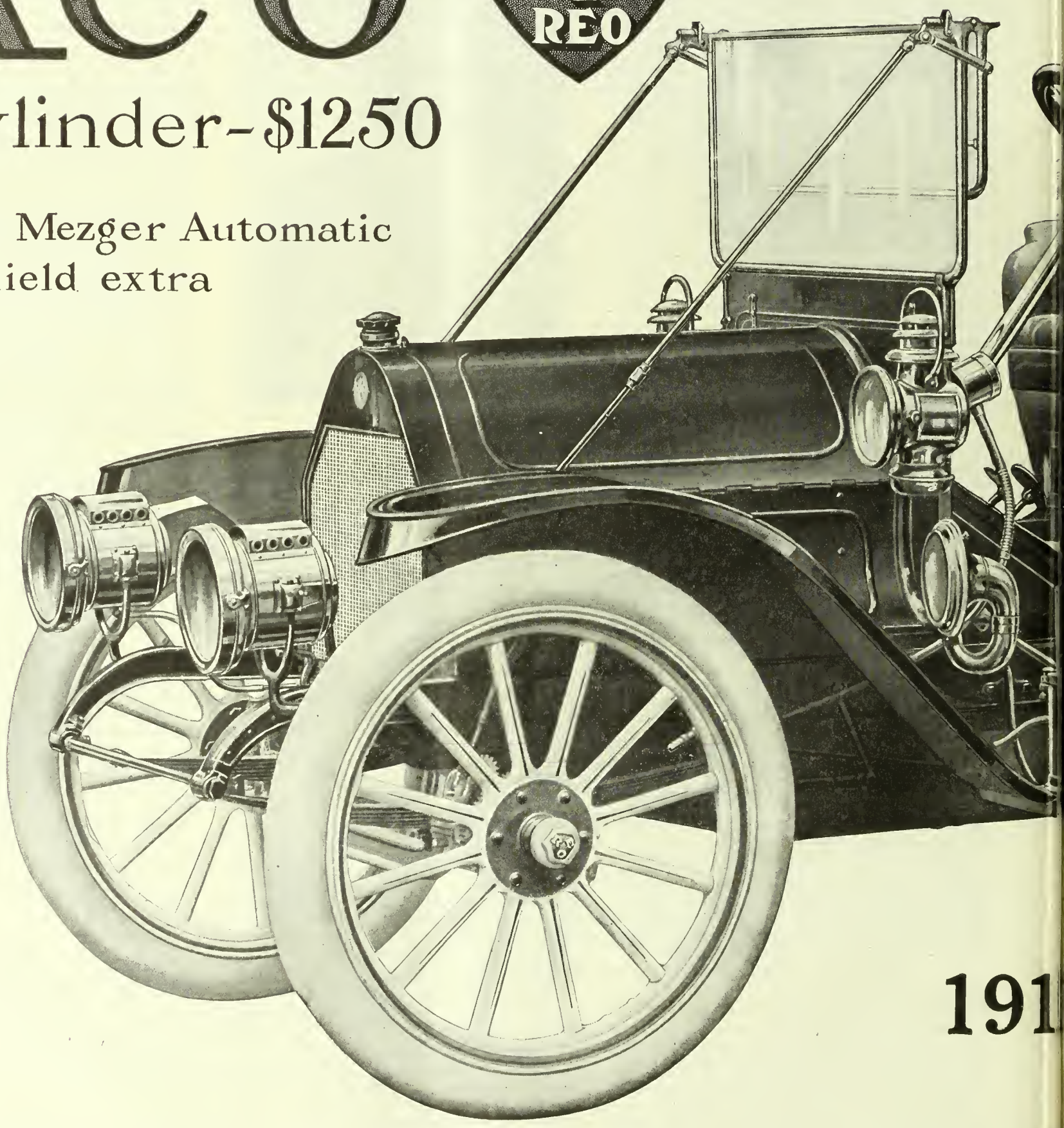

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A handsome car—isn't it?—and plenty of speed. But, if you are going to buy with both sides of your dollar and get the greatest amount of motoring pleasure, you must go a long way deeper than beauty and speed.

No matter what price you pay, you must get the things that really count in motoring.

First: Be sure of getting there and back. This is far and away the first thing, and you mustn't lose sight of it for an instant. You must have infallible reliability.

Next: Durability and freedom from repairs. That means money saved, but, more than that—when you want to go motoring, you want to go motoring right then and there; no fussing, no delay.

Comfort: An automobile trip sh
springs should be light enough to tak

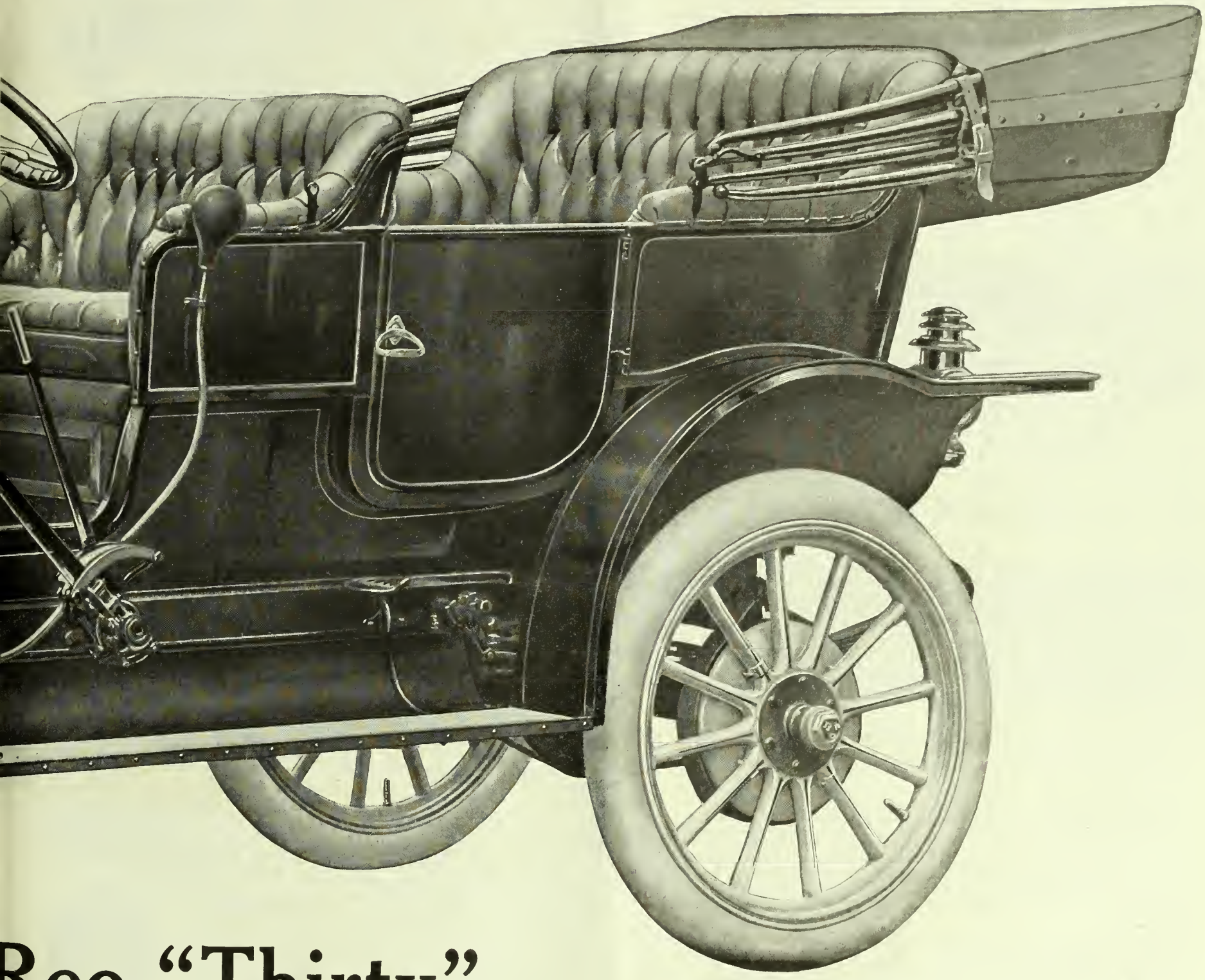
Economy of Operation: Economy f
engine is a smooth-working engine. D

Speed: Power enough so that you c

Beauty: The picture speaks for its

You may pay $5000 for your car, a
most of these things in any other ca

fty miles an hour



Reo "Thirty"

ll pleasure—every bit of it. The e road shocks.

n sake and because an economical ar out easily; doesn't go back on you. st as you want, on both hill and level.

t all of these things. You can't get paying $3000; and then you get too much weight, which costs a great deal to carry around, and is uncomfortable, because easy springs are impossible on a heavy car.

You get every one of these good things—every single one and all together—in the Reo for $1250. It is the perfectly and always satisfying car; and one of the greatest pleasures it gives is the money left in your pocket and the small running-expenses.

Send for the 1911 catalog of the five-passenger Reo Touring car, $1250; the four-passenger Roadster $1250; the two-passenger four-cylinder Runabout $850.

R M Owen & Co Lansing Michigan General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co

Licensed under Selden Patent

PLAYING POLITICS

Notes on the Great American Game As It is Played in the Dog Days

THERE are just two men in this country who will be national political factors as long as they live. One is Theodore Roosevelt and the other is William Jennings Bryan. A good reason for this condition is that each of these eminent gentlemen will see to it, personally, that he shall remain a national political factor, and that each possesses some small skill in that kind of mechanics. All other reasons are superfluous, for there never will be a time when either Roosevelt or Bryan cannot rally to the old flag enough partisans to make a considerable noise, no matter what the future may bring forth. Nor will there ever be a time when each will not raise the long yell for the faithful if there should be danger of eclipse or submersion.

Bryan and Roosevelt differ widely in a personal way, but they are not so far apart when it comes to methods. Each gets his publicity by being a little ahead of the procession. Of course, Bryan has to form his own procession while the Roosevelt parade is generally drawn up for the Colonel, but it is all the same in the end. Bryan is not nearly the commanding figure that Roosevelt is, but even though nation, state or district rebukes him he has a certain hold on the country and his fingers are locked and interlaced. Moreover, he will never let go.

Wise observers have announced the political death of Bryan as a national figure time and again, and have variously set the date for the obsequies, notably in the days following the elections in 1896, 1900 and 1908, but when it came to the hour for the ceremonies the corpse was found dancing a jig on the lid of the coffin. Likewise there have been many who have predicted that Theodore Roosevelt has reached the apogee and is going down the long slide to oblivion, and next morning Theodore Roosevelt and his sayings and doings are plastered on the front pages of all the papers in the land.

Roosevelt and Bryan both know that a couple of years of enforced silence on their part, or a couple of years of silence on the part of the various mediums of publicity, and they would be done for. Hence neither goes anywhere or does anything without beating the tom-tom.

Long-Planned Impulsiveness

Bryan started his paper in order to have a medium of expression for the views he incubates so rapidly. Roosevelt hired out to a magazine for the same reason. Bryan makes money from his paper and his lectures, and Roosevelt gets a large salary for his editorial utterances. That is right and proper. But if there were no salary and no gate-receipts for lectures both men would do the work for nothing. The point is that they have to keep out in front. Being great national characters they must maintain themselves as such, and if they can get paid for so doing so much the better, for both are extremely prudent in the matter of money.

What the people see and know of men like Roosevelt and Bryan is the public side. There can be little knowledge of motives, for men like these keep their motives to themselves. Also, they think so far ahead of the mass that the thing that seems impulsive this morning probably was planned last week or last month or last year. The chief concern of such eminent publicists is to keep their constituencies. Mr. Roosevelt is a better politician than Mr. Bryan, but both are politicians. Each aims for power, and each enjoys power more than anything else. To be sure, Bryan has not had official power to any extent, but when a man can force his own nomination three times for President on a political party that casts more than six millions of votes he has power all right, and to spare. Wherefore, any little sidelights on the political actions of men so prominently before the people are interesting.

A great politician used to say that if he were half or even a quarter as smart in intrigue, in plot, in manipulation, in foresight, in knowledge of conditions as he was made out to be by the political writers, he would have the world by the tail with a downhill drag in a year's time. It is but the cold truth to say that the ordinary political leader gets ten times the credit he deserves for astuteness. Now far be it from me to intimate even that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan are not superlatively smart and far-seeing politicians, statesmen if you like, and patriots, both. That is not what I was driving at. What I want to do is to tell of two incidents, one concerning Mr. Roosevelt and one concerning Mr. Bryan, both of national political significance and both showing those distinctly human limitations embalmed in that how-very-small-the-very-great sentiment which we underlings are so fond of quoting.

The Gossips of Gotham

Oddly enough each of these incidents hinges on a letter, and each letter seems to have miffed these great men exactly as a common person would be miffed at a communication he did not like and the sentiments of which he could not indorse.

When President Roosevelt got back and, indeed, most of the time he was away, there was constant inquiry as to the position he would take toward President Taft. A vast amount of speculation was indulged in and the correspondents who went down the Nile to meet the former President plumped the question, "What do you think of President Taft's Administration?" at the returning faunal naturalist first off, reserving the tariff, the high cost of living, the Ballinger-Pinchot row, Cannonism and Aldrichism and all the rest of it for the second flight of inquiries.

Mr. Roosevelt did not reply. He said nothing publicly about Mr. Taft and what he said privately is nobody's business, provided he said anything. There had been stories that Mr. Roosevelt had said Taft was recreant, that he had gone over to the reactionaries, but those stories amounted to nothing because they had no authority. Presently Mr. Roosevelt went to Beverly and visited Mr. Taft. We had dispatches saying the former President shouted "Hello, Will!" as he sprang up the porch steps and that the President responded, "Hello, Theodore," and that they shook hands. That is all that has been reported.

As many constructions as there were writers were placed on the meeting, its significance, its quota of cordiality between the two men, and all that. Then Mr. Roosevelt returned to Sagamore Hill and Mr. Taft returned to the golf links and Senator Lodge, who was along, said nothing, and the situation resolved into one of guessing. Among the guessers was Wall Street. That institution is deeply concerned over the relations between the former President and the President. It has been trying to find out about those relations ever since the day Mr. Taft was elected.

The big men in Wall Street are the leading financiers in this country and, also, the leading gossips. They are enormously industrious when it comes to peddling tales. Thus there were a hundred tales of the relations between the two men peddled during the absence of Mr. Roosevelt, but the Wall Street story finally crystallized and there is now one story that Wall Street believes is the real one and that shows how the Colonel felt when he went away and how he may feel now, although a year in the jungle may have softened him some. Moreover, Wall Street makes it its business to find out about these things. Often these captains of finance are unduly credulous and always they are ready to circulate a tale that will have its effect on the market, whether right or wrong, but this story cannot affect stocks and it has been handed about as the epitome of the real feeling of Mr. Roosevelt for Mr. Taft.

I do not guarantee it. I tell it as the biggest men in Wall Street believe it. A day or two, or perhaps a week, after election in 1908 Mr. Taft wrote a letter to President Roosevelt. In that letter he thanked Mr. Roosevelt effusively for all he had done for him in the way of nominating him and getting him elected and said, in effect: "With the exception of my brother, Charles [meaning Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati], I consider that I am more indebted to you than to any other for my nomination and election, and I thank you" —and so on and so forth.

Now, the story goes, when Mr. Roosevelt got that letter he jumped up and down and uttered loud cries. He was miffed. It was his opinion he had done more for the nomination of Mr. Taft and his election than all the Tafts in the country, or than any other man, set of men, or human combination whatsoever. He considered Taft an ingrate for putting his brother ahead of him as a factor in the victory, and he was very angry about it. It hurt his pride, or his egotism, or his self-esteem, or something, to have even Brother Charley put ahead of him as a means to the triumphant end, and he said so to some of his friends with considerable emphasis.

Taft saw Mr. Roosevelt several times during the interval between election and inauguration, but, so the Wall Street story goes, the interviews were short and formal and had little to do with business. Mr. Roosevelt wanted Frank B. Kellogg appointed Attorney-General and he wanted William Loeb, Jr., put in the Cabinet. Mr. Taft refused both requests, or intimations, rather. Then came inauguration, Roosevelt's departure for Africa and the beginning of the term of Taft.

As Mr. Roosevelt was leaving for Africa Mr. Taft sent him another letter. This one was full of expressions of good will and friendship, but it also said that, with the exception of Charles P. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt had done more to elect Taft than any person and that Taft was properly and thoroughly grateful. T. R. hopped high in the air again and said more things. Then he went a-hunting, and during all the time he was away he never sent a letter, or a postcard, or a telegram, or a message of any kind to Mr. Taft, nor was there any communication between the two men until Captain Archie Butt arrived in New York on the day of Roosevelt's return and brought a letter of greeting from Taft, which may or may not have reiterated the Charles P. Taft sentiment. Wall Street does not know about that.

The Ready Letter-Writer

The Bryan story concerns a letter, also. It is believed in certain Democratic circles. This is it: When Bryan, after his return from South America, suddenly evinced great hostility for Judson Harmon, most likely candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912, and tried to muddle the Ohio political situation by insisting that the convention that named Harmon for a second term as Governor should select a candidate for the United States Senatorship to succeed Senator Dick, thereby making a lot of trouble for Harmon, but not getting himself anywhere except as a trouble-maker, people began to ask: Why?

Harmon was not for Bryan in 1896, but he was regular in 1900 and in 1908, had presided at Bryan meetings, had recognized Bryan Democrats in Ohio and was thought to be in the good graces of the Nebraskan. The reason for Bryan's opposition to Harmon, for his almost open enmity, is said in Ohio and by the Democrats of other states who profess to know, to lie in a letter written by one of the Harmon children to a school friend. This school friend belongs to a Texas family where Bryan visits.

According to the story the Harmon youngster wrote to the Texas youngster, along about election day in 1908, in this childish manner: "We are all hoping papa will be elected Governor this year and that Mr. Bryan will be beaten, because that will give papa a chance at the Presidential nomination four years from now if he can be reëlected Governor of Ohio."

Bryan heard of this letter when he was visiting in Texas. He immediately began to talk of the disloyalty of Harmon and tried to make it as difficult for Harmon as he could when it came time for the renomination in Ohio.

Always the same

WE make only one grade of Campbell's Tomato Soup—the best that money and care and unlimited skill can produce. And it is sold at one uniform price—ten cents a can.

There is no exaggeration in asserting that no better soup is or can be produced at any price. The simple facts substantiate all we say about

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Made of the choicest New Jersey tomatoes—fresh, sound, ripened to the minute; and blended with other ingredients of equally perfect quality, this soup has a distinct flavor and richness of its own, that you cannot fail to recognize. And you will find this superlative quality in every can of tomato soup that bears the Campbell label.

That label is a thing to remember and insist on. It is your guarantee of satisfaction "or money refunded." And that is the invariable plan on which all Campbell's Soups are sold.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

It is easier to write for Campbell's Menu Book than to do without it.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Young King Cole
He yells for a bowl
Of *Campbell's Soup* each day.
Then cries "Encore!"
With a mighty roar,
And we hasten to obey.

Sense and Nonsense

Checkmate

THE clerk in the general store in one of the seaport villages of Connecticut was the checker champion. He could beat all the regulars who hung about, and there were some good players among them.

One day a little weather-beaten man came in and watched the clerk clean up a villager six times hand-running. At the close of the sixth game the old man asked: "What is that there game you air playin'?"

"Checkers," said the clerk. "Checkers. A game of skill and brains. Don't you know it?"

The old man shook his head.

"Come on," invited the clerk; "I'll show you. It's a great game. It's easy to learn"; and he winked at the hangers-on.

The little man was willing. They sat down and the clerk explained the theory and won the first game so easily that everybody laughed. The clerk took the second game, but not so easily.

"You're doin' fine," encouraged the clerk. "Try another."

The clerk won this one, but just by a pinch. "Great!" he said to his opponent. "You will be quite a checker player after a while, but I'll say to you that I hain't bin playin' my best game. Now I'll set 'em again, and I'll show you some real checker playin'. It's your move."

The little man studied a minute, made an opening and then went systematically to work and beat the clerk in jigtime. The clerk insisted on another game and was defeated even more decisively. The little man put it all over him for seven more games. Then the clerk, no longer the checker champion of the South Shore, said angrily: "I thought you said you didn't know this game."

"Young feller," replied the little man, "I bin whalin' outen this water for forty-two year, and whalin' up North, at that. Twenty-seven of them years I spent frozen fast to the ice. What do you suppose I did frozen up there all them twenty-seven years?"

Wanted: A Job

I'm looking around for a job, my friend, and
I care not what it be;
Most any old kind of a job there is is a good-
enough job for me.
I'll drive a car on a trolley-line or work as an
engineer;
Or, if you wish, I'll write love songs, real
poetry, full of cheer.
I'll bake your pies, I'll broil your steak, I'll
act as messenger-boy;
I'll take a job as a leading man, like Hackett
or Eddie Foy—
There's naught in the world that a man can
do that I'm unable to do,
For I am an A. B. C. D. E. and an M. N.
O. P. Q.

I'll wash a window or run a bank; I'll
jockey a speedy nag;
I'll write you jokes of a mirthful kind or
carry a lawyer's bag.
I'll preach a sermon to curl your hair, and
warranted orthodox;
I'll run the Government quite as well as
Ballinger, Taft or Knox.
I'll take a job on a motor car, and satisfy, I
am sure,
And make you say when the trip is done I'm
an 18-K. chauffeur;
For I am a man of unusual sort, a sort that
you seldom see,
With my P. D. Q., and my S. T. U., and
my W. X. Y. Z.

I'll take a place as your hired man and do all
the garden chores;
I'll act as walker upon the floor of needy
department stores.
I'll go as caddy upon the links and steady
you on the green;
Or, should you wish, I'll take the job to edit
your magazine.
I'll join the chorus in opera—plain, comic or
simply grand,
I'll play first fiddle or blow the horn in any
old kind of band.
I'll teach your kid what he doesn't know, no
matter how dumb or deaf,
For I'm not only an I. O. U. but also a K. T. F.

I'll work all summer as baggageman attached
to a swell hotel,
Or waiter-in-chief, or the humble guy who
soundeth the dinner-bell.
I'll paint your mansion and mow your grass,
and look after baby chicks;
I'll take the stump for the candidate who
doesn't know how to mix.
I'll write long speeches for folks who speak
at dinners of public sort;
Or try a case on any old side in any old kind
of court.
For I am a chap of high degree—I've taken
a dozen or so,
From plain A. B., and S. T. D., to S. P.
Q. R. O.

So, trot along with your job, my friend, no
matter what it may be;
Most any old kind of a job there is is a good-
enough job for me.
I've been to college for thirteen years, and
studied a lot outside,
And every course in the whole currick I've
tried, and tried, and tried;
And I'd like to ask what's the good of it all if,
after the course is through,
There's nary a thing in this blooming world a
fellow can get to do—
Oh, what is the use of a B. I. F., or an L.
M. N. O. P.,
If, when he goes after a simple job, they give
him the G. I. T.? —*Horace Dodd Gastit.*

Away

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
As he clattered him down the stair,
And found him a hat for his curly head
And called to a dog somewhere.
Then off like a flash down the shady lane
With a whistle and cry and song;
And back to us ever it came again:
"I won't be gone very long."

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
As we saw him among the trees,
His eyes all bright and his cheeks all red,
A friend of the birds and bees;
Then through the hedges and out of the gate,
For naught in the world goes wrong
With a boy of six or seven or eight—
"I won't be gone very long."

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
"I'm just going out to play."
And the curly dog barked and the two of
them sped
Over the clover away.
He waved us a kiss with a little brown hand
And cries rose from here and there,
For oh, but a boy does understand
A dog and the open air!

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
"Don't wait any supper—you see,
I'll just have a bowl of milk and bread
And my dog he will eat with me."
Then he swung his hat on its tangled string
Till the curly dog wagged his tail
And romped and played like a boy in spring
And barked him a comrade's hail.

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said—
Oh, Mother of him, don't cry!
The leaves come green again, yellow and red,
And the years and the years go by.
But sometime he'll come, as we've seen him
do,
With the bark of a dog and a song,
For it must be true—oh, it must be true
That he'll not be gone very long!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Fishing

Some talk of fishing; well, I must admit
That I could never see the use of it;
Just sitting all day long with line and hook—
I'd rather loaf around and read a book.
Sometimes, I know, they "whip the streams"
and "cast,"
And maybe land a trout or two at last;
But I can think of hours much better passed.

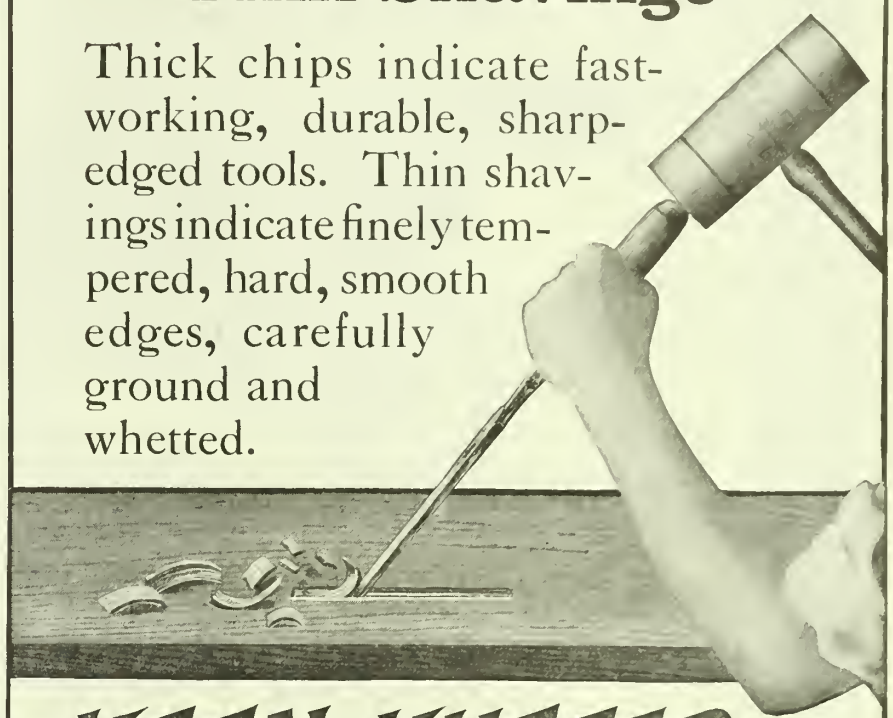
And when the fisherman comes back at night
He lies and lies of many a mighty bite,
And tells of monster fish that wriggled loose,
Though little ones are all he can produce.
Oh, well; for those who like it, let 'em fish—
But not for mine; give me some other dish,
Some other sport to satisfy my wish.

Let others clean the trout—a mussy mess!
I hate the very thought of fishiness—
Though fish, when nicely fried, are, I confess,
A kind of food I eat with happy vim;
And so I flatter much the angler's whim
While leaving all the work of it to him.

—*Berton Braley.*

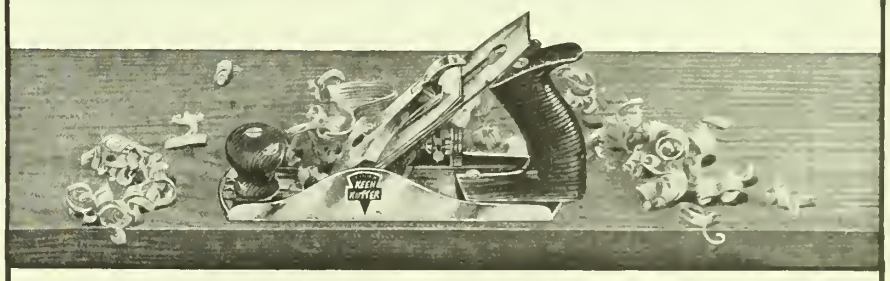
Thick Chips and Thin Shavings

Thick chips indicate fast-working, durable, sharp-edged tools. Thin shavings indicate finely tempered, hard, smooth edges, carefully ground and whetted.



KEEN KUTTER

Quality Tools



Keen Kutter Tools are made for both kinds of work—rough, fast work, and fine, accurate work.

A Keen Kutter Chisel, for example, will pare off a tissue shaving after chipping out a mortise. In other words, Keen Kutter tools are of the highest quality and are all-around tools. The choice of the expert on account of their accuracy of balance and adjustment, their temper and durability. The choice of the amateur because of their adaptability to all sorts of work.

You run no risk in buying Keen Kutter tools, for they are all guaranteed.

This name covers tools and cutlery of all kinds.

Sold for over 40 years under this motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. Simmons.

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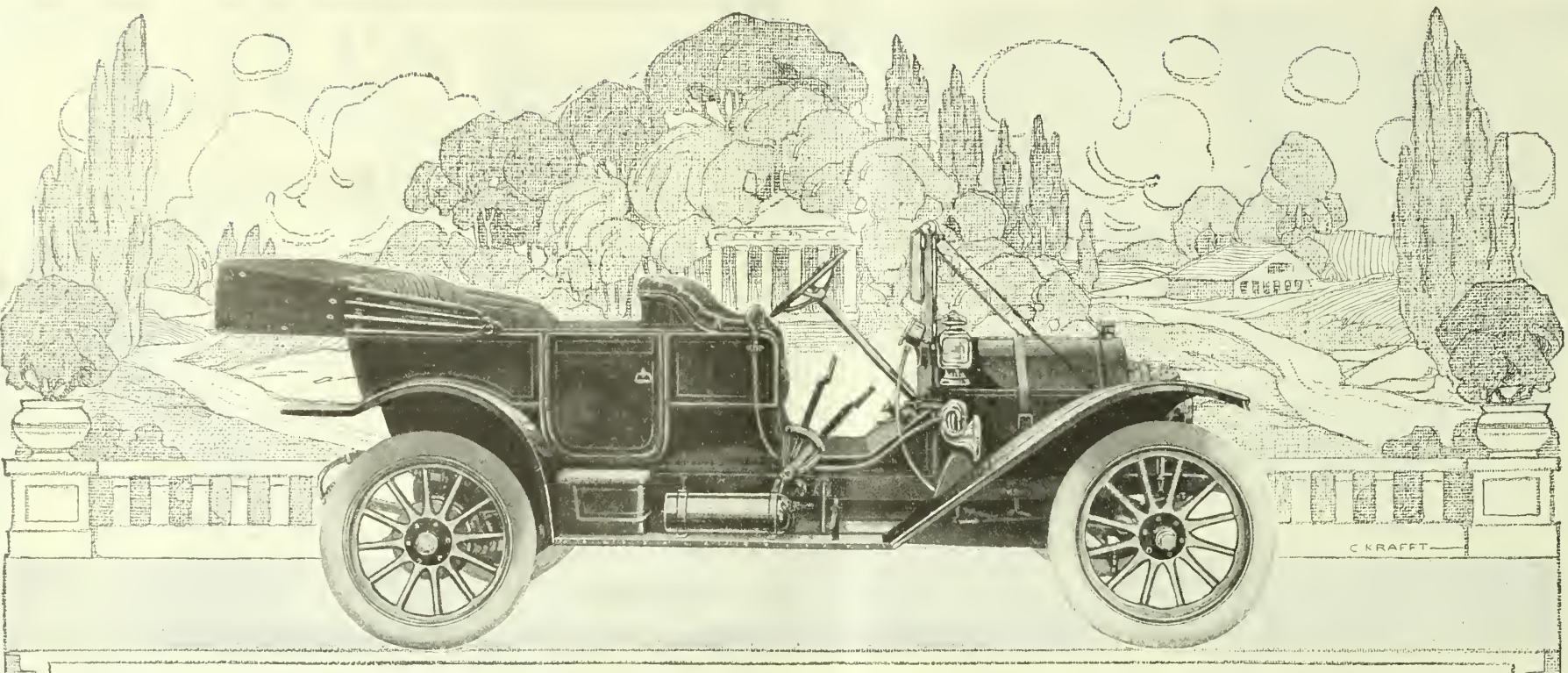

THE 1911 HAYNES

Greater Value But Still $2000

ADDED refinement—even greater value than formerly—characterizes the Haynes 5-passenger car for 1911.

The essential features of construction however remain unchanged.

The correctness of Haynes design has been proved by years of service.

The 1911 car is the same handsome, roomy, luxuriously appointed machine that set a new standard of automobile value in 1910. It still sells for $2000—a thousand dollars less than cars of equal quality.

But Haynes experience—the basis of the Haynes reputation—has shown a way for us to add still more to Haynes superiority.

The 1911 Model 20 has 35-40 Horse Power. It has a larger, roomier tonneau than last year's model and a larger wheel base—114 inches. Its equipment is not only complete but of a quality that correctly reflects the excellence of the whole car. Every car this year—in addition to top, dust hood, wind shields, lamps, etc.,—will be supplied with the famous Warner Autometer—known as the most efficient speed indicator ever put on the market. It costs three times as much as most of the instruments put on other cars, but we considered that only an indicator of this quality was worthy to be placed on the Haynes.

Last year our announcement of a Haynes for $2000 proved the sensation of the motor world. It brought definite advance payment orders for more cars than we could build within 30 days from the time our first big ad. appeared in the national magazines. It convinced us that the majority of buyers prefer a car of *established reputation* and *known* quality if it can be had at a price anywhere near the price of a *common-quality* car.

We want you to know this Haynes Model 20 before you purchase any motor car, *no matter what the price.*

We want you to compare it part for part with any other car—to ride in it and prove by actual test its easy riding qualities, its responsiveness and power. Then we want you to note the completeness and quality of the equipment.

In accordance with our usual policy, we will build only a limited number of the Haynes Model 20 for 1911.

If you want to be sure of getting *your* car you cannot afford to delay your investigation.

Write today for catalog and name of nearest Haynes dealer.

Haynes Automobile Company, 206 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

(Continued from Page 11)

The policeman stood watching him as he walked rapidly toward Westminster, then he poured the gold into his pocket.

All those whom Stranleigh had aroused that night showed the cringing disposition of the very poor. They seemed anxious about one thing only, which was to say whatever might please the man who accosted them, in the hope of obtaining a sixpence or a few coppers at the end of the discourse. They represented merely human débris, and even the optimistic Stranleigh realized that they were of no use either to humanity or themselves. Whatever he gave them would be spent, and afterward they would sink into the same condition in which he had found them. He drew a deep sigh of disappointment at the result of his experiment.

He was nearing Westminster Bridge when he noticed some distance ahead a man whose arms rested on the top of the river wall, the one person, except the policeman, he had seen that night ignoring the meager comfort of the benches. As he neared this person Stranleigh stopped, and himself leaned against the parapet, just under the ornamental lamp-post that rose from the top of the wall. Stranleigh himself was in comparative obscurity, but the lamp shone full on the intellectual face of the stranger. It was a pathetic countenance indicating great refinement, but the stamp of starvation was visible on the pallid features. It reminded him of one of the six pictures drawn by the late Fred Barnard to illustrate Dickens: the picture of Sidney Carton about to mount the scaffold and looking back over his shoulder with the same wistful expression that was now before him in life.

Stranleigh remembered Fred Barnard with a pang of regret. One night, when they were dining together, Barnard had told him the history of the picture; how he had searched in vain through London and Paris for any man whose face would realize his own dream of Sidney Carton. Then one night, under a lamp-post in Paris, he caught a momentary glimpse of the person who fulfilled his requirements, with refined features softened by the grief of a Savior; but the face was that of a woman, and he finished his well-known picture by placing a woman's head on a man's body.

Here then, at last, was a fitting subject for any beneficence the young nobleman cared to bestow. Despite his evident hunger the stranger appeared lost in some ecstatic dream; and he did not hear Stranleigh approach, but started when the latter accosted him, awakening from his reverie as if he knew not where he was.

"You pursue your meditations at a late hour, sir, and in an unaccustomed place."

After a moment the stranger replied:

"*Ya ne govoriu po anglisky.*"

"Ah, you are a Russian, and do not speak English," commented Stranleigh, using somewhat haltingly the other's language. "I possess one or two good friends in Russia, but confess that my attempts to converse in their tongue meet respectful sympathy rather than commendation."

The stranger smiled, and his visionary eyes glistened with delight at even this attempt at his own speech.

"Do you know French?" asked Stranleigh.

It appeared that the stranger did, and their future communication took place in French, which the Russian spoke exceedingly well.

"As I told you," Stranleigh went on, "I have several friends in Russia of whom I am very fond, and for their sakes I proffer my assistance if you happen to need it."

"You are very kind," replied the Russian, "and it is true, as doubtless you have surmised, that I am in dire straits. I have had nothing to eat for nearly forty-eight hours."

"That is a state of things permitting no delay in the amending. Blessed is he who has nothing, for he need fear no trap. Will you come with me to my house, since all the restaurants of London are closed?"

They walked together to Westminster Bridge, where a friendly policeman whistled for a wandering cab and then looked with some astonishment at the strangely assorted pair. A hansom came flying across the bridge in response to the call. The richest man and the poorest in Europe got in together and drove to Stranleigh House, where his lordship found an excellent supper laid awaiting his return.

"Champagne?" asked Stranleigh.

The Russian hesitated.

"I suppose," he said at last, "you keep no vodka?"

"As it happens," said Stranleigh with a laugh, "I have just stocked a quantity of it—the best that can be found. My chief Russian friend is to visit me next week."

"I will take a little vodka, then," replied his guest, "since I have fallen into fortunate circumstances. I am sorry to be of such trouble, but the sudden change from hope to realization has shown me how physically weak I am."

His fine white hand trembled as he raised the raw vodka to his lips, refusing to have its potency mitigated by water.

"Ah!" he sighed, setting down the glass, "that assures me I am still in the land of the living. I must now eat very sparingly."

They sat down together, the visitor now diluting his vodka with water, still refusing champagne. After the meal Stranleigh pushed over to him a box of Russian cigarettes, then took one himself.

"Will you tell me all about it now," he said, "or shall we wait till morning?"

The Russian did not answer on the moment, which hesitation appeared to be a habit of his, but gazed about as if marveling at the luxury in which he found himself. As the aromatic smoke of the cigarette rose in the air he heaved a deep sigh of contentment.

"Does that mean, sir, that you offer a complete stranger the further hospitality of a bed? You hint that I am to be here in the morning."

"Morning is so close upon us that it would not be worth your while searching for a lodging at this hour. Indeed, a stranger with no English might meet difficulty in obtaining a resting-place, and besides, you could find nothing in London so comfortable as it is my privilege to offer."

"Sir, I hesitate to trespass ——"

"It is no trespass, *monsieur*. This is a bachelor establishment, and I consult no one's convenience but my own or that of my guest; and I assure you of an English welcome, recalling to your mind that our countries are friendly."

"*Gospodín*, if you allow me to sleep here on the sofa it will be as Heaven compared with the place where you found me."

Stranleigh laughed.

"In one, at least, of your Eastern religions there are seven Heavens, and I prefer to send you to the seventh rather than the first. And now let us introduce ourselves. My name is Stranleigh."

"I am Vassili Nicolaievna. Until recently I was a student at the University of St. Petersburg."

"Did you take a literary course there? I have guessed you to be a poet. Am I right or wrong?"

"Both, Gospodín Stranleigh. I dream poetry, but cannot express it in words. Still, I try to give expression to my dreams through these." He stretched out his hands; white, slight, but nevertheless powerful. "I have devoted my life to music, and so did not finish the course at the university. May I give you a song for my supper?"

He waved a hand toward the very splendid grand piano that stood at the end of the dining-room, ready when Stranleigh gave a bachelor dinner, for the entertainment of his guests.

"I should be delighted," said his lordship.

The Russian opened the instrument and sat down before it, plunging into a weird, fantastic, rather terrible selection that Stranleigh had never heard before. Then, after a moment's pause, he made the piano sing like a nightingale.

"Heaven prosper us!" cried Stranleigh when he rose. "I have never before heard that piano. You possess all the power of Rubinstein and all the delicacy of Paderewski. Who wrote that music?"

"Mine, mine, mine!" cried Nicolaievna. "Rubinstein was a Russian and Paderewski is a Pole, but in music both belong to the past. 'Tis not up their stairway I am climbing. Wagner is the first step in my ascent, then Strauss, with his Elektra; by-and-by it will be Vassili Nicolaievna. I came to London to play my soul-stirring

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Message No. 21

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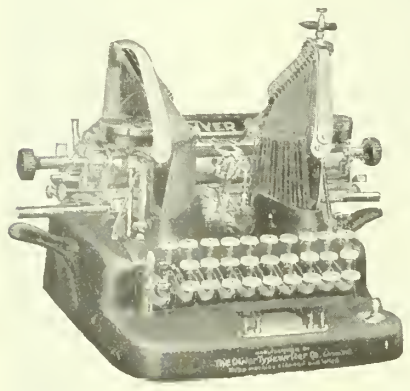

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symphony of humanity; a composition to echo round the world. I expected help from my musical brethren, but such is the jealousy in the ranks of those who should most appreciate me that they turned the cold shoulder. They declare I am not to be heard, and without money I am powerless."

"I should have thought," said Stranleigh, "that any true musician would welcome you with open arms."

"It is not so," cried Vassili. "They are all comfortably situated here, and why should I come to disturb their slumbers? Jealousy, jealousy, jealousy! Each knows in his heart that I tower above him as the peak of the Kremlin looks down upon the lowest hovel in Moscow."

Stranleigh could scarcely repress a smile at the colossal conceit of the man, but nevertheless, from his playing and his composition, he deemed it justifiable, and put down its blatant expression to the influence of vodka. The Russian's arms were gesticulating like those of a Sicilian actor as he continued:

"My great symphony of humanity, could I but be allowed to render it here in London, will concentrate upon me the attention of the universe. The echoes of its harmonies and its discords will ring down the ages, and yet am I nullified for the lack of a hundred rubles."

"No; you are not," said Lord Stranleigh. "Do you wish to collect a critical audience here in London and perform before it?"

"Yes," answered the Russian.

"Very well; I will finance you. Not with a hundred rubles, but ten thousand if you desire them, and the money is at your disposal tomorrow morning."

Greatly to Stranleigh's embarrassment the mad musician flung himself at his lordship's feet, seized a reluctant hand and covered it with kisses.

"Tut-tut!" cried Stranleigh with an uneasy laugh. "We are not rehearsing a sentimental play, you know. You are overwrought, and so, for that matter, am I. I consider you the greatest genius I have ever met, and your music will haunt me while I live. Have no fear that you will languish for lack of opportunity, but meantime let us to bed, for there is strenuous work to do in the morning."

"Work to do! Work to do! Yes; and I must keep my head cool and my hands steady."

He held out these capable instruments of his will, and Stranleigh touched the bell.

On the day that the luncheon to Prince Azov was given at the Guildhall one of those imposing processions in which Londoners delight set out from the Russian Embassy in Belgrave Square, proceeded up Grosvenor Square to Hyde Park, then down Piccadilly to St. James' Street, and so through Pall Mall, the Strand and Fleet Street to the City. There were several carriages, preceded and followed by a clanking company of horsemen, whose breastplates glittered in the sun, and whose gay uniforms added a touch of color to the drab streets through which they passed.

The foremost carriage contained the Russian Ambassador, accompanied by several high nobles of that empire. In the next carriage sat only two persons: Prince Azov, the honored guest of the day, and by his side his most familiar English friend, the Earl of Stranleigh.

The streets on each side were lined with troops, and behind them was massed a very good-natured crowd, who vociferously cheered the spectacle. Along Piccadilly, down St. James' Street and to the farther end of Pall Mall the clubs were resplendent with bunting and decorations, and in the Strand Venetian masts had been set up. All London seemingly was enjoying a holiday, turning out to honor the White Czar's representative. Everywhere the procession was welcomed by hurrahs and gladsome greetings, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs; and indeed the young Prince, who smilingly acknowledged the enthusiasm, was a magnificent specimen of manhood, clad in Oriental splendor, and well worth coming out to see.

As they passed into the Strand his highness said:

"You are a fortunate people, Stranleigh. I should feel rather nervous if taking part in a similar display through the streets of Petersburg."

"Oh, you are quite safe here," replied his lordship. "Rightly or wrongly, we are so tender with the denizens of the underworld that they will not risk their own safety——"

Stranleigh sprang suddenly to his feet and stood covering the Prince with his body.

"Seize that man!" he shouted in a voice that rang out above the cheers, so startling was its note.

To Stranleigh the whole mob had but one face—the pallid, ecstatic countenance of the mad musician. His white hand was raised, grasping a black iron ball, and there for one brief section of a moment it paused as the amazed Nihilist caught sight of his benefactor; but, before a policeman could move, a spasm of determination swept all reluctance from that wonderful face and he launched his bomb straight at the carriage.

Stranleigh in his time had been a notable cricketer, saving many a hard-fought field for his public school and college, and more than one person in that day's crowd, not yet realizing what had happened, noted with admiration how the young man quite unconsciously assumed the attitude of a fielder and deftly caught the missile, allowing it to swing gently to rest past his body.

Now a policeman grasped the Nihilist, who struggled fiercely for a moment and then grew suddenly calm. The procession had stopped. The crowd was silent. An officer of the force came out from a restaurant, carrying a pail of water, and as he held this up to Stranleigh the latter very gingerly placed within it the deadly sphere. The anarchist, as he was led away, shouted loudly:

"*Khoroshó proshtcháité, Gospodín. Skólko platít?*"

"What does he say?" whispered Stranleigh as he sat down again beside the imperturbable Prince, who, during this time, had not changed countenance or moved a muscle.

"His Russian is rather incoherent. I fear the man is excited. He appears to address you, saying it's all very well, bids you good-by, and asserts he will pay the price, or rather asks what it will cost—an inquiry that is a trifle belated. Poor chap! We are both rather helpless; he in his place, I in mine."

"He is a man of genius," said Stranleigh—"a towering genius, who threw away with that bomb a career of the greatest promise."

Pandora's Box

Pandora was a woman fair, and that is why
I wish
The contents of that box of hers were very
much like this:

A recipe for apple-pies,
A recipe for jelly,
Some motor goggles for her eyes,
A novel by Corelli,
A pattern for a summer hat
In manner Chantielery;
Two switches and a fluffy rat
For purpose capillary.
An "ad" for Monday's Bargain Sale,
A list of the Best Sellers,
Some samples for a chiffon veil
In blues, and pinks, and yellers.
A copy of a Garden Book
Called Fifty-seven Roses;
A clipping—How To Give the Hook
To Freckles on Our Noses;
A box of rouge, a powder-puff,
A kit for Manicuring;
A collarette, a piece of ruff
To make herself alluring.
A piece of satin and some lace,
A recipe for pickles;
Some Anti-Sunburn for the Face,
Two pennies and some nickels.
An invitation for a tea,
With Bridge to follow later;
A roll of ribbon and a key;
Some buttons for her gaiter,
Some printed plates of glad array
All in the latest fashion;
A ticket for the matinée
Of some new play of Passion.
The advertisement of a jade
Who wanted a position
As waitress or as parlor-maid,
Or, maybe, in the kitchen—
A list so very long, I fear,
It never knew a stopping
Of sundry things Pandora dear
Was after in her shopping.

These are the things, I'll bet a hat, Pandora
lovely carried;
And base my guesses one, and all, on—well,
you know I'm married.

—Horace Dodd Gastit

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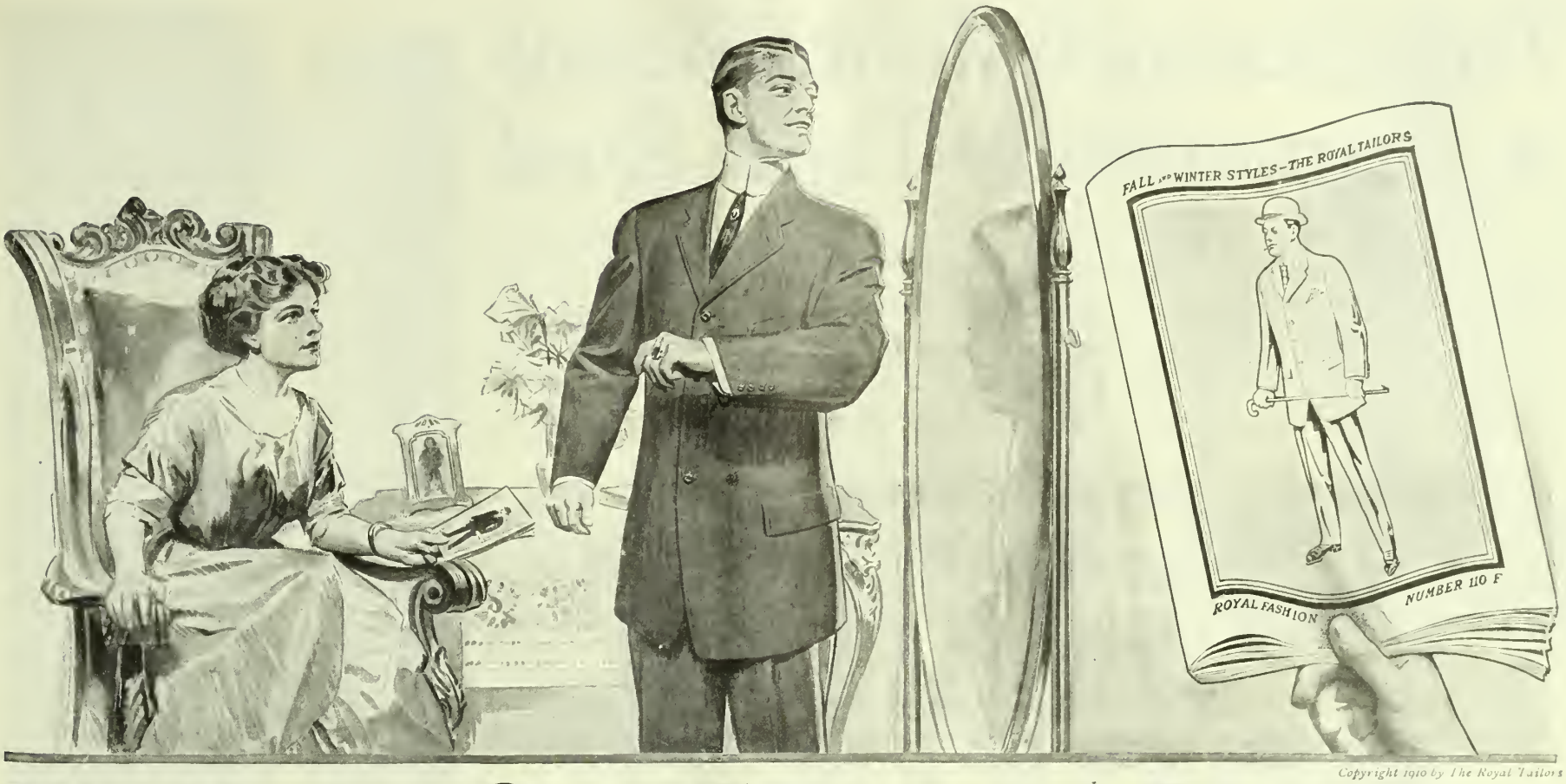

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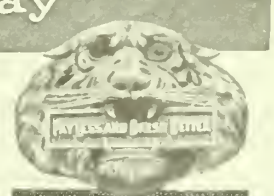

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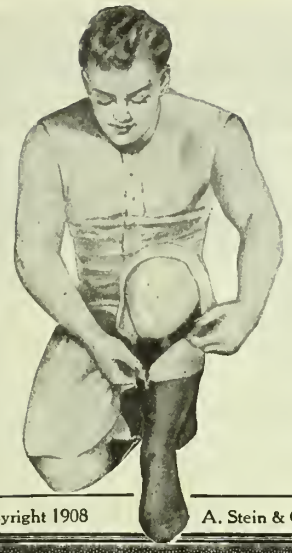

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The Line of Least Resistance

(Continued from Page 18)

foreman of this here outfit. You satisfied to work under him, Bish?"

"Sure I am. It's a bore to be boss, anyhow."

"Don't forget the grindstone," admonished Kim Ki. "Well, I got to go. Come on, Pappy, let's us wash up."

Pappy tucked in his shirt and they toddled amiably away. The veranda manifested a lively disposition to demand an encore. However, it was refused. With airy salute of waved hand and bow and smile Rogers and his coadjutor passed on and left them laughing.

"And such is life in the Far West!" said the Professor, and wiped away a tear. "Homeward the well-regulated militia plods its weary way. 'Tis time for—ah—dinner."

"Music this evenin'," said Hiram gloatingly.

The Professor arched his brows. "Meaning—tonight? Or this afternoon?"

"Meaning this evening," said Don. "'And the evening and the morning were the first day!' Evening is any time after the sun begins to decline."

Miss Mallory rapped her chair arm sharply. "Children! Tut—fie-for-shame! Upon my word, I believe this perpetual wrangle is entirely over names and not about facts at all."

Don rose and bowed congratulation. "Miss Mallory, you have made the one profound and philosophical remark of the day. We have no real quarrel. It is, as you say, a mere difference in names."

But Dolly's thoughts lingered in Eden. "I wonder how long Adam and Eve lived in the garden before their eviction? It doesn't say. Oh, I do hope there was a full moon."

"Oh, well," said Hiram disparagingly, "what if there was? Grandma didn't have no mandolin, anyhow!" He spoke with deep conviction, mindful of what late time he, himself, home-going heedless, had stumbled on the stars.

. . . . . .

Knowing that Miss Mallory's hands were beautiful, you will not now be surprised to hear of her mandolin. She played it more than well; she had a flexible voice of exquisite tint and timbre, soft, tender, caressing, meaningful. Hiram could tell you every word of every half-sad, haunting song, just as Hiram remembers every hour of those hours, so many, so few. But he will not tell you. . . . What songs? You remember, successful sir—and you—and you, madam—some certain songs—or, perhaps, but one—that stir your listless blood to a lilting tide, that set all your quivering nerves a-tingle with ghostly messages? The faintest bar or phrase of it, the lightest echo of its wandering notes, thrills you to the fingertips. Then you raise your heavy chin; your furtive, watchful face changes for the moment to the uplifted, dauntless face that was yours ere we became wise. . . . Heigh ho! No more on Ajalon the moon stands still and trembles at our will. . . . Your wife, sir—or your husband, madam—does not care for these songs. It may even be—so strange we are—that you do not yourself know why a strain so simple moves you as no mightiest lord of song can ever do. Think a little. You remember now? That is what Lena Mallory sang.

VI

EVENTS of this weltering world are fully accounted for by so many clashing theories advanced by thinkers and others that the discreet story-teller takes refuge in an abandoned fiction, the Firm of the Fates, a myth no more believed: which, therefore, cannot possibly offend the most vehement and tenacious adherent of any, and may be considered a convenient algebraic symbol for what Fact you favor—Providence, Evolution, Destiny, blind Chance or the chemical reaction of atoms, exactly as you choose.

So, still they snip and spin on high Olympus—young Clotho, diligent Lachesis, sad Atropos; rather busier than of old, the world having proved astonishingly larger than was expected—for the warnings of sage Malthus had passed all unheeded. But, on the whole, they are pretty well content for all that, since to them was assigned no care of abysmal world-dust hordes of crowding suns and satellites that skip and gambol and whisk and whirl in the opener spaces beyond the narrow bound where imagination ends and infinity begins to be—quite unrestrained and unregulated of Grecian Fates or their ingenious Greek designers.

Great fellows, those same old Greek designers! Clothed in mystery and majesty of poetic thought, their guess is impressive still. Yet we daily jostle elbows with the very body of their guess, and find it prosaic enough—unless, indeed, it concerns ourselves. You may know the modern mediators between Fates and men by the scrip or pouch they bear, for mandates. Many wear a neat gray uniform, black-braided, brass-buttoned. When next you meet such messenger, turn and look and mark him what he is. Think that in every leathern pouch of all those leathern pouches he brings decrees—love and loss, joy and sorrow and ruin and wrong, name and fame, gain and grief and shame and death.

Of the many such missives handled on a certain June day by the Dundee agency of the Fates—Kim Ki was postmaster, but Deputy Rowe did the work—were two bearing upon this chronicle. Both were unsigned; one was outward bound. Adam Sleiter wrote the last. Sleiter, reputed the sometime terror of Cerillos, Golden and Placer, was now about to transfer the Legal Tender mine to Breese, in exchange for much valuable money—in which crowning feat Sleiter took an artistic pride. Why Sleiter wrote this letter, why he discreetly withheld his signature, will now be declared.

Jim Gale's saloon was also, as a sideline, a sort of literary clearing-house. To an unused "Senate" table in the poolroom men brought papers from "home": New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco; Atlanta, Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis and New Orleans; London, Quebec, Berlin; taking at will what others caught their eye, or skimming them over there. Here Kennedy, with an errand for Sleiter's ear in fitting time, loitered—reading, listening to chatting idlers.

Sleiter was one of these idlers—rubicund, flame-bearded; teller of broad, short stories; brawler and bully, boisterous, boastful, obstreperous. The traits were natural and not acquired; he was, if anything, more disagreeable half sober than quarter sober—his minimum and maximum of sobriety. Like the man famed for even temper, who was always mad, Sleiter was always objectionable. It was thought that his arrogant and overbearing manner was a great help in the sale of mines. Investors reasoned that such offensive and gratuitous rudeness in the vendor betokened a consciousness of wares of worth, on the principle that a good mine needs no gush.

As it neared noon the crowd melted away to culinary cares. There were but few left when Kennedy laid down his paper and stopped Sleiter as he was passing the table.

"I wanted to speak to you about Breese," he said in an undertone.

"Well, who's hinderin' you? Talk's cheap! You ain't tongue-tied, be ye?" Sleiter's thick, insolent lip rolled up, exposing jagged and discolored fangs.

"Not so loud, Mr. Sleiter," said Don in the same even tones he had used before. "I wanted to see if you wouldn't let up on selling Breese the Legal Tender. On his wife's account, if for nothing else. She's an old lady. Come, Sleiter, you've got plenty of money. I wish ——"

Sleiter had dropped his jaw, aghast. "You wish!" he thundered. "You wish! You —— whippersnapper, what the —— do I care what you wish? Mind your own —— —— business!"

"That wasn't exactly what I meant to say," said Don apologetically. "I didn't word it just right. Especially, I didn't intend to say 'I wish'." One bystander—he was a miner newly here from Arizona—snickered at this. But Jim Gale nudged him with a look so meaning that he reconsidered his hilarity.

Leaving blanks for idle words is unsatisfactory in any case. The reader of scant vocabulary is more impressed by the implied word than if it had been spelled out. In reporting Mr. Sleiter's remarks, such a course would recall the celebrated omission of the title rôle from the play. A paraphrase is better, with permission.

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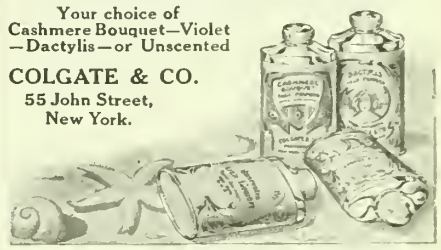

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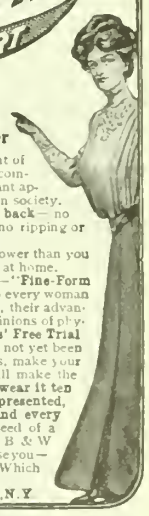

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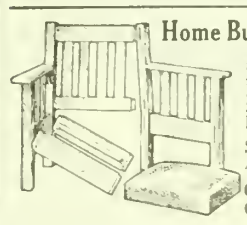

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with its annoyance and unsightly after effects is absolutely assured if Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is constantly used.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will prevent all the skin troubles of hot weather—will save your complexion and keep the face, neck, arms and hands soft and healthy. This Summer you can avoid all the discomforts of sore, parched, irritated skin if you will use

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Price 50c. in bottles only;—pure, refined and sure to accomplish all that it claims. Substitutes may disappoint.—Sold by your dealer, or sent postpaid by us if not obtainable.

Write today for free trial bottle.

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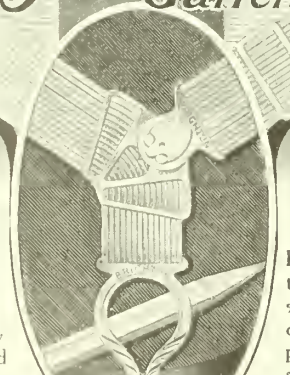

Most other garters are heavily padded to keep the metal from the skin. The *shape* of the Brighton metal prevents it touching the leg. See how a pencil slips beneath.

25 cents everywhere —or we mail them.

Flat as this sheet of paper; stronger but lighter than any other garter; *fitted* to prevent binding, chafing, or tiring the leg; so secure that the sock can neither slip nor tear; pure silk webs—any color.

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Smiting the table with his brawny fist, Mr. Sleiter gave, as his candid, raving and roaring opinion, that Kennedy was an officious meddler, sentenced by his Creator to pass the eons of eternity in a region noted for an insalubrious climate; the speaker being rather inclined to hasten Kennedy's departure thither, and, in fact, offering to do so for the smallest copper coin issued by the Federal Government. As to Breese, he recounted his physical, mental and moral infirmities at some length, and, after advancing an improbable genealogical surmise, affirmed, as a final and clinching venture of abuse, that Breese was one of more exceeding unworth than the speaker himself. The last flight may be given verbatim. Why he omitted the profanity is unknown. Perhaps he thought manner could add nothing to the matter of the charge; perhaps he was secretly uneasy that Don betrayed neither alarm nor anger.

"Yah! Don't you talk to me about Freeze! Think o' the money, saved up a dollar or two at a time, that he's wheedled from them folks back yonder—nesters and millhands and shopkeepers and sich. He jiggles and joggles and projects around playin' ducks and drakes with their money with no chance for action on it, just so's some of it can stick to his fingers. What'd I ever do as bad as that? When I go after 'em all they're out is just what I get. He's a dirty thief, a swindler, a thimble-rigger—that's what Freeze is! Anybody's got a right to his money that's smart enough to get it. And dern him, I'll try to get it all!"

"I dare say what you say of Breese and the investors is true enough in the main," said Don mildly. "In fact, I know it is. But we miss the point. What I meant to say, instead of 'wish,' is this: I'm not giving reasons; I'm giving you instructions, to which you will please listen attentively. You call that trade off!"

"Instructions! Call off——" Sleiter spluttered in the violence of his wrath.

"Such is my desire. Don't sell Breese that mine or any mine."

"A bad man, ain't you?" snarled Sleiter. Curious eyes were upon him. "A killer, you are? I heard you was. A fire-eater and a fighter?"

"You never heard me say so. As a matter of fact, I share the views of homicide so ably expressed by Mr. Bobby Burns. But for myself, if I really wanted to know whether a man would fight or not, I'd not ask him. . . . I'd try him!"

So still! . . . The shadow of death circled by. No other man stirred a finger, but waited motionless, breathless. Eye to eye, these two fronted across the table. Don did not rise from his chair. The bully's cheek, splotched and mottled dirty red and white, faded at last to an ashy gray; a faint qualm gripped, sinking, at his stomach

"I ain't——" Sleiter paused to wet his lips. "You see I ain't got no gun."

"I see you haven't. But I came prepared for that too. I intend to get this matter settled." Kennedy's hand slipped under his coat and threw a revolver on the table; the butt slid almost to Sleiter's hand. "Take that one!"

The desperado was poised on the balls of his feet, one leg advanced, one hand thrown back, balanced, crouching, all but clutching at the gun. The split second would be his! . . . Eye to eye; but Kennedy's eye was mocking, certain, dominant; before its arrogant pride Sleiter's glance flickered, flinched and fell. An icy hand clutched at his very heart; his nerveless knees gave under his weight in actual physical weakness. . . . He turned and crept away, followed by sneering glances; a man mastered, broken, shamed and outcast.

. . . . . .

"Don," said Gale confidentially, when the shocked and whispering remnant had followed the deposed ruler, "you're a fool! You're nine different and distinct kinds of fool! Have a drink. He mighty nigh took gun up on your little sporting proposition."

"I didn't think he'd stand the pressure," said Don carelessly.

"He'd 'a' beat you to it if he hadn't weakened. You couldn't possibly 'a' got at your other gun first." Gale set out bottle and glass.

"My other gun?" echoed Kennedy, puzzled. "I didn't have any other gun."

Gale put a restraining hand on the bottle, took it off, clubbed it, cast a slow, filmy, calculating glance at Kennedy's head, then at the bottle, back to Kennedy and back to the bottle again, apparently engrossed with some abstruse comparative estimate. At last he sighed, shoved the bottle on a shelf. He unlocked a small cabinet from which he took another bottle, smaller and sealed, which he placed on the bar with a corkscrew, offering no explanation.

Now, this is what Sleiter wrote:

"Mr. Jack Leonard,

"Weatherford, Texas.

"*Dear Sir and Friend:* I seen a man a while back that told me about your brother Willy and Will Jones beeing killed at Abilene. The man who done it is here now leastways the name is the same Don Kennedy and it is like his impidence not to change it I gess he is a hard one.

"Now if you don't want to tackle him yourself I don't blame you. This man sayd he was there and him and Kennedy pulled out afterward they was old aquantence but Kennedy was overbearing he wouldn't go and see if this was the man he was afrade he sayd your brother and Will Jones they begun it first but you can cinch Kennedy all the same he can't prove it by any one else but him. And if this is the same Kennedy this man sayd the man who killed your brother can be cinched to for robbing the T P at Sweetwater two years ago. Maybe he wasn't in with them but the train robers stayed hiden in his house at Nolan that night and the next day and was seen there by good citizens Joe and Charley Hanson and Lou Fite they seen them and others the train robbers was pusht clost and had to scatter the man says one was scared and hid his share under Kennedy's fireplace he thinks it is there yet Kennedy did not know it was there I think you could get the scared man to confess right if you seen him and had Kennedy behind the bars he is afrade of Kennedy. If you come out here and get him I will see you and let you know so no more now from a friend."

The other letter came the same day, addressed to Miss Lena Mallory, City, in a printed backhand palpably disguised. Within were these unsigned verses in the same laborious backhand:

A Ballade of White Fingers

Her fingers stray along the frets,
Her fingers wander o'er the strings;
A little while my heart forgets
Its griefs and cares and petty stings;
The chorded cadence throbs and sings,
Forgot are folly, wrong and sin,
And earth seems made for happier things—
When Lena plays her mandolin.

Her fingers glide along the frets,
Her fingers dance upon the strings. . . .
Behind the outpost lone vedettes
A stern and stubborn phalanx swings
To mend the day's disasterings:
High over turmoil, dust and din
The clarion call of Honor rings—
She plays upon her mandolin.

Her fingers dream upon the frets;
They mourn along the wailing strings.
From night's far-arching parapets
The dim wraith of my dead youth wings,
Thrills through the trembling dusk and clings,
Sobbing, about my feet. . . . Come in!
Dear guest and ghost! . . . Such answer brings
The magic of her mandolin.

Prince, at the Gates of Paradise,
I fear I scarce shall enter in,
If, still without, with luring eyes,
She plays upon her mandolin.

The sigh followed the smile as Lena read; the swift red dyed her cheek. Her liking for Professor Otis was sincere. She gave warm appreciation to his unexaggerated good qualities. He was vigorous, prudent, successful, seated well above the salt, yet with no drop of snobbish blood—honorable, kindly, generous and just. She admired him, she liked him very much indeed, as a friend, but—she mused for a long time at this inconsistent conclusion. At last, after another reading and, perhaps, another sigh, she laid the verses away in an inconsistent little bamboo box—which might have been a casket but was really a retired tea-basket—with the flint arrow-head the Professor had found at the ferry, the yucca blossom he had pressed for her, and other little archeological tokens he had brought her. The bamboo box itself had been his gift.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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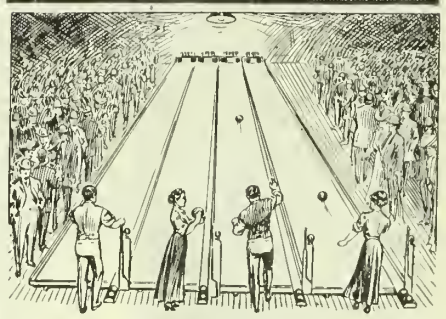

Get into the game with a **Ten-Pinnet** Outfit now! It is the new sensation. The Ten-Pinnet alley has 10 real tenpins. This bowling game for men and women and the youth—with more excitement than bowling can ever offer. More combination plays can be made. Bowlers of big reputation are taking up Ten-Pinnet. It is a great money-making game, run by itself or in any institution, Y. M. C. A., pleasure resort, or poolroom. It is the all-the-year-'round game. An absolute monopoly guaranteed you.

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All the profits above rent are yours, no matter how many alleys you run. Write today and let us tell you how to start in the Ten-Pinnet business with as little as $75. Let your earnings pay the balance.

Get in early—before some one else beats you to it.

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Victory of Chalmers "30" in Glidden Tour a Victory for Public as well as for the Car

THE contest board of the American Automobile Association has declared the Chalmers "30" car, entry No. 5, driven by William Bolger, winner of the 1910 Glidden Tour, and has awarded the Glidden Trophy to the Chalmers Motor Company.

Think what this means. The Glidden Tour—the most famous and most strenuous reliability contest for motor cars in the world—won by a stock touring car—a duplicate of which you can buy for $1500.

We know of no stronger proofs that could be given that it is now possible to buy a real car at a medium price than the Chalmers "30" has given in the past two years—the Glidden victory being the crowning triumph.

All that any car can do this car has done. In fact, it has proved conclusively that it can do more than most cars, for it has succeeded where others have failed.

In every Glidden Tour some car has won pre-eminence, but always before a car costing $4000 or more has been the winner.

That a car costing only $1500, the lowest priced car in the tour with only one exception, should win the most trying automobile contest ever held is more than a sensation—it is a revolution—and the effects of it will be left in the automobile business for many a day.

This tour is not only a victory for the Chalmers Motor Company, it is a victory for the public—the public, which is always demanding of the manufacturer good cars at right prices—cars of an unusual dollar for dollar value.

World's Longest, Hardest Tour

Of all the Glidden Tours yet held that of 1910 was the longest and by far the hardest. None except those who made the trip will ever know of the many obstacles met and overcome in this 2851 mile contest, which started at Cincinnati and went "by way of Dallas, Texas," through thirteen states to Chicago.

One day in Arkansas, the Chalmers "30" was compelled to cover sixty continuous miles on first and second speed, yet it never overheated.

In Oklahoma, all the cars had to run for miles along the railroad ties. How long would any machine in the world except an automobile withstand such punishment?

Dai Lewis, who has laid out the route for every Glidden Tour, says that no other could even compare in hardships with the 1910 Tour.

The final outcome of the contest was predicted when the "30" held its perfect score for five terrific days after every other car on the tour had been penalized.

Furthermore, the Chalmers "30" made a better showing in the final technical test than any of its rivals. In this important examination it was assessed only 75 points as against 84 for its nearest competitor.

The "30" was not penalized on any fundamental feature of construction, not on motor, or clutch, or transmission, or on the frame, or the wheels, or axles, or springs; only on minor things, such as body bolts, shackles, muffler, and fender irons.

It still had a brake good enough to stop it within the required fifty feet.

The car which made this wonderful showing is absolutely a stock car in every respect—not even our competitors have questioned that. It is the same car you can buy in any Chalmers dealer's salesroom for $1500.

In winning the Glidden Tour the Chalmers "30" has only maintained a record it had already established, for this car has never been defeated in any important contest of speed and endurance by a car of its own power and price class. It has repeatedly defeated cars of much higher price and greater power in all kinds of contests.

Think of the Indiana Trophy Race, the Merrimac Valley Trophy, the Santa Monica Race, the Massapequa Trophy in the Vanderbilt Race, won by setting a new world's speed record; the showing at Atlanta, where it finished first and second in every event entered for a week, winning the Candler Trophy by doing 120 miles in 117 minutes; the Denver to Mexico City Trip; the gruelling test of 208 miles a day for 100 successive days; pathfinding for the 1910 Glidden Tour, and, finally, winning the tour. What other stock car in the world, at any price, has such a record as this?

The Chalmers "30" which won the Glidden Tour carried four passengers and baggage over every mile of the route.

It had power enough to pull through streams, through swamps and through sand.

It had speed enough to make every control on time; it has as much speed as any one can use.

And in addition to endurance and reliability you cannot buy more beauty either of line or finish than you get in a Chalmers "30."

No car, no matter what the price, affords more eye delight than the Chalmers.

What more do you want, then, in a car, than you can get in the Chalmers?

There has been much talk lately about automobile extravagance, about people spending too much money on automobiles.

No man need feel that he is guilty of extravagance in buying a Chalmers "30" at $1500. It would be hard for him to invest the same amount of money in any better way.

A car like this will treble the time of any business man. It means greater efficiency in business and at the same time, more time away from business. From the beginning we have been on the right track. First, in not trying to build too many cars, but in building a limited number just as well as they could possibly be built; second, in selling these cars at medium prices; third, in taking care of our owners just as well as we knew how after the cars had been sold.

After all, automobiles are built for those who buy them; and Glidden Tours are conducted for the benefit of the very same people. The thousands who contemplate buying cars during the 1911 season have had nearly all the real big questions answered by the Glidden Tour—the questions of design, of materials, workmanship, endurance, reliability.

The price you already know, so the question of appearance is about the only one left; as to that, the new 1911 models will be on exhibition at the local show rooms within a very short time. We invite you to examine them.

If the lines, the color, the finish suit you, you can safely buy one, for, remember—it's a Chalmers—the car that won the most trying test to which automobiles were ever put—the Glidden Tour of 1910.

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Please send me copy of your new catalog, giving illustrations, descriptions, specifications and prices of the 1911 models.

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Chalmers Motor Company

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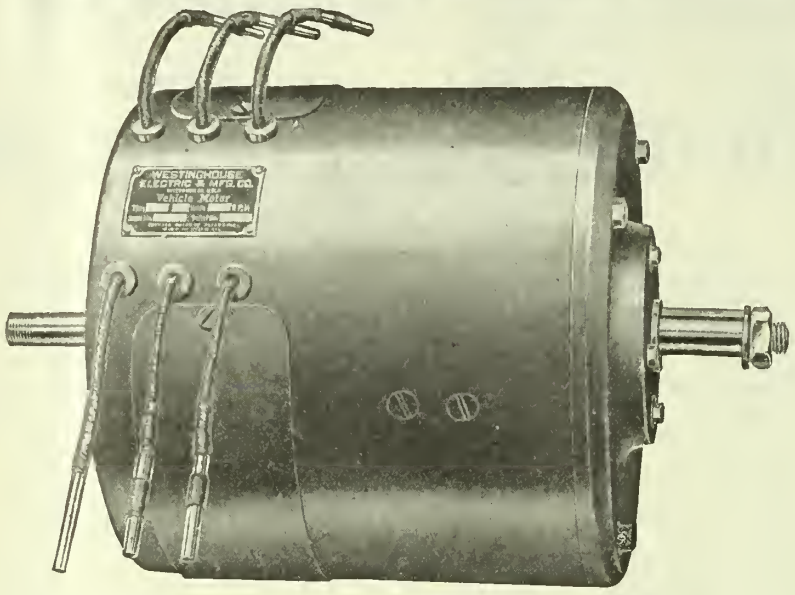
Westinghouse Motors are found in high grade Electrics only

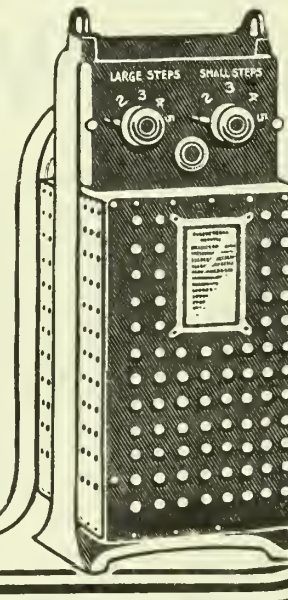


THE man or woman who buys an Electric automobile would be well justified in paying a bonus for the Westinghouse motor if it could be secured in no other way.

The Westinghouse motor is a part of the regular equipment of the finest cars on the market. And the fact that the manufacturer equips his car with a Westinghouse motor is a safe guarantee of his standards of auto building.

The Westinghouse motor runs perfectly under the most severe service conditions. It will withstand any amount of hard usage from unskilled operators. Its efficiency is the highest possible in an electric motor for vehicle service. No circuit breakers, fuses or other complications necessary. To care for it—oil it *and leave it alone.*

The Westinghouse name is known in every corner of the globe where electricity is used. The finest organization in the world devoted to the manufacture of electrical machinery—the Westinghouse Company has drawn to it the best engineering talent to be found for the designing of motors and other apparatus. *Be sure that your Electric has a Westinghouse motor.*



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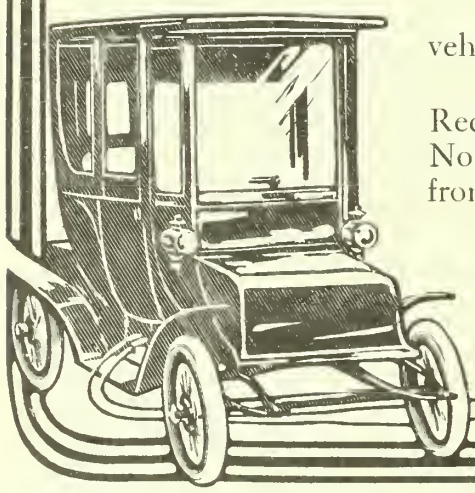

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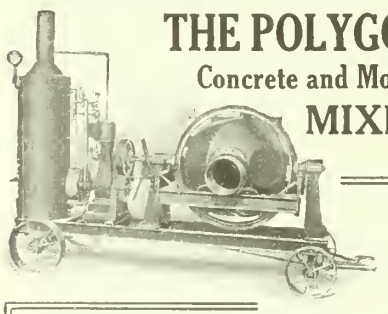
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sales offices in 40 American cities. Representatives all over the world.



THE POLYGON
Concrete and Mortar MIXER

The Biggest Money Making Concrete Mixer on Earth

"Everything working fine and I have landed some good contracts with the Polygon," writes a contractor from Yukon, Okla. "Polygon considered best of three in the city, one of which cost $300.00 more. Great time and labor saver," writes another from Bismarck, N. D.

We have hundreds of such letters. Contractors, architects, engineers everywhere attest that the Polygon is

Speediest, Most Efficient, Easiest Operated, Most Durable Mixer

Most economical. Uses 20% less cement—mixes, dumps much more perfectly mixed concrete than any other mixer, same size drum. The secret of its incomparable efficiency lies in the shape and action of the drum—the only drum with the true scientific mixing motion.

The rapid alternate endwise, crosswise, sidewise throw, evenly coats every particle—produces an absolutely uniform mix in less than 30 seconds. Saves man hire. Soon pays for itself.

Ask For It Our interesting new booklet, tells all about the Polygon, proves every claim we make. Gives instructive facts about Concrete work. Your name brings it in a hurry. Write tonight.

WATERLOO CEMENT MACHINERY CORPORATION
130 Vinton St., Waterloo, Iowa

Corn Muffins—Southern Style!

SEE the prize recipe in the Cook Book. It calls for part Kingsford's.

For Tea Biscuit, Gems and Waffles, the best cooks mix Kingsford's with the flour. (Cook Book gives quantity.)

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

makes the daintiest cakes you ever tasted for afternoon tea or to serve with iced lemonade. (Find recipe for "Cornstarch Cake" in the Cook Book.)

Many delightful, seasonable desserts among the 168 "best" recipes in Cook Book "R," "What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch," *It is free.* Send for it. Your name on a post card will bring it.

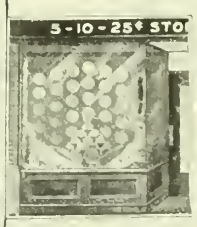
T. KINGSFORD & SON
Oswego, N. Y.
National Starch Company, Successors

THE BRONCHO BUSTER HAT

Direct from the land of the Cowboy. Suitable for all weathers, **manufactured and sold by us exclusively, direct to the consumer.** Description—Fine quality felt, light tan color, with richly Mexican carved leather band; "never flop" brim, made in two dimensions; brim 3 inches, crown 4½ inches; brim 3½ inches, crown 5 inches; a regular *five dollar hat, sent express prepaid* $3

State size. Money refunded if not as represented.
Dept. A, HOUSTON HAT CO., Houston, Texas

An Opening for a Retail Store



If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc. in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

Edw. B. Moon, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

THE HOME LIFE OF GRANT

(Concluded from Page 9)

or follow him. Everybody in the city knew him by sight, of course, and he knew an enormous number of people, so that as he went striding or strolling along people would speak to him and he would return the salutation.

The White House was partially refurnished under Mrs. Grant's supervision after she came there to live, but the changes she made were not so extensive as those made in several administrations before and after her husband's. Perhaps no feature of the refurnishing has been more widely known than what is called the Grant Administration china, which, because of its beauty and elegance, was talked of at the time all over the world. The breakfast plates were of porcelain, and of a delicious pearly white, except the broad border, which was of a delicate old-rose tone, a very fine line of gold running around the outer edge. The breakfast set was sufficiently elegant to command attention and comment, but it occupied a minor position when compared with the great dinner service, known as the "Flower Set" in the history of White House china. Each of the scores and scores of dinner plates in this flower set contained in the center a large background of absolute white, on which were painted flowers. The artist who designed the set had used different flowers for each one of the plates: lilies, roses, pansies; in fact, I have been told that represented in the flower set of the White House china may be found almost every flower native to the United States; and of course there were no duplicates in the whole service. These dinner plates had graceful, fluted edges; and in the border, between the edge and the central background of white, was a crest executed in gold, of an eagle with partly spread wings, surmounted by a gold shield; and above the shield was a group of stars. This motive—the eagle, the shield and the stars—in some form is used on the china of practically all of the various administrations, as well as on the social stationery of the White House, such as invitations to dinners and receptions. In a general way the design somewhat resembles the seal used by the President.

Besides her constant oversight of her children, and her interest in her husband and her many friends, Mrs. Grant had sincerely at heart the welfare of the servants in the White House. She was a very keen, level-headed woman, possessing in her way as much sound sense as Grant possessed in his way. Even as far back as that time, forty years ago, Grant foresaw that F Street was destined to be the leading business thoroughfare in the city of Washington, although why he should think so was at that time a mystery to most people. And Mrs. Grant, too, saw with unerring eye that not many years would pass before real estate in Washington would increase tremendously in value. During her husband's first Administration Mrs. Grant used to explain to her servants the advantages of their purchasing homes of their own while the city was still small, and while modest homes could be obtained at modest prices. She took special interest in this matter so far as the dining-room servants of the White House were concerned, and practically insisted on each one of them purchasing a home for his family.

An Interesting Family Group

During Grant's second Administration I was placed in charge of the reception room for visitors who called upon the President, and thereafter, until he left the White House to become again a private citizen, I stood as a buffer or breakwater between Grant and the general public. Of course Cabinet Members, Senators and Representatives came to see him at any time, but with the exception of other than these it was my business to interview all visitors, and sift them down to a minimum, making sure that every one should be brought to the President's attention who really had good reason for seeing him, and also making sure that so far as possible none should take up his time needlessly.

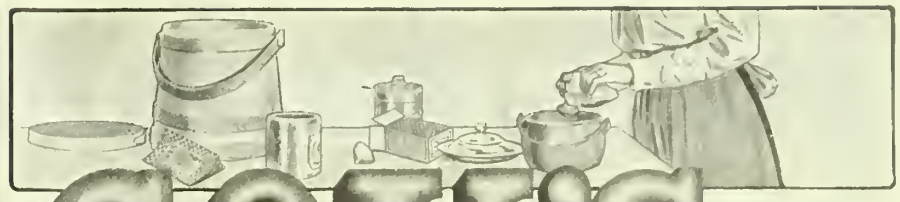
As I have already mentioned, the White House children during the Grant period were Frederick Dent, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Nellie and Jesse. In a general way their history is familiar to every one. "Fred" was born in 1850, and was graduated from West Point in the class of 1871. I have included him as one of the "children" because he was as bright and happy and genial as if he were really a boy. And yet one of his own children was born in the White House. A few days ago I wrote to him—he is now Brigadier General Frederick D. Grant, commanding the Department of the Lakes—and asked if he could help me to find any photographs of his father's family made during the Grant Administration. I have just received his reply, with which he most kindly sends the photograph here reproduced of General Grant and his family, the picture having been made the year before Grant went to the White House as President. Added interest in the picture may be given by the statement that, so far as I can ascertain, this is the first time it has ever been published. It is a very good group and shows the members of the family with remarkable faithfulness as they were at the time it was made. Unfortunately, only about one-half of little Jesse happened to get on the old-fashioned negative.

Like Father Like Son

For some reason—or perhaps because for no reason at all—Ulysses, Jr., was always called "Buck," and he was born only two years later than Fred. A very pleasant memory of his boyhood in the White House I have too. He was a modest, retiring lad, as sensitive and kindly as a girl, but not at all lacking in virility or manly spirit. This combination of apparently diverse traits resulted in a character that might have been inherited from his father, as little Tad Lincoln's character certainly was a Heaven-sent inheritance from his great father. At any rate, "Buck" Grant was an unusual lad, and in spite of the high position and great fame of his renowned parent he never put on any airs whatever. With his brother Jesse, during part of his father's Presidency, he attended school at the Emerson Institute, in Fourteenth Street, and every morning a White House orderly would drive them there in a little four-seated wagon drawn by a pair of Shetland ponies. When I close my eyes, even now, I can hear the quick, staccato patter of the tiny hoofs, and can see the flying spokes of those whirling wheels as the diminutive equipage started off through the White House grounds. At school "Buck" Grant was very popular—quiet, calm, absolutely fair and square, and withal so sensitive that a cross word was more of a punishment to him than a severe chastisement would be to most boys. The same little wagon and the same little ponies would call for the lads and bring them from school back to the White House. Later on "Buck" went to Harvard, where he was graduated in 1874, and then he studied law at Columbia. He married the daughter of Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, and later removed to California where, a dozen years ago, he was candidate for the United States Senate.

Of course the Wall Street difficulty that involved General Grant in later years was like a call to arms to his grown-up sons. And they responded instantly, doing their best to find some way to save their father's fortune, and, when this was impossible, to help him pay off his indebtedness. The blood of the old General surely flowed in the arteries and veins of his loyal sons, undiminished in strength of character, honesty, squareness! For instance, at the time of the disastrous Ward business in Wall Street, President Arthur offered Frederick Grant a position as quartermaster in the army with the rank of captain. This office was for life, it paid a very good salary, and was much sought after. It was promptly declined, however, by Frederick, who told President Arthur that he had determined to devote the rest of his entire life, if necessary, to paying off the debts his father and others of the family had incurred. While in the army he would be well cared for personally, as he realized; but he would never have a chance of getting ahead sufficiently to wipe out old scores and leave a clean balance-sheet. And I am sure that "Fred's" feeling in this matter was fully shared by the other boys.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Colonel Crook on the Home Life of our Presidents in the White House. The fourth will be published in an early number.



COX'S INSTANT POWDERED Gelatine

A box of Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine on the cooking table is a sign that the housewife is a woman of experience—or her mother was—or she has been well-advised.

Cox's Gelatine has been the choice of experience for 80 years.

The thorough methods, the scrupulous care, the pure spring water and complete equipment of the factory at Edinburgh, where Cox's Gelatine is made, all count toward quality, purity and refinement that are easily recognized as most desirable.

Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine dissolves instantly in boiling water—no soaking or waiting—always ready for use. No lumps or grains. Sold everywhere in red, white and blue **Checkerboard** boxes.

PEACH PUDDING

5 to 7 persons. ¾ oz. (1½ heaping tablespoonfuls) Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine, ½ pint (1 cup) whipping cream, 4 ozs. (4 tablespoonfuls) sugar, juice ½ lemon, ½ pint (1 cup) milk, some ripe peaches. Put the Gelatine, sugar and milk into a saucepan and dissolve gently over the fire. Rub sufficient ripe peaches through a sieve to obtain half a pint of pulp; strain in dissolved Gelatine, add lemon juice and whipped cream. Stir occasionally until cool, then pour into a wet mould. When firm, turn out and decorate with halves of peaches filled with whipped cream. Canned peaches may be used.

Write for a complimentary copy of Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery, containing more than 200 recipes for desserts, salads, creams, invalids' dishes, etc.

THE COX GELATINE CO.
Dept. A, 100 Hudson St., New York
U. S. Distributors for
J. & G. COX, Ltd., Edinburgh, Scotland

Serve Karo on the table. Better than honey on hot biscuit and gives a finer flavor to griddle cakes than any other sweet. Agrees with everybody.

Karo

Eat it on
Griddle Cakes
Hot Biscuit
Waffles

Use it for
Ginger Bread
Cookies
Candy

Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a post card, today, to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
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HORLICK'S MALTED MILK *Lunch Tablets*

A satisfying, convenient lunch, for travelers, business men and women. Just the thing for the emergency. For children, a wholesome substitute for candy. Have a package handy at home, in your desk, traveling bag or pocket.

Ask for "HORLICK'S," Original—Genuine. Druggists. Free Sample. Racine, Wis.

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa **$1.00**

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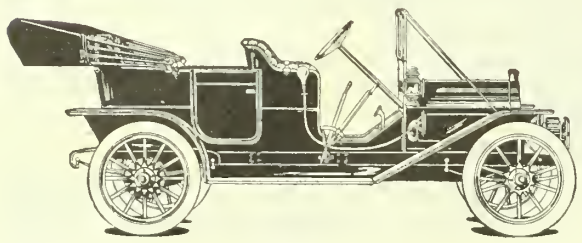
1911 Announcement of

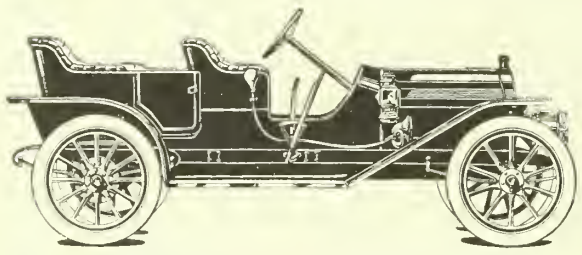
Production in Large Quantities Enables Us to Build Better Cars for Less Money

The 1911 E-M-F "30"

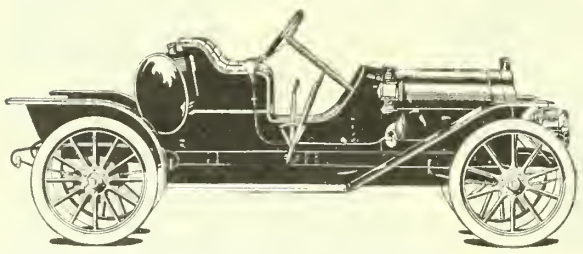
Thirty horsepower, sliding gear transmission, four-cylinder motor.



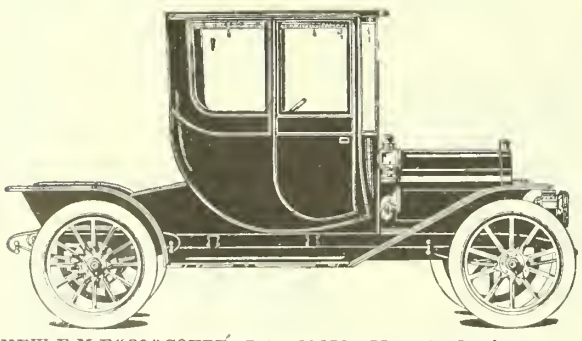
STANDARD E-M-F "30" TOURING CAR—Price $1250. Seating five passengers. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. This model is now being delivered at a rate of 50 a day.



NEW E-M-F "30" DEMI-TONNEAU—Price $1250. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. Deliveries on this model will begin in January, 1911.



NEW E-M-F "30" ROADSTER—Price $1200. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. Deliveries on this model will begin in January, 1911.



NEW E-M-F "30" COUPÉ—Price $1650. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. Deliveries on this model will begin in October, 1910.

THE SPECIFICATIONS

Our E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" chassis remains unchanged for 1911 and the same standard specifications which have proven so successful, practical and economical in operation will be the rule during the coming season. There will be the same powerful motor, simple carburetor, practical rear axle transmission, automatic oiling system, safe steering apparatus and other practical features constructed by the same superior workmen from the highest class of materials. No necessity for changes appears in the case of a product which has stamped itself as standard and absolutely successful.

One Year's Guarantee With Every Car

The E-M-F Company believes that a stage has been reached in the automobile industry which makes it the duty of every responsible manufacturer to protect dealers and public by an absolute guarantee of his product.

We accordingly announce that, beginning August 1, 1910, every car manufactured at our plants WILL BE GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR as absolutely free from defects in material or workmanship, and will replace, free of charge, any part of the car OR ITS EQUIPMENT, excepting tires which are guaranteed by maker, which proves defective in any such respect.

EVERITT-METZER-FLANDERS COMPANY

Walter E. Flanders.

President & General Manager.

A STARTLING DEVELOPMENT in manufacturing, is it not? Yet it is one which comes appropriately from the factory which was the first to give the public a satisfactory 5-passenger touring car at a reasonable price, and the company whose policies have always been pre-eminently original and progressive.

HOW CAN WE AFFORD TO DO IT? That is the question which is naturally first on the lips of the man unfamiliar with the E-M-F Company's progress and the merits of its output. There are several reasons, and here they are. The E-M-F Company will furnish absolute protection to its dealers and purchasers—the first time any such promise has been made in the history of the industry—because:—

WE MAKE ALL OF OUR OWN CAR. The E-M-F Company can say—and prove the statement—that every part which is assembled to build an automobile is manufactured in its own mammoth plants—plants conceded the most efficient in the industry, with machinery more specialized and organization better systematized than any firm of its character.

WE KNOW OUR PRODUCT and we have confidence in it—confidence born of years of successful manufacture and nurtured by the severest tests to which motor cars can be put.

WE WILL BUILD 36,000 CARS A YEAR and are enlarging our capacity as rapidly as our contractors are able. Unlike some automobile manufacturers who say they aim to produce only a few cars of high quality and profess to believe that, the smaller their output, the better is each car, we maintain that the more cars we build according to our methods, the better is each individual car and the less is its cost both to us and the purchaser.

PRODUCTION IN LARGE QUANTITIES ASSURES QUALITY in each item of manufacture, according to E-M-F Company methods. It gives us the opportunity of providing, at a minimum price to each purchaser of E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" Cars, the most skillful engineers, the most efficient mechanical force and the most versatile array of automatic machinery ever gathered for one purpose in a manufacturing enterprise. It enables us to add to our equipment a laboratory where we test every carload of raw steel which enters into the manufacture of our cars. We believe the purchaser of a car made at a smaller factory must pay more for every department of manufacture or else—far more likely—he pays for a product designed and manufactured by less skillful men provided with less efficient facilities.

E-M-F COMPANY, Automobile Manufacturers, Detroit, Mich.

Licensed Under Selden Patent.

the E-M-F Company

During the Second Quarter of 1910, According to Our Official Report Sent to the A. L. A. M., We Manufactured and Shipped 6,594 Automobiles, Representing in Cash More Than $6,500,000.

PROVE IT? WHY, OF COURSE! Does the housewife who wants a sewing machine go rambling about the retail district, looking for a product made by hand in some small factory and therefore supposedly superior to a Singer that comes from a factory where they make a million machines a year and sell them through their own branches? Does the hunter who wishes a good rifle search something superior to the product of the Winchester Company which, by quantitative production, has made rifle-manufacture a science? Does the man who wants an adding machine ask for something better than the Burroughs and believe it possible for another company to make a better machine because it manufactures only a few score where the Burroughs manufactures by the thousand? Does the man who wants to buy a watch shun the counter where he would find the Waltham, Elgin or South Bend, and seek the little corner occupied by an obscure brand of timekeeper, manufactured by a company compelled to sell at a higher price, though providing an article unproven and comparatively unknown? Is the Steinway piano an unwelcome piece of furniture in the home of a musician because, forsooth, the manufacturers build them in large quantities which find a ready market at a reasonable and therefore popular price? Does the farmer who needs a wagon, waste his time looking for something better than the Studebaker, merely because, by the systematic manufacture of 200,000 vehicles annually, that firm has made its product the standard article of the world? The answers are, of course, obvious. And the same course of reasoning is logical for the man in the market for a watch, a piano or an automobile. There is a standard in each realm of manufacture and "Standard" is synonymous with "Excellence."

A STANDARD ARTICLE; THAT'S IT! It has been the ambition of the E-M-F Company to build that very thing. And why not a standard for automobiles? The industry is surely old enough; the universal manner in which the E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" cars are running in every city and almost every hamlet of the United States and Canada makes the claim logical. We are building automobiles as the Singer builds sewing machines, as the Winchester builds rifles, as the Burroughs builds adding machines, as the Waltham, Elgin and South Bend build watches, as the Steinway builds pianos, as the Studebaker builds wagons and carriages—in large quantities and by expensive machinery which makes every part of every individual entirety of the product available for use in every other one. Standard? Why, of course, and therefore the most desirable.

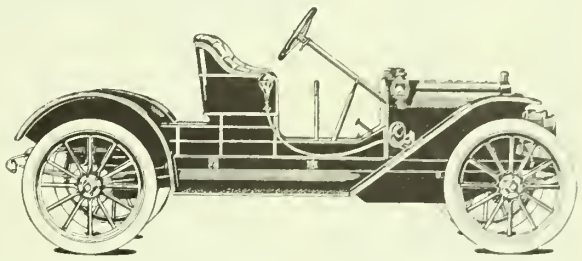
THE SAME SQUARE DEAL we have always given our distributors throughout the world will remain in force in the future and we are now making contracts for the season of 1911. The work of distribution we believe will be facilitated by the establishment of a system of branch houses where dealers and owners may obtain supplies and extra parts. A list of these branches appears below.

ANOTHER NEW POLICY *which we are announcing today concerns particularly the relations between the E-M-F Company and our agents. Several manufacturers are at present engaged in an endeavor to persuade their distributors to handle the one line exclusively in 1911. In many cases such overtures have been made to E-M-F Company dealers who have handled other cars in combination, during 1910. As a result we have received hundreds of letters during the past month from dealers anxious to renew their contracts, asking if, for the coming year, we are expecting to ally ourselves with the exclusive-representation movement. To such inquiries we are replying emphatically "No!" E-M-F Company distributors are free to handle all the lines they believe consistent with their policies, whatever they may be.*

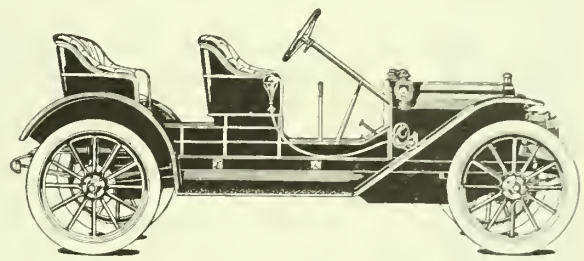
WE WELCOME SUCH AN ARRANGEMENT. *The E-M-F Company does not ask nor expect exclusive representation. We are not dictating the business arrangements of our agents. We believe that they should have the power to represent what companies they may elect. We certainly do not fear the competition of any other line of cars and will genuinely appreciate the opportunity to show our cars on the same floor with any others of their type. We shall stand by this policy and are ready to complete our arrangements for 1911 on this basis.*

The 1911 Flanders "20"

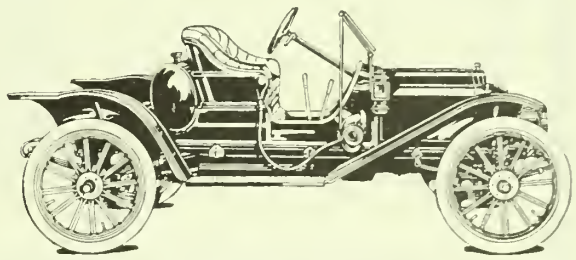
Twenty horsepower, sliding gear transmission, four-cylinder motor.



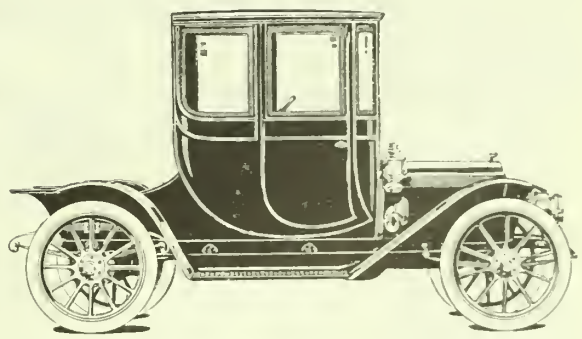
STANDARD FLANDERS "20" RUNABOUT—Price $750. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. This model seats two passengers and has open rear deck for ample luggage. Deliveries are now being made at the rate of 15 a day.



FLANDERS "20" SUBURBAN—Price $790. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. This is the popular four-passenger car. Deliveries are now being made at the rate of 15 a day.



FLANDERS "20" RACY ROADSTER—Price $790. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. Deliveries are being made at the rate of 30 a day.



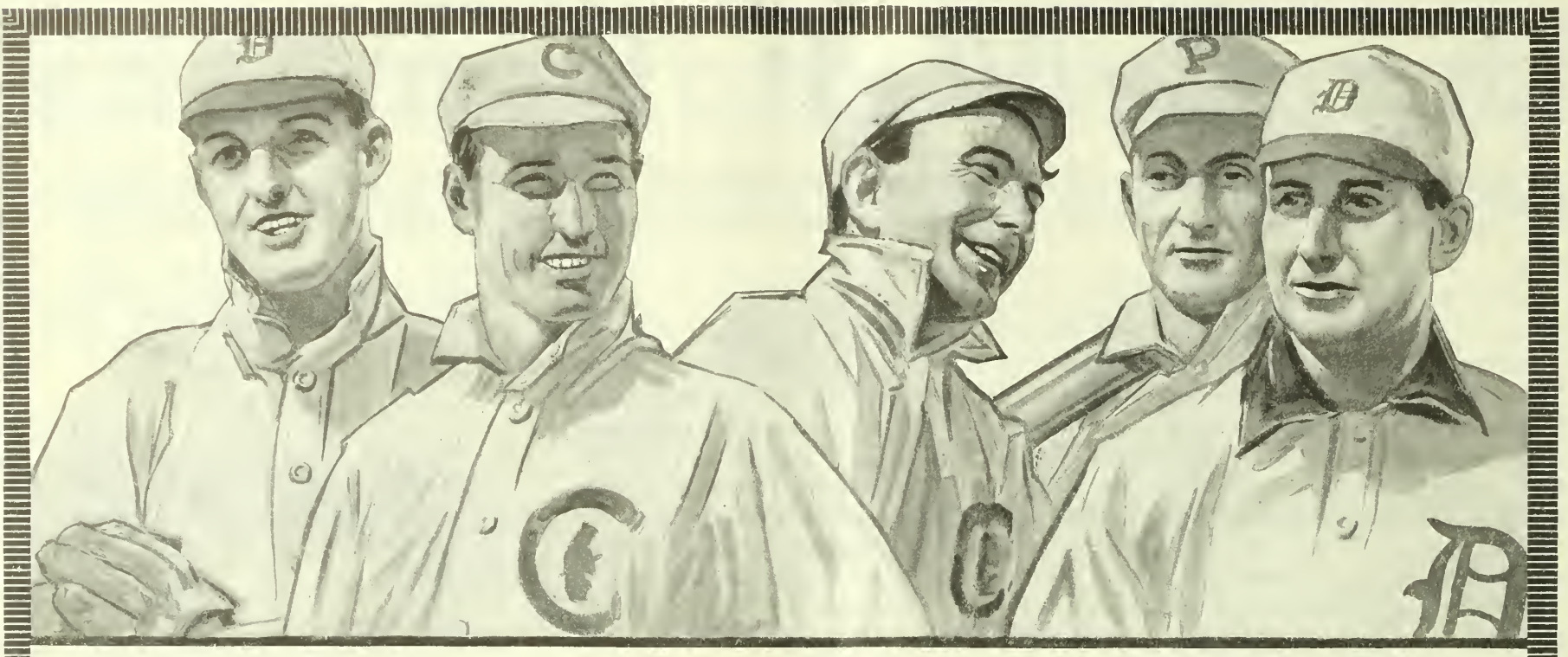
NEW FLANDERS "20" COUPÉ—Price $975. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. Deliveries will begin on this model November, 1910.

THE EQUIPMENT

Although the price of tires, raw material and the cost of labor materially advanced during the past year, the E-M-F Company will continue to furnish its cars complete for the list prices noted. Bear in mind that every E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" is equipped at the list price with a magneto, five lamps, tube horn and generator, all of which are usually listed as extras by other manufacturers. We make our own parts and equipment and are able to eliminate a considerable source of expense to the purchaser. Otherwise it would be necessary for us to increase the prices of all our models or else to reduce the amount of equipment provided as standard.

E-M-F COMPANY BRANCHES:

NEW YORK, N. Y.	BOSTON, MASS.	PITTSBURG, PA.	BOISE, IDAHO.	INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	DETROIT, MICH.	FARGO, N. D.	KANSAS CITY, MO.	SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
CHICAGO, ILL.	ATLANTA, GA.	CLEVELAND, OHIO.	MEMPHIS, TENN.	LOUISVILLE, KY.	WASHINGTON, D. C.	BUFFALO, N. Y.	SAN ANTONIO, TEX.	SIOUX FALLS, S. D
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	SACRAMENTO, CAL.	COLUMBUS, OHIO.	ST. LOUIS, MO.	SYRACUSE, N. Y.	MILWAUKEE, WIS.	PORTLAND, ORE.	DALLAS, TEX.	SPOKANE, WASH.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	OMAHA, NEB.	LOS ANGELES, CAL.	SOUTH BEND, IND.	PORTLAND, ME.	MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	SEATTLE, WASH.	OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.	DENVER, COL.



DONOVAN of Detroit CHANCE of Chicago KLING of Chicago WAGNER of Pittsburg JENNINGS of Detroit

The men who uphold the standards of American sport today are clean men—clean of action and clean of face. Your baseball star takes thought of his personal appearance—it's a part of his team ethics. He starts the day with a clean shave—and, like all self-reliant men, he shaves himself.

Wagner, Jennings, Kling, Donovan, Chance—each of the headliners owns a Gillette Safety Razor *and uses it.* The Gillette is typical of the American spirit. It is used by capitalists, professional men, business men—by men of action all over this country—*three million of them.*

Its use starts habits of energy—of initiative. And men who *do* for themselves are men who *think* for themselves.

Be master of your own time. Buy a Gillette and use it.

You can shave with it the first time you try. The one perfectly *safe* razor and the only safety razor that shaves on the correct hollow ground shaving principle.

No stropping, no honing.

Send your name on a post card for our new Baseball book—Schedule of all League games—batting records—24 pages of interesting facts and figures. Every fan should have it. It is free.

King C. Gillette

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New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 22 W. Second Street, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets
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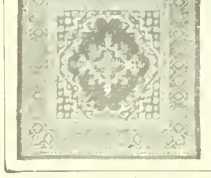

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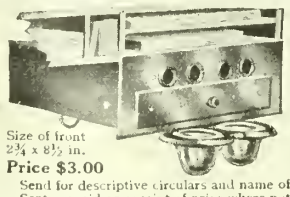

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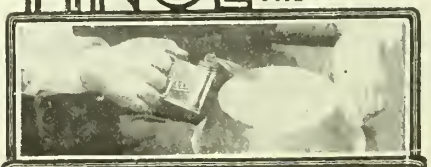

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WHY THEY GO

(Concluded from Page 7)

Ladder laid his brassie by,
Cursed the Club with baleful eye,
Sought his palace on the hill—
Mrs. Ladder sat there still.
. . . . . .
Florence wed a man named Brown,
Banker from the old Home Town.
There were orchids at the feast—
Forty thousand plunks at least.
Lots and lots of people came,
Cab and motor—just the same
Mrs. Ladder, in despair,
Murmured, "There was No One there!"

Mrs. Brown has pretty twins,
Yet they haven't joined the Ins.
Mrs. Ladder sits alone,
Thinking, "When the Twins are grown,
Then, at school, perhaps, they might
Fortunately get In Right,
Meet the Proper Sort and be
Asked to Mrs. Gilt's for tea."

So the jocund years go by,
Some are chosen, none knows why.
Newport works its Will and Won't—
Now you see it, now you don't.
Seekers hanging to the pale
By a tooth or fingernail—
Patient Martyrs to the Climb;
Verily, the Gods take Time!

VIII

(Pathetic Home Ballad, to be sung to the tune of Oh, Kill Poor Father if You Must, but Do Not Rob the Safe.)

The Doozenbury family were worldly as could be,
They wished their son, J. Archibald, to marry Agnes B.
For she was rich as Lucifer and they were rich as sin;
But Archie was an honest boy and would not be took in.
So when they dragged him to the church his bride to take away
He firmly down his foot did stamp and this to them did say:

CHORUS

"I will not wed for money;
I will not wed for fame.
Must greed for spoil
Arise and soil
The Doozenbury name?
No! rather would I stray away and wed some Mae or Liz
Who'll love me for myself alone, like Other Fellers is!"

Brave Archibald departed from that Newport cottage door,
And Agnes also flew and got a clerkship in a store;
Thus, soon they met, not thinking that, before the fatal day,
Their folks had been close neighbors up to dear old Newport way.

So they was quickly married by a Justice named McGuire,
And to their anxious Newport folks these words they then did wire:

CHORUS

"We would not wed for money,
We would not wed for fame;
But her and me
Kept companee,
And well we liked that same.
Send check and blessing by return and put us back in biz,
And we'll come back and be as rich as Everybody is!"

IX

I and Diogenes, tired of our gloat,
Started back home on the Fall River boat.
We gazed at the bluffs as we swung from the pier,
And I asked, "Are they happy, these Fortunates here?"
"They are," said the Sage, "but who wouldn't find bliss
In the midst of an ocean and climate like this?
Why, here I'd be sweetly content, my dear cub,
With a chunk of raw bacon, a pipe and a tub.
Yes, Newport itself would be better, I guess,
If it thought rather more and it spent rather less;
For the Lesson of Eden, I'll always suppose,
Is: You'll have the most fun when you wear the least clothes."

"So, Newport, fair Newport, farewell,
Thou glorious hope of the Peerage;
Thou land which the King
In his castle doth sing
And the immigrant chants in his steerage;
Fair Newport, who glamour doth lend
To Monkey and Monarch and Yacht,
Where Butlers make more than they spend
And Masters spend more than they've got;
Where foreign nobility
Comes with agility
Seeking in vain for a dot;
And Madame On Dit,
With her silly esprit,
Writes volumes of readable rot;
Where they don't do the things that they say
And they don't say the things that they do;
Where it's thought rather Smart to be gay,
Yet the gayest are often taboo;
Where you've got to be rich to be In It,
Yet the richest are oftentimes Out;
Where bungalows built of both marble and gilt
Their owners' simplicity flout—
Come, friend, let us fly, let us go
From our empty, inquisitive day
On that castle-crowned highland of humble Rhode Island,
From Newport, from Newport away!"

AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 21)

unloaded and piled under a shed; a constant stream of people entered and left the apothecary's office; the division medical director's premises were besieged. Ambulances continually drove up or departed; files of sick and wounded, able to move without assistance, stood in line—patient, uncomplaining men, bloody, ragged, coughing, burning with fever, weakened for lack of nourishment, many crusted with filth and sometimes with vermin—humbly awaiting the disposition of their battered, half-dead bodies. . . .

The incipient stages of many diseases were plainly apparent among them. Man after man was placed on a stretcher and hurried off to the contagious wards; some were turned away and directed to other hospitals, and they went without protest, dragging their gaunt legs, even attempting some feeble jest as they passed their wretched comrades whose turns had not yet come.

Presently a hospital servant came and took Berkley away to another building. The wards were where the schoolrooms had been. Blackboards still decorated the wall; a half-erased exercise in Latin remained plainly visible over the rows of cots.

Ailsa and the apothecary stood together in low-voiced conversation by a window. She merely raised her eyes when Berkley entered; then, without giving him a second glance, continued her conversation.

In the heavy, ether-laden atmosphere flies swarmed horribly, and men detailed as nurses from regimental companies were fanning them from helpless patients. A civilian physician, coming down the aisle, exchanged a few words with the ward master and then turned to Berkley.

"You are Trooper Ormond, orderly to Colonel Arran?"

"Yes."

"Colonel Arran desires you to remain here at his orders for the present."

"Is Colonel Arran likely to recover, Doctor?"

"He is in no immediate danger."

"May I see him?"

"Certainly. Step this way."

They entered another and much smaller ward, in which there were few cots and from which many flies had been driven.

Colonel Arran lay very white and still on his cot; only his eyes turned as Berkley came up and stood at salute.

"Sit down," he said feebly. And. after a long silence:

"Berkley, the world seems to be coming right. I am grateful that I—lie here—with you beside me."

Berkley's throat closed; he could not speak; nor did he know what he might have

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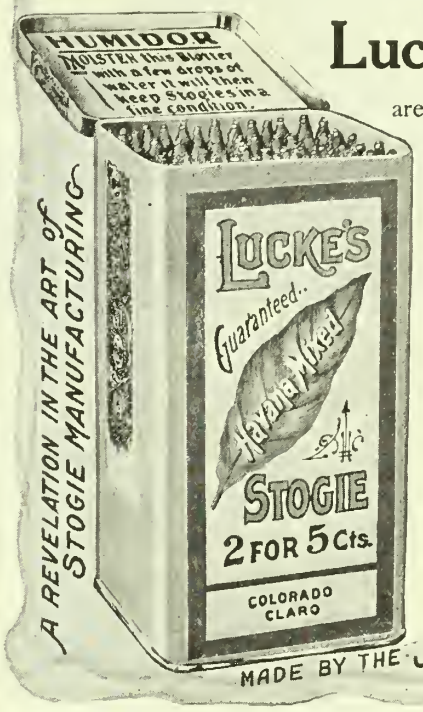

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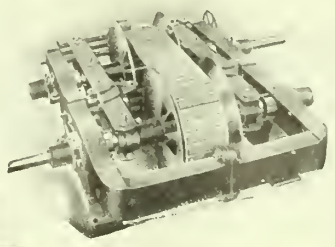

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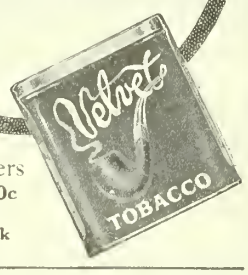

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said could he have spoken, for within him all had seemed to crash softly into chaos, and he had no mind, no will, no vigor, only a confused understanding of emotion and pain, and a longing that burned fiercely into the very soul of him.

Colonel Arran's sunken eyes never left his, watching, wistful, patient. And at last the boy bent forward and rested his elbows on his knees and dropped his face in both hands.

"Philip!"

The boy lifted his face from his hands.

"Can you forgive me?"

"Yes—I have. . . . There was only one thing to forgive. I don't count—myself."

"I count it—bitterly."

"You need not. . . . It was only—my mother ——"

"I know, my boy. The blade of justice is double-edged. No mortal can wield it safely; only He who forged it. . . . I have never ceased to love your mother."

Berkley's face became ashen.

Colonel Arran said: "Is there punishment more terrible than that for any man?"

Presently Berkley drew his chair closer.

"I wish you to know how mother died," he said simply. "It is your right to know. . . . Because there will come a time when she and—you will be together again . . . if you believe such things."

"I believe."

For a while the murmur of Berkley's voice alone broke the silence. Colonel Arran lay with eyes closed, a slight flush on his sunken cheeks; and, before long, Berkley's hand lay over his and remained.

After a while Berkley said: "If you get well—whatever I am—we two men have in common a memory that can never die. If there were nothing else—God knows whether there is—that memory is enough to make us live at peace with one another. . . . I do not entirely understand how it is with me, but I know that some things have been washed out of my heart—leaving little of the bitterness—nothing now of anger. It has all been too sad for such things—a tragedy too deep for the lesser passions to meddle with. . . . Let us forgive each other. . . . She will know it, somehow."

Their hands slowly closed together and remained.

"Philip!"

"Sir?"

"Ailsa is here."

"Yes, sir."

"Will you say to her that I would like to see her?"

For a moment Berkley hesitated, then rose and walked into the adjoining ward.

"Ailsa, may I speak to you a moment?"

"What is it?"

"Colonel Arran wishes to see you. Can you come?"

"Certainly."

She led the way; and as she walked he noticed that all the lithe grace, all the youth and spring to her step, had vanished.

Colonel Arran's eyes opened as she stooped at his bedside and laid her lips lightly on his forehead.

"Is there another chair?" he asked wearily.

Ailsa's glance just rested on Berkley.

"You, too, Philip," murmured the wounded man.

Ailsa's violet eyes opened in surprise at the implied intimacy between these men who, she had vaguely understood, were anything but friends. But she remained coldly aloof, controlling even a shiver of astonishment when Colonel Arran's hand, which held hers, groped also for Berkley's and found it.

"I have long known that you loved each other," he whispered. "It is a happiness that God sends me as well as you. If it be His will that I—do not recover, this makes it easy for me. If He wills it that I live, then, in His infinite mercy, He also gives me the reason for living."

Icy cold, Ailsa's hand lay there, limply touching Berkley's; the sick man's eyes were upon them.

"Philip!"

"Sir?"

"My watch is hanging from a nail on the wall. There is a chamois bag hanging with it. Give it—to me."

And when it lay in his hand he picked at the string, forced it open, drew out a key and laid it in Berkley's hand with a faint smile.

"You remember, Philip?"

"Yes, sir."

The wounded man looked at Ailsa wistfully.

"It is the key to my house, dear. One day, please God, you and Philip will live there." . . . He closed his eyes, groping for both their hands and, retaining them, lay silent as though asleep.

Berkley's palm burned against hers; she never stirred, never moved a muscle, sitting there as though turned to stone. But when the wounded man's frail grasp relaxed, cautiously, silently she freed her fingers, rose, looked down, listening to his breathing; then, without a glance at Berkley, moved quietly toward the door.

He was behind her a second later, and she turned to confront him in the corridor, lighted by a single window.

"Will you tell me what has changed you?" he said.

"The part you have played in my life!" she said bitterly—"think it over. Remember what you have been toward me from the first—a living insult! And when you remember—all—remember that in spite of all I—I loved you—stood before you in the rags of my pride—all that you had left me to clothe myself!—stood upright, unashamed and acknowledged that I loved you!"

She made a hopeless gesture.

"Oh, you had all there was of my heart! I gave it; I laid it beside my pride, under your feet. God knows what madness was upon me—and you had flung my innocence into my face! And you had held me in your embrace and looked me in the eyes and denied me marriage. And I still loved you!"

"But I want to know what has angered you against me," he said quietly.

"Before I answer that," she said, "I demand to know why you refused me—marriage!"

"I cannot tell you, Ailsa."

"No, you dare not tell me!—you coward! I had to learn the degrading reason from others!" she whispered.

"Do you know what you are saying?" he stammered.

"Yes, I know! Your cruelty—your shame ——"

"Be silent!" he said between his teeth. "My shame is my pride! Do you understand?"

Outraged, quivering all over, she twisted out of his grasp.

"Then go to her!" she whispered. 'Why don't you go to her?"

And, as his angry eyes became blank:

"Don't you understand? She is there—just across the road!" She tore open the window and pointed with shaking finger.

"Didn't anybody tell you she is there? Then I'll tell you. Now go to her! You are—worthy—of one another!"

"Of whom are you speaking—in God's name?" he breathed.

Panting, flushed, flat against the wall, she looked back out of eyes that had become dark and wide—fumbling in the bosom of her gray garb. And, just where the scarlet heart was stitched across her breast, she drew out a letter, and, her fascinated gaze still fixed on him, extended her arm.

He took the crumpled sheets from her in a dazed way, but did not look at them.

"Who is there—across the road?" he repeated stupidly.

"Ask—Miss—Lynden."

"Letty!"

But she suddenly turned and slipped swiftly past him, leaving him there in the corridor by the open window, holding the letter in his hand.

For a while he remained there, leaning against the wall. Then he roused himself and went down the kitchen stairs and out across the road.

A hospital guard stopped him, but, on learning who he was and that he had business with Miss Lynden, directed him toward a low, one-storied stone structure where, under the trees, a figure wrapped in a shawl lay asleep in a chair.

"She's been on duty all night," observed the guard. "If you've got to speak to her go ahead."

"Yes," said Berkley in a dull voice, "I've got to speak to her." And he walked toward her across the dead brown grass.

Letty's head lay on a rough pine table; her slim body, supported by a broken chair, was covered by a faded shawl, and, as he looked down at her, somehow into his memory came the recollection of the first time he ever saw her so—asleep in Casson's rooms, her childish face on the table, the room reeking with tobacco smoke and the odor of dying flowers.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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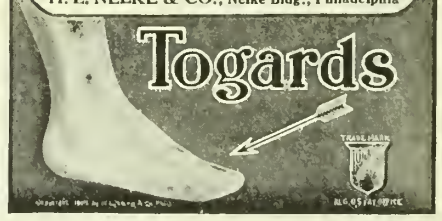

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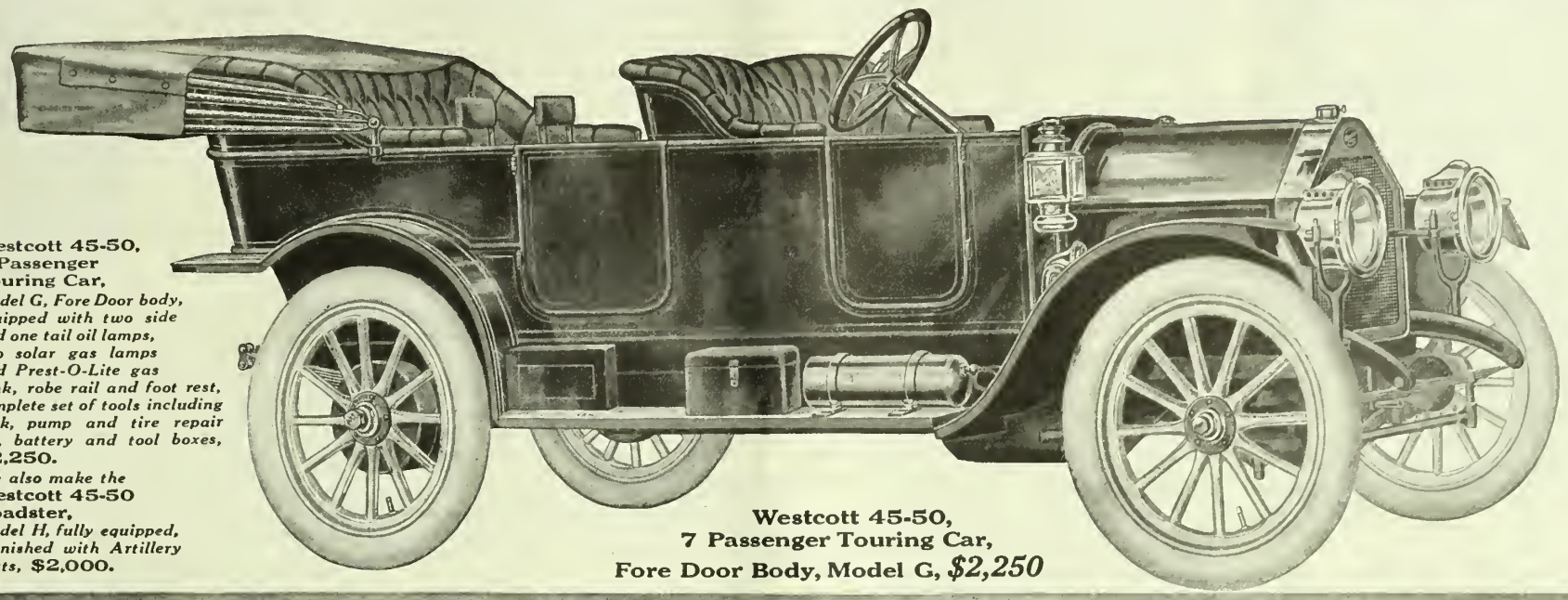

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7 Passenger
Touring Car,
Model G, Fore Door body, equipped with two side and one tail oil lamps, two solar gas lamps and Prest-O-Lite gas tank, robe rail and foot rest, complete set of tools including jack, pump and tire repair kit, battery and tool boxes, **$2,250.**
We also make the
Westcott 45-50
Roadster,
Model H, fully equipped, furnished with Artillery seats, **$2,000.**

Westcott 45-50,
7 Passenger Touring Car,
Fore Door Body, Model G, ***$2,250***

The Absolutely Dependable Car

The Car That Ends the Era of Artificial Values

It would be the sheerest folly to approach the motor car buying public in these days of strenuous competition in moderate priced cars with anything but absolutely the best value for the money ever offered.

Measured by perfect motor car satisfaction—appearance, durability, dependability, performance and economy in up-keep—the ***Westcott 45-50*** is the best motor car value money can buy, and the greater your knowledge of motor cars, the keener will be your appreciation of this, the car that ends the era of artificial motor car values. No car like it has ever been sold for less than $3,500.

Easy On Tires

The ***Westcott 45-50*** is equipped with 36x4 Diamond tires that will give you the very best tire service.

The big 36 inch wheels assure wonderful road-smoothness, and the splendid semi-elliptic spring equipment makes easy riding and saves the wear and tear on the machinery. You can ride all day, every day, with comfort.

This means more mileage, more service every day in the year, under all sorts of conditions.

Simple In Construction

Simplicity is not merely avoiding a multitude of parts—parts simple in themselves can be put together so as to cause complicated methods of operation. Everything connected with its operation is simple—nothing cumbersome—everything easily accessible—readily removable—means dependability, long life, economical up-keep.

Not a One Feature Car But a Car of Proven Essentials

The ***Westcott 45-50*** is a consistently balanced combination of proven essentials—strength, simplicity, absolute silence, light weight, high power, perfect lubrication, easy manipulation—a car in which the strength and efficiency of no one feature has been sacrificed for any other—in which speed has not been sought at the expense of comfort, safety and economical up-keep—yet there is always an abundant reserve power to climb the steepest hills, without perceptible effort, or to do 50 miles an hour when the road permits, and at a minimum of operating expense.

1911 Westcotts Larger—More Powerful

It has a 45-50 h. p., 4 cylinder, 5 inch stroke, 4¾ inch bore, Rutenber motor—the cylinders are cast separately and individually mounted on crank case of special aluminum alloy, making it the best, most durable, most silent engine ever put into a motor car.

36 inch Artillery wheels, with quick detachable rims and 4 inch Diamond tires—120 inch wheel base—an increase of 8 inches, giving a longer, roomier body and tonneau that seats 7 passengers. The most perfect lubricating system ever devised. Two complete ignition systems. Remy magneto, of course. Timken Roller Bearings throughout. Five bearings to crank shaft. Timken Full Floating Axle. Two sets of brakes. Selective sliding gear transmission, three speeds forward and reverse. Latest improved leather faced cone clutch.

It Looks An "Aristocrat"

—and it is, too, in all save price and we make no apologies for that. Any car now selling for $3,500 if built in the ***Westcott*** factory by the ***Westcott*** labor saving economical methods, could be sold at the price of the ***Westcott 45-50***—if the makers were satisfied with the ***Westcott*** profit per car.

If your ideal car has been one costing $3,500 to $5,000, a revelation now awaits you. In appearance and style the ***Westcott 45-50*** is distinguished in the company of the most expensive cars. Its perfect, silent mechanism, graceful, racy outlines, richness of finish, its interior and exterior refinements are those you have hitherto regarded as distinctive of and exclusive in the very highest priced cars.

Easy To Manipulate

It has none of the anxieties or burdens of the average, heavy touring car. It is roomy and luxurious, but not ponderous. You don't feel the weight. It has the feeling of flexibility of the small motor car and all the independence of action that goes with it.

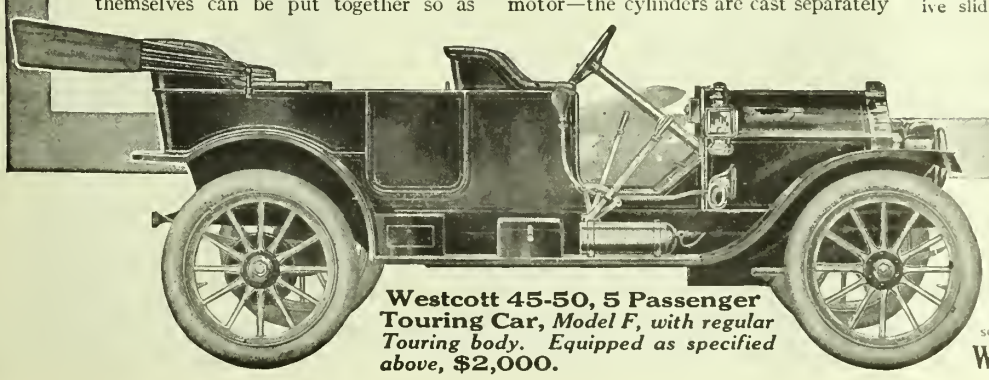
Westcott 1911 45-50

Each Car Sold Sells Others

Our claims for this car are broad and your guarantee that this car is all we claim for it is the reputation of its manufacturers—for many years one of the largest and best known makers of vehicles in the world, composed of men with national reputations for creating the best, regardless of cost. Such a firm could not afford to stake its reputation and invest millions of capital in any car that was not predestined to be a success from its very first inception—unless each car manufactured was so thoroughly satisfactory to its user that it sold others—and lots of them.

You cannot get more than the ***Westcott 45-50*** offers, no matter what you pay for it. That's why the ***Westcott 45-50*** is a startling innovation. If you are thinking "motor car" this year, it will pay you to completely satisfy yourself that it is utterly impossible to buy a better built car at any price. It is the ideal car that meets the requirements of family and business as no other car can.

Write today for complete literature, specifications and the name of a local dealer who will gladly give you a demonstration without imposing any obligation upon you.



Westcott 45-50, 5 Passenger Touring Car, ***Model F, with regular Touring body. Equipped as specified above,*** **$2,000.**

To Dealers Everywhere

Our output is limited. Not by our factory capacity, however, but by the absolute restriction that each car going out must bear, unqualifiedly, our fullest guarantee.

Westcott sales are easily made. Every Westcott sold sells more Westcotts—because every Westcott "makes good"—every time. Money cannot buy a more perfect car. In the Westcott line there is a most desirable opportunity for the dealer who is far sighted enough to realize that the demand of the coming year will be for the highest class car at a moderate price.

We want a few new dealers in some sections—the best dealer in each locality possible to secure—men absolutely convinced as to the soundness of Westcott methods—enthusiastic as to the possibilities for the Westcott car. Make your appointments now to see these cars at our Sales Department or distributors—make your application for territory while your share of our 1911 output is still available. More than half our output is already contracted for—so act at once.

Westcott Motor Car Co., Sales Dept., Indianapolis, Ind. Factory, Richmond, Ind.

THREE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

(Continued from Page 6)

"I am not an automobile expert," he said, "but I dare say I can help a little, as, for instance, stuffing a puncture with rags until we get back to the city." The girl flushed. It was evidently a personal allusion."

"We haven't any rags," said Aggie, "and it isn't a puncture."

"There are two things we might do," said the young gentleman: "I might go to the nearest telephone and have help sent out from town, but as it's almost sunset it's pretty late for that; or, with a jack and a little help, we might fix it ourselves."

"A jack!" Tish said with scorn. "What kind of a jack—a bootjack or a jackass? I dare say they have them both at that farmhouse; I know they have one."

"A jack—a lever," explained the young man, beginning to work at the lock of the tool-box. "Where are you going—to Noblestown?"

"To the lake," I replied. Tish was fumbling for the keys to the machine which she kept in a pocket in her petticoat. "We have a summer cottage there."

"I'll make a bargain with you," he suggested. "The—the—er—young lady refuses to go back in my car. We—the fact is we have had a small difference of opinion; and—she insists on walking home. If I get your machine in shape will you take her to the city?"

We would have taken her anywhere short of a planet to get away ourselves, and that was how it began; for the young gentleman took off his coat and fell to work immediately. Once, when he had raised the car on the jack and Tish was holding the ends of the boards that he shoved under, while Aggie and I pushed, something gave way and the whole thing settled back with a jerk. Mr. Lewis—that was his name—lifted the broken fence-rails off Tish and helped her to her feet.

"There's something almost alive about automobiles occasionally," he said. "They are so blamed vicious."

"If it was alive," Tish gasped, hunting for her glasses, "I'd kill it." But it never occurred to her that she was going to drown it that very night!

By seven o'clock we had lifted the thing on five fence-rails and the breadboard sign, and Mr. Lewis announced it was now or never. The girl had not come near us. She had taken off her veil and smoothed up her hair, and was busy with a bit of a silver mirror. She was very pretty.

Mr. Lewis got into the car and put on the power. There was a terrible grinding, but nothing moved. From behind the three of us shoved, and Aggie said between gasps that if anything gave way her niece was to have her amethyst pin.

"Anne!" cried the young gentleman. But Miss Anne was powdering her nose and we all saw her turn it up.

"Anne!" called the young man who was not her young man, "you'll have to help here."

"Help yourself," said Anne coolly, and moistening her finger she proceeded to wipe the powder off her eyebrows.

Mr. Lewis shut off the engine, got out of the car and put on his coat. The girl did not turn her head, but she was watching through the mirror, for as he picked up his cap she rose lazily, put away her toilet things and started in our direction.

"What shall I do?" she asked Tish, ignoring him.

"Push," said Tish sharply—"unless you are too lame."

"My being lame won't matter, unless you wish me to kick the machine out," retorted the girl sweetly; and with that, the power being on, she put her brown arms against the car and her shoulder-muscles leaped up under her thin dress, and before I had planted my feet in the ditch the car rose, clung for a minute to the edge, and was over into the road. The girl said nothing. She looked at her hands, stepped out of the ditch, patronizingly helped Aggie out of it and swung up the path with her head in the air. When I saw her again she had taken the sign off the pump and thrown it in the grass, and was washing her hands unconcernedly while the woman stood in the door and yapped at her.

If she had a mite of sense she would have gone back to the city in the blue car and let us go home to bed. But when she had come back to the road and the young man suggested it—not to her, of course, but casually to us—she whistled to her dog and started to limp down the road. You can't do anything with a girl in that state of mind. I took her in the tonneau with me, and Aggie, who prefers a love affair to a scandal and always reads the marriage licenses with the obituaries—Aggie went in the blue car to keep Mr. Lewis from being lonely.

IV

WE DIDN'T talk very much. Tish was anxious to show she could drive, for all she had sat us down in a ditch, and after she took a wrong turning and stampeded a herd that was being milked in a barnyard I could not keep my mind off the road. Once I looked at the girl, and there were tears running down her nose and dropping into her lap. I gave her my smelling salts, which I always carry in Tish's machine, and after a while she reached over and slid her hand into mine.

"I shouldn't care if the car went to pieces," she said. "I'd be happier dead."

"If you are always as unpleasant to that young man as you were this evening, I doubt it," I snapped.

"Didn't you ever quarrel with your husband before you were married?" she demanded, looking at me sideways.

"I thank Heaven I never had a husband," I replied, and with that she looked uncomfortable and drew her hand away.

"Is your—friend married?" she inquired. And it took me a moment to realize that she meant Aggie and that the minx was jealous. Aggie is fifty, and so thin that when she wears a tailor-made suit she has to build out with pneumatics. You remember, at the Woman's Suffrage Convention, how Mrs. Bailey pinned a badge to Aggie, and how there was a slow hissing immediately, and Aggie caved in before our very eyes?

Mr. Lewis checked our wild career after a few miles by getting ahead of us, and we got into town about eight. But after we had left the girl at her house—an imposing place, with a man at the door and a limousine at the curb—it was too late to go back home. Aggie and the blue car were waiting down the street, and they piloted us to the hotel.

Now Tish belongs to the Ladies' Relief Corps of the G. A. R., and when Mr. Lewis said we looked tired and that he was going to order supper for us all, and three Martinis, Tish said it was all right, although she didn't see why we needed guns. It looked like a safe place. But they were not guns—that's part of the story.

While we were washing for supper Aggie told us what the quarrel was about.

"They are—were—engaged," she said, "and the girl's father is Robertson—the boss of the city, Mr. Lewis called him. And Mr. Lewis is the youngest councilman—they call him 'Baby' Lewis and he hates it—and there's something to be voted for tomorrow; and if Mr. Lewis is for it he is to get the girl."

"And the girl refuses to be sold!" Tish said triumphantly. "Quite right too. I admire her strength. That's the typical womanly attitude these days—right before anything, honor above all." Tish waved the hairbrush and then she turned on the maid. "Girl," she snapped, "why is this brush chained?"

"The ladies steal them," said the girl. Tish stared at the chain.

"You are so quick, Letitia," Aggie protested. "It was the other way round. The girl was angry because he wouldn't sell his vote, even for her."

Tish sat down in a chair, speechless; but just then Mr. Lewis came to the door and said that supper and the Martinis were ready. The Martinis proved to be something to drink, and after Mr. Lewis had raised his hand and sworn there was no whisky in them we drank them. He said they were appetizers, and the other day Tish said she was going to write to the Sherman House for the recipe before she has the minister to dinner next week.

Never did I eat so delightful a meal. Tish forgot her sprained shoulder and the splinter under her nail, and Aggie talked about the roofer. And the food! I recall distinctly shaking hands with Tish and agreeing to come to the hotel to live, and asking the waiter to find out from the cook how something or other was made. And when Aggie had buried the roofer, and Tish said it was funny, but Mr. Lewis had four brown eyes instead of two, he suggested that we must be tired, and a boy took us to our room. Room, not rooms. We could only get one. The last things I remember are our shaking hands with Mr. Lewis, and that Tish tried to get into the elevator before the door was opened.

About eleven o'clock I heard some one groaning and I sat up in bed. It was Aggie, whom, being the thinnest, we had put on the cot. She said her nose was smarting from the sunburn and she had heartburn something awful. We rang for some baking soda, and she drank some in water and made a plaster for her nose with the rest. After a while she felt better, but we were all wide awake and the heat was terrible. We could look out and see there was a breeze, but not a breath came in.

We sent for the bell-boy again, and he said there wasn't another room and nobody he could move around to give us a room on the breezy side of the house.

We took the rules and regulations card off the door and fanned with it, but it did not help much. After half an hour or so Tish got up, pushed the washstand in front of a door that connected with the next room and crawled up on it.

"If I had a chair," she said, measuring the distance with her eye, "I could see if that corner room next door is occupied. I could tell by that boy's face that he was lying."

Aggie was trying to hold down the baking soda, so although I didn't feel any too well myself I held the chair and Tish climbed up on it.

"What did I tell you?" she demanded when she got down. "That room's empty, and what's more there's nobody belonging there. There's nothing on the dresser but the towel; and there's a breeze coming in that sends the curtains straight into the room."

The connecting door was locked, and Tish put a bed sheet around her and tried the hall door. That was locked too. And all the time we were getting hotter and hotter, and by putting our ears to the keyhole we could hear the breeze blowing on the other side. It was too much for Tish.

"I'm going over the transom," she announced, after we had tried the dresser key in the door without any effect. And go over she did, after putting on her stockings to keep her legs from being scraped.

It was much cooler. We brought in our clothes and Aggie's cot, and spread up the bed in the room we had left. Then we locked the connecting door again and after Aggie had had some more baking soda, in and out, we went to bed.

Well, as I was saying, I went to sleep. I was awakened by Tish sitting up in bed and clutching me somewhere about the diaphragm. By the light from the hall over the transom I could see Aggie sound asleep, with her mouth open, and Tish's arm stretched out and pointed at the yellow hotel bureau. I sat straight up and looked. I couldn't see anything, and at first I thought Tish was dreaming. Then I saw it too. The front of that bureau on the left side moved out a good six inches, stayed that way while I could count ten and then closed up again without a sound.

Tish had put a leg out of bed, but she jerked it in again, and just at that awful moment a clock outside boomed twelve. And then, over in her corner, Aggie began to talk in her sleep.

"Turn around and run over it again," she said, with startling distinctness. "It isn't quite dead."

Tish put her hand up and held her shaking lower jaw.

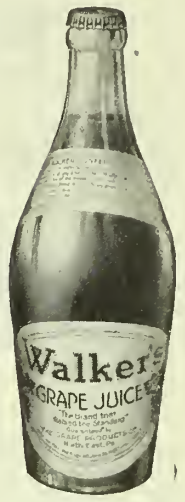
"I—It's those dr-dratted Martinis," she quavered. "I've—no—d-doubt Mr. Lewis meant well, Lizzie, but I've b-been feeling very strange all evening."

"Your stomach being upset needn't affect my eyes," I retorted in a whisper. "I saw it move."

"Are you sure?" she insisted. "I didn't say anything, Lizzie, but while we were eating supper downstairs I distinctly saw the piano move out six feet from the wall and go back again."

I didn't say anything to Tish, but the fact was that I distrusted my own vision—not that I had seen anything so ridiculous as pianos walking, but I had had a peculiar feeling in the dining-room that my eyes were looking in different directions, and when I focused them on anything I saw

Walker Purity



The "Ten-Pin" Bottle.

Walker's Grape Juice contains no adulterant nor diluent; it is guaranteed under Serial No. 2224A, in compliance with the U. S. Pure Food Act; it meets the State Pure Food requirements of any state in the Union.

Those are the common standards of purity to which probably all grape juices conform. But the makers of Walker's Grape Juice are not satisfied with nominal purity. In this grape juice there has been established a new and higher standard of purity.

Walker's GRAPE JUICE

"It's Clear Because it's Pure"

Walker purity means not only no foreign matter, but it also means no particles of ground-up skins and seeds, no cloudiness, no tannin-bearing sediment to impart the astringent after-taste common to some grape juices.

Walker's Grape Juice has a rich, full, smooth flavor, entirely devoid of astringency. It is clear, brilliant and glowing; when held to the light it radiates a deep, translucent, ruby tone. Turn a bottle upside down and no sediment falls from the bottom.

Write for the Walker Recipe Book and learn how to make many delicious drinks and dainty desserts with Walker's Grape Juice, such as this

WALKER PUNCH

Two pints Walker's Grape Juice, juice three oranges, juice three lemons, 1½ cupfuls sugar, one quart water, some Maraschino cherries, sliced oranges, sliced bananas, pineapples. Put the Grape Juice, sugar and water into a punch bowl, add strained juice of oranges and lemons. Make very cold, add Maraschino cherries, sliced oranges, bananas, and pineapple. Serve with ice in the bowl.

Your grocer and your druggist have Walker's Grape Juice. It is served at soda fountains. Walker's is always bottled in the "Ten-Pin" bottle.

THE GRAPE PRODUCTS COMPANY
North East, Pa.

double at once. It had got so bad that when I wanted my fork I had to shut my eyes and feel for it. And so, neither of us being certain the bureau had moved, and nothing more occurring, we lay back again. The next minute Tish clutched me and I looked over. Something had happened to the bureau.

It looked phosphorescent, or as though it was on fire inside. There was a glow all around it. The keyholes stood out like dots of flame, and every crack gleamed. It was the most awful thing I have ever seen.

"Look!" gasped Tish, and reaching over the side of the bed she picked up a shoe and flung it with all her might at the thing. The thump was followed by a thud inside the bureau. Aggie stirred.

"The milkman's knocking," she said thickly, and sat up and yawned with her eyes shut. Tish and I leaped out of bed and I turned on the light. That gave us new courage, and the dresser stood there, just like any other dresser, with a towel on its yellow-pine top and fly-specks on the mirror. Tish and I looked at each other and smiled in a sickly way. We felt foolish. But Tish wasn't satisfied. She picked up a hairbrush and banged it on the top.

"Coming, Mr. Gibbs," bawled Aggie, still with her eyes shut, and she began to fumble around on the floor for her slippers.

"Wake her!" Tish commanded. "There's something moving in this thing. Lizzie, give me that pitcher of scalding water."

Of course there wasn't any hot water nearer than the bathroom, which was three turns to the right, one to the left and down a flight of stairs.

And at that minute the bureau spoke.

"Don't, for God's sake, ladies!" it said.

V

I SCREAMED, and, as was perfectly natural, I backed away from the thing. My tripping over Tish's water-pitcher and sitting down was what wakened Aggie. She says she never will forget how she felt when she saw me prostrate and Tish holding a chair aloft and begging the bureau to come out so she could brain it. Of course she thought Tish had gone crazy, what with the sun and excitement of the day.

"Tish!" she screeched.

"Come out," said Tish to the bureau. "Make no resistance; we are armed!"

As Aggie says, when she saw the left-hand side of that bureau move slowly forward like a door when Tish spoke to it, she thought she had a touch of sun herself. But when she saw a human figure crawl out of that place on its hands and knees, and opened her mouth to scream, her breath was gone as completely as if she had been hit in the stomach.

The figure got to its feet, and it had neither horns nor tail. It had curly light-brown hair and blue eyes, and it was purplish red as to face. We stood paralyzed while it stood erect and blinked. Tish lowered her chair slowly and the apparition dropped down on it. It was masculine and shaking. Also young.

"Ladies," it said, "could I—could I thank you for a drink of water? I have been almost stifled."

When the haze cleared away from my eyes I saw that the young man had on a light gray suit, and that in his hand he carried his collar and an electric flashlight. Perspiration was pouring off his face and we could see that he was as scared as we were.

"Give him a drink, Lizzie," Tish said firmly, "and then press that button."

But the young man jumped to his feet at that and looked at us earnestly.

"Ladies," he said earnestly, "please do not raise an alarm. I am not a thief. The manager of the hotel put me in that bureau himself."

"The hotel must be crowded," Tish scoffed. "I hope they don't charge you much for it."

From the street below came a sudden confusion of men's voices and the sound of feet on the pavement. The young man threw up his hands.

"Madam," he said to Tish, "you look like a woman of large mind." Tish stopped putting the bedspread around her and stared at him. "By your unfortunate—er—invasion here tonight you are preventing the discovery of a crime against civic morality. The councilmanic banquet downstairs is over; in a few minutes Robertson—well, probably you don't understand, but I represent the Morning Star. The Civic Purity League has learned that in this room, after the banquet, a bribe is going to be offered. That bureau has been ready for a month. Ladies, I implore you, go back to the other room!"

It was too late. At that moment there were voices in the hall and somebody put a key into the lock of the door. There was no time to put the light out. The young man dropped behind the foot of the bed, the door swung open and a red-haired man stepped into the room.

"Suffering cats!" he exclaimed, and stared at us.

"Go out immediately!" I said, pointing to the door. Tish was unwinding herself from the counterpane. She took it off airily and flung it over the foot of the bed, so that it covered the young man. It looked abandoned, but the necessity was terrible. As Tish said afterward, fifty years of respectable living would not have prevented the tongue of scandal licking up such a spicy morsel as that compromising situation.

The red-haired man retreated a step or two, opened the door partway, and went out and looked at the number. Then he came in again.

"Madam—ladies," he said, "this room belongs to me. There must be some mistake."

"I don't believe it belongs to you," Tish snapped. "Why haven't you got some brushes on the dresser?"

"If you were a gentleman," Aggie wailed from the cot, "you would go out and let us get to sleep. I never put in such a night. First the other room is too hot, and we crawl over the transom to get a cool place, and then ——"

"Over the transom," said the red-haired gentleman. "Do you mean to say ——" Then he laughed a little and spoke over his shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Lewis," he said, "but my room's taken."

"Kismet," said our Mr. Lewis's voice, but it sounded reckless and strained. "Fate has crooked her finger; I'm going home."

"Don't be an ass," said the red-haired gentleman. "These women in here came over the transom from the next room. It's empty."

"Good gracious!" Aggie gasped. "I left my forms hanging to the gasjet!"

The red-haired man backed into the hall, but he still held the door.

"I'm going home," said our Mr. Lewis again. "I'm sick of things around here, anyhow. I've got a chance to get an orange grove cheap in California."

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted the red-haired man. "Why don't you stick by the plum tree here at home?"

On that the door closed, and we could hear them talking guardedly in the hall.

"The wretches!" Tish fumed. "Oh, why haven't women the vote? I tell you"—she fixed Aggie and me with a gesture—"the day of conscience is coming. Women stand for civic purity, for the home, for right against might!"

It was the "right against might" that we repeated to her afterward, when we had stolen—but that is coming soon.

"But he loves the girl," said Aggie, beginning to sniffle. "I—I think as much of ci-civic purity as you do, Tish Carberry, but I th-think he is just p-pig-headed."

"The girl's a fool and so are you," said Tish, beginning to take the counterpane off the reporter. And at that second there was a knock and the red-haired man opened the door again.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, "but will you give me the key to the other room?"

We did. Aggie unlocked the connecting door and brought back the key to our old room and the things she had left on the gasjet. In the excitement she threw the key on the dresser and was just about to reach the other articles through the crack in the door when Tish caught her arm.

VI

NOW I am not defending what followed. But the Lewis man had been nice to us, and, as Tish said tartly to Charlie Sands, women who had lived in single blessedness as long as we had, learned to think quick and act quicker. As to the law, we sent a check to the farmer whose pig we killed—and with pork at its present price it was ruinous, although we were glad it had not been a cow; and as to using our missionary money to make up for the packet Aggie lost—as we said, we considered that it had been used in missionary work. It was hardest, of course, on the Morning Star reporter. Only a week or so ago we had to go to Noblestown to get a new handle for the meat-chopper. We were in the machine outside the store, and when we saw him it was too late. Tish was wearing his necktie—having gathered it up with her clothes that awful night, and not knowing his name she could not send it back to him—and she clapped her hand over it. But he saw it.

"Good afternoon," he said, grinning.

"What do you mean by addressing us?" Tish demanded, trying to pull the collar of her duster over the tie.

"You don't mean to say you've forgotten me already!" he exclaimed, looking grieved. "Don't you remember—your—our room at the Sherman House?"

"Certainly not," Tish said haughtily.

He pulled out a card and scribbled something on it. "My card," he said. He leaned over from the curb and gave it to Tish.

"Don't bother about the tie," he said. "I never liked it anyhow. But—I lost a scarfpin that night. I—I suppose you don't know anything about it?"

Out of the corner of her eye Tish saw Aggie make a clutch at her neck, and she threw her a warning glance.

"I am afraid you have made a mistake," she said stiffly, and just then the hardware man brought out the handle. Tish was so excited that she started the car without paying for it, and when we looked back he and the reporter were staring after us; and the reporter distinctly said, "Those women will be wealthy some day."

"Why didn't you let me give him his pin?" Aggie demanded when we were safely out of sight. "I—I feel like a thief."

"Fiddle! And confess?" said Tish. "We'll send it to him. I've got his card."

But all he had written on it after all was, "A. Dresser. Private Bureau." Charlie Sands has promised to return the pin.

Well, all this time I have left the three of us huddled in our nightgowns on the side of the bed, with sheets draped over us, and the Morning Star gentleman with his ear to the connecting door and taking down every word that was said, in shorthand. We heard enough ourselves to know that Robertson was offering the girl, and enough money for Mr. Lewis to marry on, for his vote on something or other. I reckon the balance between a man's honor and his cupidity hangs pretty even anyhow, and when you throw a girl to one side or the other it swings the scale. The Lewis man was yielding and Tish was breathing hard.

"The hussy!" she muttered.

"Did you notice how pretty her hair was in the sunlight?" whispered Aggie.

Somehow it came over me then how young the girl was, and what kind of moral sense could one expect of a girl with that red-headed scamp for a father?

Strangely enough, the plot was gentle Aggie's. Aggie is like baking powder—she rises when she gets heated up. And she was mad clear through. We had no trouble gathering our clothes in our arms, although I could not find my shoe, which Tish had thrown at the bureau. Then we sat and waited. At the last minute Aggie got a little weak and wanted blackberry wine, but I had nothing in the satchel but arnica.

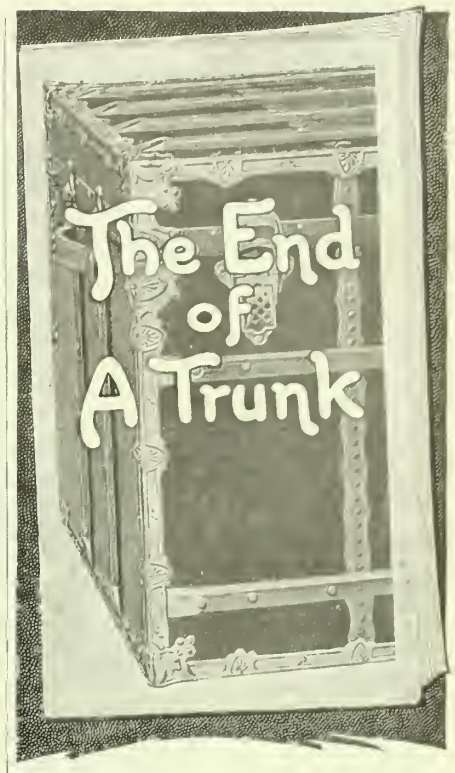
All we intended to do was to get the yellow notebook—to meet strategy with strategy. The rest, while unexpected, followed naturally. But when I look out the window from my desk and see Aggie's placid face, and Tish's austere Methodist profile, it is difficult to associate them or myself with the three partly dressed creatures who —— But to go back.

We had locked the door into the hall and each of us had her clothes. When the two men in the next room went out Mr. Morning Star turned to us with a chuckle.

"Thanks to your forbearance, ladies," he said, "we've got that villain Robertson where he ought to have been a dozen years ago. And as for Lewis ——" He shut his notebook with a bang, and there was something in his face besides exultation. "To buy a girl like that!" he said—and I knew. He wanted the girl himself.

Aggie was to ask to see the notebook and then toss it over the transom into the corridor. While the reporter was trying to get out the locked door into the hall we could escape into the adjoining room, lock the connecting door, walk around easily and get the notebook, and then make our escape comfortably.

It would have been all right, but Aggie cannot throw. The first attempt failed by seven feet. The young man was so



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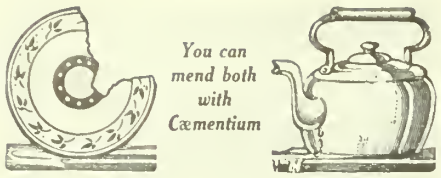

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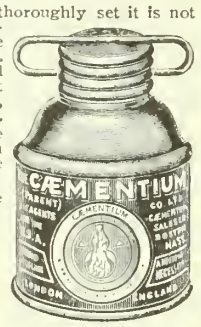

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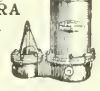

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astonished, however, that he stood with his mouth open, and the second trial sent it through.

"What in the name of Heaven did you do that for?" he demanded, thinking Aggie had gone suddenly mad. Then he rushed to the door. It was locked and I had the key! We were all in the next room and a bolted door between us before he realized what had happened.

We had expected, of course, to get the notebook, to dress and to leave in the machine quietly, but from that time on there was no time to think of the conventions. The young man began to hammer on the door and other doors opened along the hall. Then a bell-boy came up and ran off in a hurry for a key. I saw Tish putting on her ulster over her petticoat, and Aggie and I did the same. The next thing we knew we were down in the empty lobby, and Tish had forgotten the spark plugs!

We got started finally with a steel hairpin for a plug, and as we moved away I heard the chase coming down the stairs and after us. They were howling "Stop thief!" We were hardly well under way when the bell-boy came in sight with the bureau man at his heels, and a collection of people in all sorts of costumes following.

Tish says we did forty miles an hour going down the main street. I should have guessed more than that. I had a fearful exaltation: Aggie had advanced her speed limit since morning from four miles an hour to the capacity of the engine, and kept bawling to Tish a phrase she had caught from Charlie Sands.

"Letter out!" she cried, over and over. "Letter out!"

We stopped on a quiet side street and listened, but there was no noise of pursuit. Tish got out and stuck her wet finger on the hood, but it wasn't boiling.

"There's nothing coming," she said. "I'm going to stop long enough to put on my stockings."

"I don't see why you couldn't have flung your own shoe, Tish," I snapped. "What use is one shoe?—unless I lose a leg, and that's as like as not before this night's over."

"Do you see where we are?" Aggie asked. "Isn't this where we brought Miss Anne?"

It was, for Anne opened the door just then and peered down at the car.

"Is that you, father?" she called. She came down the step, and the light from the hall fell full on us. We must have looked rather strange, with Tish putting on her stocking in the driving seat and the most of our clothing in our laps instead of on us.

"Something has happened!" she said, catching her breath. "Ted!"

"Something has happened," Tish retorted grimly, and held up the notebook. "Here's the Morning Star's shorthand report of the interview in which your Ted sold his honor for a mess of pottage—you being the pottage."

"Oh, no," said Miss Anne, going wobbly. "Oh, he wouldn't—he didn't do such a thing!"

"Upon my soul!" I broke in. "Weren't you fighting him all day to do it?"

"You couldn't understand," she said, looking at me with the eyes of a baby. "I didn't want him to do it; I wanted him to want to do it."

"Well, if that's being in love, thank Heaven for the mind of a spinster," I retorted angrily.

"You've won," Tish said. "You've got him kneeling at your feet, as you wanted. But he went down in the mud to do it. And the only reason the newspapers won't be slinging some of that very mire tomorrow is because three elderly women, who ought to have more sense, have resorted to thievery and lost their reputations and parts of their garments to save him!"

"I hate him," said the young woman, with her chin quivering. "I knew all along I should hate him if he did it. I—I'll never marry him."

And with that she turned and started up the steps. Halfway up she turned.

"I'm sorry you went to so much trouble," she said. "I don't think he is worth saving."

Aggie's early experience with the roofer stood her in good stead then. She understood; Tish and I never would have. She got out of the machine and went up into the vestibule, and a minute later, against the hall light, we saw the girl's head on Aggie's shoulder. Then they both came down again with their arms wrapped around each other, and Aggie asked me to move over.

"We're going to Mr. Lewis' apartment," she announced, with a thrill in her voice. She was maudlin with romance. "It will be proper enough, I think, with three chaperons. She wants to see him."

"Not until I put on my other stocking," Tish put in grimly. "And we don't get out of the machine; I've been compromised once tonight."

"They are both young," Aggie rebuked her gently. "I think, having begun this thing, we ought to see it through. We will have to be mothers to her, for she has none."

Well, we passed Mr. Robertson at the corner of the next street, and the girl shrank back and covered her face. And then she directed us, and we overtook the other one as he was going into his doorway. The girl jumped out and ran after him. We distinctly heard him say, "Anne! Darling!" And then, what with anxiety and excitement, Aggie took the worst sneezing spell of the summer, and the rest was lost.

He was terribly ashamed and humiliated, and he said he would take the girl away and be married right off, only he had that wretched package of bribe money that made him think, every time he saw it, how unworthy he was of her! He was going to put it down a sewer drop, but Tish suggested that they be married and go on a honeymoon, and let us return the bribe to Mr. Robertson.

So he gave us the package; and, as you know, Aggie lost it later. Then he asked us if there was a minister in the summer colony at Penzance, and Tish mentioned Mr. Ostermaier. "I don't like him," she remarked, "and his wife is a dowdy, but I suppose you don't expect an organ prelude and floral decorations. Get in."

I did not mind their sitting back with me, and his kissing her hand whenever he thought I was not looking. But the thing I objected to was this: I distinctly overheard him say:

"I was desperate tonight, sweetheart; and oh, my love, you saved me!"

She saved him!

At a crossroads near Penzance Tish made them get out, and we directed them to a landing where they would find a rowboat. We all kissed the bride; and Mr. Lewis said he had nobody to cheer him on his way, and wouldn't we kiss him too. So we did, and after they had gone we prepared for Carpenter's sharp eyes by going into the bushes and putting on the rest of our clothes.

It was the first thing Carpenter said that caused the accident. He brought in the ferry-boat and came up the bank to us.

"I've been expectin' you," he said, with a grin. "I was thinkin' you might come over by the Carrick Ferry, and the folks there wouldn't know you."

"I guess they'd take my money without knowing me," Tish said sharply.

"Well," he drawled, with a sharp eye on the three of us, "I didn't want you to have any trouble. We got a telephone message from Noblestown not very long ago to look out for an automobile containing three female desperadoes. The police wants them."

That was when Tish sent the car over the end of the ferry.

Well, as I said early in the narrative, after Tish and Aggie had dried off and gone to bed I stood at my window and tried to see into Ostermaier's parlor, but all I could see was the sleeve of Mrs. Ostermaier's kimono.

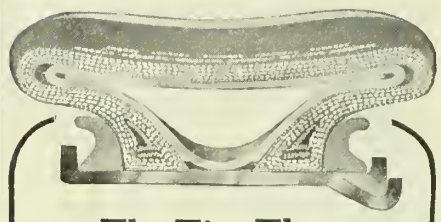
As I stood there shivering, the door opened and two shadowy figures came out of the house and crossed the lawn. Just under my window they stopped and the tall shadow held open its arms. The smaller one went into them with a little cry, and they stood there a disgraceful time. Then they lifted their heads and looked up at our cottage.

"Bless their dear romantic hearts!" said the girl. I was glad Tish was asleep.

"They should have been pirates!" said the man. "They are true old sports. I suppose they've had their catnip tea by now and are sound asleep. Beloved!" he said, and held out his arms again.

Pirates! I went back to bed in a rage, but I couldn't sleep. Somehow I kept seeing that young idiot holding out his arms, and I felt lonely. Finally I filled the hot-water bottle and put it at my back.

"It's all over, Aggie!" I called—but the only response was a snore that turned into a sneeze.



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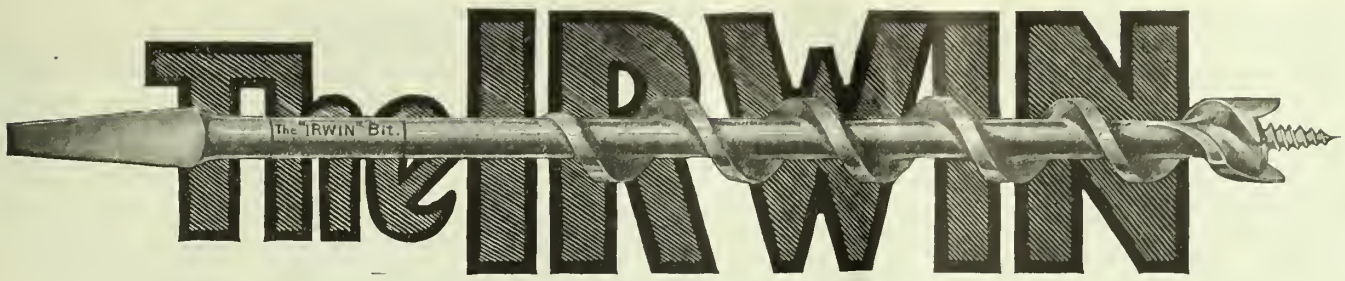

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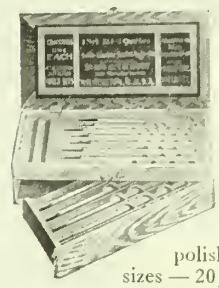

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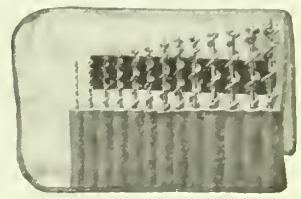

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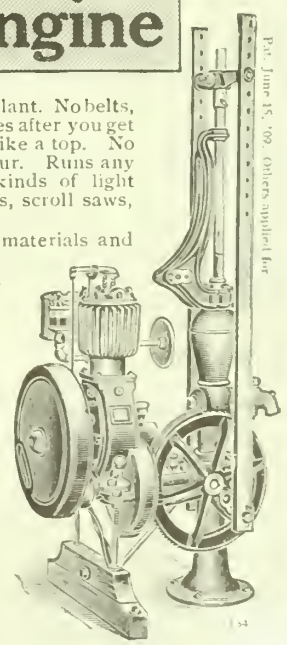

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Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:

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That's all we want to know

Now, we **will not** give you any **grand prize** — or a lot of **free stuff** if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you **rich in a week.** But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can **make money,** send a copy of this picture, with **6c.** in stamps for **portfolio of cartoons** and **sample lesson plate,** and let us explain.

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An unusual opportunity for stamp and post card collectors. You make your own selections from a list that will be mailed you on request. Address

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of Greatest, Brightest, Liveliest, Most Inspiring Agents' Paper in the World. Brimful of Valuable Information.

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THOMAS MFG. CO., 4068 Wayne Street, Dayton, Ohio

THE WOMAN SHOPPER

(Concluded from Page 14)

minutes a bright, keen woman appears on the scene and she is placed at the disposal of the shopper. She takes her from department to department, guides her through the mazes of the vast establishment, gives advice if it is sought, and aids in every way in making the shopping task easy, accessible and free from worry.

Still another aid that makes for ease and especially for timesaving in shopping is the "shopper's card." Formerly all the big stores had the general salesman. He was not attached to any department, but knew all the stocks and prices. He was a sort of floating clerk and was assigned to go around with the shopper who wanted to make a great many different purchases. This system was cumbersome, because the customer had to wait for change and packages at every stop. Each purchase added to the burden.

The shopper's card eliminates all this. When the woman starts out she is given a long numbered card, with a dozen sales-slips attached to it. There are blank spaces on the card on which the sales can be recorded. A slip is torn out at each purchase and a record of it made on the card. This slip is sent to what is called the "transfer desk," where it is O. K.'d and the goods that it calls for are sent to a bin which has the number corresponding to the one on the card. The same thing takes place at every purchase. When the woman has finished her shopping she simply goes to the transfer desk. If it is a cash sale she is told the total cost of her purchases and she can pay it in one sum. If it is a credit sale it is charged. If she wants to take all her purchases along with her she finds them assembled in her bin.

The Price They Pay

I could continue the list of aids to the woman shopper almost indefinitely. They range from a "silence room," where the tired shopper may find a cool, restful sanctuary after the turmoil of bargain hunting, to the serving of free tea at four o'clock in the afternoon. The purpose in every instance is to make the woman feel that her needs and comfort are being watched, and this makes a strong appeal.

Yet the most seasonable stocks and the most alluring aids to shoppers need publicity. Women will come back if you give them what they want the first time, but you must get them into the store first. The task, therefore, is to produce just the right kind of advertising to reach them.

You find that there are as many kinds of advertising for women as there are types of shoppers and lengths of purse. The Fifth Avenue shopper, and by her is meant the well-to-do buyer anywhere, shies at a garish advertisement strewn with prices. She goes to the house that makes a dignified announcement that reads like an engraved invitation to a function and that contains only a mere hint of what the goods cost. The Sixth Avenue shopper, who represents the middle-class woman, prefers to know what the prices are and demands them in the advertisements; while the Fourteenth Street shopper, who stands for the great mass of women buyers, is drawn by a sensational advertisement with prices in big bold figures. With her the price is the thing. The general rule laid down by the bulk of successful advertisers who reach the most women is, "Be specific." This means plenty of prices and pictures.

You have now seen this many-sided drama of merchandising unfold in some of its myriad details. What of the men behind it? They are the owners and managers who sit in their offices with their fingers on the pulse of trade, their eyes on the stocks of the world. Their task is best summed up, perhaps, by one of the veterans — a wiry, gray-haired, keen-eyed little man, who owns a chain of stores that extends from Boston to Chicago. He said to me:

"In popular merchandising for women no man has a right to call a customer his own. This means that, no matter how long you have been in business, you must regard each day as if it were the day you started, with every resource you have put to the test. It's the price you must pay for a woman's trade."

Get Next to the Tobacco Surprise

Men, here's the one grand, good smoke that can't bite your tongue. Get out that old jimmy pipe; cram it full of Prince Albert—then smoke as hard as you please. You can smoke Prince Albert all day long without suffering from a scorched tongue.

PRINCE ALBERT

is *the* tobacco without the tongue blistering bite.

We took the biter out by a patented process in curing, we spent three years and a fortune perfecting—a process controlled by us.

This process removes the bite, but does not interfere a particle with the natural fragrance of good tobacco. And it is only the best of the famous Burley tobacco that gets into a tin of Prince Albert.

Because of these features Prince Albert is rapidly becoming the most popular pipe tobacco in the world.

To be really "smoke happy" for the first time in your life, hike for a smokery NOW,—lay down a ten cent piece and *get* a tin of Prince Albert.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

3 Collar Essentials

Wear

Style

Comfort

YOU will find them all in this new Barker Brand. "The Boulder." Wear and long life because it is pure, sun bleached Irish Linen. No chemicals used

You can be deceived in the finish, but if a collar is linen it will be stamped "Warranted Linen."

The Barker Brand is the only complete linen line made selling at 2 for 25c.

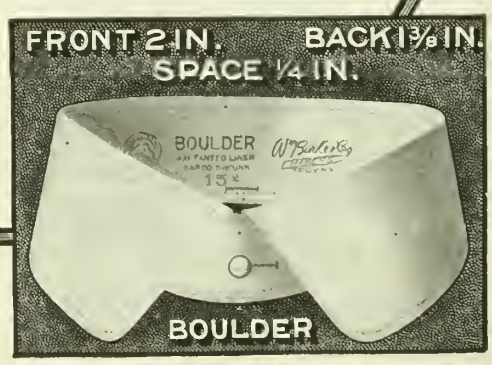
Stylish because it is absolutely new and up-to-date. Plenty of tie space and has the appearance of being higher than it really is

Comfortable because of its height. Just right for sweltering weather because it will never shrink or stretch.

Made in 1/4, 1/2 and 3/4 Sizes
2 for 25c

If your dealer cannot supply you with collars stamped "Warranted Linen," send $1.00 for 8 collars which will be delivered to you prepaid. If you have collar troubles, write us. We have had 44 years' experience and may be able to advise you. Send for Booklet.

Wm. Barker Co.
Makers
TROY, N. Y.



Is Your Appearance Worth a Postal—

or a two cent stamp?

That's the only expense attached to your getting a real style book—an *absolute authority* in fashions for men.

Furthermore, the Adler-Rochester Style Book—for Fall and Winter, 1910-11—shows what is *possible* in clothes.

It takes you through the famous Adler-Rochester plant—the finest tailoring institution in the world. It tells, briefly and interestingly, the reason why our clothes are worn by the best dressed men today.

We've designed *forty-one styles* this Fall. Let this book be your guide in which style is best for *you*.

Learn from it how the *finest* first-grade clothes are made, and how you may get them at *ordinary* good clothes' prices. Then you'll realize *why* you will be better dressed—and without any greater outlay—if you demand

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

You'll find that the merchant who handles our clothes in your town has *your interests* at heart. Otherwise he'd be selling other clothes—entirely in *his own* interests.

The name and address of this merchant accompanies the Adler-Rochester Fall Style Book.

The value of this book to you—or to any man who esteems his appearance—is *priceless*.

Yet it is yours for a simple request. Ask for Edition A, and *mail today*. To delay may be to forget. To forget is to continue buying clothes haphazard—to be a loser in purse and in appearance. *Act now!*

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

TEASING!

Mother may I
have some more?

The Kind with the Flavor – Made from Selected White Corn

THE GENUINE TOASTED CORN FLAKES HAS THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

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ILL STATE HISTORICAL LBRY
STATE HOUSE
SPRINGFIELD
ILL.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

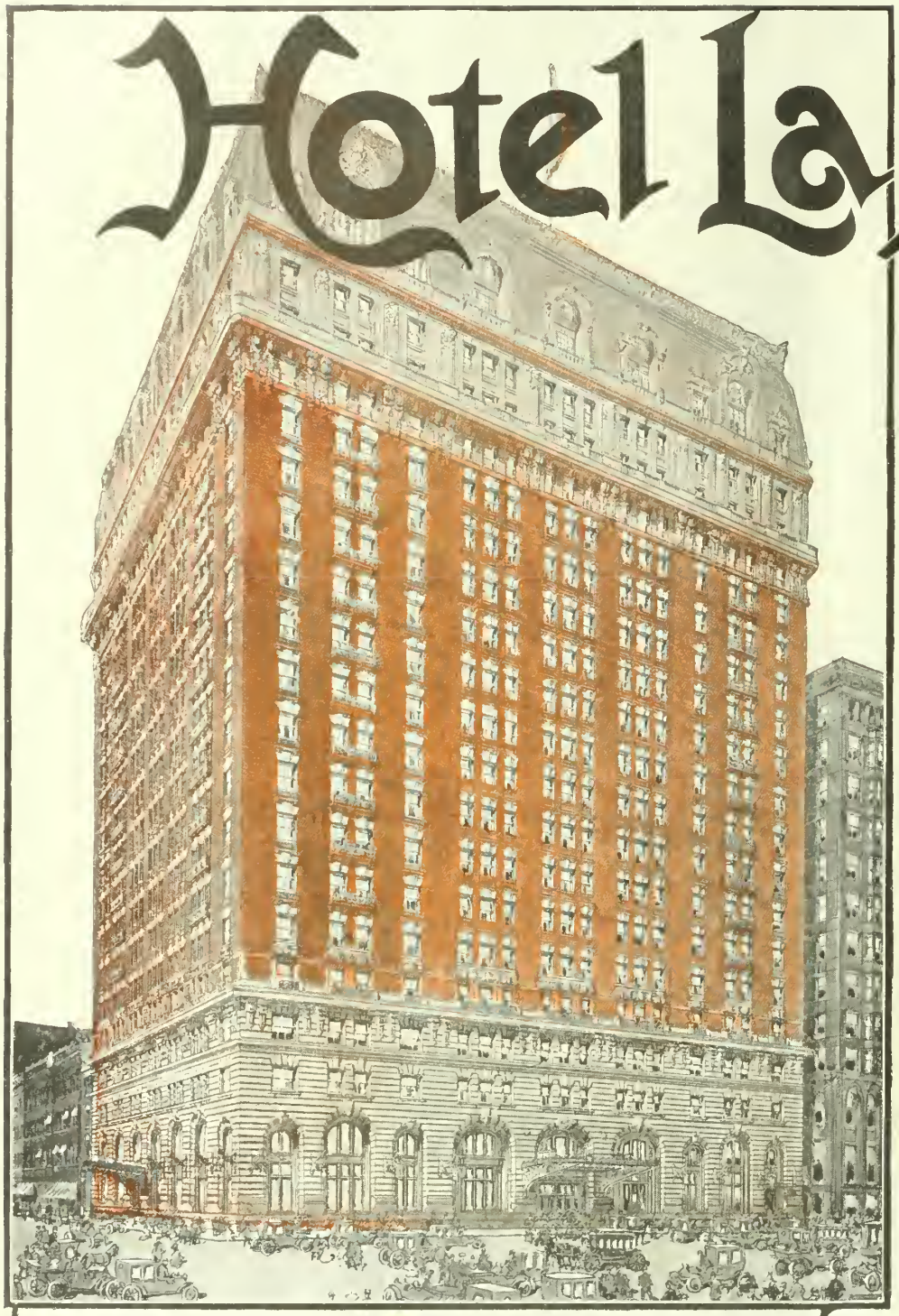
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° [illegible] Franklin

AUG. 27, 1910 5c. THE COPY

EDNA LONGEST.

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

Hotel La Salle



LA SALLE AT MADISON ST. CHICAGO–GEO. H. GAZLEY MGR.

Chicago's Finest Hotel

Hotel La Salle is already one of the famous hotels of the world and excels all Chicago hotels in the elegance of its furnishings, the excellence of its cuisine and the thoroughness of its service.

The Center of Chicago's Activities

GRAND BALL ROOM

THE PALM ROOM

RATES

One Person:

Room with detached bath:	$2.00 to $3.00 per day
Room with private bath:	$3.00 to $5.00 per day

Two Persons:

Room with detached bath:	$3.00 to $5.00 per day
Room with private bath:	$5.00 to $8.00 per day

Two Connecting Rooms With Bath:

Two Persons,	$5.00 to $8.00 per day
Four Persons,	$8.00 to $15.00 per day

Suites: $10.00 to $35.00 per day

All rooms at $5.00 or more are same price for one or two persons.

Each room has private telephone and lavatory.

MAIN LOBBY

LOUIS XVI DINING ROOM

BLUE FOUNTAIN ROOM

The chief charm of Hotel La Salle is its comfortable and homelike atmosphere.

HOTEL LA SALLE

CHICAGO

The Stearns is a Car for *Every Purpose*

The Stearns is suited for all uses—it is not limited to any particular field. It performs as efficiently on rough mountain roads as on the boulevards; it is as ready for a trip across the continent as a spin to a suburban club. It is as well suited for social duties as for a week-end trip to some summer resort.

The Stearns has great reserve power, yet its efficiency and durability commend it no less than its luxuriousness and comfort. Simplicity and ease of control are as characteristic of the Stearns as quietness and flexibility. The car is rich and dignified, its body appointments appealing directly to those discriminating motorists who demand high grade service in every essential detail.

These features, enhanced by the great reserve power of the motor, place the Stearns on a higher plane than any other American car. Under all conditions the driver is master of the road—his car is admired and respected, and always commands the right-of-way.

30-60 h. p. touring car . $4,600.00 . . . 15-30 h. p. touring car . $3,200.00

(Vestibule or open touring body optional)

The F. B. Stearns Company

(Licensed under Selden Patent)

CLEVELAND, OHIO

30-60 H. P. Model Shaft or Chain Drive

15-30 H. P. Model Shaft Drive

Pacific Coast Distributing Office
1651 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, California

COPY OF OUR LATEST CATALOG, JUST ISSUED, SENT UPON REQUEST.

THE WHITE LINE RADIATOR BELONGS TO THE STEARNS

First steps in heating values

It has taken many, many careful steps in planning, manufacturing and testing to develop the marvelous heat-producing IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. They are the final steps in heating economy. They save heavily in fuel—save in care-taking, save furniture and decorations from ash-dust, save in doctor bills, save fire risk to building, save half the daily house-cleaning, save in time and temper.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

are a high-class investment from every standpoint for any size or kind of building requiring heating.

The cost of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will average the lowest annual outlay. For instance—an IDEAL-AMERICAN outfit costing $200 and lasting 25 years, represents an outlay of $8 only a year. As there is no reason why IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will not last as long as the building, say 50 years, the outlay would be $4 only per year. The saving of a few tons of coal a year, which these outfits effect, will easily repay the first cost and then produce a handsome yearly profit on this ideal heating investment—to say nothing of the other savings, the comforts and the health protection. No one, therefore, can afford to continue the waste and nuisances of old-fashioned heating.

IDEAL Boilers will shut off all fuel waste, are safer and easier to run than a stove, and their cleanliness reduces housework one-half. They will last as long as the building and need no repair. Insist on their use.

Do not wait to build a new home, but enjoy comfort and content in the present one. No tearing up partitions or floors, nor disturbing old heating equipment until ready to put fire in the new. Sizes for all classes of buildings—smallest to largest—in town or country. Our free book, "Ideal Heating Investments" tells much that it will pay you well to know. Take the first step *today* and tell us kind and size of building you wish to heat. *Prices are now most favorable.*

A No. 2-22-S IDEAL Boiler and 330 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner **$180,** were used to Steam heat this cottage.

A No. C-241 IDEAL Boiler and 555 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner **$250,** were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner **$118,** were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. 8 Chicago

Public Showrooms and Warehouses located at Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle, San Francisco, Brantford (Ontario), London, Paris, Berlin, Milan.

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Your Relentless Competitors

They Worry Those Most Who Take Them Too Seriously

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

COMPETITION is the great personal devil of the business world.

Big boards of directors solemnly lay down policies to meet it and little merchants whisper about it to their wives. Every sale is more or less influenced by it, and business men of every class and caliber spend some part of the day thinking about, scheming against and fighting competition. If a Wall Street operator can bring some industry to a point where competition is eliminated or controlled, for even a few years, that is considered the best possible basis for a heavy stock issue, and he is looked upon as a benefactor. Like Saint Patrick, he has driven the snakes out of Ireland.

Yet with all this thinking, scheming and fighting, competition is perhaps the least understood factor in business. For in the majority of cases it is imaginary, or, when it really exists, is often necessary and benign.

It has been pointed out that ghosts never harmed or frightened anybody since time began—that any evil wrought in this connection is due purely to the fear of ghosts.

Competition is of pretty much the same nature.

An excellent illustration of the part fear plays in it is found in our tariff.

American manufacturers of men's socks are sharing our home market with foreign manufacturers. The latter have probably been in business much longer than the Americans. Their mills are located in towns where exceptionally skillful workers have been developed through several generations. The foreign makers are alert in producing popular novelties and are masters of dyeing and design. Because these rivals are in Germany or England, our manufacturers can go down to Washington, back up their apprehensions with statistics and inoculate Congress with their fears. Congress knows little about making socks, but is extremely sensitive to ghost stories. It passes a schedule designed to shut out the foreigners. After a time the Germans or English devise new ways of valuing their goods which put them on the same footing, and the schedule has to be raised. Then they enter our markets through their cleverness in producing novelties that sell regardless of price, and more protection is asked for. And thus, eventually, our tariff becomes something more than a revenue measure—it is a faithful expression of all the reasonable and unreasonable, real and unreal, fears of all our manufacturers. Obviously industry built upon such a basis is not on bed-rock.

Ghosts Never Harmed or Frightened Anybody Since Time Began

If these foreign concerns were American competitors instead, our manufacturers would meet them without ever thinking of Washington. Instead of massing statistics about pauper labor and the cost of living in Europe, they would camp on the other fellow's trail, study his goods and methods, improve his designs, beat him at selling, and deal with him at close range, step by step. Thus business would be built on solid ground, and if the other fellow won out that would be something tangible in its way.

An astonishing point about much of the competition that worries business men is that the concerns they usually regard as their most dangerous competitors are frequently not competing with them at all.

About fifteen years ago two brothers began developing a certain household appliance. They started with little capital and worked hard to whip the rudimentary idea into marketable shape. When the appliance itself was ready to sell they had another fight to persuade the mercantile trade that people really wanted such a contrivance. Before the trade saw the point they had spent considerable money in advertising to the public and had become important retail distributers themselves in the East, selling direct to consumers.

Today both brothers are rich. One has sold out and retired, and the other, while retaining his interest, spends a good deal of his time in Europe. The business is conducted by a corporation capitalized at several millions. The appliance has grown into favor to such an extent that hardly any first-rate residence is now built without it. Domestic demand increases as fast as two large factories can take care of it, while thriving branches have been established in other countries.

Yet the chief topic of discussion at every meeting of the directors of this company is competition. Policies are painstakingly laid out with reference to rivals, improvements devised to forestall them and the trade horizon watched for every little cloudlet.

Ask these directors why competition worries them so constantly, and their reply would be not unlike an argument for more protection against foreign manufacturers. It would deal chiefly with the generalities of the trade.

"Look at the census reports for our industry," they say. "In 1890 our product was unknown, and in 1900 too insignificant to be tabulated, but by 1905 the output had grown to three million dollars, and since then it has more than doubled. We were the pioneers in this field. Our people found capital for experiments, persevered through all the hardships of infancy and paid for the missionary work. Is it any more than plain justice that we should have the business thus created? Yet what do the figures show? Why, that we sell less than half the goods in our line. A dozen imitators have sprung up, copied our device as closely as they could without infringing our patents, made goods on a cheap scale for department stores and installment houses, and brought the whole industry into disrepute through shoddy methods."

When the real nature of this competition is investigated, however, there is no difficulty in showing that this company has no competition at all, and that the so-called imitators are doing it good.

In the first place, the apparatus costs several hundred dollars, because it is made scrupulously for trustworthiness. Only ten per cent of the people who build houses can afford to install it. This class of home-builders is large enough to keep the original company busy enlarging its factories, so no concessions have been made, by turning out cheaper apparatus, to perhaps twice as many home-builders who cannot afford the best. It is to this secondary demand that other manufacturers have catered, marketing apparatus of merit at one-half to one-third the price charged by the first company. It is true that the latter's pioneer work has made the demand for this less expensive apparatus, but at the same time the cheaper types create customers for the best. If all demands were handed over to the leading company tomorrow it could not supply suitable goods, and would probably make no effort to take care of them.

Much of the competition that men worry about is of this character.

It seems to be human nature to worry about the whole pie, irrespective of the amount one can eat or the generous size of one's own individual slice.

In the typewriter industry, for example, there are standard machines selling at one hundred dollars and upward, and the demand for the very best keeps many large factories busy. The typewriter, however, is such a basic convenience that nearly everybody wants one of some sort. So there are cheaper varieties, ranging downward as low as the dollar machine that a schoolboy can buy.

The typewriter manufacturer making hundred-dollar machines usually stands aloof from the twenty-five-dollar demand, and the manufacturer of the latter variety has

nothing to sell a schoolboy. Each stands in his own grade, with ample room for growth, and it seems to be impracticable for one manufacturer to cater to several different divisions of the general demand. Yet each is working for all the others. The standard typewriter, associated with good employment, leads people who haven't a hundred dollars to get some sort of writing machine and master it. Cheaper machines, in turn, teach people to appreciate the mechanical excellence of the best typewriters—the chances are that a schoolboy who starts with a cheap second-hand machine of ancient model will not be satisfied until he owns one of the newest and best.

When business men perceive how all the different houses in a given trade work together in this way, progressively educating customers for each other, they often go to considerable lengths to protect a healthy brood of little competitors scratching around in the same field.

Some years ago a Philadelphia stationery salesman found that his customers had difficulty in getting supplies of thumbtacks. These were used only by a few professional workers, and as the demand was small nobody seemed to think it worth while to supply dealers. The salesman got some money and started a tiny plant for making thumbtacks. During several years, as he gave it only casual attention, it lost money. When the deficit became troublesome he threw up his job and took hold of the thumbtack business in earnest, marketed the tacks to the general public for household purposes, and built up a fine business. To accomplish this he had to distribute his goods in department and novelty stores of every sort, and it was necessary to hire salesmen. His salesmen, after working long enough to grasp his method, would sometimes quit and go into the thumbtack business themselves. As he had no patents or other protection, this worried him at the outset. After watching several of these competitors, however, he worked out a philosophy of competition which has given him peace of mind, and which may be applied to hundreds of other lines of business.

The very first thing an old employee did, after leaving him, would be to get some thumbtacks as nearly like his as possible and market them by the boss' methods, usually at a slightly lower price. In distributing even so slight a trifle as a thumbtack there are difficulties to be overcome only by experience. So, for at least a year, the new competitor would be struggling with these, upon slender capital. Perhaps before the year was up the rival promoter came back, broken, and asked for his old job. In that case the missionary work he had done made just so much more of a market for thumbtacks in general, and frequently the inferior character of his goods had made him a horrible example to the trade beside which the boss' goods and methods showed up resplendently.

Enlarging the Fishing Pool

IF THE newcomer persisted, however, and got through his first year successfully, it demonstrated that he was as able a man as his former employer. And just as the latter had departed widely from his original plans in developing the thumbtack business, so would the ex-salesman. Studying to improve his goods, keeping in constant touch with his customers, ascertaining demand, he would presently begin to strike out along lines original with himself. Perhaps, in a few years, when he had established a profitable business, thumbtacks would have become entirely a secondary article, or have been discarded altogether because he had developed a better demand for something else. The only attention this thumbtack man now gives to competition is to prosecute infringements of his trademarks.

The same policy of fostering little competitors is also applied to big ones by many business men who realize the educational value of fair competition. It may seem odd to think of a small manufacturer doing his best to protect a prosperous trust in the same industry. Yet the thing is reasonable enough, because many of the leading concerns in both manufacturing and mercantile lines exercise a steadying influence and carry on promotion work that is directly beneficial to lesser houses.

Several years ago the Canadian post-office officials raised mail rates on American periodicals, shutting many of them out of the Dominion so far as subscribers were concerned. This step was taken, it is said, because we sent so many more periodicals to Canada than she did to us that there was a costly balance against her. The action was heartily approved by most Canadian publishers, for they regarded it as a form of protection which would give them their home market in reading matter. One leading Canadian publisher, however, got on a train and went to Ottawa to oppose the increase. He prints more than a dozen trade journals which go to manufacturers and merchants in different lines. In each business covered by his papers there are prosperous American trade journals which were being read in Canada. It would seem as though, when these could no longer be mailed over the border at reasonable rates, the Canadian publisher might have fallen heir to many profitable subscriptions; but he had learned, while building up his own business, that American trade-journal publishers did a lot of costly canvassing for Canadian subscribers. The latter were likely to take an American journal first and the Canadian one afterward. The more trade literature a merchant or manufacturer reads, the better his ability as a business man, the larger his purchases of goods or supplies and the greater his value as a customer for a trade journal's advertisers—the chief consideration in this field of publishing. The Canadian maintained that an increase of rates shutting out his American competitors would hurt his business, and experience has since demonstrated that the Canadian was right.

Competition becomes a worry when business men forget that there are different grades to a basic human demand for a commodity, and that the whole volume of demand is developed to the best advantage when there are numerous concerns in a given field, actively taking care of existing demand and stimulating more. Such conditions rapidly increase the whole volume of business by teaching the public the value of the commodity and raising standards of living.

When a manufacturer or merchant closes his eyes to this educational work being carried on by competitors, and looks at each sale made by others as so much potential business that would have come to himself had there been no interference, he has begun to think of competition in a way that will ultimately make it bear down upon him as heavily as Pilgrim's burden.

The Wall Street operator, forming a big industrial combination, puts forward the advantages of monopoly as something distinctly modern and typical of our progressive age; but monopoly is really medieval.

The old craft guilds of the Middle Ages were organized to control trade on the assumption that demand is like a stagnant pool, incapable of enlargement. Instead of giving it life by fresh streams, the guilds allotted fishing places on the bank and limited the number of fish that could be taken by a tradesman.

This old guild system is still found in full force in China, where each trade is rigidly supervised. The guilds regulate every detail in a transaction, from the measure given a customer to the terms of his payment and the interest on a debt. If a Chinaman displays individual enterprise such as would transform demand from a stagnant pool to a swift, swelling river, he is boycotted out of existence. The result, as an English economist points out, is to keep the Chinese poor, living on a universally low scale, with slender resources of capital to develop the country, and nobody interested in advancing the general comfort.

Contrast with this condition of affairs the American men's collar industry.

A generation or so ago, somebody started it at Troy by making a few collars, according to tradition, and since then the industry has developed in that city chiefly because expert workers have grown up with it—men and women skillful in turning the collars, and also in the fine laundering which is as much a part of the business as making the collars themselves. The men's collar business is hotly competitive. Big manufacturers and little ones are continually sending salesmen around to get retail outlets, and the goods of rival makers are often purchased at full wholesale prices from merchants on condition that they change their line. When an especially obdurate retailer is found the collar salesman makes this proposition:

"You seem to think your customers like Smith's goods. Could you sell them at five cents apiece?"

As the dealer has been handling Smith's collars for years at twelve and a half cents, his reply is naturally in the affirmative.

"Well, then, hold a week's sale of Smith's collars at a nickel, six for a quarter, and we will furnish all of his goods you need at the right wholesale price, provided you stock our goods when the sale is over."

This device, resorted to again and again, is more or less casual in the collar trade and a specimen of its competitive tactics. Yet, far from being demoralized, the industry grows enormously. Where a dozen collars formerly lasted the average man through a year, and were worn at every season and occasion, now there are different styles for different seasons and purposes, and all makers are active in bringing out novelties. The prosperous state of the industry is shown by the difficulty in persuading collar workers to leave Troy. Hardly a year passes but some ambitious manufacturer in a distant city will conceive the idea of making men's collars in his own community, competing at short range. He goes to Troy and tries to hire collar and laundry workers. But it is said that no attempt of this sort has ever turned out happily, because the hands who are willing to leave Troy are likely to be very indifferent workers who have made the rounds of all the factories.

Meeting the Scarecrow Face to Face

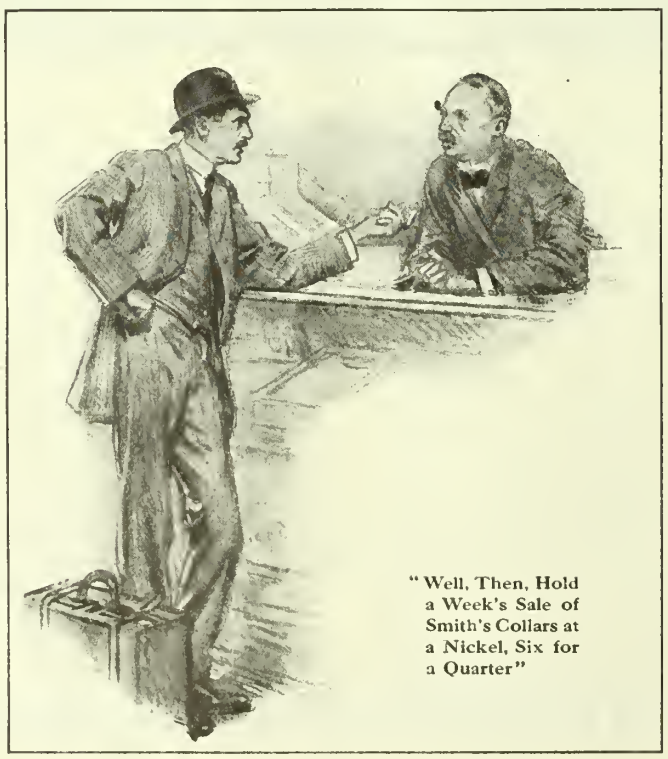
MOST of the fear of competition is based upon the unknown. A real-estate promoter formed a company, bought a large tract of Long Island farmland, and transformed it into a suburban residence district, with ample plots, roads, sewers, waterworks and landscape gardening. For several years sales were good. Customers in search of home sites might investigate other propositions, but the beauty of this and its sound improvements brought them back eventually. Then, one season, a rival company opened a new district several miles away, and the original promoter's salesmen began to complain. The new project was laid out on a more generous scale, customers told them. Right at its magnificent park entrance there were two fifty-thousand-dollar mansions, and the landscape work and improvements were said to be so superior that there was little use in talking to customers who had visited this rival enterprise.

The promoter said nothing for a month, but finally, when it became clear that this competing project had impressed his salesmen enough to lower their efficiency, he brought them all in one afternoon and took them out in his automobile.

"If this new subdivision is as fine as you say it is we'd better look it over," the boss announced. "Maybe we can pick up some ideas. I haven't had time to go out there. How many of you boys have been through it?"

Inquiry disclosed that, while two or three of the salesmen had gone to look at the magnificent entrance, not one had ever gone inside. When the car swept up to the entrance there were the two mansions, sure enough. But a quarter of a mile beyond them they came to an end of the improvements—all the competitor's development work had been centered around the park gate. On the way home neither the boss nor his salesmen said much. But from that day there was never any complaint about the formidable nature of this competition, because they had all looked it over.

Another amusing case of the same sort was that of a Connecticut manufacturer with a national trade in certain well-known novelties. A Canadian merchandise broker came to him and asked him to devote a little attention to building up trade in the Dominion, where his goods were familiar but not obtainable. The American protested that he had investigated that market thoroughly and found demand indifferent and competition in control. In addition to his chief competitors in this country, who were strongly intrenched there, he would have to meet aggressive Canadian competitors and overcome the barrier of the Canadian tariff. The broker asked for more details about the Connecticut manufacturer's investigation, and learned that all of his information had been obtained through a firm of Canadian brokers who represented his home competitors. The Canadian competition amounted to nothing and the tariff on his goods was no higher than his rivals had been paying. He had been staying out of Canada because his competitors had erected a scarecrow there. Under the management of this broker he established a branch over the border and almost immediately came into a growing trade.



"Well, Then, Hold a Week's Sale of Smith's Collars at a Nickel, Six for a Quarter"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Collins, proving the value of competition in business. The second, which shows how competitors get together with mutual profit, will appear in an early number.

COLLEGES WHILE YOU WAIT

A Siwash Fragment, Torn From the Career of Petey Simmons

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MIND you, old head, I'm not saying that a little education isn't a good thing in a college course. I learned a lot of real knowledge in school myself that I wouldn't have missed for anything, though I have forgotten it now. But what irritates me is the people who think that the education you get in a modern American super-heated, cross-compound college comes to you already canned in neat little text-books sold by the trust at one hundred per cent profit, and that all you have to do is to go to your room with them, fill up a student lamp with essence of general education and take the lid off.

Honest, lots of them think that. It might have been so, too, in the good old days when there was only one college graduate for each town and he had to do the heavy thinking for the whole community. But, pshaw! the easiest job in the world nowadays is to stuff your storage battery full of Greek verbs and obituaries in English literature, and the hardest job is to get it hitched up to something that will bring in the yellowbacks, the chopped-wood furniture, the automobile tires and the large majorities in the fall elections. I've seen brilliant boys at old Siwash go out of college knowing everything that had ever happened in the world up to one hundred years ago, and try to peddle hexameters in the wholesale district in Chicago. And I've seen boys, who slid through the course just half a hair's breadth ahead of the Faculty boot, go out and do the bossing for a whole Congressional district in five years. They hadn't learned the exact chemical formula of the universe, but they had learned how to run the blamed thing from practicing on the college during study hours.

Not that I'm knocking on knowledge, you understand. Knowledge is, of course, a grand thing to have around the house. But nowadays knowledge alone isn't worth as much as it used to be, seems to me. A man has to mix it up with imagination, and ingenuity, and hustle, and nerve, and the science of getting mad at the right time, and a fourteen-year course of study in understanding the other fellow. The college professors lump all this in one course and call it applied deviltry. They don't put it down in the catalogue and they encourage you to cut classes in it. But, honestly, I wouldn't trade what I learned under Professor Petey Simmons, warm boy and official gadfly to the Faculty, for all the Lat. and Greek and Analit. and Diffy. Cal., and the other studies—whatever they were—that I took in good old Siwash.

You remember Petey, of course. He went through Siwash in four years and eight suspensions, and came out fresh—as fresh as when he went in, which is saying a good deal. Every summer during his career the Faculty went to a rest cure and tried to forget him. He was as handy to have around school as a fox terrier in a cat show. There are two varieties of college students—the midnight-oil and the natural-gas kind; and Petey was a whole gas well in himself. Not that he didn't study. He was the hardest student in the college, but he didn't recite much in classes. Sometimes he recited in the police court, sometimes to his Pa back home, and sometimes the whole college took a hand in looking over his examination papers. He used to pass medium fair in Horace; sub-passable in Trig., and extraordinary mediocre in Polikon. But his marks in Imagination, the Psychological Moment and Dodging Consequences were plus perfect, extra magnificent, and superlatively some, respectively.

I saw Petey last year. He is in Chicago now. You have to bribe a doorkeeper and bluff a secretary to get to him—that is, you do if you are an ordinary mortal. But if you give the Siwash yell or the Eta Bita Pie whistle in the outside office he will emerge from his office out over the railing in one joyous jump. He came to Chicago ten years ago equipped with a diploma and a two-year tailor-bill back at Jonesville that he had been afraid to tell his folks about. If he had been a midnight-oil graduate he would have worn out three pairs of shoes hunting for a business house which was willing to let an earnest young scholar enter its employ at the bottom and rise gradually to the top as the century went by. But Petey wasn't that kind. He had been used to running the whole college and messing up the universe as far as one could see from the Siwash belfry if things didn't suit him. So he picked out the likeliest-looking institution on Dearborn Street and offered it a position as his employer. He was on the payroll before the president got over his daze. Two weeks later he promoted the firm to a more responsible job—that of paying him a bigger salary—and a year ago the general manager gave up and went to Europe for two years; said he would take a positive pleasure in coming back and looking at the map of Chicago after Petey had done it over to suit himself.

He May Have Been Fat, But How He Could Run!

Imagination was what did it. You can't take Imagination in any college classroom, but you can get more of it on the campus in four years than you can anywhere else in the world. You've got to have a mighty good imagination to get into any real warm trouble—and by the time you have gotten out of it again you have had to double its horse-power. That was Petey's daily recreation. In the morning he would think up an absolutely air-tight reason for being expelled from Siwash as a disturber, an anarchist, a superfluosity and a malefactor of great stealth. That night he would go to his room and figure out an equally good proof that nothing had happened or that whatever had happened was an act of Providence and not traceable to any student. Figuring out ways for selling bonds in carload lots was just recreation to him after a four-year course of this sort.

But to back in on the main track. I whistled outside of Petey's office the other day and went in with him past two magnates, three salesmen and a bank president. I sat with my feet on a mahogany table—I wanted to put them on an oak desk, but Petey declared mahogany was none too good for a Siwash man—and we spent an hour talking over the time when Petey manufactured excitement in wholesale lots at Siwash, with me for his first assistant and favorite apprentice. Those are my proudest memories. I won two debate prizes and got honorably mentioned in three commencement exercises; but when I want to brag of my college career do I mention these things? Not unless I have a lot of time. When I want to paralyze an alumnus of some rival college with admiration and envy, I tell him how Petey and I manufactured a real Wild West college—buildings, Faculty, bad men and all—for one day only, for the benefit of an Englishman who had gotten fifteen hundred miles inland without noticing the general color scheme of the inhabitants. We met this chap accidentally—a little favor of Providence, which had a special pigeonhole for us in those days. Our team had been using the Kiowa football team as a running track on their own field that afternoon, and the score was about 105 to 0 when the timekeeper turned off the massacre. Naturally all Siwash was happy. I will admit we were too happy to be careful. About two hundred of us made the hundred-mile trip home by local train that night, and I remember wondering, when the boys dumped the stove off the rear platform and tied up the conductor in his own bell-rope, if we weren't getting just a little bit indiscreet; and when a college boy really wonders if he is getting indiscreet he is generally doing something that will keep the grand jury busy for the next few months.

I was in the last car, and had just finished telling "Prince" Hogboom that if he poked any more window-lights out with his cane he would have to finish the year under an assumed name, when Petey crawled over two mobs of rough-housers and came up to me. He was seething with indignation. It was breaking out all over him like a rash. Petey was excitable anyway.

"What do you suppose I've found in the next car?" he said, fizzing like an escape valve.

"Prof?" said I, getting alarmed.

"Naw," said Petey; "worse than that. A chap that has never heard of Siwash. Asked me if it was a breakfast food. He's an Englishman. I'm agin the English." He stopped and began kicking a watertank around to relieve himself.

"How did he get this far away from home?" I asked.

"He's traveling," snorted Petey; "traveling to improve his mind. Hopeless job. He's one of those quarter-sawed old beef-eaters who stop thinking as soon as they've got their education. He's the editor of a missionary publication, he told me, and he is writing some articles on Heathen America. Honest, it almost made me boil over when he asked me if anything was being done to educate the aborigines out here."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Do?" said Petey. "Why, I answered his question, of course. I told him he wasn't fifty miles from a college this minute, and he said, 'Oh, I say now! Are you spoofing me?' What's 'spoofing'?"

"Kidding, stringing, stuffing, jollying along, blowing east wind, turning on the gas," says I. "'Spoofing' is University English. They don't use slang over there, you know."

"Well, then, I spoofed him," said Petey, grinning. "He said it was remarkable how very few revolvers he had seen, and then he wanted to know why there was no shooting on the train with so much disorder. He's pretty well posted now. I'd go a mile out of my way to help a poor dumb chap like him. I told him this was the Y. M. C. A. section of Siwash and that the real rough students were coming along on horseback. I said they weren't allowed on the trains because they were so fatal to passengers. I informed him that all the profs at Siwash went armed, and that the course of study consisted of mining, draw poker, shooting from the hip, bronco-busting, sheep-shearing, History of Art, bread-making and Evidences of Christianity."

"Did he admit by that time that you were a good, free-handed liar?" I asked.

"Admit nothing," said Petey; "he took it all down in his notebook and remarked that in a wild country like

this, remote from civilization, a knowledge of bread-making would undoubtedly be invaluable to a man."

"He was spoofing you," says I.

"He wasn't," said Petey; "he thinks he's a thousand miles from a plug hat this minute. He's so interested he is going to stop over for a day or two and write up the college for his magazine. I've invited him to stay at the Eta Bita Pie House with us, and we're going to show him a real Wild West school if we have to shoot blank cartridges at the cook to do it."

"Petey," said I solemnly, "some day you'll bump an asteroid when you go up in the air like this. This friend of yours will take one look at Siwash and ask you if Sapphira is feeling well these days."

"Bet you five, my opera hat, a good mandolin and a meal ticket on Jim's place against your dress suit," said Petey promptly. "And you better not take it, either."

"Done!" says I. "I bet you my hunting-case suit against your earthly possessions that you can't tow old Britannia-rules-the-waves around Siwash for a day without disclosing the fact that you are the best catch-as-catch-can liar in this section of the solar system."

"All right," said Petey. "But you've got to help me win the stuff. This is a great big contract. It's going to be my masterpiece, and I need help."

"I'm with you clear to Faculty meeting, as usual," says I. "But what's the use? He'll catch on."

"Leave that to me," said Petey. "Anyway, he won't catch on. When I told him we had a check-room for papooses in the Siwash chapel he wrote it down and asked if the Indians ever massacred the professors. He wouldn't catch on if we fed him dog for dinner. Just come and see for yourself."

I agreed with Petey when I took a good look at the victim a minute later. We found him in the car ahead, sitting on the edge of the seat and looking as if he expected to be eaten alive, without salt, any minute. You could have told that he was from extremely elsewhere at first glance. He was as different as if he had worn tattoo-marks for trousers. He was a stout party with black-rimmed eyeglasses, side whiskers that you wouldn't have believed even if you had seen them, and slabs of iron-gray hair with a pepper-and-salt traveling cap stuck on top of his head like a cupola. He was beautifully curved and his black preacher uniform looked as if it had been put on him by a paperhanger. I forgot to tell you that his name was the Reverend Ponsonby Diggs. He had to tell it to me four times and then write it down, for the way he handled his words was positively heartless. He clipped them, beheaded them, disemboweled them and warped them all out of shape. Have you ever heard a real ingrowing Englishman start a word in the roof of his mouth and then back away from it as if it was red-hot and had prickles on it? It's interesting. They seem to think it is indecent to come brazenly out and sound a vowel.

The Reverend Ponsonby Diggs—as near as I could get it he called himself "Pubby Daggs"—greeted Petey with great relief. He seemed to regard us as a rescue brigade. "Reahly, you know, this is extraordinary," he sputtered. "I have never seen such disorder. What will the authorities do?"

That touched my pride. "Pshaw, man!" I says; "we're only warming up. Pretty soon we'll take this train out in the woods and lose it."

I meant it for a joke. But the Reverend Mr. Diggs hadn't specialized in American jokes. "You don't mean to say they will derail the train!" he said anxiously. Then I knew that Petey was going to win my dress suit.

I assured the Reverend—pshaw, I'm tired of saying all that! I'm going to save breath. I assured Diggsey that derailing was the kindest thing ever done to trains by Siwash students, but that as his hosts we would stand by him, whatever happened. Then Petey slipped away to arrange the cast and I kept on answering questions. Say! that man was a regular magazine gun, loaded with interrogation points. Was there any danger to life on these trains? Would it be possible for him to take a ride in a stage-coach? Were train robbers still plentiful? Had gold ever been found around Siwash? Were the Indians troublesome? Did we have regular school buildings or did we live in tents? Had not the railroad had a distinctly—er—civilizing influence in this region? Was it not, after all, remarkable that the thirst for learning could be found even in this wild and desolate country?

And Siwash is only half a day from Chicago by parlor car!

I answered his questions as well as I could. I told him how hard it was to find professors who wouldn't get drunk, and how we had to let the men and women recite on alternate days after a few of the hen students had been winged by stray bullets. I had never heard of Greek, I said, but I assured him that we studied Latin and that we had a professor to whom Cæsar was as easy as print. I told him how hard we worked to get a little culture and how many of the boys gave up their ponies altogether, wore store clothes and took 'em off when they went to bed all the time they were in college; but, try as I would, I couldn't make the answers as ridiculous as his questions. He had me on the mat, two points down and fighting for wind all the time. His thirst for knowledge was wonderful and his objection to believing what his eyes must have told him was still more wonderful. There he was, halfway across the country from New York, and he must have looked out of the car windows on the way; but he hadn't seen a thing. I suppose it was because he wasn't looking for anything but Indians.

All this time Petey was circulating about the car, taking aside members of the Rep Rho Betas and talking to them earnestly. The Rep Rho Betas were the Sophomore fraternity and were the real demons of the college. Each year the outgoing Sophomore class initiated the twenty Freshmen who were most likely to meet the hangman on professional business and passed on the duties of the fraternity to them. The fraternity spent its time in pleasure and was suspected of anything violent which happened in the county. Petey was highbinder of the gang that year and was very far gone in crime.

We were due home about 10 P. M., and just before they untied the conductor Petey hauled me off to one side.

"It's all fixed," he said; "it's glorious. We'll just make Siwash into a Wild West show for his benefit. The Rep Rho Betas will entertain him days and he'll stay at the Eta Bita Pie House nights. I'm putting the Eta Bites on now. You've got to get him off this train before we get to the station and keep him busy while I arrange the program. Just give me an hour before you get him there. That's all I ask."

Now I never was a diplomat, and the job of towing a fat old foreigner around a dead college town at night and trying to make him think he was in peril of his life every minute was about three numbers larger than my size. I couldn't think of anything else, so I slipped the word to Ole Skjarsen that Diggs was a Kiowa professor who was coming over to get notes on our team and tip them off to Muggledorfer College. I judged this would create some hostility and I wasn't mistaken. Ole began to climb over his fellow-students and I was just able to beat him to his prey.

"Come on," I whispered, "Skjarsen's on the warpath. He says he wants to bite up a stranger and he thinks you'll do."

"Oh, my dear sir," said the Reverend Ponsonby, jumping up and grabbing a hatbox, "you don't mean to tell me that he will use violence?"

"Violence nothing!" I yelled, picking up four pieces of baggage. "He won't use violence. He'll just eat you alive, that's all. He's awful that way. Come, quick!"

"Oh, my word!" said Diggsey, grabbing his other five bundles and piling out of the car after me.

The train was slowing down for the crossing west of Jonesville, and I judged it wouldn't hurt the great collector of Western local color to roll a little. So I yelled, "Jump for your life!" He jumped. I swung off and went back till I met him coming along on his shoulder-blades, with a retinue of baggage following him. He wasn't hurt a bit, but he looked interesting. I brushed him off, cached the baggage—all but a suitcase and the hatbox which he hadn't dropped for a minute—and we began to ooze unostentatiously into Jonesville.

"Har's Das Spy!" He Yelled. "Kill Him, Fallers; He Ban a Spy!"

For an hour or more we dodged around in alleys and behind barns, while up on the campus the boys burned a woodshed, an old fruit-stand, half a hundred drygoods boxes and half a mile of wooden sidewalk by way of celebration. The glare in the sky was wild enough to satisfy any one, and when some of the boys got the old army muskets that the cadets drilled with out of the armory and banged away, I was happy. But how I did long to be close up to that fire! It was a cold night in early November, and as I lay behind woodsheds, with my teeth wearing themselves out on each other, I felt like an early Christian martyr—though it wasn't cold they suffered from as a rule. As for the Reverend Pubby, he wanted to creep away to the next town and then start for England disguised as a chorus girl, or anything; but I wouldn't let him. We sneaked around till nearly midnight and then crept up the alley to the Eta Bita Pie House, wondering if we would ever get warm again.

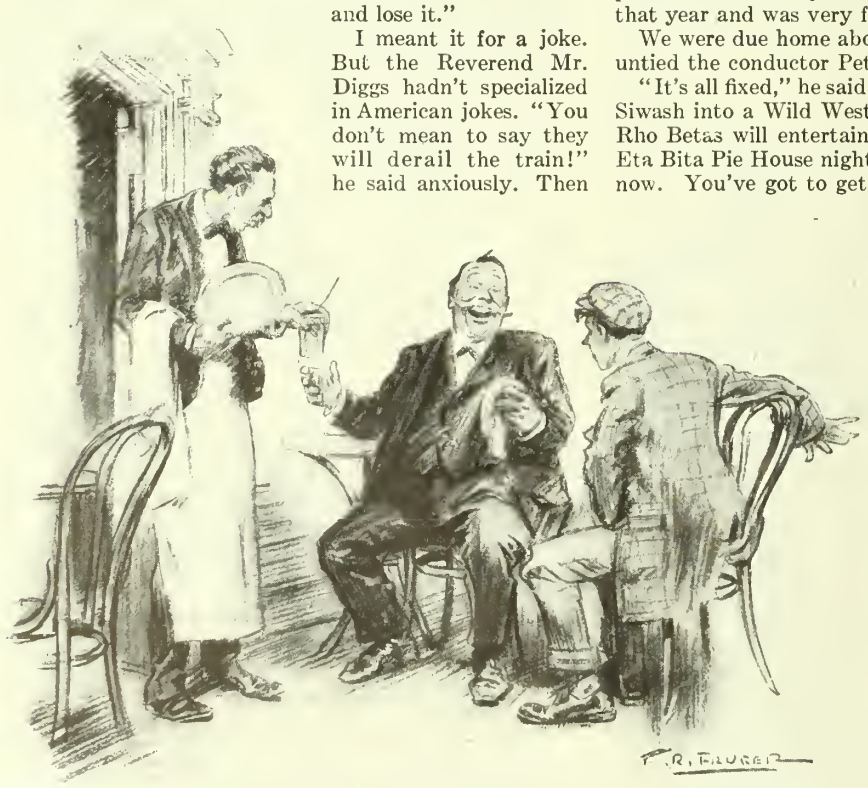
I've seen some grand transformation scenes, but I never saw anything more impressive than the way the Eta Bita Pie House had been done over in two hours. We always prided ourselves on our house. It cost twenty-five thousand dollars, exclusive of the plumber's little hold-up and the Oriental rugs, and it was full of polished floors and monogram silverware and fancy pottery and framed prints, and other bang-up-to-date incumbrances. But in two hours thirty boys can change a whole lot of scenery. They had spread dirt and sand over the floor, had ripped out the curtains and chased the pictures. They had poked out a window-light or two, had unhung a few doors, and had filled the corners with saddles, old clothes, flour barrels and dogs. You never saw so many dogs. The whole neighborhood had been raided. They were hanging round everywhere, homesick and miserable; and one of the Freshmen had been given the job of cruising around and kicking them just to keep them tuned up.

A dozen of the fellows were playing poker on an old board table in the middle of the big living-hall when we came in. Their clothes were hand-me-downs from Noah's time, and every one of them was outraging some convention or other. Our boys always did go in for amateur theatricals pretty strongly, and the way our most talented members abused the English language that night when they welcomed the Reverend Pubby was as good as a book.

"Proud ter meet you," roared Allie Bangs, our president, taking off his hat and making a low bow. "Set right in and enjoy yourself. White chips is a dime, limit is a dollar and no gunplay goes."

When Pubby had explained for the third time that he had never had the pleasure of playing the game, Bangs finally got on to the curves in his pronunciation and understood him.

"What! Never played poker!" he whooped. "Hell a humpin', where was you raised? You sure ain't a college



He Laughed From 4 P. M. Until Midnight, With Only Three Stops for Refreshments

man? Any lop-eared galoot that didn't play poker in Siwash would get run out by the Faculty. You ought to see our president put up his pile and draw to a pair of deuces. What!—a Reverend! I beg your pardon, friend. 'S all right. Jest name the game you're strong at and we'll try to accommodate you later on. Here, you fellows, watch my chips while I show the Reverend around our diggin's. You nip one like you did last time, Turk Bowman, and there'll be the all-firedest row that this shack has ever seen. Come right along, Reverend."

That tour was a great triumph for Bangs. We always did admire his acting, but he outdid himself that night. The rest of us just kept quiet and let him handle the conversation, and I must say it sounded desperate enough to be convincing. Of course he slipped up occasionally and stuck in words that would have choked an ordinary cow-gentleman, but Diggsey was that dazed he wouldn't have suspected if they had been Latin. I thought it would be more or less of a job to explain how we were living in a twenty-five-thousand-dollar house instead of dugouts, but Bangs never hesitated a minute. He explained that the house belonged to a millionaire cattle-owner who had built it from reading a society novel, and that he let us live in it because he preferred to live in the barn with the horses. The boys had filled their rooms full of junk and one of them had even tied a pig to his bed—while the way Bangs cleared rubbish out of the bathtub and promised to have some water heated in the morning was convincingly artless. He had just finished explaining that, owing to the boiler-plate in the walls, the house was practically Indian proof, when an awful fusillade of shots broke out from the kitchen. Bangs disappeared for a moment, gun in hand, and I watched our guest trying to make himself six inches narrower and three feet shorter. I don't know when I ever saw a chap so anxious to melt right down into a corner and be mistaken for a carpet tack.

"'S all right," said Bangs, clumping in cheerfully. "Jest the cook having another fit. We've got a cook," he explained, "who gets loaded up 'bout oncet a month so full that he cries pure alcohol, and when he gits that way he insists on trying to shoot cockroaches with his gun. He ain't never killed one, but he's gotten two Chinamen and a mule, and we've got to put a stop to it. He's tied up in the cellar aswearin' that if he gits loose he'll come upstairs and furnish material for nineteen fancy funerals with silver name-plates. But, don't you worry, Reverend. He can't hurt a fly 'less he gits loose. Here's your room. That hoss blanket on the cot's brand new; towel's in the hall and you'll find a comb somewheres round. Just you turn in if you feel like it, and when you hear Wall-Eye Denton and Pete Pearsall trying to massacre each other in the next room it's time to git up."

Pubby said he would retire at once, and we left him looking scared but relieved. I'll bet he sat up all night taking notes and expecting things to happen. We sat up, too, but for a different reason. You can't imagine how much work it took to get that house running backward. And it was an awful job to do the Wild West stunt too. We sat and criticised each other's dialect and actions until there were as many as three free fights going on at once. One man favored the Bret Harte style of bad man; another adhered to the Henry Wallace Phillips brand; while still another insisted on following the Remington school. We compromised on a mixture and then spent the rest of the night learning how to forget our table manners.

The result was magnificent. I shall never forget the Reverend Pubby's pained but fascinated expression as he sat at breakfast the next morning and watched thirty hungry savages shoveling plain, unvarnished grub into their faces. The breakfast couldn't have gone better if we had had a dress rehearsal. Our guest couldn't eat. He was afraid to talk. He just held on to his chair, and we could see him stiffen with horror every time some eater would rise up so as to increase his reach and spear a piece of bread six feet away with his fork. The breakfast was a disgusting display of Poland-China manners and was successful in every particular.

We confidently expected Petey Simmons to turn up during the meal and tell us what to do next. He had spent the night with his odoriferous Rep Rho Beta brothers cooking up the rest of the plot and had promised to run up at breakfast. But no Petey appeared. We strung the meal along as far as we could toward dinner and then took up the job of keeping the Reverend Pubby contented and in the house until the life-saving crew arrived. Did you ever try to lie all morning with a slow-speed imagination? That's what we had to do. We explained to Pubby that the students caroused all night and never came to college in the morning; we told him it was against the rules for strangers to go on the campus in the morning; we told him it was dangerous to go out-of-doors because of the Alfalfa Delts, who were suspected of being cannibals; we told him forty thousand things, most of which contradicted each other. If it hadn't been for the boys who kindly started a fight whenever his reverence had tangled Bangs and me up hopelessly on some question we couldn't have survived the inquisition. As it was, I perspired about a barrel and my brain ached for a week.

We went to lunch and put on another exhibition of free-hand feeding, getting more grumpy and disgusted every minute. We were all ready to yell for mercy and put on our civilized clothes when we heard a terrific riot from outside. Then Petey came in.

We Spent Another Five Minutes Hoisting Him Aboard a Prehistoric Plug and Telling Him How to Stick On

If there ever was a sure-enough Wild Westerner it was Petey that afternoon. He had on the whole works—two-acre hat, red woolen shirt, spurs, and even chaps—nice hairy ones. I discovered next day that he had swiped my fine bearskin rug and cut it up to make them. In his belt he had a revolver which couldn't have been less than two feet long. Petey was a little fellow, with one of those nineteen-sizes-too-large voices, and when he turned the full organ on you would have thought old Mount Vesuvius had wakened up and rumbled into the room.

"Howdy, Reverend," he thundered. "We jest come along to take you on a little ride over to college. Got a nice gentle cow-pony out here. She bucks as easy as a rockin'-horse. Don't mind about your clothes. Just hop right on. The boys is some anxious to get along, it being most classtime."

We followed the two of them out to the back yard. There were seven Rep Rho Betas on seven moth-eaten ponies which they had dug up from goodness knows where. The rigs they had on represented each fellow's idea of what a cowboy looked like, and would have made a real cowpuncher hang himself for shame. Petey confessed afterward that, of all the Rep Rho Betas, only seven had ever been on a horse, and, of these, three kept him in agony for fear they would fall off and compel him to explain that they were on the verge of delirium tremens. They were a weird-looking bunch, but, gee! they were fierce. Pirates would have been kittens beside them.

I guess the Reverend Pubby had never done much in the Centaur line, for he came very near balking entirely right there. It took us five minutes to explain that there was no other way of getting out to Siwash and that the Faculty would take it as a personal insult if he didn't come. We also had to explain how disagreeable the Faculty was when it was insulted. And then after he had consented we spent another five minutes hoisting him aboard a prehistoric plug and telling him how to stick on. Then the line filed out through the alley with a regular ghost-dance yell, while we detained Petey. We were about to massacre him for leaving us to sweat all morning, but we forgot all about it when Petey told us what he had been doing. He admitted that, in order not to annoy the profs and cause unnecessary questions, he had taken the liberty to build a temporary Siwash College for this special occasion.

Yes, sir; nothing less than that. You remember Dillpickle Academy, the extinct college in the west part of town? It had been closed for years because the only remaining student had gotten lonesome. But most of the equipment was still there, and Petey had borrowed it of the caretaker for one day only, promising to give it back as good as new in the morning. Petey could have borrowed the great seal away from the Department of State. He and his Rep Rho Betas had let a lot of students into the deal, had been working all morning, and Siwash was ready for business at the new stand.

We wanted to measure Petey for a medal then and there, but he refused, being needed on the firing-line. He rode off and we made a grand rush for the new Siwash College—special one-day stand, benefit performance. We got there before the escorting committee and had a fine view of the grand entry. The Reverend Pubby had fallen off four times, and the last mile he had led his horse. It was a sagacious scheme bringing him along, as none of the others had a chance to exhibit their extremely sketchy horsemanship in anything better than a mile-an-hour gait.

Old Dillpickle Academy was busier than it had ever been in real life when we got there. Fully fifty students were on the scene. They were decked out in cowboy clothes, hand-me-downs, big straw hats, blankets—any old thing. One thing that impressed me was the number of books they were carrying. At Siwash we always refused to carry books except when absolutely necessary. It seemed too affected—as if you were trying to learn something. But out there at near-Siwash every man had at least six books. I saw geographies, spellers, Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems, Science and Health, and the Congressional Record. Learning was just naturally rampant out there. Students were studying on the fence. They were walking up and down the campus "boning" furiously. They were even studying in the trees. You get fifty college boys to turn actors for a day and you will see some mighty mixed results. There was "Bay" Sanderson, for instance. "Bay's" idea of being a wild and Western student was to sit on the front gate with a long knife stuck in his belt and read detective stories. He did it all through the performance, and whenever the guest was led past him he would turn the book down carefully, pull the knife out of his belt and whoop three times as solemn as a judge.

You never saw any one so interested as the Reverend Ponsonby Diggs. His eyes stuck out like incandescent globes. He had been pretty well jolted up, and he yelled in a low, polite way every time he made a quick movement, but his thirst for information was still vigorous. As head host Petey was pumpee, and he was always four laps ahead of the job.

"Eh, I say," said Pubby, after surveying the scene for a few minutes. "This is all very interesting, you know. But what a little place!"

"Hell, Reverend," said Petey emphatically; "she's the biggest school in the world."

The Reverend was a man of guile. He didn't bat an eye.

"How many students has the college?" he inquired.

"We've got a hundred, all studying books and learning things," said Petey proudly.

"Reahly now?" said the Reverend; "I say, reahly? And these cows! Might I ask if these cows are a part of the college?"

(Continued on Page 46)

The New Woman and Her Ways

Business Women Pro Tem.—By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER DITZLER

THERE are two kinds of business women, the real or permanent and the pseudo or temporary. The business man, to whom the business world belongs, at first repels and then accepts—more or less respectfully—the real creative business woman, who forms an infinitesimal percentage of the number that pervade his world. He endures the pseudo-business woman much as the mistress of the house endures the general servant. She would like to have four specialists, but, as she cannot, she does with one and fills in the weak places herself. The business man would like to have in every case competent male clerks and stenographers, but men, if competent at all, want more money and quicker promotion than he is willing to give; so he falls back on the women, who are on the whole better than the men while they stay. The type stays, but the individual goes—that is the main difficulty with her. She comes from a stock used to doing hard work and a variety of it. Her line of mothers were presumably good wives.

Whirls Around to See if Her Belt is All Tight in the Back

A thousand years before Christ, according to the prophecy, King Lemuel's mother taught him—a woman in whom the heart of her husband safely trusted, who spun and wove wool and flax, and sold linen girdles to merchants, went far to market, bought land, planted a vineyard, judged her products, rose while it was yet night to attend to her household, and looked after charities.

If Girls Were Trained Like Hetty Green

PERHAPS she was a selected sample, and doubtless she simplified some of her household duties by omission while her husband was sitting among the elders of the land. In the history of our own country the pioneer women spun and wove, milked, laundered, baked, tailored; when husbands were procrastinating, carpentered, and ran the kitchen garden. Today the woman in her city flat still cooks and washes, sews and tailors, and goes marketing.

She does well or ill, according to her race and temperament and the amount of money she has to spend. If she is above the poverty margin she may fritter away her time, and run out at the last minute and pay the high prices of a delicatessen shop to get a dinner for her family. If she is at the poverty line she may exercise in her marketing the qualities of caution, foresight, reason and flexibility. Or, again, she may buy badly, and have to apply to the Associated Charities.

As a rule, this housekeeper handles her work either so adequately or in such a slipshod way that she does not need her daughter's help in the home, and so she sends her to business college, after which the girl finds a stenographer's position at a salary of from six to eight dollars a week. Mere living in the family has given this daughter a knack at some or all of the housekeeping details. Probably she has learned without thinking; doubtless her mother, if a good housekeeper, taught her concretely, though without laying down any absolute rules for guidance. Still, this daughter is in a fair way to inherit a sense of economy, foresight, versatility and quickness—all qualities necessary in a business office. But the average daughter does not transfer them so thoroughly as she might from the home to the office. If she were going down a peg socially, were joining the ranks of the wage-earners instead of the salary-earners, she might be willing to take her knacks along with her, for in the factory these are manual rather than mental. She has had just enough education to make her sure of herself, but not enough to make her really competent. She comes into the business world entirely untrained, with no inherited aptitude for doing things with a view to economic ends, unable to grasp the principles of coordinated effort, with no knowledge of men or affairs; without even a business vocabulary. Like a puppy that is taught to swim by being thrown into a deep pool, so she is thrown into the business world to learn business.

It is all wrong, of course. Not every girl can have Hetty Green's training. When she was a mere child she had to read stock reports to her father, and was made to keep an account of her household and personal expenses. But every girl intended for the business world should be taught at least a certain amount of method and calculation, and should be given a certain number of facts to fit her for what she is to do, even temporarily. Perhaps she realizes her deficiencies, perhaps not. If she does she rarely spends any of her leisure time in putting herself into training. It is not because she could not. American women, like the French, are famous for adaptability, and with sufficient perseverance could translate domestic energy into business energy. She could, but she won't; for she is without that kind of ambition. She hopes, expects and determines not to be working very long. She wants to be temporary. Enter any office in the cities of the United States, and inside the nicely pompadoured and puffed blond and brown and black heads, set on slender necks (Dutch, this season), leaning over typewriters and counters, you will find the same snug little vision—a tiny flat, feathered with wedding presents and installment-plan furniture; breakfast for two prepared in a blue or pink kimono; a lunch for one taken standing at the icebox; fancywork or a novel in the long afternoons, and a dinner for two at night; after that the vaudeville, or maybe a call at a neighbor's to show that the bride has added to her new clothes since the wedding. A far cry this from the click of the keys, dictation from a crusty employer who expects one to spell, and a frown from the head clerk whenever one looks up to the clock to see if it is not pretty near to closing time.

All of these temporary business women have had at least a grammar-school education and perhaps have spent some time in high school; then a manager has appealed to them directly or by circular, and they have taken with him a short or a long course. Those who take the short course are not of the class that used to enter business ten years ago; they are more of the factory type mentally, and there is a good deal for them to do in manifolding and addressing circulars at a low salary. Those who take the long course fare a little better, but few of them have any knowledge of real business requirements.

The chief point to them is that they have to help out the family exchequer by paying board and buying their own clothes. They are probably too young to be engaged yet, or, if not, the youths they know are their school and neighborhood companions who have not been long enough at work yet to be able to support a wife. So the girls go forth to an office presumably to work, really to wait till they get married. They very rarely marry their fellow-clerks. For one thing, they are not thrown together personally, and then the men are just parts of the machine, as they are. They associate them with their thoughts of the office, and the one desire when the day's work is done is to get away from the office. Besides, they often have to take orders from young men who are their coequals, and they don't like that. They don't mind orders from any one—man or woman—who is very high up, but they tend to regard as their natural enemy any one nearly on their own level who can say to them, "Come" and "Go." In a good many offices both the men and women subordinates show this attitude by the way they rejoice when the head clerk gets into difficulty. Again, they are likely to see too plainly the faults of men with whom they work all day long; and finally they have other friends outside the office—the ones already in their set, and others whom they meet in church affairs and at dances.

There are Two Kinds of Business Women, the Real or Permanent and the Pseudo or Temporary

The Matrimonial Market

POSSIBLY the romantic ones may enter work with some vague dreams about their employer, born of reading such fiction as An Eternal Love; or, From the Desk to a Duchy. It rarely occurs to them to make themselves so indispensable to their employer—really a nervous married man of fifty—that they may in time become his private secretary at a salary larger than that of any of the marriageable young men they know.

"You're in a mighty hurry," snarled an employer who was keeping his stenographer over her time, and who caught her eying the clock in the way she would have liked to eye him—"You're in a mighty hurry to get away from here."

"Of course I am," she said with spirit; "your day is over, but mine's just begun."

They live after five o'clock in the society of the other girls and men of their set. They know, better than any advice given them in the good-breeding columns of women's magazines, that the very fact that they are in the world, with pretty eyes and hair, means that they are propelled toward matrimony even in spite of themselves. It is of no use to tell them to put themselves into their work absolutely and let marriage take care of itself; that somewhere the right man is waiting for each one. The right man may be waiting, but he does not hail them at the first meeting; they have to recognize him and he has to recognize them, and this recognition depends on a great many things, such as how much other girls like him, how much he is getting a week, how curly her hair is, and how many "cute" things she can say—and on just those mysterious entities, himself and herself. She believes he is the right man; and it is, perhaps, only when she has been married many years and is giving her daughter advice, which that young person will not take, that she realizes that the right man for a young girl is just a matter of chance and propinquity and salary. A girl of her age is no more able really to choose her husband than she is to manage her employer's business.

There is needed some cunning educator to use their sex as a lure by which to teach girls the qualities they need, not only in the business world but also, later, in their own workaday world of husband and children, which is not at all the world of marriage as they see it. This wonderful educator would have to magic away their youth and their disinclination really to think, and make them exercise the qualities they are born with and develop the ones their brothers are born with. The adequate girls, after marriage, do develop, for personal reasons, the business virtues they were not willing to develop for their employers' sake. Life has given them the education that their mothers and the schools did not; they know, after

ten years of marriage, that dimples and rice powder, while still important assets, are less valuable than the power to think quickly, to seize a chance and to handle an unexpected situation.

But the average office girl, who, after all, is worth quite what she gets, and gets what she is worth, if she really puts the office first would have to put matrimony second, to the disadvantage of matrimony. What if she became so interested in getting off her letters that she was late to lunch and so missed him at the corner? What if she were so anxious to get to her desk in the morning that she forgot to see if her puffs were on straight?

There are plenty of men clerks and stenographers who never go very far in life, who are mere inconspicuous bits in the commercial machine; but they take their place in the world of business more readily than the girls do, just because they are men and because they have been trained to it. Even the most mediocre man knows that he will get some promotion, and he wants that promotion soon. Moreover, even the least ambitious know that if they are not competent to keep their positions they go under; there is no chance of their marrying. It is not that men do their work better—many employers say that the average girl is better than the average youth; it is simply that they settle into the man's world knowing they must stay.

From one point of view the girls are showing plenty of business sense, for their great business is to get married; and, consciously or unconsciously, they and Dame Nature together practice the business without let and with as little hindrance as possible. The young men who work beside them do not concentrate so intensely. All life interests them; however narrow or wide their vision, it does include a whole horizon, and not just one point on that horizon—the home. They may not have enough intelligence to understand what goes on around them, but still they see more different things than the girls do.

Sex in Business

THEY may not be able to use the ideas that come to them or that they listen to, but still they have more ideas than just to settle themselves in a circle of two. Marriage is in their minds, but vaguely; it is to come after they get a raise, after they travel, after they see plenty of girls and cities and men. Dim enough visions they have and not many of them are realized, or else we should not have such a vast army of mediocre men—routine, uninspired workers, unable, even if they had the chance, to rise above their particular notches. Their great merit commercially is that they do stay put.

"I prefer women to men," said one small employer, "if they would just stay. But no sooner have you found a good bookkeeper or stenographer and broken her into your ways, and picture yourselves as growing old together, than she comes to you to say she is leaving. Sometimes it is to a better position, and that's good business; so, if I don't feel able to raise her salary I can't object. Sometimes it's to get married, and I suppose that's human nature and I oughtn't to object, but I do. We all do, for it doesn't seem like playing the business game in the business way. When a man employee gets married he doesn't leave. He sticks closer than a brother; we bind him to us with hoops of steel, and he puts his back into his work as he never did before. Marriage gives a girl a reason for going and a man a reason for staying.

"Another thing: girls bring sex into business, and it ought to be impersonal. Take a man; he gets down here at half past eight or nine, as the case may be, if he isn't late—and both sexes give the same excuse for lateness: cars blocked. The man slings his hat and coat on a peg and gets down to his desk in fifteen seconds. The girl goes into the dressing-room, takes out four hatpins, gingerly lifts off her hat and sticks those four hatpins back in the precise spots they occupied. Maybe, if we are indulgent, she has a box for her hat. Then she stands before the mirror, takes out her side combs, and combs her pompadour and back hair. Next she shifts a hairpin in her puffs, takes out a powder-rag and dusts her face, whirls around to see if her belt is all right in the back, settles her shirtwaist in front, and then she is ready. It has taken from five minutes up.

"And that's the least manifestation of sex, too. She's more likely to be out from illness than a man; she's not able to work for so long overtime under pressure—or she won't. Besides, if some one is storming in the office she is likely to take it as a personal affront, when the man doesn't know she is on the earth. If she is reprimanded for poor work, as a man would be, maybe she will weep, or maybe she will get saucy and say, 'I don't think you ought to talk to a girl that way.' Talk to a girl that way! There should be no sex in business. It's impersonal. Everybody's a machine except the employer, and in a large way he's just a cog, too.

"But the fault we are most afraid of in the business girl is her liability to gossip about the business. She will go outside and tell some little thing that was said in the office, repeat some little altercation, and you never can guess how far it will carry. I could tell you of men who have been ruined by office secrets becoming known, filtering out through these girls. Outside of these three big factors—that the most of them don't stay, and that most of them drag in their sex and whack you over the head with your own lack of chivalry, and that they gossip—girls on the whole are neater, quicker, more skillful and more faithful than men. I'd always rather trust a girl with petty cash than a man; all employers would. They never take the office things the way men do. Of course all the force help themselves to postage stamps; seem to think they are as free as air; but in other things girls are far more conscientious than men, and they save us a lot on the payroll every week."

Inside the Nicely Pompadoured and Puffed Heads You Will Find the Same Snug Little Vision

Assuredly they do; that is the chief reason they are in the business world. People have blamed a great share of the misfortunes of this earth on the entrance of women into business: too few marriages and too many marriages; race suicide; the higher cost of living; the increased frivolity of dress, and the decay of the home. But women are working because men have decreed that they must. For even the most featherheaded girl there is the excuse that all that has happened is the fault of economic conditions, and behind economic conditions stand the men. From the beginning, the masculine point of view, usually unacknowledged, is that whatever is organized and paid for is man's work, and whatever is unorganized, isolated and unpaid for is woman's work. The best proof of this is that when the crafts once belonging to women, such as spinning and weaving, became organized in the shape of factories, they passed into the hands of men. By the pressure of the times, workingmen of a certain class have been unable or unwilling to support sisters and daughters; these have gone out into the world to do work of the quality of their brothers and fathers, and have been seized upon by men in a class above them, who, with an eye to the main chance, have paid them less than they were paying these same fathers and brothers. If there was a reason given at all it was that the work of the women was not so well done. Now that reason is not often given; it is admitted that the work is as well done, on the whole, as the work the men do. If they are not paid better than they are it is simply because they are women and unorganized.

Where the women have succeeded in any kind of work, business or other, they have done so under extreme difficulties; sometimes men have helped them and sometimes not. To take an example from the printing trade: there are over thirty-seven thousand women in this work today, and yet they have no way of learning the trade properly. No employer wants a girl apprentice when boys are willing to come, and when a boy will do odd jobs besides. So any girl in printing "steals the trade," as the unions phrase it; she learns it without the same course of instruction prescribed for the boy who enters properly, and therefore she is imperfectly equipped. All the way up through business and professions there are such obstacles in the way of women. But the women least willing to surmount them, because they are not vitally interested in their work or in the success of other women, are the temporary girls in the offices.

"You Can't Expect Me to Dance Till Three o'Clock in the Morning and Then be Here at Nine"

A Case of Nerves

BUT there are degrees of impermanency. The most permanent girl, who has to buy her clothes and pay her board, must do reasonably well, for, if she is discharged or discharges herself, it might be a week before she got another position, and that would make some difference at home. There is a large class of girls, however, who enjoy the luxury of the "I-needn't-work-for-you-or-any-one-else" feeling.

An extremely pretty stenographer did new-broom work for a certain employer for quite a month. Then she was late and nervous; a few days later she was again late and nervous; finally she was half an hour late and her employer protested.

"I pay you to come at nine," he said, "not half past nine."

"Well," she replied sharply, "you can't expect me to dance till three o'clock in the morning and then be here at nine."

The employer happened to be henpecked at home, and for a moment her tone made him forget that he was in his own office, where he was master. He retreated to his desk and murmured, "I can't expect her to dance till three—— I can't ex——" Then his mind came back to him, and he sprang up and roared at her: "I don't; I don't—you can take your things and leave."

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MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

The Inner Voice—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

He Thinks the Whole World Sees it in His Face, Reads it in His Eyes

Man cannot conceal the topic of a great crime.—WHARTON.

THERE are no limitations to the vast field within which are to be found those slight incidents that lead to the exposure of crimes. They are not confined to physical incidents. They may be in the nature of impulses or strange, unexpected, unexplainable, swiftly-arising states of the mind.

It is within himself, perhaps, that the greatest peril to the criminal agent lies. Forced because of the needs of secrecy continually to contemplate the matter, and unable to discuss it with another, it seems to be a law that in the end he will yield to some bizarre impulse.

Bourget is of the opinion that the solitary contemplation of a desperately important secret in the end produces on the mind something of the same effect produced on the eye by the constant contemplation of a single object.

After a time the vision cannot be depended upon; spots, streaks of light, and the like are seen; the object itself becomes distorted, and in the end one's judgment, depending upon one's vision, under such conditions must inevitably go astray.

Webster, in his celebrated argument in the Knapp case, gives the popular idea:

The guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from Heaven or earth. The secret which he possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth.

Wherever the truth may lie between these theories, it is certain that men not suspected of crimes, who have for a time successfully concealed them and presumably might have continued to conceal them, have suddenly, apparently for no reason, yielded to some bizarre impulse and revealed them.

. . . . . .

A recent strange case is that of Flower vs. United States (116 Fed. 241), decided by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals of the Fifth Circuit, June 2, 1902.

Samuel Flower was paying teller of the Hibernia National Bank of New Orleans. On the eighth day of May, 1901, he was short in his accounts thirty-six thousand dollars; this money he had embezzled from the funds of the bank. Flower had been speculating through a stockbroker in New York, and from time to time he had transmitted large sums of money to him.

The transaction was like thousands of others with which the criminal records of the United States are crowded. Flower had been gradually drawn into speculation; and after the first step he had advanced ever more rapidly until he had taken some thirty-six thousand dollars of the bank's money.

Flower had received nothing; the great profits were all in the future. He was concealing the deficit; and he was concealing it by the most practical plan of which we have any record. He might have gone on with such a plan as that which he had conceived; no one suspected him; the bank examiner could not find the deficit; there seemed to be no actual reason why the embezzlement should not have been indefinitely concealed.

The following extract from the opinion of the court will show how successful in its result Flower's plan was:

"How Much of This Money Have You Got?"

It appears that on the eighth day of May, 1901, the plaintiff in error [Samuel Flower] was the paying teller of the Hibernia National Bank in the city of New Orleans, and that on that day a duly-appointed and commissioned examiner of national banks of this district was in the city for the purpose and engaged in the work of examining the national banks located here; that about the hour of 2:30 P. M. Mr. Flower asked one F. M. Folger, who was on duty that day at the Hibernia Bank as a special bank detective and guard, to see if he could get large denominations of bills for bills of small denominations from the New Orleans National Bank to the amount of forty thousand dollars. On presentation of this request by Folger the proper authorities of the New Orleans National Bank stated that they could not do so, which was duly reported to Mr. Flower by Mr. Folger.

Mr. Flower then asked Mr. Folger to see the Louisiana National Bank, stating that he desired to exchange a sealed package of silver certificates amounting to forty thousand dollars.

Folger saw the paying teller of the Louisiana National Bank, who said he could make the exchange in clearing-house certificates. Upon that being reported to Mr. Flower he gave Mr. Folger a sealed package purporting to contain forty thousand dollars. It was a Government package and labeled "Four thousand ten-dollar bills—forty thousand dollars." Mr. Folger took this package to the Louisiana National Bank and in exchange therefor obtained eight clearing-house certificates of the denomination of five thousand dollars each, making a total of forty thousand dollars.

This happened between 2:30 o'clock and 3 o'clock P. M., before the banks closed on the eighth day of May, 1901. At 3:21 P. M. that day the bank examiner started an examination of the Hibernia National Bank, and on his examination of the department of the paying teller—Mr. Flower's department—found that Mr. Flower had all the cash on hand to correspond with the general book of the bank. In this amount of cash on hand was included fifty-five thousand dollars of what is called clearing-house certificates, which were treated and accepted as cash, and included the eight certificates procured by Folger.

The examination was thorough and in all respects satisfactory to the examiner. The same examiner had made semi-annual examinations of this bank and of this paying teller's department from the time of his appointment in 1898, having made, in all, five examinations previous to this one made on May 8, 1901, and on each occasion had found the cash in the hands of the paying teller to correspond with the general book of the bank, and the condition of the paying teller's department to be in all respects satisfactory.

It is, therefore, apparent that Flower had nothing to fear from the examination of the bank; that his plan for concealing the embezzled funds was practical and successful. The bank was all right. No one suspected anything wrong. There was no reason, so far as one could see, why he should have done the thing that he did do.

Nevertheless, on this very day, some time between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, Richard M. O'Brien, Esquire, a citizen of New Orleans and patron of the Hibernia National Bank, received a letter from Samuel Flower in which he stated that he had speculated with the bank's money to the extent of thirty-six thousand dollars, and requested Mr. O'Brien to lend him that sum in order to make good the deficit.

The letter written and signed by Flower contained this amazing postscript:

P. S. Seeing you in the bank today, it came to me that there might be a possible chance of your helping me; it was like an inspiration from Above.

Literally, the statement of that postscript was true. The thing that moved this panic-stricken teller to such an utterly destructive course must have been some sudden, overpowering impulse. From no possible point of view could his judgment have consented to a course so plainly ruinous.

A careful examination of all the circumstances fails to reveal the slightest reason why Mr. O'Brien should respond to such an extraordinary request. What Mr. O'Brien did do is precisely what any reasonable person would have known when he wrote such a letter.

This "Inspiration from Above" proved for Samuel Flower to be an "Inspiration from Below!"

The story may be permitted to continue in the language of the court:

O'Brien did not advance the money as requested in the letter, but on the same day sent a memorandum to the cashier of the Hibernia National Bank, Mr. Palfrey. On the morning of the ninth of May, the witness, J. W. Castles, then president of the Hibernia National Bank, went to the bank at his usual time, about half past nine o'clock, and the cashier showed him the memorandum received from Mr. O'Brien. After reading it the president walked around to the paying teller, taking with him the receiving teller, Mr. Surgi, and told Mr. Flower to turn over his cash to Mr. Surgi and take a vacation. The president then went back to his desk. In a few minutes afterward Mr. Flower came back and the president said to him: "Sam, where are you going?"

Sam said: "I am not going anywhere." He took his hat and left, and walked out of the bank.

Before Mr. Flower had been directed to take his vacation and turn over his cash to Mr. Surgi, Mr. Folger had called on Mr. Flower for the eight certificates to be carried back to the Louisiana Bank, agreeable to the promise made on obtaining them the evening before, and, having received them, had taken them to the Louisiana National Bank to exchange for the package of bills upon which they had been advanced; and, having made the exchange, he returned with the package to the Hibernia National Bank and delivered it to Mr. Surgi, who was by that time acting as paying teller at the Hibernia Bank. Mr. Surgi, having no use for such a bundle in his paying teller's cage, took it back to the safe and committed it to the custody of the cashier, Mr. Palfrey.

The bank officials were amazed. They at once set about to discover whether or not it was true that Flower had embezzled, in fact, thirty-six thousand dollars, and, if so, how he had concealed it.

The bank examiner had been there on the eighth and had found all the funds in the bank intact. It was incredible! Nevertheless, it was true. The bank's funds actually had been embezzled to the extent of thirty-six thousand dollars, as Mr. Samuel Flower had said in his extraordinary letter to Mr. O'Brien. How this shortage had been concealed may be explained here in an extract from the testimony of J. W. Castles, president of the Hibernia National Bank. This witness deposed that on the ninth, after his turning the paying teller's cage over to Surgi as acting paying teller, time went along until about one o'clock.

When I started to the Boston Club for lunch I met Mr. Menge on Canal Street. He said: "Have you seen Sam?" I said: "Sam who?" He said: "Sam Flower." I said: "No; what does he want?" He said: "Don't you know he is short?" I said: "No; how much is he short?" He said: "He is short about thirty thousand dollars." Mr. Menge gave me Mr. Flower's address and I took the car and rode out to his house. I rang the bell and went in. Mr. Flower opened the door and showed me into his parlor or sitting-room. I said: "Sam, sit down and tell me the whole truth now." So he sat down. I didn't suggest to him that it would be better for him to make the statement. I made him no promise at this time of any kind. He said he was short thirty-six thousand dollars; that the way he had covered it up was that he had changed the label on a four-thousand-dollar Government package to a forty-thousand-dollar package by taking off that label and pasting on an old label of forty thousand dollars, which made the exact figure of thirty-six thousand dollars which he was short. I said: "Sam, is that all?" He said: "Yes, that is all." I said: "How much of this money have you got?" He said: "I haven't got any of it at all; it is all gone." He took out two dollars and said: "That is all I have got in the world." I said: "Have you got any of this money anywhere?" He said: "No." I said: "What did you do with it?" He answered: "I sent it to a man in New York by the name of J. Overton Payne to speculate for me." I said: "How did you send it?" He answered: "I sent it by mail." Then his mother and wife came in and said they wanted to know what I was going to do. I said I was going to do my duty—report it to the board.

Further on in his examination this witness testified:

Flower stated that he was sending the money to J. Overton Payne, a stockbroker in New York; that Payne had led him to believe he could make a large amount of money by so doing; that he had telegraphed Payne that day asking assistance, and that when he got the telegram he would send it to me. He said he got this money at various times and in different amounts, and that the last was five thousand dollars, about two or three weeks before the ninth of May. This money was the property of the Hibernia National Bank, and it was in the custody of Mr. Flower as paying teller of the bank.

"What Was it You Did Seven Years Ago?"

If one bears in mind what took place on the eighth day of May before the bank examiner arrived, as stated in the opinion of the court quoted, he will see how practical Flower's plan was for meeting the bank examiner with the proper amount of cash on hand.

He would manage to have in the bank, near the time when the bank examiner was expected, a sealed package of silver certificates to the amount of four thousand dollars in the original package as received from the United States Treasury. He would have, also, in his possession the label of a similar forty-thousand-dollar package, which he could always easily obtain. He had only, then, to remove the four-thousand-dollar label from the sealed Government package and paste on the forty-thousand-dollar label. He would then send out a bank messenger to some of the other banks to see if he could exchange bills of a large denomination for bills of a smaller denomination, offering this sealed forty-thousand-dollar package of silver certificates from the United States Treasury. Any associate bank in the city having smaller bills would readily make the exchange. The bank messenger would leave the original package and bring in exchange smaller bills amounting to forty thousand dollars. With this cash on hand a bank examiner would, of course, find everything all right. Then, when the bank examiner left, it was Flower's plan to return the cash to the bank with which the messenger had left the sealed package of silver certificates and obtain again that package intact.

The plan was remarkably simple and practical. No bank would question a sealed package of currency sent from the United States Treasury and delivered to it by a reputable bank. Not requiring bills of large denominations the package would be put into the safe for the time being, and the following day Flower would be able to recover it by returning to the bank the other money.

It was necessary for him to have on hand the actual amount which the books of the bank indicated, and by this plan he was able to obtain and temporarily place before the bank examiner the correct sum. The bank examiner would count the cash, find it all right, certify to the bank's condition and go away. Flower would then take funds of the bank and with them recover the package, which was labeled forty thousand dollars, but which, in fact, contained only four thousand dollars.

Such a plan might have been continued indefinitely. It showed the man who conceived it to be a shrewd, practical person. And it makes it more difficult to understand how such a person, apparently safe and possessed of a plan that would at any time enable him to meet the bank examiner and cover his defalcation, could have suddenly yielded to an impulse that was in every respect manifestly absurd—an impulse that meant swift, certain and immediate ruin!

Flower was indicted, convicted and sentenced to be imprisoned in the United States penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia. His case must always remain one of those striking examples of the overruling, ruinous impulses that sometimes seize upon and possess the mind of the criminal agent.

. . . . . .

This case has its counterpart in De Maupassant's repulsive story, La Petite Roque. Borrowing a figure from Zola, De Maupassant has taken a criminal conscience in this story and thrown it upon a dissecting-table.

Here Joseph Renardet, like Samuel Flower, when there was no suspicion attached to him, suddenly wrote a letter confessing a homicide which he had committed, addressed this letter to the examining magistrate and dropped it into the letter box. Then, when the postman came to take the letters from the box, on the instant as by some sorcery Renardet's state of mind entirely changed. He saw the folly that he had committed and endeavored to get the letter back. The postman explained that he could not deliver the letter to him, as it was addressed to another. He begged, threatened and endeavored to bribe the postman. Failing in this he went away and took his own life.

. . . . . .

It is a popular idea that these impulses moving criminals to some bizarre act are agencies in the service of a Providence determined on justice. One of the greatest authorities on medical jurisprudence in this country has said:

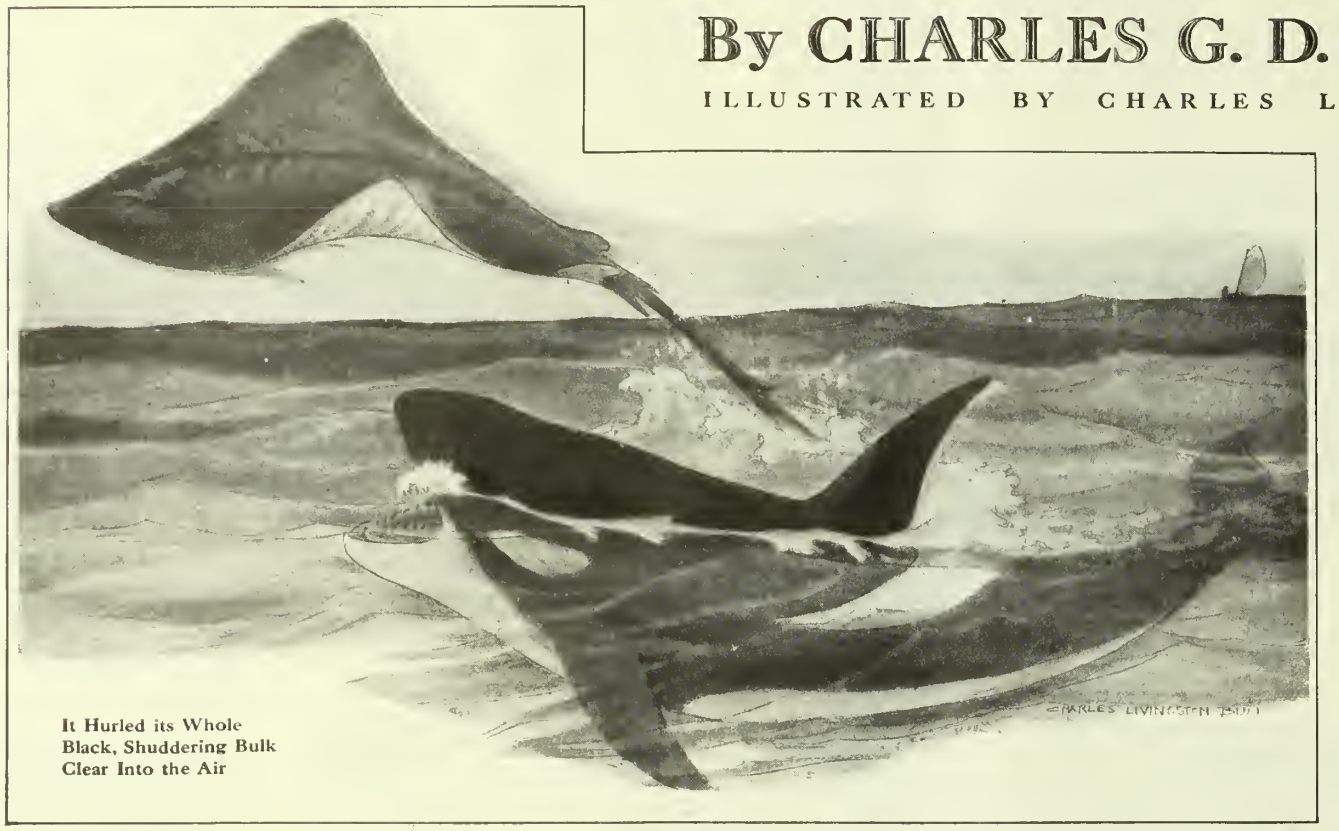
This conflict between the true and the false arises in all cases where guilt is attempted to be screened by human contrivance. The mind involuntarily becomes its own prosecutor. It drops at each point evidence to prove its guilt. Each statement that it makes, each subterfuge to which it resorts, each pretext it suggests is a witness that it prepares and qualifies for admission on trial. In this, and in universality of the psychological truth that guilt cannot keep its own counsel, we may find an attribute of divine justice by which crime is made involuntarily its own avenger. Man cannot conceal the topic of a great crime, either anticipated or committed. It sometimes leaps out of him convulsively in dreams; sometimes a false cunning

(Continued on Page 57)

THE TIGER OF THE SEA

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



It Hurled its Whole Black, Shuddering Bulk Clear Into the Air

THROUGH the broad, indolent, green-purple swells, ruffled and crisped along their tops by a mild breeze, the cow orca went wallowing contentedly, her calf swimming close at her side. From time to time it rubbed against her, as if apprehensive in face of the vast and perilous spaces of the ocean, seeking covert behind her short, powerful flipper. And from time to time, being one of the most devoted and assiduous of all the mothers of the wild, she would gather it caressingly to her side with that great flipper, or, whirling half around, touch it inquiringly with her enormous, rounded snout.

She was a good twenty feet in length, the great orca—or "killer whale," as she would have been dubbed by any sailor or fisherman who might have chanced to cast eyes upon her. She would have been recognized at once from all the other members of her whale-and-porpoise tribe by the immense dorsal fin, not far from five feet high, rising erect from the broad and massive black curve of her back; by the two conspicuous white streaks on her black flank; and by the sharply defined line of her cream-white belly as she rolled lazily on the slope of a swell. All these were danger signals, which the knowing would have taken care to heed.

Little cause for apprehension had the calf of the orca so long as it kept near its mother, for this most swift and savage of all the cetaceans feared nothing that swam except her giant cousin, the cachalot or sperm-whale. Though but twenty feet long she would attack and kill, through the sheer ferocity of her fury, the great whalebone or "right" whale, of fully four times her length and many times her bulk. Man she might have feared, had she ever learned his power; but being poor in blubber her tribe had never tempted man to so difficult and perilous a hunting. There were sharks, to be sure, that might equal or surpass her in size; but none even to approach her in savagery, speed or cunning.

It was in care-free content, therefore, that she lazed onward through the bland, untroubled sea, heedless alike of the surf on the yellow cliffs to her right and of the empty spaces of ocean to her left. Such attention as she could spare from the baby charms of her calf was given to searching the transparent deeps below her, where lurked the big squid and sluggish, bottom-feeding fish on which she habitually preyed.

Suddenly, with no sound but a great sucking gurgle as the waters closed above her, she dived. Far down in the obscurity she had caught sight of a pallid, sprawling form. It was an octopus, which had been so ill-advised as to leave its customary home among the rocks of the bottom and seek new feeding grounds. Before it had time even to attempt escape, the great jaws of the killer engulfed it. For one moment its eight long tentacles writhed desperately, clutching at its captor's lips. Then they vanished, sucked in and swallowed at a gulp. Thereupon, the orca sailed leisurely back to the sunlit surface, met on the way up by her anxious calf, which had not been quite quick enough to follow its mother's lightning descent. She had not been two minutes absent, and never for an instant out of sight. But the youngster's instinct warned it well that the mild blue element in which it dwelt was full of dangers.

The octopus, though a large one, had been but a mouthful for the great killer, a stimulus, merely, to her vast appetite. She journeyed now with a keener eye upon the depths. Presently the deep blue-green of the water began to change to a lighter, beryl hue, where a line of making reef came up to within some thirty feet of the surface and caught the sun. Here, basking, lay a broad, flat, batlike creature, with wing-fins a dozen feet across, and a long, whiplike tail. Its cold, moveless eyes, staring upward, caught sight of the killer's body slowly plowing the surface. With an almost imperceptible movement of the black wings it slid from the reef and plunged for refuge in the depths.

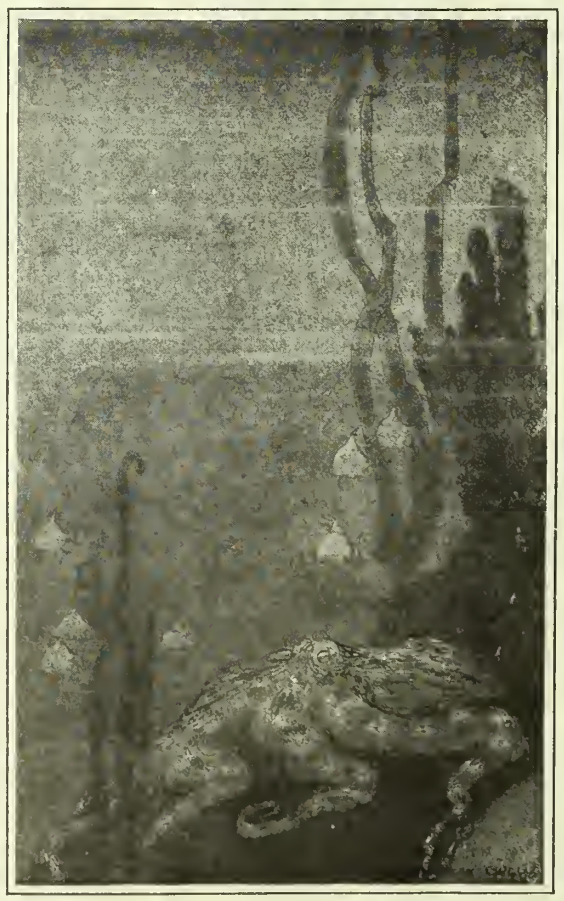
But the giant ray had not been quick or stealthy enough to evade its enemy's eye. Again the orca dived, this time without heed of silence; and so swiftly that her broad flukes, rising straight into the air, came down upon the water with a report that resounded all the way in to the shore. Her descent was straight as a plummet's. The ray, seeing it, was seized with panic. It darted to one side, and shot upward again at a terrific pace, on a magnificent sweeping curve. With the force of that uprush it hurled its whole black, shuddering bulk clear into the air, where it turned and for one instant hung, flapping darkly as if the very madness of its terror had driven it to the conquest of a new element.

To the nervous calf it was a prodigy of horror, blotting out the sun. But this violent excursion into the air was of only a second or two's duration, and futile as it was brief. As the flat, black wings came down again with an enormous splash, the pursuing orca arose almost beneath them, seized them and dragged them under. There was no fight, the ray being powerless against its mighty opponent—only a moment's blind, frantic struggle in the foaming swirls, and then a spreading stain of red on the green sea.

This, now, was a fully sufficing meal, even for such an appetite as the orca's; and many neglected fragments of it went spreading and sinking away to feed the innumerable scavenging crabs that lurked in the weeds and hollows of the sunken reef. The orca, for the next half hour or so, remained where she was, rolling contentedly in the bright water above the reef, nursing and caressing her calf, and digesting her meal. Then she slowly continued her journey, slanting in toward shore till she was not more than half a mile from the chain of precipitous islets and broken promontories that fringed this dangerous coast.

It was now full noon, and the unclouded sunlight, striking almost straight downward upon the surface of the sea, revealed the bottom at an amazing depth. Poised about halfway down the glimmering transparency, a large squid, or cuttlefish, was swimming at leisure. His narrow, tapering body was about six feet in length, and perhaps fifteen inches in diameter at the broadest part, which was the head. From this formless head, seeming to sprout from it as leaf-stalks from the head of a carrot, grew a bunch of tentacles, ten in number and of about the same length as the body. Body and tentacles alike were of a pallid, dirty yellow-gray, with brownish spots—a color that made its wearer almost invisible in that sun-penetrated sea. The progress of the squid was backward, and he achieved it not by moving his tentacles but by sucking a volume of water into a great muscular sac beneath the tentacles and forcibly expelling it. It looked as though he were breathing water and using it to blow himself along.

The orca was by no means hungry, so soon after the feast that she had made on the giant ray; but the succulent morsel of the squid was a temptation not to be resisted. Tipping smoothly, her huge but finely-modeled black-and-white form shot straight downward through the shimmering flood. But before she could reach him the squid looked up and saw her. On the instant his ten loose tentacles tightened to a rigid bundle which offered no obstruction to his progress; his pale sides contracted with a mighty convulsion, expelling a volume of water which shot him along with the speed of a torpedo from its tube; and at the same time, from a gland within the propulsion sac, he squirted forth a jet of inky fluid which spread at once into a great cloud of black, veiling his flight. Behind that concealment he changed his direction and fled downward toward a deep crevice in the rocky bottom, where he knew that the jaws of his enemy would not be able to reach him.



It Was an Octopus, Which Had Been So Ill-Advised as to Seek New Feeding Grounds

The orca, undeterred, plunged straight onward into the inky cloud. But once well within that gloom she lost all track of her intended prey. She even, for the moment, lost herself. This way and that she darted, snapping her vast jaws ravenously, but in vain. They closed on nothing but the empty and tainted water. At last, and quite unexpectedly, she emerged from the blackness into the transparent green, and glancing upward she saw a sight that caused

her to hurl herself madly to the surface with a titanic sweep of her great flukes. That furious stroke made the depths boil like the thrust of a liner's propellers.

The calf, having started to follow its mother into the depths, had been frightened by that inky cloud into which it had seen her vanish. Returning in a flurry to the surface, it was swimming around aimlessly and anxiously, when it caught the eye of a wandering shark.

The shark, knowing very well what it was, looked around for the mother. He had no desire to be uncivil to a mother orca. But there was no mother in sight. He did not understand it; but he was ragingly hungry, and such an opportunity was quite irresistible. He rose at the calf with a rush, and turned over on his side, exposing his livid-white belly, to seize the prize. The calf, appalled at the black, triangular, many-toothed cavern that gaped so suddenly before him, writhed away just in time, and began swimming in a big circle around the spot where its mother had dived.

Again the shark rushed, but he had to turn on his side to bring his curious underset jaws into play; and the calf of the orca had already the nimbleness of its tribe. Again the attack failed. Before he could repeat it, he caught sight of the mother shooting up from the green depths. Though he was some twenty-five feet in length—a good five feet longer than the orca—he turned and fled for his life.

One glance assured the mother that her little one was unhurt. Then she darted after the aggressor at a pace that made his flight quite futile. He had not gone fifty yards when she was upon him, open-jawed. Hurling himself convulsively aside he just succeeded in evading that first resistless charge. With the courage of desperation he twisted himself about, turned half over, glided beneath his adversary's belly, and caught at her with his triangular jaws. But she had already swerved aside, and he failed to get a fair hold. He did, indeed, rend out a mass of hide and blubber; but he reached no vital point and the raging "killer" hardly felt the wound. Whirling with a violence that sent the foam and spray spurting into the air, she caught the base of the shark's tail between her immense jaws.

So far as anything like a fight was concerned, this was the end of it. For several minutes the gigantic struggle went on, dashing the discolored water yards high; but it was all on one side, as the orca shook and crushed and tore the life out of her beaten opponent. At last she drew off, leaving a mangled mass to sink slowly into the depths. Then, having snuggled the excited calf under her fin, and given him to nurse, she swam slowly inland toward the deep channel that here ran between the islands and the shore, where she thought she might find some more of those succulent squids to compensate her for the one that had so inconsiderately evaded her approaches.

The breeze, which up to now had been little but a succession of catspaws, settled into a steady draft, though not strong enough to do more than darken the surface of the sea to a heavy purple. Running free before it, up along the coast—between the cliffs and the islands—came a small catboat, her one sail sparkling white in the clear sunshine.

The tiny craft contained two passengers—the man at the helm, smoking a big brier pipe, and a silky brown retriever, curled up at the foot of the mast. It was a stern coast and a dangerous water for such a cockleshell to traverse; but the man was a good amateur navigator of small craft, and he knew that, between the port that he had left, some fifteen miles back down the coast, and the harbor that he was making for, a dozen miles to the north, there were plenty of refuges wherein he could take shelter in case a sudden storm should blow up out of the east. These waters were unfamiliar to him, but he had a good chart; and this was his special delight—the coasting of unknown shores, with no companionship but that of his faithful and accommodating dog, who always agreed with him as to the most interesting places to visit.

Yet though Gardner was an expert yachtsman, with an eye wise to all signs of the weather and an instinct that could feel the pulse of the wind through tiller or taut sheet, he knew something less of natural history than was desirable for one who made his playground on the peopled seas. His notions of all the whale tribe and their varying characters were based on what he had read of the great, timorous whalebone whale and what he had seen of the playful and harmless porpoise. When, therefore, he caught sight of the arched black back and formidable head of the orca, lazily plowing the swells, it never occurred to him that now was the time for discretion. Had he been a habitué of these waters he would have turned his prow promptly in another direction, lest the orca should think he wanted to intrude upon her privacy. As it was, however, he sailed nearer, to see what manner of fish or beast it might be, this black-and-white creature that treated his approach with such indifference.

Passing at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards, Gardner was seized with a fool idea. This was a good chance for a shot. The unknown beast would form an interesting trophy. He did not stop to consider what he should do with it if he bagged it. He did not stop to consider that with his light rifle he could not hope to do more than inflict a painful wound through the layers of blubber that would protect the vitals of this sea-monster. He did not know, either, that a dead whale sinks to the bottom, and that therefore the most successful of shots could bring him no reward. It was enough that the instinct to kill something was upon him. He flung a knee over the tiller to keep his course steady, snatched up the rifle, and fired at a spot just behind the orca's big flipper—about where he judged the heart would lie. As he did so, the dog, realizing that there was some excitement afoot, sprang up, put his forepaws on the gunwale and barked furiously at the strange black shape rolling in the swell.

To Gardner's astonishment, the monster itself made no immediate response to the shot; but instantly, just under its flank, there began a wild commotion. Something there fell to threshing the water frantically; and the monster, swinging about, gazed at that something with great and anxious concern. She stroked it with her flipper as if trying to calm it; and then Gardner saw that it was the young of the monster that he had struck. At this he felt full of remorse. Had he seen the calf he would not have fired at either parent or little one. He was not wantonly cruel, but only thoughtless. For a few seconds he stared irresolutely. Then, judging from its actions that the calf had received a mortal wound, he decided that he ought to put it out of its misery. Taking very careful aim, he fired again. The report echoed sharply from the cliff face of an island not a hundred feet away.

Gardner had made a good shot this time. Before the echoes of the report had died out, the calf lay still, and then very slowly began to sink. There was stillness for a few seconds, broken only by the excited barking of the brown retriever. The orca swam slowly half around the body of her young, and apparently assured herself that it was dead. Then she turned her small eyes upon the boat. In that instant Gardner realized that he had made a mistake. Instinctively he headed for the rocky islet.

With a Dull Crash the Body of His Pursuer Struck the Rock

As he jammed the tiller over, at the same time hurriedly freeing his sheet, he saw the water boil about the orca's black form. She was a good hundred feet away, but so appalling was her rush that she seemed to be upon him in the same instant. With a yelp the dog sprang far up into the bow. As the boat was at that moment broadside on to the terrific attack, Gardner kept his seat and fired another desperate shot full in the face of the oncoming doom. He might as well have fired a pea-shooter.

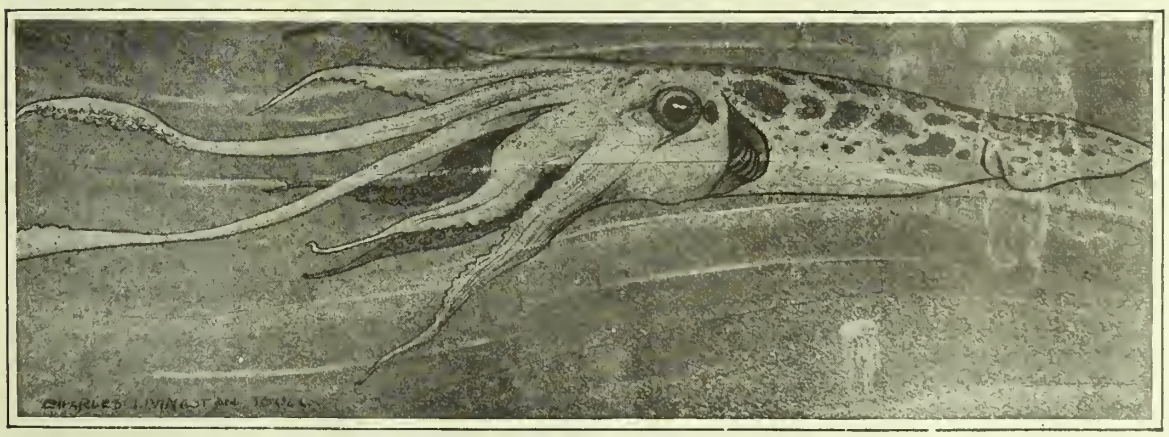
The gun dropped to his feet. In the same moment it was as if an express-train had struck the boat. She was lifted bodily from the water and all one side crushed in, while Gardner felt himself hurled clean over the boom. As he came down he heard a yelp from the brown retriever.

In order to escape entanglement in the sail, which slapped sousing over on top of him, Gardner dived, and came up some fifteen feet beyond. To this dive, and to the momentary concealment afforded by the sail, he doubtless owed his life. He was a crack swimmer, and instantly started for the island at sprinting speed, using the "crawl" stroke, with head most of the time under water. The orca, at first, did not observe his escape. The unhappy dog, by his barking, had caught her eye; and him she had seized and crushed the instant he was thrown into the water. Then, turning her fury upon the wreck of the boat, she had torn it and smashed it to kindling wood, seizing it in her huge jaws and shaking it as a terrier shakes a rat. This done, she had turned toward the island—and her deadly eyes had fallen upon the form of the swimming man as he cleft his way shoreward.

Her rush was like the rush of a torpedo, but Gardner was already laying his frantic hands upon the ledge. The ledge—a shelf not a dozen inches in width—was just awash. He felt that it was no refuge. But at about his own height above him was a niche in the rock, whimsically gouged out as if to hold a statue. With desperate agility he drew himself up into the tiny retreat, whipping up his legs behind him and shrinking as flat as possible into the niche. At the same moment he was deluged with foam and spray, as with a dull crash the body of his pursuer struck the rock just below his feet.

Gardner shuddered, and struggled gaspingly to catch back his breath into his laboring lungs. He had swum

(Concluded on Page 60)



The Progress of the Squid Was Backward

THE LONDON SEASON

By ROBERT BARR

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

The Married Woman Rules in Great Britain

IF IT were the custom of any nation to sentence its criminals to banishment, and then, on the return of the convicts, to condemn them to three months on the treadmill for the crime already expiated by penal servitude, all civilized people would protest against an action so unjust and so inhuman. This, however, is exactly what England does, so far as her nobility and gentry are concerned.

Dame Fashion, sitting as a magistrate, sternly says to all such:

"You are sentenced to three months' hard labor, and from this fate there is no escape except that recognized in all prisons—namely, a breakdown in health, certified by a physician of good standing."

Thousands of titled Englishmen and their wives annually make for home the last of April, prepared to serve out their "three months hard," beginning the first of May and ending the last of July.

The term of this sentence is known as "The London Season," and its distinguishing feature bears another resemblance to penal servitude in an unrelieved monotony caused by the same thing being done year after year with very little variation.

The Vanishing Love for a Lord

IT IS almost incredible, but nevertheless true, that wealthy people who might enjoy liberty and a good time anywhere expend vast sums of money every year for the purpose of buying permission to join the lockstep of the London season. Money talks here as elsewhere in the world.

One of the leading periodicals said the other day, in an article on London society: "It does not matter whether your ancestors came over with the Conqueror, or whether your name be written in Domesday Book; if you cannot provide your guests with peaches out of season at twenty-four shillings a dozen, and ortolans at six shillings apiece, nor invite them to hear Tetrazzini sing for their exclusive benefit, it is useless to attempt an impression on London society."

It would seem from this that the Englishman's proverbial love for a lord is vanishing—a theory strengthened by the fact that, up to the moment of King Edward's sudden and lamentable death, the House of Commons was busy attempting to demolish the House of Lords. Yet I doubt if any extensive change of public opinion has taken place, as the Liberal-Irish-Socialistic party is likely to find out to its cost when the next election takes place in the United Kingdom.

According to Punch, which is itself an excellent guide to the London season, it is the flippant American girl who shows scant respect for old nobility, in spite of the fact that she occasionally marries within that exclusive circle. One picture shows a languid young nobleman talking to a pretty American who has just arrived in London from Paris. The gilded youth says languidly:

"We came over with the Conqueror, you know." To which the girl replies:

"Ah, that must have been very trying. We came over with the Calais-Douvres."

Persons who think Punch never publishes anything funny should read the following.

The pictured scene is a fancy ball, and a lovely American girl is beautifully attired *à la Pompadour*. Facing her is Lord Fitznoodle, encased in a suit of real armor, typifying the Black Prince. Now, armor as a costume is both heavy and hot, and Fitznoodle's face is very red. Fitznoodle says:

"By Jove, Miss Rensselaer, how awfully charming you look tonight!"

"My!" replies Miss Rensselaer. "What are you? Canned lobster?"

It might be supposed that the dictum of royalty sets the pace for the London season, as is the case in all other monarchical countries, but such is not the fact in England. The meeting of Parliament has more to do with the London season than have the movements of the court, and yet the inauguration of the London season was originally due to royalty, something like a century and a quarter ago. The founder of the London season was the confounder of England's amicable relations with America—in other words, our old friend, King George III, whose birthday, June 4, is celebrated each year at Eton with great ceremony, and forms one of the chief social events of the season, although Eton is more than twenty miles west of the metropolis.

George was a much greater favorite with the Eton boys than he was with the English in America. If what Wellington said was true, that the battle of Waterloo had been won on the playing fields of Eton, it may also have been true that America was lost on the same bit of real estate; for George III paid more attention to his neighbors, the Eton boys, than he did to trans-Atlantic politics.

Fanny Burney, lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, records in her diary of January 16, 1787:

"This day the Court removed to London."

So it would seem that George, always a blunderer, started the London season in the worst weather in the year; but society ultimately changed all that and selected the three most charming months for its round of pleasure and hard work.

At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign the London season opened in February with the assembling of Parliament. After her marriage the young Queen added many stately ceremonies to the London season; indeed, she went the social pace at a rate that had never been attempted before and has never been excelled since. It is difficult to imagine Queen Victoria as a giddy, pleasure-loving young person, but in May, 1851, there took place by her command a Drawing Room, followed by a state ball next day, then a state concert, a second Drawing Room and a second state concert, all within eight days.

After the death of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria went practically into retirement, and this for a time deadened the London season, causing great dissatisfaction among the shopkeepers of Regent Street, Piccadilly and Bond Street. Society, however, speedily readjusted itself to this rather depressing state of things and became, as one might say, independent of the court, which condition of affairs lasted until Edward VII was crowned.

The London season indicates its independence of both court and politics by "kicking off," to use a football term, on a ground connected with neither. If there is any department of human activity of which English society knows little and cares less it is the art world, yet the Royal Academy Private View opens the London season. It is a private view of my own that the English are not really so stupid in art matters as they are supposed to be. I was rather astonished the other day, in reading a book that gives a list of all the great paintings the world has produced and their present situations, to learn that the manor-houses, castles and private palaces of England hold art treasures running into millions upon millions of money, both in fame and number far exceeding the possessions of any other country in the world. These English collections are generally unknown to the public; but now and then, when some old family in financial difficulties sends its picture gallery to the auction-rooms of London, we get a glimpse into the unknown and are amazed at the cash total in which the sale results. The rich Englishman of former days, either through blundering luck or through a knowledge of painting equal to his judgment of wine, certainly did well for his descendants in so far as both his gallery and his cellar were concerned.

The Royal Academy Dinner

THE Royal Academy Private View takes place on the Saturday previous to the first Monday in May, so the London season begins either in the last week in April or the first week in May. This year the thirtieth of April was the date.

Even comparatively humble people may assist at the opening of the London season. If a man is connected with a well-known journal belonging either to America or England he receives a large oblong card entitling him to admission to the Royal Academy on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. All Wednesday and the forenoon of Thursday the great picture gallery of new paintings is open to press men alone, which gives them a day and a half to estimate the English art of the year. The afternoon of Thursday is reserved for the visit of royalty and preparations for the banquet to be held next night, and the Royal Academy dinner is, taking it all in all, probably the most notable meal of the year in London. The president of the Royal Academy is host, and every guest is more or less illustrious in the world of politics, literature and art. Royalty is always present, and so are the Prime Minister and some of the chief members of the Government. Formerly the speeches made after dinner often contained important pronouncements that were made much of in next morning's papers, but now oratory has been abandoned.

Gladstone Took His Wife by the Arm and Edged for the Exit

The banquet, however, distinguished as its partakers undoubtedly are, does not open the London season, probably because no ladies are present. It is next day that the Goddess of Fashion shoves back the great doors of society and shouts "Play ball!"

Never was a ceremonial more incongruously named

than the Private View. It is not private and there isn't any view, so far as pictures are concerned. On the previous days the noble rooms opening one out of another seem practically empty, and a dense silence prevails. Greetings between the newspaper men are few and carried on in whispers. Each of those present is confronted with serious work, and he edges along the colored walls, notebook in one hand and pencil in the other, with a catalogue tucked under his arm, writing down the points for his article in Monday's paper.

The man privileged to enter Burlington House on a press day enjoys the real Private View of that year's pictures. He crosses the broad courtyard of Burlington House quite unimpeded by any vehicle, climbs the broad, deserted stairs, where the dignified attendant in uniform clips the right-hand corner from his card of admission, and hands him a large-leaved copy of the catalogue, for which he does not pay—and after that he owns the building.

Vastly different is the sight on Saturday. The courtyard is packed with buzzing automobiles, splendid carriages, and so on down the list of equipages until we reach the humble hansom cab. The police in attendance are busy speeding the parting motor to make room for the next. Wide as the stairs are, the dense procession must mount slowly. At the top there is no more clipping of tickets, for the cards are taken up and flung into a waste-basket. The rooms are packed like gigantic sardine-boxes, and a roar resembling that of Babel echoes down from the roof, for every one is laughing and talking, and the silent, unnoticed pictures enjoy a private view of the world's celebrities.

The distance between Heaven and hell for a painter is about ten feet, and in the Royal Academy the popular idea concerning the position of these two regions is reversed. On each wall pictures are hung in three rows, the lower tier being called "the line," on which all meritorious pictures, according to the verdict of the hanging judges, are placed, whilst those on the topmost row are said to be "skied." To be down below is Heaven; to be skied is hades.

Now here comes in the beneficent law of compensation. On the one day in the year when conceited artists who are hung on the line would like visitors to see their work that work is completely obliterated, while the man in the sky receives whatever notice is given, and this on the day when the great of earth are present in a bunch. The crush is so great that unless you are jammed up against the rail which, almost waist-high, runs along each wall you cannot get even a glimpse of the pictures on the line; and when you are up against the iron rail you are then too close to the picture immediately in front to see it as it should be seen. But from any part of the rooms, by glancing just below the cornice, you enjoy as good a view as can be got of the skied pictures.

The only person I ever saw attempting an examination of the paintings on a Private View day was the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, at that time Premier of Great Britain. My first impression was disappointment that the great politician was so insignificant in size; but when that massive head turned and one caught a glimpse of the statesman's rugged face, with those piercing eagle eyes, there was no further thought of diminutive stature. As those near him saw that the old man was determined to study the pictures, they made way for him as much as was possible in such a packed throng—a throng continually augmenting, fed by the never-ceasing procession up the stairs.

Mrs. Gladstone clung to him, her face seamed with anxiety; always careful of her distinguished husband's health, she feared the result of the inevitable "Academy headache." She was as anxious as a hen on the margin of a pond, watching the disobedient duckling she has hatched.

Artemus Ward delivered his first English lecture in the Egyptian Hall, situated diagonally across Piccadilly from Burlington House. Artemus began his discourse by saying:

"When the Egyptians built this hall they evidently knew nothing of ventilation."

A similar statement might be made about Burlington House, hence the Royal Academy headache. Mrs. Gladstone was endeavoring in vain to lure her husband out of the crush. The Premier was determined to look at the pictures and refused to go. At this crisis the lady cast an appealing look over her shoulder to a giant who was following them as if in attendance on royalty—yet he was one who held the second highest political position in Great Britain, the chief member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet after the Premier himself.

The Right Honorable Sir William Vernon Harcourt held several claims to distinction. He had achieved literary fame as "Historicus" of the London Times; he had proved himself an adept politician, and many, both in Liberal and Tory ranks, estimated him a statesman. He claimed descent from the Plantagenets, and although this assumption was made great fun of by the Conservative press it was generally admitted to be true; yet he was a docile follower and henchman of a commoner, and when that commoner gave a command the aristocratic Sir William all his life hastened to obey. Sir William Harcourt was built on the architectural lines of President William Taft, and he could have taken Mr. William Gladstone under his arm and walked out with him through that crowd in spite of all the Premier might do to prevent it. Great is the name of William, which early in history attached itself to "Conqueror"!

At Mrs. Gladstone's silent behest W. V. H. now approached his chief and, bending down, whispered something to him about the suffocating hotness of the room. I have always regretted that I did not set down in a notebook Mr. Gladstone's exact words, but even if I had done so I could not have reproduced the tone in which they were spoken, or the penetrating glance by which they were accompanied. They were something to this effect:

"If I do not leave at the request of my wife it is not likely I am going to be dragged out by you."

The tone was a tone of contempt and the glance was a glance of scorn. The Premier made no attempt to conceal his resentment at the interference, neither did he modify his voice as Sir William had done. The latter laughed good-naturedly and the former turned once more to the pictures.

Harcourt showed no pique at the discourteous phrase, but presented a jovial, Taftlike front to all onlookers; nevertheless, he was a much greater diplomatist than his chief, and the quiet way in which he turned the position because of his knowledge of temperament in two distinguished men might have proved a valuable object-lesson to the Premier. He still followed at the heels of the old man, but his gaze was on the people and not at the pictures. Suddenly he said:

"Ah, here's Joe!"

Now Joe, in England, means one person, just as in America, I suppose, it means Mr. Speaker Cannon. Mr. Gladstone gave no sign that he had heard, but continued scrutinizing modern art. Up the center of the room, progressing slowly, with mincing steps on account of the tardy human current, came a man whom even the most ignorant of us instantly recognized. Gladstone was dressed almost slovenly—his clothes did not seem to fit; but the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain was as neat as a tailor's model, an orchid attached to the lapel of his coat and a monocle over his right eye. His clear-cut face was almost boyishly youthful, and when he spoke his voice was as mild as that of a schoolgirl. He was twenty-seven years younger than Gladstone, and nine years younger than Harcourt; yet in debate he could make either of them squirm.

Gladstone never looked in Joe's direction, but took his wife by the arm and edged for the exit, the crowd, as much as was possible, making way for the venerable pair. Chamberlain and Harcourt smiled at one another and, when they came together, shook hands cordially.

I expect some day to see a biographer who knew both Gladstone and Chamberlain intimately point out to the world the strange similarity in temperament between the man from Birmingham and the man from Hawarden. In spite of his arrogance Gladstone became Premier; because of his intolerance Chamberlain never reached that high station. It was Gladstone's contempt for the opinions of his colleagues that caused the disastrous Home Rule split in the Liberal party. It was an almost identical spirit in Mr. Chamberlain that made that split permanent. The two men differed in this: Chamberlain knows his diplomatic defect; Gladstone never suspected his. It always seemed to Mr. Gladstone as outrageous a thing for any colleague to question his pronouncements as it would have been for the Archbishop of Canterbury to disobey the Bible. Mr. Chamberlain was so well aware of his own outspoken severity of judgment that, some years ago, when an effort was about to be made by his devoted followers to promote him to the leadership of the Unionist party, and thus ultimately to the Premiership, he himself suppressed the movement by showing his friends that his own impatient temperament would stand in the way of the party's success.

A stranger at the Private View must be struck by the fact that all the people present seem to know one another. He would himself have little difficulty in picking out a goodly assortment of notables, and in this, curiously enough, a man is assisted more by caricatures than by the most lifelike photographs. A good caricaturist seizes and exaggerates the salient points of a celebrity's face, so that you at once recognize that man when for the first time you see him. Nevertheless, it would be a great convenience

(Concluded on Page 29)

The Rooms are Packed Like Gigantic Sardine-Boxes

The Line of Least Resistance

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

VII

BUT a week before the desert had been seared and bare, brown and dull gray. Now green life crept up from the roots of the gray grama. The first July rains were over and all the clean-washed world lay glistening in the sun, fresh and sweet and pure. Blue-black, wave-edged, clear against the fathomless turquoise sky, far, radiant ranges rimmed out the *mesas* east and west; the nearer ranges, saw-toothed and broken, gleamed white from bare wet rocks, sparkled where quartz and crystal and mica shone. From the terraced ridge where they rode Don pointed out to Lena Mallory a dim silhouette far to the southwest, on the remotest verge of the broad expanse—a faint, low outline, the mountain that marks the meeting corners of four states.

The mystery and charm of tremendous distances thralled her, the splendor of nearer lights. Everywhere they glittered and sparkled, these warm reflected lights, spangles on the desert's new robe of delicate gray-green; white light thrown back in varying tints from cliffs of limestone, lava, granite, basalt, syenite, porphyry, obsidian; from red sand-hills, from leprous bare blotches on the wide plains, from weather-beaten yellowish benches, from pebbles of ruddy-glinting burnished agate on the low slopes, from the white town itself, from the near new quarry, from "gyp" cuts, chalk-white and glaring, where the railroad plunged recklessly from level to lower level, from gleaming tins of abandoned construction camps, from glittering steel of rails, from white, wind-swept roads. Scattered along the central valley of the Jornada, a flashing quicksilver chain of new-born shallow lakes lay along the shining flats of *sacaton*, lake after dazzling lake, till the broad valley bent behind low, lonely hills and was lost beyond their purple cones and pyramids.

But were these lights all indeed of land or sea? If, as is said upon authority, a jest's prosperity lies in the listening ear, it is like that some or much of this bewildering beauty lay in the beholder's eyes. The air was heavy with fragrance of flower and shrub and trampled herb. Lena Mallory flung her arm wide in joyous exaltation; her eye kindled with delight. In such hour and place and mood was reared the stone where "lies buried the soul of the licentiate Lucius." The line gives an added charm to the green, pleasant Spanish hill; ages ago, the brain that shaped it, the hand that graved it, are alike crumbled to dust. Old pagan earth-lover, how are your deeds and daring and hopes, your loves and hates and wars and works and sins, lost now in the trackless dark! Yet this one idle fancy outlives them and thee and the forgotten king who was then great—lives and will live while warm flesh glows with the pride of life, while water flows to the sea, and grass grows green to the rain, and young blood thrills to its mate.

The ride had been long; they were on the homeward way, following the long mesquit-grass benches below Fra Christobál. Don had beguiled the hour with tales of Apache warriors: Vittorio, Juh and Naná. Then, to her questioning, he had explained at some length the theory and practice of "working" cattle on the free range. Under theory his discourse treated of the drive, the round-up, the night-guard, the wranglers, "floating," "moonshining" and range-riding. He purposely omitted mention of life "on the trail." For a herd was just before them; Lena was to have a notable chance to observe that phase at first hand. Under practice he made clear the cause and effect of mavericking, "sleepering," "changelings" and yet subtler assimilative methods in vogue—called of the wise by the prudent, non-committal term, conveyance—quoting, as summary of the ethics involved, that excellent and pithy apothegm of the short-grass countries: "Never steal cattle; but if you must—then keep what you steal!"

Kennedy Had the Girl in the Saddle Before Him, Shielded by His Body

"But it's a great business, all the same. Railroads and fortunes are built on the difference between steer and steak. Let's turn down this tip. I saw a passing herd from up in the foothills. I'll show you a glimpse of the old cattle-trail days before the railroads, when steers went to market afoot."

The old Santa Fe trail, here paralleling the railway, lay below them, skirting the base of the bench. The herd was strung out and scattered, barely grazing toward Dundee; the sleepy herders lounged sidewise in their saddles. "They go as slowly as they can, just so they reach a watering place," said Don. "Tomorrow night they'll stay at McRae and next day they'll cross the river."

"And they stand watch every night?"

"Guard. Yes—every night. They ride around 'em and sing to 'em. That's where Hiram learned those thirteen thousand little jingles he sings, and why he has one pat for every occasion. Now, if you imagine the herds all big, and all steers, and twenty—thirty—rip-roaring, white-eyed, long-legged, unlicked cowboys, instead of Paw and the boys, brother George and Mandy's man and Uncle Bill, like this family outfit, you'll imagine what the trail was like."

In front of the cattle, just below the watchers, crept two covered wagons driven by sunbonneted women. Water-barrels were ironed to the sides of one, and a chuckbox showed behind; chicken-coops were slung on the other.

This latter fact was amusing to Lena. "Look at that, will you? That's where they got the name of prairie schooners, is it?" was her comment. "Those chicken-coops, like boats hanging from a ship's davits."

"Speaking of affidavits," said Don gravely, "they let those chickens out when they camp, and whenever the horses are harnessed the chickens come in on a keen jump, flop over on their backs and stick their feet up so the kids can put 'em in the coops. Yes, they do! They're used to it. That's Mandy driving the chicken-wagon."

A girl rode a diminutive pony beside the wagons; from under the white sides children's faces peered curiously at the new land. Behind fed a bunch of saddle-horses attended by a shock-headed, whistling boy; a bunch of silky white Angoras browsed through the bushes in charge of a vigilant collie. A similar outfit, several miles ahead, was dropping down the valley to Dundee Lake. Seeing this, Lena looked behind.

"Why! There's another herd following this one!"

The leaders were just coming in sight to northward, creeping over One Tree Hill.

"Yes, they'll be thick now for a while. You see they couldn't cross the Jornada and the White Sands Desert, beyond the San Andrés, till the rains filled the water-holes," Don explained. "Now there'll be a regular string of 'em, one after another. Texas got too crowded for 'em a while back, so they drifted up the Pecos and followed the branches west till they struck the desert. That stopped 'em. Too much trouble to cross with the herds. But more of 'em kept coming till they piled up three deep all the way from the Pecos to White Mountain. That's what brought on the Lincoln County War. They didn't observe what they were doing. They don't now. Overstocked and eaten out, and didn't know how to get away. Now they've found out how to do it and they're all drifting across to eat out the Gila. When they clean that up they'll have another war and go back to the Pecos."

"Why don't some of them settle here?" said Lena. They had started on; the horses were picking their way down the steep sides of the bench.

"They're not the settling kind. They just stop a while for grass. For another thing, the Rio Grande is already overstocked with cattle and Mexicans. And they don't like Mexicans."

"I don't mean the Rio Grande Valley, I mean the Jornada. And I think you're prejudiced against the Mexicans yourself."

"Me?" Don tapped his breast with an astonished forefinger. "Me? Me prejudiced? Why, I lived for two years right by a place where there was close to a hundred of 'em, and wished there were more of 'em every day. That was at the John Cross headquarters—just below the Palomas graveyard."

"Don—Mr. Kennedy!"

"Don."

"I should think you'd be ashamed!"

"I don't see why I think it's a nice name. I used to have a dog named Don. Huh, Donnie! Huh, Don! Come, doggie! Good doggie!"

"I do not mean ashamed of your name!" The girl left a withering pause between each word. "I mean ashamed of your cynical speech."

For better evasion of this, the cynic spaced his words in the same deliberate, exasperating fashion.

"Lena—Miss Mallory—the Tejanos can't keep their stuff on the Jornada. The lakes dry up."

"They can dig wells."

"Not on horseback! Running water is what they are looking for. Running down hill, you understand. What they really would like to find is running water, and a little house already built, corrals and garden and henhouse and a little orchard and a woodpile. Then, while they were asleep, the cattle might grow and the water flow. Dig wells, did you say? They cannot dig; to dig they are ashamed."

"You seem to be in the objective mood as a regular thing. With all your wing shots at flying follies, it surprises me that you do not sometimes have a crack at the South," said the girl with dainty malice. "You rather slight that quarter, it strikes me. First the Easterner

doesn't suit you, then the native bears your scorns, and now you flaunt the man from the Lone Star State."

"I knew a man once—knew him very well—who got himself gloriously licked for making just such another statement as that. He had been off holidaying. When he got back he found a Texas friend at the ranch. 'Well,' says the Texas man, ''d you see any dances when you was romancin' around?' And the other says before he thought just how it'd sound: 'Oh, yes. I went to three—an American dance, a Mexican dance and a Texas dance!' So the Texan licked him."

"But you must admit that you're hard to please," insisted the girl. "If these Texans go on to Arizona they certainly won't crowd you—I believe that is the phrase you cowmen use when any one settles within a day's ride of you? So you ought to be glad. You're going to stay here, are you not?"

"I told you I knew that man well. I am that man," said Don. "When a man is easily displeased with others it is a sure sign that he is not pleased with himself. Let's gallop on ahead before we cross over. They've got the cattle strung out nicely now and going just so. If we go too close to the leaders it's liable to turn 'em."

But when they were past the cattle and turned down on the new road beside the railroad track, the girl repeated her unanswered question. They were wise ancients who made gifts of goods to the sea in the hour of prosperity, that they might so placate the envious gods.

"I suppose you expect to stay here? Hiram tells me your well will make a fine ranch."

Kennedy reined up his horse and pointed eagerly. "Look there, Miss Mallory! Do you see that sugar-loaf peak in the San Andrés—in the Moongate? No, not that one. Here, let me sight you. Ride up a step or two—a little farther—there! Now look straight beyond this telegraph pole and over the top of that big soapweed. Do you see it? All covered with cedar—cone-shaped—sticking up right in the middle of Moongate Pass?"

"I see it, yes," said the girl. "Why?"

"That was there when I first came here!"

By these time-horrored elusive tactics Dundee still seeks to change the venue for avoidance of inopportune questioning. But if it is not already clear that this young woman was possessed of a—of an intelligence inquiring, alert, persevering, direct of purpose, not to be swerved aside or parried by quibble, wile, equivocation, question-begging or any such paltry device, it is now expressly stated.

Logic-choppers are masculine; the feminine mind is concerned not with how it proceeds, but solely with where it triumphantly arrives. She turned to him; their eyes met in an electric shock; their words clashed like swords.

"You're going away."

"Yes."

"When?"

"Now."

"Why?"

There was no answer; his face was turned away. "Why?" she challenged.

"Why?" he repeated bitterly. For a moment she shrank before the leaping light of his eyes. In such flaming moment the lightning cleaves the midnight, leaving a blacker dark. He set himself with a visible effort. His hand tightened on the bridle, the swift pulses of his throat beat evenly again; his eyes were old and sad and stern, fixed on the long horizon. His face was set to a high look of renunciation, resolute with a measureless pride such as no taker of cities ever wore. "Because I am not fit to ride by your side. Because the curse of Reuben is upon me: unstable as water. Because I am unworthy of friendship or trust." After the first moment of weakness his voice was controlled, steady, dull and low.

She put out her startled hand to touch his, but he drew it away. In the same steady, lifeless voice he answered the unspoken question. "Yes—there is blood upon it. If that were all! That was in fair fight. I scarcely regret that; my shame is not for that. It is for the years of evil living, for all my wild and undisciplined youth, for all my reckless, wasted manhood, for all my wrecked and wasted life. It is but a pitiful weakness that I am now here."

Her face was pale, her forehead knitted in its old trick of concentrated intent to an odd, wistful frown; her voice trembled a little with its compassion and with its sorrow.

"You are young. Life is before you. If the past is so ill—it can be retrieved."

His lips twisted to a mirthless smile. "So the poets say. If living were like scribbling, now! If we could go over our lives, revise to a happier turn, erase the hateful error, change and shape and interline, prune out the blunders, cross out the shabby phrase, the futile line, supply the wiser word, the nobler thought, copy the clean, amended record in a fair round hand! Not so! Crude and tawdry, blotted and stained and soiled, the shameful record stands!"

"Is it so blotted then—so stained?"

"Blotted with tears—foul with sin."

"Then—write again! Overwrite it—make it a palimpsest! Make the new line brave and strong and high! Let who will trace out the fading, feebler text beneath and wonder, with each dim-deciphered phrase, each weak, ignoble word, to see how greatly a brave man learns from past mistakes!"

Her pale face was defiant, confident, exalted; in every word rang courage and pride and unfaltering faith. "Perhaps," he said, and under his breath—"It is like you!" He hardly dared look at her; all the tingling blood leaped and surged and thrilled at the call. "Perhaps. But for today——" The word drooped to a long silence. "If I have paused one hair's breadth this side of utter dishonor, my best-wisher could say no more than that." A thought came to him of Hiram, his friend, of clean and wholesome youth.

"Today—to stay here longer would be to cross that hair-breadth. . . . Oh, it was madness, madness! I should have gone before."

"You should have gone before!" She said it simply and bravely and unashamed.

They said no more then. White Dundee lay before them, desolate and lone, under a brazen sky. Oh, poor licentiate Lucius, how shallow was thy trust!

The horses walked with drooping heads—slowly, slowly—shuffling up little dust clouds about their feet. The town was very near.

"So this is—goodby?"

"It is best."

"It means, God be with you!" said the girl. "Then—goodby!"

"Goodby!" he said hoarsely, and again "Goodby," they whispered at her door. And so he left her with no other parting word, though he had that to say for which the angel Israfil had stilled the chorded lute-strings of his heart to listen reverently.

He rode slowly away, with no backward look, dwindled to a black speck against the sun, faded at last in a red, blinding glare.

That night she sat alone in her darkening room and crooned old twilight songs, with fitful accompaniment of slow minor chords, weird and faint and low—old songs of lovers dead or to die. Alan Percy she sang, and Kirkconnell.

O, ken ye nae my heart was sair
As I laid the mold on his yellow hair——

The chord changed; her rich voice rose on a fuller note:

Here the dream is ended; here, the road to Day.
Kiss me for my kindness and let me go my way!

The mandolin sobbed on alone. Then:

O, Brignal banks are fresh and fair
And Greta woods are green,
And I'd rather rove with Edmund there——

The chords crashed to bitter silence; in the dusk her arms fell forward on the table and her proud head crumpled over and hid in the bent arms.

. . . . . .

Louie Kaylor, the big blond sheriff, rode in after sundown and made diligent, quiet inquiry of a select few as to the whereabouts of Don Kennedy. No one knew. Wherefore, about nine of the clock, he went to Kim Ki's store to make direct demand of Hiram Yoast, sedulously avoided up to this time, but watched by Kaylor's new deputy, a tall stranger lately named Smith.

Hiram was seated upon the counter entertaining the crowd and apparently in high feather. The sheriff waited politely until Hiram finished that chapter of his memoirs with which he was engrossed. Then he said:

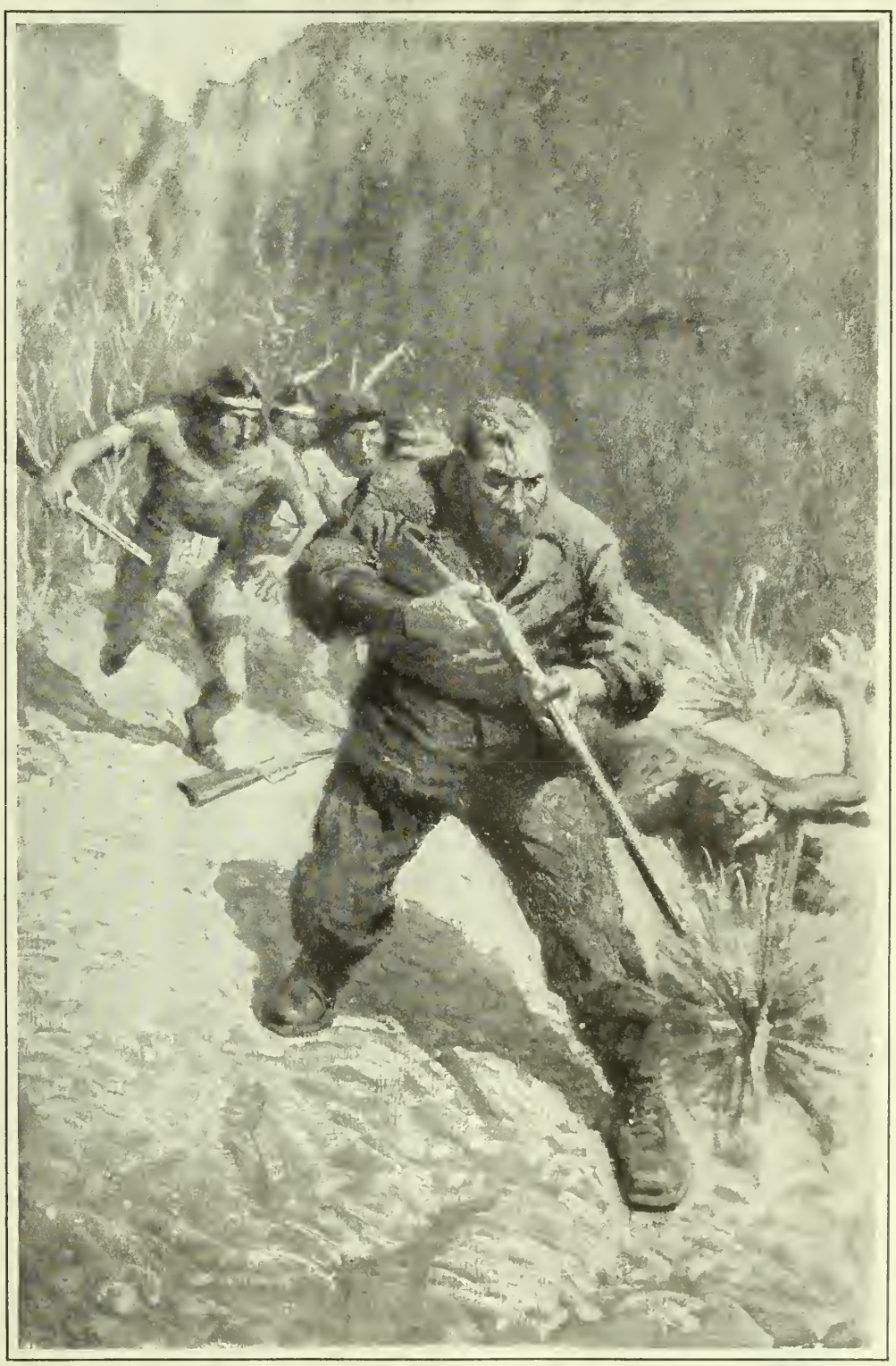
"Can I speak with you a minute, Mr. Yoast?"

Hiram considered, biting an auburning mustache as an aid to reflection. "We-ll—yes, I guess so!" he said good-naturedly. The sheriff stiffened.

"I am looking for Don Kennedy. I have a warrant for his arrest. I want you to tell me where your new well is. It is thought that Kennedy is there."

"Well, well!" said Hiram, assiduously rolling a cigarette; "what's Don went and gone and done now?"

Kaylor had also a warrant to arrest Kennedy on a charge of murder. But, judging from what he had heard about the killing of Leonard and Jones, he thought this



From Behind His Back Indians Bounded Down Toward Him, Eager to Capture Him Alive

might be properly kept to himself. If the reputed circumstances of the killing were known to any one—as they probably would be—the charge would make sympathizers for Kennedy. Leonard and Jones had been bad actors, and the bruit ran that Kennedy had but barely saved his own life from wanton assault. So he said:

"He is charged with train robbery."

"Dear me! Did he—did he get much?" asked Hiram, with polite interest. There was that in the query, an undercurrent of insolence and scarcely-veiled hostility below the patronizing kindness, at which the sheriff writhed in spirit.

"Where is your new well?" he repeated.

"Now, now, Louie," Hiram expostulated; "you don't want to go projecting out there this late at night. He can likely prove a lullaby by this time." Lest you think Hiram unfeeling, be it here hastily explained that one of the men questioned by the sheriff had not proved worthy of his confidence. Young Jimmy Collins, a Mercury chosen as being a boy and hence least liable to suspicion, had brought Hiram a discreet warning word that his friend was wanted and himself close-watched; and old Jimmy Collins, being for his wooden leg the most unlikely messenger in Dundee, had driven northward toward the hay camp—with a saddle covered up in his wagon bed. Once out of town he had saddled one mule and circled back to the southwest—and was now an hour on his way to pass the word to Don. So this sheriff-baiting of Hiram's, as causing delay, was advisable as well as mildly amusing.

Kaylor himself was not amused. "I think that will be about enough foolishness from you, Hiram. Now you answer my question. Where is this new well of yours?"

Hiram removed his hat and scratched his head. "I'm not sure that I remember exactly." Then he brightened. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you the description just as it reads in our location notice." Which he accordingly did, to the great edification of the interested assembly.

"I warn you against bucking the law, you stubborn, stiff-necked ——" Kaylor hesitated, his outraged feelings as a private man struggling with official etiquette.

"Dolt, fool, ass, idiot, knave, imbecile, incendiary, assassin, procrastinator? That's what Don calls me while he's thinking up something to say."

The sheriff regarded him sourly. "That's a slick tongue you've got there. Look out it don't get you in trouble. I'm going to keep an eye on you this night."

Hiram raised his brows and twitched his nose thoughtfully. "But can you arrest me for just being Don's friend? You got the papers for that?"

"No; but I can get out some other kind of papers if it's necessary—don't you doubt that a minute!"

The eyebrows went still higher. "Goin' to turn state's evidence, Louie?"

The sheriff ignored the taunt, but a subdued titter ran around the circle. "I'll tell you what I'll do, right now. You may consider yourself summoned on my posse."

"I've just bought a piece of land," said Hiram mildly, "and five yoke of oxen and a wife, and I'd like to be excused." Dorothy had been a-missionarying, you see.

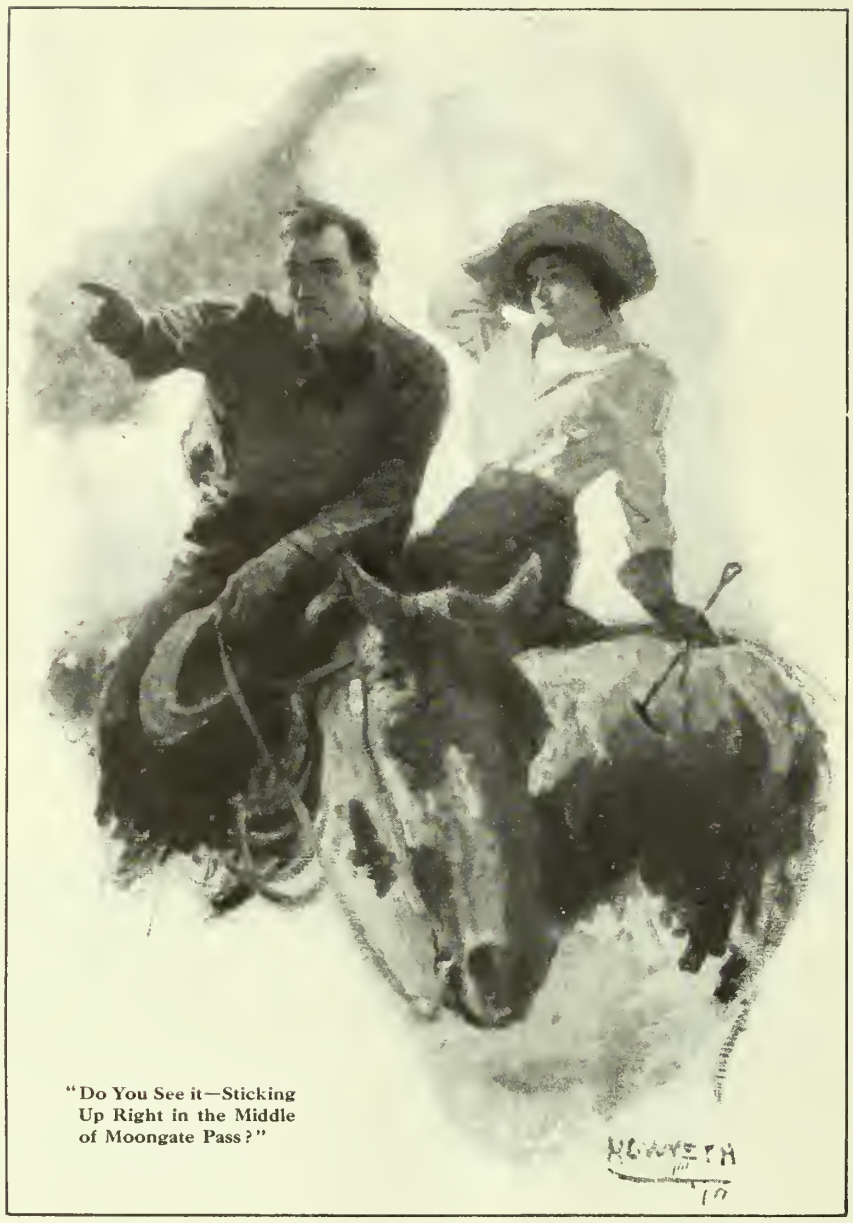
Kaylor stared. He was a good sheriff, but weak on parables. "You'll serve on my posse tonight, Mr. Yoast. That's the word with the bark on it."

Mr. Yoast slid off the counter. "Oh, well, have it your own way. Ride or walk?"

The sheriff permitted himself a thin smile. "You might lose your way in the hills. So we'll not go tonight. You just sleep with me and help me resist Don if he tries to break in and give up. Come over to the restaurant with me now. I've not had supper yet."

Hiram, with a parting wink, managed an offensive official strut of conscious brief authority as he fell in step between Kaylor

(Continued on Page 50)



"Do You See it—Sticking Up Right in the Middle of Moongate Pass?"

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

BERKLEY stood for a long while beside Letty, looking down at the thin, pale face. Then, in pity, he turned away; and at the same moment she stirred, sat up, confused, and saw him.

"Letty, dear," he said, coming back, both hands held out to her, "I did not mean to rob you of your sleep."

"Oh—it doesn't matter! I am so glad ——" She sat up suddenly, staring at him. The next moment the tears rushed to her eyes.

"Oh," she whispered, "I wished so to see you. I am so thankful you are here. There is—there has been such—a terrible change—something has happened ——"

She rose unsteadily, laid her trembling hand on his arm. "I don't know what it is," she said piteously; "but Ailsa—something dreadful has angered her against me ——"

"Against you!"

"Oh, yes. I don't know all of it; I know—partly."

Sleep and fatigue still confused her mind; she pressed both frail hands to her eyes, her forehead, stood a moment, let them fall.

"It was the day I returned from seeing you at Paigecourt. . . . I was deadly tired when the ambulance drove into Azalea, and when it arrived here I had fallen asleep. . . . I woke up when it stopped. Ailsa was sitting here—in this same chair, I think—and I remember as I sat up in the ambulance that an officer was just leaving her—Captain Hallam."

She looked piteously at Berkley.

"He was one of the men I have avoided. Do you understand?"

"No. . . . Was he ——"

"Yes, he often came to the—Canterbury. He had never spoken to me there, but Ione Carew knew him, and I was certain that he would recognize me. . . . I thought I had succeeded in avoiding him, but he must have seen me when I was not conscious of his presence—he must have recognized me."

She looked down at her worn shoes; the tears fell silently; she smoothed her gray gown for lack of employment for her restless hands; but they were soon interlocked again, fingers twisted in mute agony.

"Letty," he said, "do you believe he went to Ailsa with his story about you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I am sure. What else could it be that has angered her—that drives me away from her—that burns me with the dreadful gaze she turns on me—chills me with her more dreadful silence? . . . Why did he do it? I don't know—oh, I don't know. . . . Because I had never even spoken to him—in those days that I have tried so hard—so hard to forget ——"

He said slowly: "He is a coward. I have known that for a long time. But most men are. The disgrace lies in acting like one. . . . And I—that is why I didn't run in battle. . . . Because, that first day, when they fired on our wagons, I saw him riding in the road behind us. Nobody else suspected him to be within miles. I saw him. And—he galloped the wrong way. And that is why I—did what I did! He shocked me into doing it. . . . But I never before have told a soul. I would not tell even you—but the man, yesterday, put himself beyond the pale. And it can make no difference now, for he carries the mark into his grave."

He shuddered slightly. "God forbid I hold him up to scorn. I might, this very moment, be what he is now. No man may know—no man can foretell how he will bear himself in time of stress. I have a sorry record of my own. Battle is not the only conflict that makes men or cowards."

He stood silent, gazing into space. Letty's tears dried as she watched him.

"Have you seen—her?" she asked tremulously.

"Yes."

The girl sighed and looked down.

"I am so sorry about Colonel Arran. . . . I believe, somehow, he will get well."

"Do you really believe it, Letty?"

"Yes. The wound is clean. I have seen many recover who were far more dangerously hurt. . . . His age is against him, but I do truly believe he will get well."

He thought a moment. "Have you heard about Stephen Craig?"

"They have telegraphed to his affianced—a Miss Lent. You probably know her. Her brother was killed a day or two ago. Poor little thing! I believe that Miss Lent is coming. Mrs. Craig wishes to take her boy North as soon as he can be moved. And, unless the wound become infected, I don't believe he is going to die."

"Where is he?"

"At Paigecourt. Many transports are waiting at the landing. . . . They say that there was another severe engagement near there yesterday, and that our army is victorious. I have heard, also, that we were driven in, and that your regiment lost a great many men and horses. . . . I don't know which is true," she added, listlessly picking at her frayed gown; "only, as we haven't heard the guns today, it seems to me that if we had lost the battle we'd have Confederate cannon thundering all around us."

"That seems reasonable," he admitted absently. . . . "Is Doctor Benton here still?"

"No," she said softly.

"Where is he?"

"At Paigecourt. I asked him to go because he is the best doctor I ever knew. He came down here to see me; he is not detailed for duty under contract. I asked him to go and see Stephen Craig. He grumbled—and went."

She looked up shyly at Berkley, smiled for the first time, then her pale young face grew beautiful and solemn.

"You dear girl," he said impulsively, taking both her hands and kissing them. "I am so glad for you—and for him. I knew it would come true."

"Yes. But I had to tell him—I started to tell him—and—oh, would you believe how splendid he is! He knew already! He stopped me short—and I never can forget the look in his face. And he said: 'Child—child! You can tell me nothing I am not already aware of. And I am aware of nothing except your goodness.'"

"I thought I knew Phineas Benton," said Berkley warmly. "He was too upright a character for me to

enjoy with any comfort—a few years back. . . . I'm trying harder than you ever had to, Letty. You always desired to be decent; I didn't."

He shook both her hands heartily.

"You deserve every atom of your happiness, you dear girl! I only wish you were safely out of here and back in the North!"

Letty began to whimper softly:

"Forgive me, please; I'm not naturally as tearful as this. I am just tired. I've done too much—seen too much—and it hasn't hardened me; it has made me like a silly child, ready to sniffle at anything."

Berkley laughed gently.

"Why are you crying now, Letty?"

"B-because they have offered me a furlough. I didn't apply. But Doctor Benton has made me take it. And it almost kills me to go North and leave Ailsa—alone—and so strangely changed toward me ——"

She straightened her shoulders resolutely, brushed the tears from her lashes, strove to smile at him.

"Shall we walk a little? I am not on duty, you know; and I've had enough sleep. There's such a pretty lane along the creek behind the chapel. . . . What are you doing here, anyway? I suppose you are acting orderly to poor Colonel Arran. How splendidly the lancers have behaved. . . . And those darling Zouaves!—oh, we are just bursting with pride over our Zou-Zous ——"

They had turned away together, walking slowly through the grove toward a little cart-road deep in golden-seeded grass that wound down a hollow all moist with ferns and brambles and young trees in heavy leaf.

Her hand unconsciously had sought his, nestling into it with a confidence that touched him; her pale, happy face turned continually to meet his as she chatted innocently of the things which went to make up the days of life for her, never conscious of herself, or that the artless chatter disclosed anything admirable in her own character. She prattled on at random, sometimes naïve, sometimes wistful, sometimes faintly humorous—a brave, clean spirit that was content to take the consequence of duty done—a tender, gentle soul undeformed amid the sordid horrors that hardened or crippled souls less innocent.

Calm, resourceful, patient, undismayed amid conditions that sickened mature experience to the verge of despair, she went about her business day after day, meeting all requisitions upon her slender endurance without faltering, without even supposing there was anything unusual or praiseworthy in what she did.

She was one of many women who did duty through the darkest days the nation ever knew—saints in homespun, martyrs uncanonized save in the hearts of the stricken.

. . . . . .

There was a small wooden foot-bridge spanning the brook, with a rough seat nailed against the rail.

"One of my convalescents made it for me," she said proudly. "He could use only one arm, and he had such a hard time sawing and hammering! The foolish boy wouldn't let anybody help him."

She seated herself in the cool shade of a water oak, retaining his hand in hers and making room for him beside her.

"I wonder," she said, "if you know how good you have been to me. You changed all my life. Do you realize it?"

"You changed it yourself, Letty."

She sighed, leaned back, dreamy-eyed, watching the sun spots glow and wane on the weather-beaten foot-bridge.

"In wartime—here in the wards—men seem gentler to women—kinder—than in times of peace. I have stood beside many thousands; not one has been unkind—lacking in deference. . . ." A slight smile grew on her lips; she colored a little, looked up at Berkley humorously:

"It would surprise you to know how many have asked me to marry them. . . . Such funny boys! . . . I scolded some of them and made them write immediately to their sweethearts. . . . The older men were more difficult to manage—men from the West—such fine, simple-natured fellows—just sick and lonely enough to fall in love with any woman who fanned them and brought them lemonade. . . . I loved them all dearly. They have been very sweet to me. . . . Men are good. . . . If a woman desires it. . . . The world is so full of people who don't mean to do wrong."

She bent her head, considering, lost in the retrospection of her naïve philosophy.

Berkley, secretly amused, was aware of several cadaverous convalescents haunting the bushes above, dodging the eyes of this pretty nurse whom one and all adored, and whom they now beheld, with jealous misgivings, in intimate and unwarrantable tête-à-tête with a common and disgustingly healthy cavalryman.

Then his weather-tanned features grew serious; he set his teeth in his lip and meditated, striving to comprehend the change in Ailsa.

The sunny moments slipped away as the sunlit waters slipped under the bridge; a bird or two, shy and songless in their moulting fever, came to the stream to drink, looking up, bright-eyed, at the two who sat there in the midday silence. One, a cardinal, ruffled his crimson crest, startled, as Berkley moved slightly.

"The red birds," he said, half aloud. "To me they are the sweetest singers of all. I remember them as a child."

After a while Letty rose; her frail hand lingered on his shoulder as she stood beside him, and he got to his feet and adjusted belt and saber.

"I love to be with you," she said wistfully. "It's only because I do need a little more sleep that I am going back."

"Of course," he nodded. And they retraced their steps.

He left her at the door of the quaint one-storied stone building where, she explained, she had a cot.

"You will come to see me again before you go back to your regiment, won't you?" she pleaded, retaining his hands.

"Of course I will. Try to get some sleep, Letty. You're tremendously pretty when you've had plenty of sleep."

They both laughed; then she went indoors, and he turned away across the road, under the windows of the ward where Ailsa was on duty, and so around to his storeroom dwelling-place, where he sat down on the cot amid the piles of boxes and drew from his pocket the crumpled sheets of the letter that Ailsa had given him.

The handwriting seemed vaguely familiar to him; he glanced curiously down the page; his eyes became riveted; he reddened to the roots of his hair; then, the muscles in his cheeks tightening, he deliberately began at the beginning, reading very carefully.

The letter had been written several weeks ago; it was dated, and signed with Hallam's name:

"*My dear Mrs. Paige:* Only my solemn sense of duty to all pure womanhood enables me to indite these lines to you; and, by so doing, to invite, nay, to encourage, a cruel misunderstanding of my sincerest motives.

"But my letter is not dictated by malice or inspired by the natural chagrin that animates a man of spirit when he reflects upon the undeserved humiliation that he has endured from her who was once dearer to him than life itself. Mine is a nature susceptible and sensitive, yet, I flatter myself, incapable of harboring sentiments unworthy of a gentleman and a soldier.

"To forgive, to condone, is always commendable in man; but, madam, there is a higher duty men owe to womanhood—to chaste and trusting womanhood, incapable of defending itself from the wiles and schemes that ever are waiting to ensnare it.

"It is for this reason, and for this reason alone, that, my suspicions fully aroused, I have been at some pains to verify them. A heart conscious of its moral rectitude does not flinch from the duty before it or from the pain which, unfortunately, the execution of that duty so often inflicts upon the innocent.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Paige, it is a sad task that lies before me. Woman is frail and weak by nature. Man's noblest aspiration can attain no loftier consummation than in the protection of a pure woman against contamination.

"Mine becomes the unhappy mission of unmasking two unworthy people whom you, in your innocence and trust, have cherished close to your heart. I speak of the trooper Ormond—whose name I believe you know is Philip Berkley—and, if you now hear it for the first time, it is proof additional of his deceit and perfidy.

"The other is Miss Lynden, known in the Canterbury as Letty Lynden, or 'Daisy' Lynden.

"She was a dancer in the Canterbury Music Hall. I inclose photographs of her in costume, also receipts from her landlady, washing lists, her contract with the Canterbury, all in her own handwriting, and all gathered for me at my request by a New York detective, and forwarded to me here. Among these papers you will find several notes written to her in the spring and summer of 1861 by the trooper Berkley and discovered in her room by her landlady after her departure. A perusal of them is sufficient to leave no doubt concerning the character of this young woman—who, apparently neglected by the fellow Berkley, pleaded piteously with him for an interview, and was, as you see, cynically rebuffed.

"I inclose, also, an affidavit made by Miss Lynden's landlady that she, Letty or 'Daisy' Lynden, was commonly understood to be the mistress of Berkley; that he took her from the Canterbury and from her lodgings, paid her board bills and installed her in rooms at the inclosed address, where she remained until she found employment with a Doctor Benton.

"What her relations were with him I do not pretend to know. It is evident, however, that they continue, as he writes to her. It will also be apparent to you that she has not scrupled to continue her relations with the man Berkley.

"I will now further prove to you the truth of my assertion concerning this degrading and demoralizing condition of affairs.

"It came to my knowledge that a certain Arthur Wye, serving in the volunteer artillery, and a certain subaltern in a Zouave regiment, were not only intimates of the trooper Berkley, but had also been on dubious terms with the Lynden girl.

"Therefore, in company with an agent of the United States Secret Service detailed for the duty by Surgeon-General Hammond at my request, I held a private examination of these two men, and with some adroitness succeeded in making them identify the photographs of the Lynden girl; and later, unobserved by her, attempted to make them identify her as she was sitting outside the field hospital. But this they refused to do.

"However, that evidence was not necessary. Among her effects, scraps of letters in the waste-baskets and such things, which she had imprudently left at her lodgings, were discovered fragments which, when pasted together, showed conclusively that she was on speaking terms at least with the artilleryman Wye.

"This evidence I deem it my duty to lay before you. As a sensitive woman, gently born, the condition of affairs will horrify you. But the knowledge of them will also enable you to take measures for self-protection and to clearly understand the measure which I shall now take to rid the Sanitary Service of this abandoned woman, who, as your friend and intimate associate, conceals her true character under the garb of Sainte Ursula, and who continues her intrigues with the trooper Berkley under the very roof that shelters you.

"I am, madam, with sincere pain and deepest sympathy and respect,

"Obediently your humble servant,

"EUGENE HALLAM,
"*Capt. Eighth N. Y. Cav.*"

He laid the letter and the inclosed papers on the bunk beside him, and sat with his head between his hands.

He knew that the evidence before him had been sufficient to drive Letty from the Sanitary Service. Why had she not been driven? The evidence and the letter were weeks old now. What had prevented their use? And now Hallam was a fugitive—a deserter in the face of the enemy. It was too late for him to work more mischief if he would. But why had he held his hand against Letty?

It Was Arthur Wye

Sunset found him still sitting there, thinking. The old negro came shuffling in, bringing hot hoecake and bacon for his dinner. He ate obediently; later he submitted to the razor and the clothesbrush, absently pondering the problem that obsessed him: "Why had Hallam spared Letty; how could he convey the truth to Ailsa Paige?"

At dusk he reported to the ward master; but Colonel Arran was asleep and there were no orders for him.

Then, slowly, he went into the adjoining ward. Ailsa was off duty, lying down in her room. His message asking a moment's interview was refused.

So he turned away again, head bent, hands clasped behind him, and wandered over to his storeroom quarters, pondering the problem before him.

XXI

A CAR full of leaf tobacco had been brought in that day, and Berkley secured a little of it for his pipe.

Seated on the edge of the shaky veranda in the darkness, he filled and lighted his cob pipe and, smoking tranquilly, listened to the distant cannonade that had begun about sundown. Thousands of fireflies sailed low in the damp swale beyond the storehouse or, clinging motionless to the long wet grass and vines, sparkled palely at intervals. There was no wind. Far on the southern horizon the muttering thunder became heavier and more distinct. From where he sat he could now watch the passage of the great mortar-shells through the sky, looking like swiftly-moving comets cleaving unfathomable space; then falling, faster and faster, dropping out of the heights of night, they seemed to leave behind them tracks of fire that lingered on the dazzled retina long after they had disappeared. The explosion of the incendiary shells was even more spectacular; the burning matter of the chemical charge fell from them in showers of clear blue and golden stars, dropping slowly toward the unseen river below.

He could distinguish the majestic thunder of the huge mortars from the roar of the Parrotts; the irregular volleys of musketry had a resonant clang of metal in them like thousands of iron balls dropped on a sheet of tin.

For an hour the distant display of fireworks continued, then the thunder rolled away, deadened to a dull rumor and died out; and the last, lingering spark of Greek fire faded in mid-heaven. A wavering crimson light brightened on the horizon, increasing, deepening. But what it was that had been set on fire he could not guess. Paigecourt lay in that direction.

He extended his booted legs, propped his back against a pillar, and continued smoking carefully and economically to save his fragments of Virginia leaf, deeply absorbed in retrospection.

For the first time he was now certain of the change that time, circumstance and environment had wrought in himself; he was curiously conscious of the silent growth of a germ which, one day, must become a dictatorial and arbitrary habit—the habit of right thinking. The accustomedness to duty, independent of circumstances, had slowly grown with his military training; mind and body had learned automatically to obey; mind and body now definitely recognized the importance of obedience, were learning to desire it, had begun to take an obscure sort of pride in it. Mind and body were already subservient to discipline. How was it with his other self?

In the human soul there is seldom any real perplexity. Only the body reasons; the soul knows. He knew this now. He knew, too, that there is a greater drillmaster than the one that was now disciplining his mind and body—the spiritual will; that there is a higher sentiment than the awakened instinct of mental and physical obedience—the occult loyalty of the spirit. And, within him, something was now awaking out of night, slowly changing him, soul and body.

. . . . . .

As he sat there, tranquil, pondering, there came a shadowy figure moving leisurely under the lighted windows of the hospital, directly toward him—a man swinging a lantern low above the grass—and halted beside him in a yellow shaft of light.

"Berkley," he said pleasantly; then, to identify himself, lifted the lantern to a level with his face.

"Doctor Benton!"

"Surely—surely. I come from Paigecourt. I left Mrs. Craig and Stephen about five o'clock; I have just left Miss Lynden on duty. May I sit here beside you, Phil? And, in the first place, how are you, old fellow?"

"Perfectly well, Doctor. . . . I am glad to see you. . . . It is pleasant to see you. . . . I am well; I really am. You are, too; I can see that. . . . I want to shake hands with you again—to wish you happiness," he added in a low voice. "Will you accept my warmest wishes, Doctor Benton?"

They exchanged a hard, brief grip.

"I know what you mean. Thank you, Phil. . . . I am very happy; I mean that she shall be. Always."

Berkley said: "There are few people I really care for. She is among the few."

"I have believed so. . . . She cares deeply for you. . . . She is right." . . . He paused and glanced over his shoulder at the crimson horizon. "What was that shelling about? The gunboats were firing, too."

"I haven't any idea. Something is on fire, evidently. I hope it is not Paigecourt."

"God forbid!"

The Doctor looked hard at the fiery sky, but said nothing more.

"How is Stephen?" asked the younger man earnestly.

"Better."

"Is he going to get well?"

Doctor Benton thought a moment.

"He was struck by a conoidal ball, which entered just above the interclavicular notch of the sternum and lodged near the superior angle of the scapula. Assistant Surgeon Jenning, U. S. V., removed the bullet and applied simple dressings. There was a longitudinal groove on the bullet which may have been caused by contact with the bone, but there are no symptoms of injury to the osseous tissue. I hope he will recover entirely. Miss Lent, his affianced, is expected tonight. Arrangements have been made to convey him aboard a Sanitary Commission boat this evening. The sooner he starts north the better. His mother and Miss Lent go with him as nurses."

Berkley drew a quiet breath of relief. "I am glad," he said simply. "There is fever in the air here."

"There is worse, Phil. They're fine people, the Craigs. That mother of his stood the brutal shock of the news wonderfully—not a tear, not a tremor. She is a fine woman; she obeyed me, not implicitly, but intelligently. I don't like that kind of obedience, as a rule; but it happened to be all right in her case. She has voluntarily turned Paigecourt and all the barns, quarters, farms and outbuildings into a base hospital for the wounded of either army. She need not have done it; there were plenty of other places. But she offered that beautiful old place merely because it was more comfortable and luxurious. The medical corps have already ruined the interior of the house; the garden, with its handsome box hedges nearly two centuries old, is a wreck. She has given all the farm horses to the ambulances; all her linen to the medical director; all cattle, sheep, swine, poultry to the hospital authorities; all her cellared stores, wines, luxuries to the wounded. I repeat that she is a fine specimen of American woman—and the stanchest little rebel I ever met."

Berkley smiled, then his bronzed face grew serious in the flickering lantern-light.

"Colonel Arran is badly hurt. Did you know it?"

"I do," said the Doctor quietly. "I saw him just before I came over here to find you."

"Would you care to tell me what you think of him?"

"I—don't—know. He is in considerable pain. The wound continues healthy. They give him a great deal of morphia."

"Do you—believe ——"

"I can't yet form an opinion worth giving you. Dillon, the assistant surgeon, is an old pupil of mine. He asked me to look in tomorrow, and I shall do so."

"I'm very glad. I was going to ask you. But—there's a good deal of professional etiquette in these hospitals ——"

"It's everywhere," said the Doctor, smiling. Then his pleasant, alert face changed subtly; he lifted the lantern absently, softly replaced it on the veranda beside him, and gazed at it. Presently he said:

"I came here on purpose to talk to you about another matter. . . . Shall we step inside? Or"—he glanced sharply around, lantern held above his head—"I guess we're better off out here."

Berkley silently assented. The Doctor considered the matter in mind for a while, nursing his knees, then, looking directly at Berkley:

"Phil, you once told me a deliberate falsehood."

Berkley's face flushed scarlet, and he stiffened.

The Doctor said: "I merely wanted you to understand that I knew it to be a falsehood when you uttered it. I penetrated your motive in telling it, let it go at that, and kept both eyes open—and waited."

Berkley never moved. The painful color stained the scar on his brow to an ugly purple.

"The consequences of which falsehood," continued the Doctor, "culminated in my asking Miss Lynden to marry me. . . . I've been thinking—wondering—whether that lie was justifiable. And I've given up the problem. But I respect your motive in telling it. It's a matter for you to settle privately with yourself and your Maker. I'm no Jesuit by nature; but—well—you've played a man's part in the life of a young and friendless girl who has become to me the embodiment of all I care for in woman. And I thank you for that. I thank you for giving her the only thing she lacked—a chance in the world. Perhaps there were other ways of doing it. I don't know. All I know is that I thank you for giving her the chance."

He ceased abruptly, folded his arms, and gazed musingly into space. Then:

"Phil, have you ever injured a man named Eugene Hallam, captain of your troop in the Eighth Lancers?"

Berkley looked up, startled, and the hot color faded.

"What do you know about Captain Hallam?" he asked.

"Where is he?"

"Probably a prisoner. He was taken at the cavalry affair which they now call Yellow Run."

"You saw him taken by the enemy?"

"No. I saw him—surrender—or rather, ride toward the enemy, apparently with that design in mind."

"Why don't you say that Hallam played the coward—that he deserted his men under fire—was even shot at by his own colonel?"

"You seem to know about it," said Berkley in a mortified voice. . . . "No man is anxious to reflect on his own regiment. That is why I did not mention it."

"Yes, I knew it. Your servant, the trooper Burgess, came to Paigecourt in search of you. I heard the detestable details from him. He was one of the detachment that got penned in; he saw the entire performance."

"I didn't know Burgess was there," said Berkley. "Is he all right?"

"Wears his left wrist in a sling; slight fracture; horse fell. He's a villainous-looking party; I wouldn't trust that fellow with a pewter button. But he seems devoted to you."

"I've never been able to make him out," said Berkley, smiling.

The Doctor thought a minute.

"I saw two interesting people at Paigecourt. One was Miss Dix, an old friend of mine; the other chanced to be Surgeon-General Hammond. They were on a tour of inspection. I hope they liked what they saw."

"Did they?"

"I guess not. . . . Things in the hospitals ought to go better now. We're learning. . . . By the way, you didn't know that Ailsa Paige had been to Paigecourt, did you?"

"When?"

"Recently. . . . She's another fine woman. She never had an illness worse than whooping-cough. I know because I've always been her physician. Normally she's a fine, wholesome woman, Berkley—but she told a falsehood. . . . You are not the only liar south of Dixon's damnable line!"

Berkley straightened up as though shot, and the Doctor dropped a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"The sort of lie you told, Phil, is the kind she told. It doesn't concern you or me; it's between her conscience and herself; and it's in a good, safe place. . . . And now I'll sketch out for you what she did. This—this beast Hallam wrote to Miss Dix at Washington and preferred charges against Miss Lynden. . . . I'm trying to speak calmly and coherently and without passion, damn it! Don't interrupt me. . . . I say that Hallam sent his written evidence to Miss Dix; and Ailsa Paige learned of it, and learned, also, what the evidence was. . . . And it was a terrible thing for her to learn, Phil—a damnable thing for a woman to learn."

He tightened his grasp on Berkley's shoulder, and his voice was not very steady.

"To believe those charges—that evidence—meant the death of her faith in you. . . . As for the unhappy revelation of what Miss Lynden had been—the evidence was hopelessly conclusive. Imagine what she thought! Any other woman would have sat aloof and let justice brand the woman who had doubly betrayed her. I want you to consider it; every instinct of loyalty, friendship, trust, modesty had apparently been outraged and trampled on by the man she had given her heart to, and by the woman she had made a friend. That was the position in which Ailsa Paige found herself when she learned of these charges, saw the evidence, and was informed by Hallam that he had forwarded his complaint."

His grip almost crushed Berkley's shoulder muscles.

"And now I'll tell you what Ailsa Paige did. She went before Miss Dix and told her that there was not one atom of truth in the charges. She accounted for every date specified by saying that Miss Lynden was with her at those times, that she had known her intimately for years, known her family—that it was purely a case of mistaken identity which, if ever pressed, would bewilder her friend, who was neither sufficiently experienced to understand what such charges meant, nor strong enough to endure the horror and shock if their nature were explained.

"She haughtily affirmed her absolute faith in you, avowed her engagement to marry you, pointed to your splendid military record; disdainfully exposed the motive for Hallam's action. . . . And she convinced Miss Dix, who, in turn, convinced the Surgeon-General. And, in consequence, I can now take my little girl away from here on furlough, thank God!—and thanks to Ailsa Paige, who lied like a martyr in her behalf. And that's what I came here to tell you. And that's my story!"

He drew a long breath, his hand relaxed on Berkley's shoulder, and fell away.

"I don't know today what Ailsa Paige believes; but I know what she did for the sake of a young girl. . . . If in any way her faith in you has been poisoned remember what was laid before her, proven in black and white apparently; remember, more than that, the terrible and physically demoralizing strain she has been under in the line of duty. No human mind can remain healthy very

long under such circumstances; no reasoning can be normal. The small daily vexations, the wear and tear of nerve tissue, the insufficient sleep and nourishment, the close confinement in the hospital atmosphere, the sights, sounds, odors, the excitement, the anxiety—all combine to distort reason and undermine one's natural equipoise.

"Phil, if Ailsa, in her own heart, doubts you as she now doubts Letty, you must understand why. What she did shows her courage, her sweetness, her nobility. What she may believe—or think she believes—is born only of morbid nerves, overworked body and a crippled power of reasoning. Her furlough is on the way; I did myself the honor to solicit it and to interest Miss Dix in her behalf. It is high time; the child cannot stand much more. . . . After a good rest in the North, if she desires to return there is nobody to prevent her . . . unless you are wise enough to marry her. What do you think?"

Berkley made no answer. They remained silent for a long time. Then the Doctor rose and picked up his lantern; and Berkley stood up too, taking the Doctor's outstretched hand.

"If I were you, Phil, I'd marry her," said Benton. "Good-night. I'll see Colonel Arran in the morning. Good-night, my boy."

"Good-night," said Berkley in a dull voice.

. . . . . .

Midnight found him pacing the dead sod in front of the veranda, under the stars. One by one the lights in the hospital had been extinguished; a lantern glimmered at the guard-house; here and there an illuminated window cast its oblong of paler light across the grass. Southward the crimson radiance had died out; softened echoes of distant gunshots marked the passing of the slow, dark hours, but the fitful picket-firing was now no louder than the deadened stamp of horses in their stalls.

A faint scent of jasmine hung in the air, making it fresher, though no breeze stirred.

He stood for a while, face upturned to the stars, then his head fell, and, hands clasped behind him, saber trailing, he moved slowly out into the starlight at random, and at random wandered into the little lane that led darkly down under green bushes to Letty's bridge.

It was fresher and cooler in the lane; starlight made the planking of the little foot-bridge visible in the dark, but the stream ran under it too noiselessly for him to hear the water moving over its bed of velvet sand.

A startled whippoorwill flashed into shadowy flight from the rail as he laid his hand upon it, and, searching for the seat which Letty's invalid had built for her, he sank down, burying his head in his hands.

And, as he sat there, a vague shape, motionless in the starlight, stirred, moved silently, detaching itself from the depthless wall of shadow.

There was a light step on the grass, a faint sound from the bridge. But he heard nothing until she sank down on the flooring at his feet and dropped her head, face downward, on his knees.

As in a dream his hands fell from his eyes—fell on her shoulders, lay heavily inert.

"Ailsa?"

Her feverish face quivered, hiding closer; one small hand searched blindly for his arm, closed on his sleeve and clung there. He could feel her slender body tremble at intervals under his lips resting on her hair; her breath grew hot with the vague scent of tears mounting.

She lay there, minute after minute, her hand on his sleeve, slipping, tightening, while her tired heart throbbed out its heavy burden on his knees, and her tears fell under the stars.

Fatigued past all endurance, shaken, demoralized, every fiber in her was giving way now. She only knew that he had come to her out of the night's deathly desolation—that she had crept to him for shelter, was clinging to him. Nothing else mattered in the world. Her weary hands could touch him, hold fast to him who had been lost and was found again; her tear-wet face rested against the strength of his living body; the blessed surcease from fear was benumbing her, quieting depths within her, soothing, relaxing, reassuring the mangled, palpitating soul.

Only to rest this way—to lie for the moment unafraid—to cease thinking, to yield every sense to heavenly lethargy—to forget—to forget the dark world's sorrows and her own.

The high planets shed their calm light upon her hair, silvering her slender neck and the hand holding to his sleeve and the steel edge of his saber hilt and a gilded button at his throat. And all else lay in shadow, wrapping them close together in obscurity.

At times he thought she was asleep and, scarcely moving, bent nearer; but always sensed the quickening in her veins, the nervous closing of her fingers on his sleeve, felt the quiet breathing falter in its rhythm, and remained motionless as one who watches the troubled slumber of a child.

And at last sleep came to her, deadening every sense. Cautiously he took her hand; the slim fingers relaxed; body and limbs were limp, senses clouded, as he lifted her in his arms and rose to go into the house.

Nothing Else Mattered in the World

"Don't—go," she murmured drowsily.

"No, dear."

Through the darkness, moving with infinite care, he bore her under the stars and stepped noiselessly across the veranda, entered, and laid her on his cot.

"Philip," she murmured.

But he whispered to her that she must sleep, that he would be near her, close to her. And she sighed deeply, and her white lids closed again and rested unstirring on her pallid cheeks.

So she slept till the stars faded, then, awaking, lifted her head, bewildered, drawing her hand from his, and saw the dawn graying his face where he sat beside her.

She sat up, rigid, on the blanket, the vivid color staining her from throat to brow; then memory overwhelmed her. She covered her eyes with both arms and her head dropped forward under the beauty of her disordered hair.

Minute succeeded minute; neither spoke nor moved. Then, slowly, in utter silence, she looked up at him and met his gaze. It was her confession of faith; the violet loveliness of her eyes deepened, the white lids fell.

He could scarcely hear her words, so tremulously low was the voice that uttered them:

"Take me back. The world is empty without you. I've been through the depths of it—my heart has searched it from the ends to the ends of it . . . and finds no peace where you are not—no hope—no life. All is desolation without you. Take me back."

She stretched out her hands to him; he took them and pressed them against his lips, and, looking across at him, she said:

"Love me—if you will—as you will. I make no terms; I ask none. All other paths are dark, all other ways are strange. I know, for I have trodden them and lost myself. Only the path you follow is lighted for me. All else is darkness. Love me."

"Ailsa, I can offer nothing."

"I know. You have said so. That is enough. Besides, if you love me nothing else matters. My life is not my own; it is yours. It has always been yours—only I did not know how completely. Now I have learned. . . . Why do you look at me so strangely? Do you not understand what the terror of these days without you has done to me? I know what you have been, what you are. I ask nothing more of life than you."

"Dear," he said, "do you understand that I can never marry you?"

In the silence the wooden shutter outside the window swung to with a slam in the rising breeze which had become a wind blowing fitfully under a wet, gray sky. From above the roof there came a sudden tearing sound, which at first he believed to be the wind. It increased to a loud, confusing, swishing whistle, as though hundreds of sabers were being whirled in circles overhead.

Berkley rose, looking at the ceiling as the noise grew in volume like a torrent of water flowing over rocks.

Ailsa also had risen, laying one hand on his arm, listening intently.

"What is it?" she breathed.

"It is the noise made by thousands of bullets streaming through the air above us. It sounds like that in the rifle pits. Listen!"

The strange, bewildering sound filled the room. And now, as the wind shifted, the steady rattle of musketry became suddenly audible. Another sound, sinister, ominous, broke on their ears: the clang of the seminary bell.

"Is it an attack on this place?" she asked anxiously. "What can we do? There are no troops here! I—I must go to my sick boys ——"

Her heart stood still as a cannon thundered, followed by the fearful sound of the shell as it came tearing toward them. As it neared, the noise grew deafening; the air vibrated with a rushing sound that rose to a shriek.

Ailsa's hands grasped his arm; her ears seemed bursting with the abominable sound; pain darted through her temples, flashing into agony as a heavy jar shook the house, followed by a dazzling light and roar.

Boom! Boom! came the distant, sullen thunder, followed by the unmistakable whir of a Parrott shell. Suddenly shrapnel shells began to come over, screaming, exploding, filling the air with the rush and clatter of bullets.

"Lie down," he said. "You can't go out in this. It will veer off in a few moments, when they find out that they're shelling our hospitals."

"I've got to go," she repeated; "my boys won't understand why I don't come."

She turned and opened the door; he caught her in his arms, and she looked up and kissed him.

"Good-by, dear," she whispered. "You mustn't detain me ——"

"You shall not go outside ——"

"I've got to. Be reasonable, dear. My sick are under fire."

(Continued on Page 48)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 27, 1910

Roosevelt as an Insurgent

ODDLY enough the most signal and binding act of insurgency that Roosevelt has performed since his return from Africa attracted little political comment. Early in August he visited Pennsylvania to find out at first hand how the workmen in some of that state's great industries were faring. If his Republicanism had been of the "regular" pattern he would have been content to know that Pennsylvania's coal mines, steel mills and silk factories produce the better part of a billion dollars a year—thereby, in the standpat view, abundantly justifying all the favors which the Government grants them at the expense of the rest of the country. But Roosevelt wanted to know how the men, women and children whose labor produces this wealth were living; what, for example, three hundred and fifty thousand mine employees, whose average income is forty dollars a month, were getting out of it. This is the very essence of insurgency—to demand how people, rather than industries, are getting along.

The Chicago Tribune of August fourth reported Roosevelt's Pennsylvania doings in column one, page one. Column three, page one, contained another report, beginning: "Acting as President Taft's scout, Senator Crane left Chicago yesterday. He had been here twenty-four hours getting first-hand information for the President concerning the status of Senator Lorimer. He talked with forty or fifty Chicago business men, bankers and financiers as to the sentiment in Illinois." This is the "regular" method of finding out about things. The difference between a group of financiers in a club and a string of coal miners on their own warped front steps measures the whole extent of the trouble which now afflicts the Republican party.

Bait for the Young

THE normal boy's perversity is heartbreaking. Neither parental pleas nor violent nausea can persuade him to let tobacco alone. He lugs home greasy copies of worthless novels with the same cheerful and misdirected industry that a pup displays in dragging exhibits from the neighbors' garbage cans to the middle of its master's front yard. To correct these tendencies our fathers used a lath ineffectually. Meanwhile, at school, the boy is being taught English literature. The teaching consists in giving him some masterpiece—usually one unsuited to his understanding and beyond the range of his sympathies—which he is to read, digest and sapiently comment upon. His "English," in short, is made a fixed stunt.

A distinguished educator suggests that, in place of this conventional "English" lesson, pupils be turned loose in a selected library to read, under competent and friendly advice, whatever good book pleases them. It is a hopeful suggestion. How many million boys, we wonder, have finally been cured of Dead-Shot Ike—after the paternal lath has failed—by a present of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, or Irving's Companions of Columbus, or Leatherstocking, or Oliver Twist? The plan is worth trying.

An Example From France

THE thrift of France is wonderful. It enabled the nation to bear the enormous losses of the Franco-Prussian War, including payment of five billion francs as war indemnity, with no demoralization of trade and with hardly any depression of industry. Out of ten million French electors, nine million have money in the bank or invested at interest, or own land. Everybody saves. In various savings institutions there are four million accounts of only twenty francs or less each, and the total number of all savings accounts reaches thirteen million. A million and a half small investors hold, probably, twenty billion francs of Government bonds. Of twelve million French households, nine million occupy their own homes, paying no rent. The country holds over a hundred billion francs of domestic and foreign securities, and saves—available for investment—two billion francs a year.

This thrift is really wonderful—and for a generation the population of France has remained practically stationary. Of late the birth rate has been rather smaller than the death rate. Under modern conditions children are expensive; breeding them is not a thrifty undertaking. In other words, France is far thriftier than we are; but she cannot have her cake and eat it, too, any more than we can.

Taxing Large Fortunes

NEW YORK recently received six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars from the estate of E. H. Harriman, being the one per cent inheritance tax (less five per cent) required by the old law. On this basis the value of the estate was about seventy millions. Fifteen years ago Mr. Harriman possessed only a modest fortune. What made him very rich was the tremendous industrial growth of the West, beginning in 1897. This trebled and quadrupled the earnings of railroads in which he had invested. His own productive labor contributed in only a minor degree to the multiplication of his wealth. Had he been an Englishman, leaving a fortune of the same size, the nation would have claimed and collected ten millions of it as an inheritance tax. Probably Mr. Harriman's income amounted to five millions a year, on which England would levy an annual income tax of four hundred thousand dollars. But in the United States fortunes like Mr. Harriman's, invested in stocks and bonds, pay little direct tax. Had he listed with the assessor seventy millions of Union Pacific stock he would have been taxed a million and a quarter, or three times the English income tax. To avoid that calamity, New York's big stockholders are usually put down as possessing two or three million dollars of personal property, on which they pay thirty-five to fifty thousand dollars in taxes.

Which system is the more intelligent—ours or England's?

At its late extra session the New York legislature raised the inheritance tax so that estates above a million dollars going to direct heirs pay five per cent instead of one. That is a step in the right direction, but not a long one.

How Tax-Dodgers are Made

TWO hundred million dollars is alleged to be the amount of taxable stocks and bonds owned by half a dozen opulent citizens of Chicago, on which no taxes are paid. No tax will be paid on them either, for the taxes would absorb about a third of the income derived from them, and an income tax of thirty per cent is preposterous.

Sicking the dogs on the tax-dodger is a standard form of public amusement in the United States, but the great amounts of legally taxable personal property which now escape taxation will never be reached until revenue laws are radically amended.

The average rate of taxation the country over is two per cent. The public holds some six billions of railroad bonds on which the average interest is about four per cent. Generally speaking, therefore, whoever confesses to the assessor ownership of a railroad bond must sacrifice half the income derived from his investment—a result not calculated to promote candor among investors. The average dividend paid last year to holders of five billions of railroad stock was six and a half per cent. Much of this stock is legally liable to taxation and the average tax would absorb thirty per cent of the income—an intolerable rate.

There is no moral defense for tax-dodging. But when you see a brick headed in your direction you dodge first and moralize about it afterward. Shouting at the tax-dodger is a waste of breath. The thing to shout at is our archaic revenue law.

The Railroad Clerk

COST of living has increased fifty per cent, and railroads say that in order to pay wages commensurate with that increase they must be permitted to raise freight rates. They quote many figures in support of their claim; but they do not quote the only figures that are really relevant—namely, those which show that, in spite of increased operating expenses, their net earnings are greater than ever before. In the year ending June 30, 1910, net earnings, after paying all operating expenses, were greater by about a hundred million dollars than in the preceding year, and in the preceding year the roads did very nicely.

From 1897 to 1908, the pay of railroad employees was, indeed, advanced corresponding in some degree to the advanced cost of living. Interstate Commerce Commission reports show that the average daily compensation of general officers was raised thirty-seven per cent; of engineers, twenty-two per cent; of firemen, twenty-nine per cent; of conductors, twenty-six per cent; and of general office clerks—of whom some sixty-five thousand are employed—seven per cent, or from two dollars and eighteen cents to two dollars and thirty-three cents a day. Thus the clerk's rise from the railroad was fifteen cents a day. His rise from the landlord and butcher was considerably stronger.

The Germans Have it Too

IN THAT comprehensive and scientific manner for which the German Government has long been famous, the Imperial statistical office at Berlin has conducted an investigation into the cost of family living in the Fatherland. Carefully prepared account books were distributed among many typical German families with instructions to set down, for twelve months, all items of income and outgo. The tabulated results, recently published, are very interesting and discouraging.

It appears, first of all, that the cheerful habit of spending about one hundred and five per cent of the family income is quite as popular in Germany as in the United States. Fifty-two per cent of the families came out at the end of the year with that familiar ornament of the American hearth—a deficit. What is even more remarkable, the larger the family income was, the less—just as in our own favored land—was the family able to live on it. Thus more than half the families having incomes of sixteen hundred to two thousand marks managed to spend less than their incomes; but of those having incomes of three thousand to four thousand marks only forty per cent spent less than they earned; while of families having incomes of four thousand to five thousand marks fully two-thirds reported deficits. Nothing could be more absurd than the popular notion that a family's ability to live within its income depends upon the size of the income. The whole problem is one of outgo.

Prizes for Literature

GENIUS is often at war with society. Society's duty to encourage it with a substantial cash prize, so that it may conduct the war with every material convenience, has been urged time out of mind. Thoreau preached independence of society from a hut constructed by his own hands, and sustained himself with potatoes and beans of his own raising. But such examples have never been popular. A splendid intellectual isolation on an income of about fifty thousand a year is a much more alluring ideal.

This ancient theme recurs in a proposal to establish a prize fund for the encouragement of young writers of marked ability whose writings do not find currency. Poe once won the prize in a literary contest, and so far as we remember offhand he is the only writer of high ability who ever did. Possibly there are enough young writers who would be eligible for the prize—men capable of producing work of real merit, but of a sort that does not find sufficient currency to yield the producer a living wage. It is not necessary to go back to Paradise Lost for examples of such work. But the grand difficulty would be to discover judges possessing appreciation so much keener than that of their contemporaries that they would recognize the unappreciated genius when they ran across him. The judgments pronounced in almost all literary contests do not encourage a hope that this difficulty would be overcome.

The Deciding Voice

AT THE last Presidential election in Ohio a shift of little more than three per cent from Taft to Bryan would have given the state to the latter, although Mr. Taft was a favorite son and Mr. Bryan's candidacy was not likely to evoke the highest Democratic enthusiasm. Two years before the Democrats carried the state. At the recent Republican convention the standpat element was in control. The insurgents, under former Secretary Garfield, were voted down on all important points and the new tariff was heartily recommended to Ohio voters. How does that leave the chances for Republican success in Ohio this fall? Indiana, Iowa and Kansas furnished only thirty-eight of Mr. Taft's three hundred and twenty-one electoral votes. He could have won easily without them; but it doesn't follow that the next Republican candidate can, and because the insurgents are decidedly in control there those states are more likely to remain in the Republican column than Ohio is.

Mr. Cannon speaks sternly of people who "are trying to put the Republican party out of business." The set that he well represents is doing its best to accomplish that feat. The voter who wants a government that represents him, irrespective of its mere label, has the deciding voice nowadays. The wish is father to the thought that a decisive number of such voters will choose a Republican insurgent when the chance is offered them and a Democrat when that chance is not offered.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Colonel's Friend the General

UNDOUBTEDLY you all remember the amazing rise of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., who came to be ruler of the Queen's Navee because of his expertness and conscientious use of elbow grease in polishing up the handle of the big front door.

Certainly, we all remember it, especially those of us who are of a certain age, and most of us took part in children's presentations of the immortal Pinafore, in which the career of Sir Joseph was set forth. Can't you recall how we all fought to play Dick Deadeye, and sniffed at the pretty boy who sang Ralph Rackstraw? He was going to be a great tenor, but he turned up as a clerk in a cigar store, or something like that, every time. And Little Buttercup married the milkman, and—but—enough: I stray, I stray.

What I started out to say was that you all remember the manner in which Sir Joseph got to be ruler of the Queen's Navee, and, taking that as the basic fact, to assert that Great Britain, in a matter of similar case, has nothing on this great and glorious nation, the land of the free, as witness the making of General Leonard Wood, chief-of-staff of our khakied army.

The experiences of Sir Joseph and General Leonard are not exactly the same, but approximately so. Sir Joseph polished up the knob on the big front door and rose magnificently. General Leonard polished up the knob on the Big White Chief and rose famously. It probably is a high crime and misdemeanor to call the dome of thought of the Big White Chief, meaning Colonel T. Faunal Roosevelt, a knob. But that is what it is, when you bring it to the last analysis—no, not analysis—nobody could analyze it—the final classification, let us say, not forgetting to reiterate and reasseverate, if that makes it any stronger, that little Lenny polished up said knob in a style that stamped him as one of the most accomplished knob-polishers we have.

It was this way: About the time we loosed the dogs of war upon Spain, some twelve years ago, Polisher Wood was a doctor and captain in the army and Knobful Roosevelt was an Assistant Secretary of the Navy. They were friends and both occupied useful but not particularly showy positions. Along came somebody and told what superb assistance a regiment of Rough Riders would be in driving the haughty and hated Castilian from the shores of the fair isle of Cuba. The upshot of it was that when the Rough Riders took up their ride for Tampa, Dr. Leonard Wood was colonel of this particular bunch of scourges of the haughty Castilians, and Theodore Roosevelt was lieutenant-colonel.

Historians may differ—and do—as to the precise part the aforementioned scourges took in maltreating the splenetic Spaniards, the conceited Castilians. There may be controversy—and is—on how this array of uneven equestrians affected the fortunes of Mr. Weyler's warriors, but there can be no dissenting voice as to the effect on the fortunes of the brave leaders of these controversial centaurs, to wit: L. Wood and T. Roosevelt. They drew all the prizes out of that particular lottery of war, as is too well known to need particularizing here.

Returning, therefore, to the polishing of the knob let me say that L. Wood did it with his little single-stick. A husky person, this L. Wood, noted as an army football player and athlete of various other sorts, and naturally, after the war, with T. Roosevelt safely ensconced in the White House, called in to help keep that great man in the perfect physical condition required for chasing General Nelson Miles off the lot once or twice a week and landing on such other undesirables as might venture around from time to time, to say nothing of the trim demanded by the constant exercise of the epistolary art.

Hitting the High Spots

COMRADES in war and comrades in peace—but not too much peace. Both hated it. Thus often on a stilly night belated pedestrians, turning at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, to continue out toward Georgetown, heard loud cries coming from the White House and, ever and anon, the plunk of a hard object hitting a bony structure. And if they chanced to stop they could see on the curtains of the East Room shadows of men in fierce combat. "On guard—ah-h-h—bully—take that—by godfrey—well hit—ouch—o-u-c-h—de-lighted," and much more of the same tenor. Those in the secret knew what was happening. L. Wood was polishing the knob.

Need it be said he polished it up so carefulee that now he is the ruler of our great armee? It need not. The facts speak for themselves. Many a morning T. Roosevelt appeared at his desk with protuberances on his head that resembled goose-eggs in size and California red plums in color. "A little go at single-sticks last night with Leonard," he would smilingly explain when affrighted callers would anxiously inquire whether the esteemed President were raising a crop of wens. "Great man, Leonard. Very active and no weakling. I shall bear him in mind."

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"Very Active and No Weakling"

And he bore him in mind all right, for at the precise moment when the way was open he made the doctor major-general, and thus put him in line for his present exalted position as chief-of-staff. And, having been born in 1860, Wood will long continue as the ranking major-general of the army, even after he has completed his tour of duty as chief-of-staff. One shudders to think what would have happened to him had he been no polisher with the single-stick—a weakling. Like as not he'd be doctoring now, instead of strategizing.

And, at that, he might have landed just the same, to give him his full due, for doctors are very popular in our army, as witness that other celebrated physician, Major-General Ainsworth, who is the adjutant-general, and mighty close to the top himself. Without intending to cast any asparagus it may be said that Doctor Wood is a better soldier than he ever was doctor, and Doctor Wood shines in politics more than in physic. Still, that is neither here nor there. Our military is a peculiar institution, peculiarly instituted.

Wood came from New Hampshire originally and graduated in medicine at Harvard in 1884. He took the army medical examination two years later, and was appointed an assistant surgeon from Massachusetts in 1886. He was made a captain and assistant surgeon in 1891 and remained at that rank until 1898, when he got leave to go as colonel of the Rough Riders.

Wood was an athlete. He had a fine army reputation as a sportsman and was a close friend of Roosevelt's. He was in command of the Rough Riders in Cuba, was made a brigadier-general of volunteers on July 8 of the same year, for services at Las Guasimas and San Juan Hill, and later attained the rank of major-general of volunteers. He went to Cuba as governor during the first American occupation and remained there until the government was transferred to the Cubans in 1902. Then in 1903 his great and polished friend, President Roosevelt, made him major-general in the regular establishment, and now he is chief-of-staff.

There was a great deal of criticism of Wood when he was in charge of Cuba, he being an arbitrary, autocratic and assertive person. None of the charges stuck, at least not with the President and Congress, and died out when he was promoted by his old comrade-in-arms, President Roosevelt, and confirmed by the Senate. He went to the Philippines to get some actual military experience and was there for about five years, governor of a province for a time and then in command of the Philippines division of the army. Then he came back to command the Department of the East and was soon made chief-of-staff, where he will remain for several years.

Wood is a good soldier, the military experts say. He was also a good athlete. In the old days, when they were very subordinate indeed, Wood and Roosevelt used to ride and walk and box and single-stick together. Wood was one of the few men whom Roosevelt could not tire out. Also, having better eyes than T. R., he used to wallop him promiscuously with the single-stick and the gloves. Being a keen young sportsman and anxious to win he didn't let down any when his opponent was the President of the United States. He lambasted T. Roosevelt all around the White House, half-Nelsoned him on the mat, uppercut him with the gloves and, as chanted previously, polished up that knowledgeous knob many a time and oft. And now see where he is. T. R. liked it.

The moral of this tale seems to be that all young doctors in the army should learn the single-stick, in case Colonel T. Faunal Roosevelt comes back to the White House. No use now. W. H. T. single-sticking would be about the same as T. R. doing a jig-saw puzzle.

A Restive Engine

AT THE time of the strike of the engineers on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, a considerable number of years ago, the officials of the road dragged in every man they could find who knew anything at all about an engine to take the places of the strikers.

One man they secured was an engineer at a sawmill. All his experience in running an engine had consisted in pulling the lever and starting the log against the saw, and pulling the reverse lever when the plank was cut off, and running the platform back again so the log could be shoved over to allow the saw to take another slice. The yardman gave him an engine and told him to run it into the roundhouse. The sawmill engineer pulled a lever and the engine slid slowly into the roundhouse. When he was in he saw that something must be done, so he pulled the reverse lever. The engine promptly backed out again.

"Here!" shouted the yardman. "What are you doing, you fool? Why don't you put that engine in the roundhouse?"

"I did have her in," yelled the sawmill engineer. "Why in thunder didn't you shut the door?"

Filling Frank

AFTER the war with Spain a party of Americans, including Colonel Hecker, of Detroit, went to Cuba on a tour of inspection. They had with them a negro messenger named Frank.

One day Frank got into a place where they sell ices and cakes on the Prado, in Havana, and bought a plate of ice cream. That was twenty cents.

The waiter handed around some cakes. Frank took a few. The cakes were passed for a second and a third time. On each occasion Frank helped himself liberally.

Then he called for his check. It was one dollar and eighty cents, American. Colonel Hecker and some friends, who were at an adjoining table, heard Frank yell.

"What's the matter, Frank?" asked the Colonel.

"Why didn' you stop me?" sobbed Frank. "Why didn' you stop me? Doan you know dis yer nigger could eat enough of dis yer stuff to bankrupt the hull Gov'ment?"

The Hall of Fame

℄ George W. Cable, the author, was once a reporter in New Orleans.

℄ Oscar G. Murray, the railroad president, began as a ticket agent in Galveston.

℄ Paul West is the author of more than three hundred published songs and still has the nerve to look his friends in the eye.

℄ Anthony N. Brady, the big New York financier, got his start with a string of tea stores in Albany. He was born in France.

℄ When Dr. Victor Rosewater, of Omaha, isn't busy editing his big newspaper he writes informative pieces for the encyclopedias.

℄ S. S. Carvalho, general manager of all the Hearst newspapers, collects Chinese blue-and-white porcelains, and has the most representative collection in this country.

℄ James E. Watson, of Indiana, who used to be in Congress and was not elected governor in 1908, was once grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias and once state president of the Epworth League.

℄ Alfalfa Bill Murray, of Oklahoma, whose other names are William Henry, ran away from home when he was twelve years old, and landed as Speaker of the Oklahoma House of Representatives in 1907 and 1908.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Salmon Fishing and Fishermen

SALMON angling is a sport for kings, but it is only a very well-to-do king who can afford it. The average European article of king is barred by the statute of financial limitations. As seen on this continent, it is most generally practiced by members of wealthy clubs who control, by purchase or lease, waters known to offer good fishing. A river of established value will show the fishing rights cut up into all sorts of checkerboard patterns. A few miles of a valid salmon river, covering even a few established pools, make a princely possession. Sometimes a lucky individual may even secure a river all to himself, but this latter does not often happen nowadays.

As to the sport itself, it is cleanly entitled to the adjective royal. Nothing in angling compares with it. Muskallonge fishing, trolling or casting is absolutely tame compared to salmon angling, which is exclusively fly fishing. Not even the tuna or the tarpon can offer sport equal to the salmon's performance. Sea fishing is heavy work, and its surroundings may seem more or less monotonous in time. When one goes after salmon the settings of the sport are beautiful to the point of continuous charm, and the sport of itself offers exhaustless interest, for scarcely two salmon act precisely alike although every one is a sporting proposition by itself.

As facilities for this sport are confined to a relatively small tract of country, so far as this continent is concerned, the competition for salmon fishings is keen, and a good river is sure to be leased steadily. Unless, therefore, you are fortunate enough to have a river of your own you are very apt to be dependent upon the courtesy of some fortunate and generous friend. There is a little open fishing to be had in Labrador and Newfoundland. Some American anglers go to Norway for their salmon fishing. The luckiest are those who are able to be on the ground from the middle of May to the middle of July, on some one of the many rivers which enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence or Chaleurs Bay, which latter separates the Province of Quebec from that of New Brunswick.

Among Those Present

The Atlantic salmon, unlike its Pacific cousin, will take the fly in fresh water. Since, like all other salmon, it returns to its native stream, the possibilities of a given water are usually pretty well known, and there are scores of rivers which for years have been famous and much coveted. Among those noted on the north shore of the St. Lawrence coast are the Marguerite, the Moisie, and many smaller rivers which empty into the Gulf. North of Anticosti Island is the river St. Jean, which, with another smaller river, is controlled by James J. Hill, who now and then takes a yachting party of his friends there. The Godbout—controlled by Thomas Peck, James Law, A. C. Henry, Doctor Manuel and John Manuel—farther to the west and toward the head of the Gulf, is perhaps the most prolific salmon river ever known. Toward the eastern extremity of the Gulf are the Magpie, the Mingan, the Romaine, and other rivers of great intrinsic value.

In the current season, three rods, D. J. Carroll and two guests, A. K. Sloan and Robert B. Lawrence, all of New York, fished the Romaine and Mingan rivers for a week, the water being rather high and conditions not especially favorable. Of these rods Mr. Lawrence killed thirty-two fish averaging fourteen pounds, Mr. Carroll thirty-nine averaging seventeen pounds, or one thousand one hundred and fifteen and one-half pounds to two rods in seven days—a very handsome record. The weight record for these two rivers was thirty-six pounds killed by Mr. Sloan.

Of the Quebec rivers which flow into the north shore of Chaleurs Bay, the famous Restigouche, the splendid Grand Cascapedia, and the Bonaventure are among the more important in size and excellence. Eastward toward the entrance of the bay are the Grand Pabos and Little Pabos. The latter stream is controlled exclusively by Charles H. Davis, of Saginaw. The York, flowing into the Gaspé Basin, was long owned by Mr. Murdock, a wealthy gentleman of Chicago, now deceased. Some of these rivers are very prolific. The Little Pabos is very easily good for from eighty to one hundred fish a year, for two rods employed not over two weeks. The fish here average around ten pounds. The Godbout, although surpassed in size of fish, perhaps holds the record in numbers. One angler, N. D. Corneau, the stream guardian, is credited with fifty-seven fish to his own rod on that river in one day.

As to the salmon itself, it remains today the most mysterious of all created things. How do the salmon find their way back year after year into their own river, as certainly they do? Why is it that one river will turn out large fish, and another will show weight average scarcely one-fourth as large? No one can answer these questions, although the small fish may be as old as the large, and although it is sure that each fish comes back to its own river, and that all these fish, small or large, of a given age, are supposed to feed on the same food, in the same portion of the salt water. The Indians and guides say that the salmon of each river make a separate "tribe," and the scientists have to let it go at that. Salmon netted in the estuaries show stomachs stuffed with small fish and shrimps. In the fresh water they do not seem to feed at all, although they may remain for a year in a river before they return to the sea. Scarce half a dozen cases of food found in a salmon's stomach are recorded on any rivers. Science says that they come in very fat, which is very true, and that they live on this fat; sometimes, apparently, until the next year, when, as kelts, they drop back to the sea, dark, slimy, lean and much disfigured. And yet this same kelt, in the spring of the year following his ascent, is by some careful observers declared to shed his skin and to assume new scales, like a snake! Some doubt this, but who shall deny it with authority? Study him as you may, the salmon still remains a mystery. He will not take the fly on the Pacific in fresh water. He will sometimes take the bait or trolling spoon at tidewater in either ocean. The Atlantic salmon will take, usually, only very bright and gaudy flies, sometimes very large, which certainly resemble nothing in the world in animate Nature. Whether he does this in sport, anger, or in a sort of background instinct for food, no one knows, and apparently no one ever will know. Of all the salmon in a pool, perhaps only a few will rise to any kind of a fly. Of those which will rise at all, half may be very particular as to the sort of fly they wish. Again, when the impulse is upon them, almost any fly will do. Why these things are so no one knows.

A Fish of Mystery

When the salmon is a very little fellow he is an alevin, and if he has luck, and escapes the kingfishers and sheldrakes, he gets to be a parr. You may catch him on the fly as a parr, before ever he goes to the sea. He will then have dark, vertical bands, like a yearling trout. Parrs become smolts in their third or fourth year, and in the late summer or fall go out to the sea. In the next season they come back as grilse, and then weigh three to six pounds. A grilse may be either four or five years old. After that it will put on from four to six pounds each year. The annual increase of weight, as above mentioned, varies for different rivers, and this is something extremely difficult to figure out, because all the weight gained is gained in the sea.

No one knows where salmon pass the winter, but reports of net fishermen, cod fishermen, and others, seem to indicate that they do not go very far away from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The smolts do not go so far from the shore, in all likelihood, and they often mix with herring, and are caught in herring nets. Their movements are very irregular. When in the salt water salmon travel only in the daytime, as the nets prove. In fresh water they reverse this process and travel usually at night. They enter a river very slowly, and sometimes back down to salt water a few times until they get used to the change. Their advance upstream is very slow, and sometimes you will mark the same fish lying in the same pool for weeks at a time. Your

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guide will tell you that in two or three pools not ten miles above the mouth of such or such a river, salmon will lie all summer and spawn there, never going farther up. They say that this is the home of these individuals, and that having found it they do not care to pass it. Some say that artificially planted fish will not ascend a stream above the pool where they were put in. The general instinct is, however, to ascend the river to its source. If there is a lake at the head, numbers of the fish will perhaps pass a winter there. Yet other numbers will drop back in the fall after spawning. Obviously the whole natural history of this fish is curious and difficult to understand, although the general habits of the species are very well understood.

The salmon-fishing season is not very long. About the middle of May two great bodies of these fish come in, one along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, another on the south shore. The upper body seems to strike the shore near Anticosti, and here to separate, at a point, say, close to Mingan, the two bodies thus supplying the streams east and west of that point on the north shore. The fish appear at varying dates in Chaleurs Bay, usually in the last week of May, sometimes in the first week of June. June is usually the best for these great rivers, but salmon keep on coming into them in distinct bodies, sometimes until the latter part of July. When this month finds the rivers low clear sport is apt to fall off, but very frequently a heavy rain and a rise of five or six inches will put the salmon on the rise over a wide stretch of water. The stained water coming down seems to put new life and more ambition into them.

Fish Etiquette

On some of the smaller salmon rivers angling can be done from the shore, although even there it is customary to have a boat along, so that a wild fish may be followed if it leaves the pool. On the larger rivers, especially during a freshet, the boating is apt to be very exciting and sometimes even dangerous, for these short and rapid streams are of very considerable volume and power, particularly when broken by rather nasty rapids. Accidents are, however, more common in the lumbering industry than in salmon fishing, and your two guides—for it will always take two men to handle the boat—are experts with setting pole and paddle, and are no more anxious to be put overboard into a rushing river than you are. Very few of them know how to swim, the water thereabout being too cold to encourage the pastime of swimming. The boat used is usually about twenty-five or twenty-six feet long, of what is known as the Gaspé pattern, round-bottomed, pointed at both ends, of canoe build, and about thirty-six-inch beam. Such a boat will take quite a bit of rough water, and is steady enough for you to stand in while casting, if you are used to boats and are careful.

Your sport, of course, depends upon your head guide, who knows every pool on the river and every fish in the pool. He is apt to be reticent at first, but will counsel you, if you like, as to the pattern of your fly and the manner of your fishing. You will depend upon your guide to put you where you belong on the river. He knows all the demarcations of the different leases and ownerships, and when you come, as is often the case, to a pool which is owned half by yourself or your host and half by some one else, your guide, whether watched or not, will be scrupulously exact in anchoring his boat and instructing you where to fish. It is neither lawful nor in good form to cross the middle line of the stream in your fishing if the opposite side is owned by another, and this no matter whether the fish are jumping on your side or his. There is dignity, formality and etiquette in this sport, you will observe. Any two guides bringing a boat up the river will reverse their setting poles and use the wooden ends when they enter the edge of a pool where an angler is casting. This is to prevent the clink of the steel-shod poles on the rocks alarming the fish. It is etiquette to be polite, but not profuse, in invitations with neighbors on a salmon stream. Both you and the other fellow are mighty apt to be out for blood. But, should he strike a fish in a pool where you are anchored, it is your duty to reel in and, if there is the least likelihood of his fish coming your way, to take up your killick—as the boat anchor is called—and get over against the bank so that you cannot by any chance handicap him at his work. He, of course, will do the same for you.

Salmon fishing is entirely different from trout fishing. The best thing you can do, if you are a beginner, is to put yourself entirely in the hands of your guides, who know more about this sport than you can ever hope to. They will take you over miles of water without stopping to wet a fly. "If we'd a foot more water we'd stop here, sir," says the head guide, "but 'tis not worth while today." So you edge up until you reach some pool where the guides know there are some fish lying. You begin at the head of the pool and fish down, each removal of the killick to a lower station being called a "drop."

Your pool may not look to you like a pool at all, for it is not always still and deep, but sometimes shallow and rather rapid, although the fish do not lie in very fast white water. You are most apt to find a fish back of a big rock on the bottom. Hundreds of dollars are sometimes spent in putting in these big rocks for salmon shelter in a pool; just as sometimes thousands are spent in ripraping a pool to keep it from flattening out. Such as your pool is, you are expected to cover it thoroughly at each drop, as far as you can conveniently cast, not lengthening your line more than about three feet each time that you fish it, from each side of the boat to a point directly astern. A salmon is not so shy a fish as a trout, and neither is it so quick on its feet, so to speak. You can sometimes take one on a short line directly across the current, but the usual method is to begin casting about forty-five degrees on one side of the boat and then work the line directly astern, allowing the fly to be carried down and around by the current. Then you fish the other side of the boat and repeat, *da capo, seriatim, ad infinitum.* You drop down as soon as you have exhausted your natural casting range. The fly should be kept in motion all the time by a sort of pumping of the tip of the rod up and down, about three feet. As you stand in the boat the butt of the rod rests in the hollow of your thigh and body, and after casting the rod is dropped parallel to the water, and thus worked up and down easily with one hand and steadily while the fly is floating around directly astern. It is in the latter position that the salmon is most apt to catch up with it and to take it. A belt with socket is very useful in playing a heavy fish. Your killickman will buckle this around you after the fight begins, as you will be busy with both hands then.

Your Fighting Equipment

You lengthen line, in salmon casting, by pulling it off the reel and letting it float downstream. You cast with both hands. If you understand trout casting, it will not take you half a day to become proficient enough with the salmon rod to kill fish. Indeed, you may do so in half an hour. Your salmon rod will be from fourteen to eighteen feet in length, and will weigh from a pound and a half to three pounds. The old English type of rod was greenheart and lancewood, about eighteen feet in length, and was expected to account for about thirty yards of line. A well-built split-cane rod by the best American makers will cost you about fifty dollars, and in a length of fourteen and a half feet will easily give you thirty yards or better. With such a powerful instrument it is possible to cast a hundred or a hundred and ten feet, a heavy line, of course, being preferable. It is not these long casts, however, which kill fish, and forty or fifty feet will be much better. Especially in fighting a fish you want to keep inside the latter length, if possible, for a long line sags down badly and gives bad control over a fish. Sometimes in casting with a long line, when you are moving your rod-tip up and down to give motion to the fly, you are not really giving it any motion at all, but only allowing it to swing down dead in the current, to alarm and not to interest your fish.

Your leaders for salmon fishing must be of the best gut obtainable. Eight pounds' test will do, but the stronger the better. Your flies may be bought to suit the case, although three or four patterns—say, Jack Scott, Silver Gray, Silver Doctor, Black Dose, Durham Ranger—will be apt to do the business on most of the northeastern rivers when the salmon are rising. An old-time angler will, of course, have scores of patterns, and dozens of dozens, in all sorts

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of sizes up to 6 O. There are double-hooked flies and single-hooked flies. The latter are rather preferable, unless in the very small sizes.

Your reel is perhaps more important even than your rod. Salmon fishing is different from trout fishing in all respects. You can't fish with a salmon rod if a lot of line is stripped off in your left hand. Should a salmon strike while you are in that position, you would be very apt to lose him. Your reel must be big enough to hold a hundred yards of this heavy braided-silk line, and your guide will set it, with the adjusting screws, to a point just stiff enough to make the salmon work for every inch of line he gets. He will caution you to strike your fish "on the reel," and not with your finger across the line. If you strike a salmon as you do a trout, with a sharp, quick jerk, he is so heavy and immovable that you are very apt to part the leader. Again, if you have the line clamped when he starts on his first incredibly swift run, he is apt to tear loose before you know how it happened. Sometimes, on the other hand, a reel is set so light that it overruns when you strike your fish. In that case there is a snarl, a jerk, and all is over. You must watch your reel all the time and see that the line does not foul the handle, and that it is ready to pay free at any instant. Really the safest way, if you can control yourself, is to strike your fish with your finger just resting on the line, to give you the proper "feel" of the fish. The average angler, however, forgets to take off his finger. Sometimes the rush of the salmon has burned a forgetful finger half to the bone.

The striking of a salmon is entirely a different matter from that of hooking a trout. For a trout you cannot strike too fast, but for a salmon you can hardly strike too slow. He seems to want to eat that fly or pass it out through his gills, and will close his jaws down on it and move off; very often, and indeed usually, hooking himself. When the weight and movement of the fish are fairly felt it is better to strike, not with a jerk, but with a long, steady, upward surge of the rod, to be sure that the hook is set firm. After that things happen at once, immediately and very much sooner. The first rushes and leaps of a salmon are apt to be his most dangerous ones. The main thing is not to strike too quick or to be excited when you see the big wake making for your fly. Wait till you see and feel the fish. There is plenty of time. Some say that a good trout fisherman is handicapped a hundred per cent when it comes to salmon fishing, the two sports are so utterly unlike.

A Test of Skill

On a jumping muskallonge it is well to keep the rod well sprung and the tip close to the water, to pull the fish's head flat when he goes up. When a salmon jumps he is much faster than a muskallonge, and much more apt to go out on a tight line. You should push your hands and all the rod forward to him when you see him jump, to give him slack. If you do this, or drop the tip a little, he may not tear loose. When he is down again, of course, you tighten and keep the line taut all the time. Keep the tip up. Don't crowd your fish too hard, but keep on reeling whenever you get a chance, and get as close to him as you can. Of course, as soon as your fish is struck your stern canoeman hoists the killock, and both your men steady the boat, ready to follow the fish out of the pool if it insists.

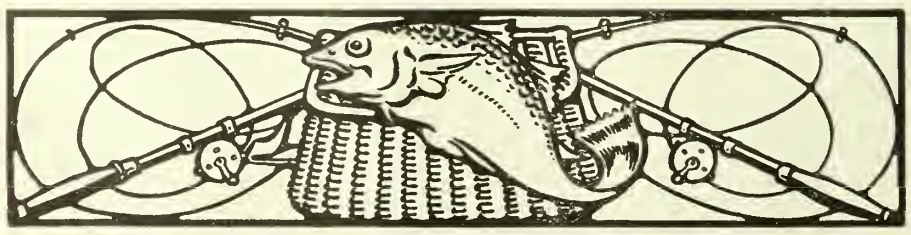
The length of time required to kill a large salmon varies, there being the greatest individuality shown by different fishes. Vice-President Arthur once played a fish all the afternoon, because it would only lie still and sulk. The writer worked for three-quarters of an hour on a thirty-nine-pound fish, which when gaffed was found to have its lower jaw nearly worn through by the leader, which had been wrapped around it. The tail of this fish was split to the bone in three or four places. It had evidently lain low, rubbed against rocks, tried to smash the line with its tail, and in short had done all manner of approved salmon tricks. For a time it looked like an all-day job, as the rod could not get the fish going at all. This fish was finally subdued by giving it a fast ride through some rapids after working the boat below it—a trick the guides have of rattling and wearing out a fish; although sometimes it is the fish itself which starts downstream. The salmon has been known to carry a boat downstream a mile in this way.

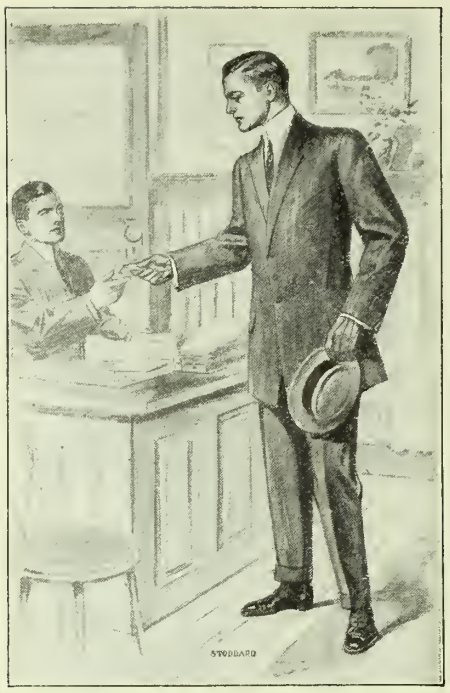
When at last you get your fish to the surface and can reel him in close enough to see what he looks like—and most surprisingly large and shiny he is apt to look—you can usually count upon killing him in a minute or so longer. The gaffing is usually done from the boat, but your men will take the boat close to the shore so that he cannot get under the boat and smash things, in case the gaffer misses. Sometimes the rod does best to go ashore, to get further back from the fish while the gaffer is working. The latter takes his first chance and rarely misses. He must be careful not to strike the tense leader and so free the fish. Usually the gaff will pass through the shoulder or the middle of the back. Then there is a great struggle, a heave, a mass of silver in the boat, and a quick quietus with the salmon "priest"—the stout club which the gaffer always has near at hand.

Advice to Anglers

First, then, get your chance to go salmon fishing. If fortune favors you, and if you are a beginner, take counsel with your guides. Get your guides to fish a while for you and show you how it is done. Keep your wits about you when the salmon rushes at your fly. Don't stop the fly when he starts for it, but keep up the same steady movement a few inches back and forth. Give him time to take the fly in his mouth and start down, and when you feel him strike him. Keep your reel free and make him work for the line he gets. Keep him away from sharp rocks if you think he is going there, and if you can. Don't let him jump on a tight line if you can help it. Don't let him run too far away from you if you can help that. Whenever he slacks up recover line with the reel and see that it is wound on smoothly. Get command over your fish as early as you can, but don't crowd him too hard, for he is very strong and is always apt to smash something, even up to the minute he is gaffed.

You will be expected, of course, to give your men something of a gratuity besides their wages, and they are worth it. If you go as a guest it is better to take your own tackle, the latter selected under the eye of an expert, if possible. No man really likes to lend his pet rod or his pet gun. Your rod will cost you about fifty dollars, your reel fifteen to thirty-five dollars, your line about ten dollars, your flies from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half apiece, perhaps. It is not necessary for a visitor to secure too elaborate an equipment of flies. There is some loss of gear in salmon fishing, and, of course, to part a leader which cost a five-dollar bill, and lose a fly which cost a dollar and a quarter, and a fish for which you wouldn't have taken a thousand dollars, is rather an expensive proposition. But you will not break so many leaders or lose so many flies as in fishing for trout. A proved leader, although it will cost from two dollars and a half to five dollars, may last you two or three years, and if you are careful to dry your flies they may serve you yet longer. Your line should be dried and cared for, and rightly treated is good for some years. Your rod will last you a lifetime, the more especially if you love it, as any angler should his fly rod. When you die leave your outfit to your best friend. He may join you later in a place where the salmon rise every day—the which, according to the creed of all salmon anglers, is the seventh heaven of all possible delights.





Go in-at the Sign of The L System Pennant

THE L SYSTEM CLOTHES

INDIVIDUALITY in clothes means general distinction of pattern, originality of effect, alertness expressed by vigorous clean lines, trimness of collar, set of the coat, the general air of swing and life—"difference." These are distinct features of The L System clothes for Young Men.

THE only way to realize how very "*different*" The L System clothes are is to let your own eyes tell you—go in at the sign of The L System Pennant and try on the clothes that have attention getting value.

Ask your local dealer

Look for The L System label sewn inside the inner coat pocket.

Send 2 cents for Style Magazine, or 24c for set of 4 original college posters in colors.

And Try On Those "Different" Clothes

H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS
STYLE ORIGINATORS
CHICAGO - BOSTON - NEW YORK

Capitalizing Brains

By George Frederic Stratton

AN EMINENT and industrious statistician has recently compiled a table of the cash valuation of wage-earners at various stated periods of their lives. It is based—as is customary with calculations affecting a mechanic's wages—upon averages; and averages are viewed with bitter disfavor by the wage-earner.

"From the first day he's on a payroll down to the day he puts in his last time-card the mechanic's the victim of averages!" exploded a workman of twenty years' experience. "When he's an apprentice he's averaged with Tom, Dick and Harry, getting the same average wage clear through his term, no matter how good or how poor he is. When his time is out and he takes out a union card he's averaged by the union with Joe, Bill and Jack—three dollars a day, no matter whether he's worth five or two. Or, if he's scabbing, the employer averages him with the whole bunch, according to what he can afford, or feels inclined to call the labor cost of the average operation. If they figure on getting anything but average work on such an average outlook they've got another guess coming that'll average ninety-five per cent off the line of their average first guess."

Of course, to men whose lives are confined to exertion for the individual needs of their families, and their own individual hopes and ambitions, the interesting information that a wage-earner who is thirty, forty or fifty years of age is capitalized at so many hundred dollars certainly conveys neither comfort, exultation nor enthusiasm.

The capitalized workman sees nothing for himself in the capitalization; he only feels that he is "averaged" again.

A pattern-maker who reads good magazine literature, and thinks about what he reads, recently said: "Some day—it may be long hence—managers will pay as much attention to the difference in workmen as they now pay to the difference in machines or material. And when they do they'll get just as different results as they do now by the use of good equipment instead of poor, although they pay more for it. They can't run a hundred-horse-power engine with the same average amount of coal as a sixty-horse, and they know it; but they are doing that very thing with men, and of course they get only average work. I've never seen a list of brain values like this list of muscle values. Of course it couldn't be compiled, anyway; they haven't got the averages."

A Marshall Field Aphorism

This pattern-maker was not quite correct in his closing remark. Averages of the remunerative returns of brainwork are, to a large extent, as available as are those of handwork. Salaries, and the men who earn them, could be as easily tabulated as wages and wage-earners, but the result would be only an average, and valueless—except as a statistical curiosity. Whether a man is a great industrial manager, a gang foreman or a yard lumper, his best exertions have never been made and never will be made except under the conviction that, on some one point, he is above the average and is gaining a little on the other fellows. It may be some very trifling point, but to the small man it is a great incentive; and if it meets with encouragement, from either himself or others, it grows, finally drawing him out of the average.

The only man who can capitalize the brain is the owner of that brain; and it may be possible—it should be quite possible—to arouse in most men a recognition of the easy feasibility of increasing that capitalization, whatever it may be. And that means increasing the returns. The late Marshall Field once said: "The man who puts ten thousand dollars additional capital into an established business is pretty certain of increased returns; and, in the same way, the man who puts additional capital into his brain—information, well-directed thought and study of possibilities—will, as surely—yes, more surely—get increased returns. There's no capital and no increase of capital safer and surer than that."

Some years ago a man was working in the general freight office of a great Western railroad. For eight years he had used the same desk and tugged away at the same routine work at the same salary—fifty dollars a month—which he received at the end of his first year. He read that remark of Mr. Field's and began to study his own brain capitalization, with the result that he decided the capital was not well invested; that what he knew could be worked to bigger advantage elsewhere than in the railroad office. He was thoroughly posted on the details and inside peculiarities of freight rates and classifications, and the divisions of percentage with other roads, but all that meant no particular chance of promotion to him because there were half a hundred men in the office to whom such knowledge was common brain routine. Smith—I am not at liberty to give his true name—went to the manager of a great manufacturing corporation, stated his case frankly, and gave a fair outline of his knowledge on rates, routes and classifications—a knowledge that was so welcome that he secured work in the shipping department at one hundred dollars a month.

What an Average Man Accomplishes

His work proved very satisfactory, and he lost no opportunity of increasing his brain capitalization. The company had plants in five cities, and the insurance of all was handled at the central office. Smith's duties being fairly light he was sometimes requested to help out on inventories and stock schedules when fires occurred. Within three years he had studied the conditions so carefully and obeyed instructions so well that he was regularly sent to any plant where a fire occurred to meet the adjusters; and his salary was one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

At the close of one of these adjusting séances which had occupied three days the agent, when shaking hands, said: "Smith, if ever you're looking for a job, come to us. We want just such a man as you. You're a good fighter." A supper followed and more conversation. Ten days later an offer came from the adjusting association proposing two hundred and fifty dollars a month, which Smith accepted.

In the new position there were often legal points that required reference to legal brains, and with his brain capitalization still in mind he studied law in his spare moments, reading while on the many journeys he was continually taking. In two years he passed the law examinations and, although his salary was then three thousand dollars annually, accepted an offer of partnership with a lawyer of large practice.

That is brain capitalization. In six years he had increased its dividends from fifty dollars per month to over six thousand dollars per year.

A yard laborer worked in a Pennsylvania iron plant, loading and unloading cable cars that carried coal from the company's wharf to its foundry. One day he suggested to the gang foreman a change, or improvement, in the method of coupling to the cable. "G'wan wid yez!" was the instant retort. "They's ingineers lookin' after th' machinery: men who've got idication an' brains, an' c'n figger th' diff'rence in th' length of a tinpinny nail whin th' sun's shinin' on it an' whin it's cowld. Phat d'yez know about mechanics? Yer only number-r-r—phwat th' divil's yer number, onyhow?"

That night the lumper heard the clock strike two before he could sleep, although he had been shoveling coal for ten hours. His thoughts had zigzagged irresistibly from his coupling suggestion to the foreman's castigatory reception of it. During the following week he thought bitterly of the difference between himself, "only number ——," and the chief engineer. There was but little difference in their ages, and the lumper laboriously argued to himself that, when they were young boys, one knew as much as the other. Now, one was a man of "education" and brain, with a large salary; the other, "only number ——," at twenty cents an hour.

After some weeks of hesitation and doubt, with the contrary pull of curiosity

Coming

27¢ per lb.

The Biggest Thing on the Food Horizon

The First Standard National Brand of Coffee

Almost everything else under the sun is sold under standard brands and used in every household from coast to coast.

No one Brand of Coffee enjoys such widespread recognition and the public has had to judge of the quality of Coffee almost entirely by its price. Is it any wonder that almost every grade of Coffee is sold at almost every range of price?

After September 1st the utmost in drinking quality—the Standard, National Brand—will be **Yours truly** Coffee, distributed from 500 centres, fresh and full flavored, available for every grocer in every city, town, village or hamlet.

Whole berries only—**one pound** interlined sealed bags only, and in every bag one **full** pound of really delicious **Coffee.**

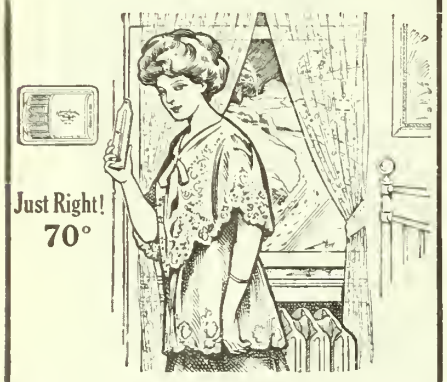
If you have been paying 30c to 40c per pound for Coffee, get one pound of **Yours truly** (about September 1st) and be convinced that you need never again pay more than 27c for the utmost in drinking quality.

If you have been paying 25c per pound or less, get one bag of **Yours truly** and know that for a mere trifle more than you have been paying you can enjoy **really** superior quality.

Some merchants who have not had time to fully investigate, may be a little slow in supplying **Yours truly** Coffee, but they will be able to get it quickly for you from a nearby distributing centre, so insist on getting **Yours truly** Coffee and you **will** be gratified. Try it—test it—insist on getting

Yours truly
TRADE MARK
COFFEE

Automatic climate



The acme of radiator comfort from the lowest costs can be secured if your outfit is under Sylphon control. The three SYLPHON HEAT REGULATORS stand alone, entirely different from all others. These mechanical servants will keep your building just warm enough, and prevent discomfort or waste of fuel. If it's too cold, they start up the fire; if too hot, they check it. No electricity, no machinery, no wind-up, no parts to wear out; last a lifetime without repairs.

1. The SYLPHON REGITHERM is located in the living-room. A simple device communicates motion to the Boiler dampers and keeps the whole house at a genial, uniform temperature. Will save enough coal in two winters to more than pay the price. Just as good for hot-air furnace.

2. The SYLPHON STEAM REGULATOR automatically keeps the pressure even, saving coal and caretaking. Easily attached to OLD or NEW Boilers; is all metal, ***no rubber diaphragm*** to play out.

3. The SYLPHON WATER REGULATOR can be applied to any Hot-Water Boiler, or Tank-Water Heater for domestic supply. It automatically keeps the temperature of the water just right for heating purposes, or, at any stated degree of temperature for hot faucet supply, etc.

No better investments can be made to get the most from Steam or Hot-Water Heating. Pay for themselves in keeping down the fuel costs, and save running up and down stairs. Our IDEAL Sylphon booklet (mailed free) shows how to reduce those "high costs of living." We cordially invite your inquiry.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 28 CHICAGO

Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Visit Yellowstone Park this season

NORTHERN PACIFIC

Time yet to do it. The Park closes Sept. 15th. Send six 2c stamps for two beautiful books that tell of the Park and the way to go. The titles are "Through Wonderland" and "On the Wings of the Wind." Printed in rich colors, embossed in gold.

Remember: the Northern Pacific is the only line to Gardiner Gateway—official Park entrance.

Through sleeping car service direct to Gardiner. Through trains from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland daily.

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and ambition, he had an interview with a teacher in the public night school, who advised him to take a mechanical engineering course with some correspondence school. The advice was followed, and, although some years have passed, I fancied the lip of the old-time lumper quivered as he told me of the first few months of grinding, unfamiliar study in the dingy boarding-house bedroom, after ten or twelve hours of coal-shoveling.

Two years later he secured a patent on his coupling device, scientifically improved, and sold it for two thousand dollars. Then he left his job, determined to put that capital entirely into his brain. He varied hard study with visits to mechanical and engineering outfits, both in construction and operation. Also, at this period, he married a young woman of more education than himself, who supplemented her advantages with readings of technical and scientific magazines so as to be able understandingly to talk with him upon the matters that so deeply interested him. In a splendid tribute to the help of his wife at this period he says:

"Not until we were breaking into the last hundred of that two thousand dollars did she agree to my looking for a job. A large proportion of my brain capital was put in by her; and I'd be a poor sort of man if I didn't see that she got her dividends all right!"

Business associations, invention and company organization followed. Today the former lumper is the heaviest stockholder, president and managing engineer of a corporation employing over thirty-five hundred men. I must quote him once more:

"I have read many articles," he says, "on character building; but, for intensity, effectiveness and comprehensiveness, not one has hung to me like the good-humored jeer of my old Irish foreman—'G'wan wid yez! They's men who've got idication an' brains. Yer only number ——!'"

Mr. James J. Hill has frequently quoted the road-worn, tire-punctured old saying, "No man knows what he can do till he tries," with the Hill addition—"and very few men try it out."

Forming a Valuable Habit

A young fellow engaged in a wholesale grocery found that any question regarding any detail of the business not in direct connection with his own routine was looked upon as impertinent. He was practically told to mind his own affairs. His curiosity at what appeared to him as unnecessary secrecy was aroused and he made it his business to study into the matter. That awakened his interest, and from that moment he commenced to capitalize his brain. He formed the habit of analyzing every order given him—trying to understand why it was given and deciding how he would have given it. Later this habit developed into a study of all the details of the business and of the firm's general policy. For three years he was kept on the same routine details as before; then the department chief was killed in a railroad accident and the young man was told to look after things as well as he could until a new man could be put in charge. During the succeeding two weeks he was in personal contact with the head of the firm, who was astounded, as he afterward stated, at the deep insight into all the business details which the young man displayed He was placed permanently in charge and was a success, both for the firm and for himself. Some time afterward he laughingly said that the man who could look after the distribution of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods could, as well, look after a million if he'd work the same "old brain" on regular hours. Today he is the general manager of a mail-order house with an annual output of forty millions.

This gentleman once remarked: "There are lots of men who have good brains and know it; but they kick because the employers do not immediately recognize the quality, and they waste long periods, sometimes long lives, in so kicking, instead of grasping the idea, and acting upon it, that the brains are theirs as much as any money they may possess. It is up to them, and nobody else, to put the brain at work and make it earn its value. Instead, they'll give just so much of it as will earn the salary they receive, and devote the rest of its power, its energy, and perhaps even its genius, to some fad or some special amusement."

MAYER-CINCINNATI ALL-WOOL TAILORING

Why Not Get All-Wool *and* Making-to-Measure?

Ready-made clothing may be all-wool, yet it doesn't give you the style and fit secured by making-to-measure.

On the other hand, in having clothes made-to-measure at a moderate price, you don't always get *all-wool*. You're very liable to get deceptive mercerized-cotton fabrics.

To get both all-wool fabrics *and* individual making-to-measure, order Mayer-Cincinnati Tailoring—at the store of our representative in your town.

We absolutely and unqualifiedly *guarantee* the wool, the tailoring and the fit—in short, complete satisfaction.

Send us a postal for our style book and name of your local store where the Mayer-Cincinnati-tailoring line is ready and waiting for you to see. There are hundreds of beautiful new fabrics from which to pick your Fall suit and overcoat. Prices from $17.50 upward.

The book is free—don't hesitate to write for it, wherever you live.

Clarence Mayer & Co.

Address Dept. "B" **Cincinnati, Ohio**

NOTE:—We make a great feature of tailoring for ***young*** *men—styles especially designed for college men and others who fancy the more extreme effects in* ***good*** *tailoring.*

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New York's Leading Fashion Catalogue

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It is the most **Wanted,** most **Sensible,** most **Practical,** most **Economical,** and most **Complete** and **Authoritative** Publication on **New York Styles.**

This 160-Page Book faithfully and beautifully illustrates and fully describes everything to wear for

Women, Misses, Girls, Boys and Infants

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At Money Saving Prices

the lowest ever quoted for reliable merchandise.

Convince Yourself at Our Risk

Order the suit illustrated here. **It is a sample of the Money Saving Values to be found throughout this book.**

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

We Pay Express Charges Both Ways

S301—A stunning tailor-made Suit fashioned from All-Wool imported shadow-stripe Worsted, in black, navy blue, gray or green. Coat is about 34 inches long and semi-fitted with single-breasted five-button closing. Fancy collar of high grade velvet, finished with buttons. Button-trimmed pockets. Coat is tailored in the very finest manner, and is lined **throughout with extra quality satin which we guarantee to wear for two seasons.**

The skirt hangs in the straight lines demanded by present day fashions, the fullness being arranged in side-plaits all around. Samples furnished on request.

Express-age Prepaid. **$14.98**

Sizes—32 to 44 bust measure.

To receive full value for your money **you cannot afford to be without a copy of this valuable Fashion Book and Shopping Guide.** ***It is FREE. Write TO-DAY.***

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Simpson Crawford Co.

SIXTH AV. 19th TO 20th STREET. NEW YORK.

FOUNDED 1865

THE LONDON SEASON

(Concluded from Page 15)

for the newcomer if the King decreed that every participant in the function should wear a number like that of an automobile. A social catalogue should be obtainable at the door. Then the inquirer would not be tempted to follow the example of Douglas Jerrold—or was it Theodore Hook?—who stopped a pompous individual in the Strand and said: "I beg your pardon, but are you anybody in particular?"

Mysterious and unrecognized, there wanders through the throng a person who will strike terror into the hearts of the painters. He is taking notes of the wonderful display of dress afforded by the Private View. A day or two before he had been criticising the costumes in the pictures. He is the editor of that excellent trade journal devoted to the interests of tailors, and the forthcoming issue of his periodical will contain items like these:

"Why does so observant an artist as Mr. Sargent place on the back of Lord Dishwater a coat that has not been worn by any nobleman in England since the year 1905?"

"Will the Honorable John Collier never learn how to paint a pair of trousers? He dresses the Duke of Dimpleton as if the occupation of His Grace were pushing a coster's barrow."

The editor of the tailors' trade journal strikes more terror to the souls of artists than could the substance of ten thousand critics. He is

The Arbitrator in the World of Clothes,
Who treads each devious Path where Fashion goes.
He estimates the Cloth, the Style, the Cut:
He knows about it all—He knows!—He knows!

To use a Western simile, if the Private View is the great "round-up" of the London season it is, nevertheless, the court that does the "branding." Courts are held at Buckingham Palace, and begin at ten P. M. They are presided over by the King and Queen, who remain seated together during the presentations. Ladies attending Their Majesties' court must appear in full dress, with trains and plumes. White feathers must be worn so that they can plainly be seen during the approach to the King and Queen. White gloves only are worn, though in the case of both gloves and feathers black is permissible if the person presented is in mourning.

The privilege of presentation at court is won through many restrictions, and application should be made to the proper authorities as soon as possible after New Year's Day.

The Levees at St. James

The charming girl who, I understand, is Queen of the May in American society must abdicate her position when she enters that of the English court. The married woman rules in Great Britain. No single lady, however eminent, can present any friend to the King and Queen. Thus it comes about that April is the great marriage month of the year, while May is almost bereft of high-class weddings. The April bride returns from her honeymoon to take a much more elevated position in society than has hitherto been accorded her. Even the presentation which may have taken place after her coming-out now counts for nothing, and she must be represented to Their Majesties, and here the young husband is taught his proper place in the scheme of things. She may take him with her to the court, but must leave him outside as she does her wraps. She alone makes the two deep curtsies to the King and Queen. The new husband must not pass before them.

The levees are held at St. James Palace and begin at twelve, noon. Here the King is alone and only men are presented to him. The men must appear in full court dress—knee-breeches, silk stockings, and a little toy sword at the side.

This year the political dinners were held before the London season began, when the new Parliament assembled. Most notable of these are the Speaker's two entertainments—one given on March 11 to members of the Government, the second a week later to members of the Opposition. At these entertainments there are no speeches and politics are barred, for the Speaker of the House of Commons differs from Mr. Cannon by being unpartisan. There is a dinner by the Prime Minister to his followers, and a dinner by the leader of the Opposition to the chief Conservative members of Parliament. Somehow every ceremonial in England attaches itself to good eating, with the best of wine.

Private entertainments of all sorts are held throughout the season, much too numerous even to refer to. It is amazing that a mere human being who does his full social duty can survive the ordeal, but the women appear to like it. The heroine of E. F. Benson's novel, The Climber, who is taking the air on horseback in Hyde Park, thus sums up the life very accurately:

"I like to ride like this, then to rush home and have no time for breakfast because I am going to see the Exhibition at ten. Three-quarters of an hour there, then a dressmaker; then lunch with Lady Heron; then a concert; then I must be at home for an hour, because I have told fifty people I shall be in; then I shall read till dinner; dine, dance, and get to bed about this time tomorrow."

A man, supposed to possess superior vigor, sometimes takes a different view. Mr. Pendennis observes:

"Take a woman of the world; follow her course through the season; one silently asks how she can survive it."

Thackeray himself wrote to a friend:

"Three weeks of the London season are more than enough for me, and I feel as if I had had enough of it and of pleasure."

Great Events of the Season

Here is a list of public features that year by year occur during the London season, most of these being attended by royalty.

The Hurlingham polo contests and the Military Tournament at Olympia constitute the chief entertainments for May. June begins with the Epsom Races, which include the Derby. Then there is the International Horse Show, a comparatively recent exhibition, largely attended by Americans. Ascot Races consume four days, and Ascot Sunday, which follows, shows a display on the Thames River dazzling in its gayety and summer dressing.

On the King's official birthday, June 25, there is the Trooping of the Colors, one of the most brilliant ceremonies of the festive three months. This ceremony dates back to the time of George I. The parade was invented by William, Duke of Cumberland, Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. The troops then paraded at the early hour of six in the morning. The royal Duke required that each officer should march slowly and alone in a straight line directly to his post. The officers were quick to perceive the meaning of this maneuver, where the least unsteadiness afforded an indication of the depths of drinking the night before. His Royal Highness, who must have had a sense of humor, dealt a telling blow for temperance.

July begins with two great cricket matches at Lord's—first, Oxford against Cambridge; second, Eton against Harrow; the former consuming three days, beginning with the immortal July 4, and the latter two days. Other attractions in July are Henley Regatta, Holland Park Flower Show, Stafford House Garden Party, the Bisley Meeting, where all the best shots of the empire congregate. There are ballooning, polo, golf and so forth at Ranelagh, a church parade every Sunday in Hyde Park, and opera at Covent Garden.

Considering that all fashionable people must appear at the opera on several occasions if they wish to be considered members of society, it is odd that Covent Garden Opera House is so democratic as to be thrown wide open to the public, rendering impossible any attempt at exclusiveness. Whoever possesses the money can purchase a place, which costs from thirty-five dollars a box for a single performance down to the cheapest reserved seats at a dollar and a quarter.

The Goodwood Races are the closing event of the London season. After Goodwood, society people are free to do what they choose. In August grouse-shooting begins in Scotland, and many hurry northward. Others take their yachts and participate in the festivities of Cowes Week, which begins on August 1.

Many make for the Continental spas, there to amend, if possible, the overeating and the fatigue of the London season.

Eyes Cheeks and Lips

Reflect One's Health as a Mirror.

The precious blood current when pure and laden with vitality from proper and well-digested food, is Nature's greatest beautifier.

Without it, the cosmetic art can do no more than sham and make-believe.

To possess the beauty that all women seek and men admire, is largely a matter of right living—principally proper food and drink.

Thoughtful men and women who know the simple reasons why beauty and health depend upon proper food, use

Grape-Nuts

regularly as a part of their diet.

It is a concentrated food—in 100 parts there are only about 2 parts waste.

Grape-Nuts is not only partially pre-digested—hence easily assimilated—but eaten with other foods, it assists in their digestion.

What wonder then, that bright eyes, cherry lips and rosy cheeks tell the story of good health for those who use

Grape-Nuts

This food contains the vitalizing elements of the field grains scientifically prepared in appetizing form.

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

"HERE'S HUGHES"

—the greatest fighting Governor of the Empire State since Roosevelt. On the eve of his promotion to the Supreme Bench, McClure's publishes an authoritative story of his long and bitter feud with the so-called Republican leaders of the State—a feud more bitter and more intense than the country has heretofore known.

As a matter of fact, even though his direct primary bill was defeated, Governor Hughes has triumphed over the Albany Gang and delivered a crushing blow to what was left of the once powerful Platt Machine.

Burton J. Hendricks tells how in an article entitled "The Albany Gang," in the September McClure's.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

August 27, 1910

or Expensive Beefsteaks
Which is it?

New light on the "cost of living" discussion has been thrown by Dr. Henry Smith Williams in the September McClure's. He points out that it is not that necessities and labor cost more, but that the gold dollar with which we buy them is worth less. The remedy for this condition is as interesting as the facts that lead up to it.

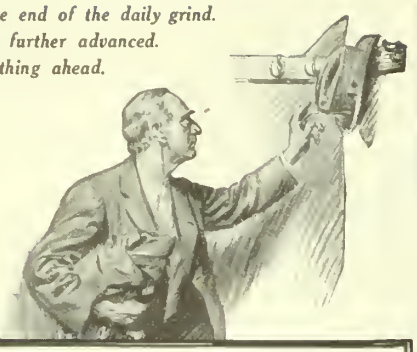
This number also contains the first of Goldwin Smith's Reminiscences; likewise an interview with Edmond Rostand, creator of "Chantecler"; likewise a George Patullo story; likewise the first of twelve short stories by Perceval Gibbon concerning the entertaining adventures of Lady Gregory.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

for September

For sale NOW on all news-stands—15 cents

The end of the daily grind.
No farther advanced.
Nothing ahead.



Get Out of the Rut

This means YOU. If your job holds out no hope for advancement; if the close of each day sees you no nearer success than you were in the morning, or the day before, ***or the year before—***

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Your Savings

Saving for a Home

NO KIND of saving is quite so important as that which provides a home, for the reason that the home is the basis of all uplift and the bulwark of society. Many people never own a home simply because they believe that it requires a considerable sum of money in a lump. They wait for the time when they'll have this lump, and they often wait in vain all their lives. For the same mistaken reason they never have any kind of investment. As a matter of fact, both in home-building and in investment, it is not absolutely necessary to have a large amount of cash at the start. Just as you can buy a thousand-dollar bond on the installment plan so can you purchase or build a home on easy terms by joining a building and loan association.

The machinery of this great movement was explained in detail in this department three years ago, but like other large forces for thrift it cannot be emphasized too often. In addition, a step in the regulation and safeguarding of the associations has recently been taken by the State of New York under the watchful eye of Governor Hughes—a step that not only has interest and value for every one of the two million shareholders scattered over the United States, but conveys a lesson for all men and women who save or who expect to save. Summed up, this step, which is in the shape of a new law, protects the investor and helps more than ever before to make the associations real saving institutions, either for home-making or for the accumulation of a competency.

Before going into this law and its lesson let us first see briefly just what building and loan associations are and what they do. They grew out of the necessity for some plan by which the average man who worked for a wage and had no banking influence could borrow money for a home on terms suitable to his means, and enjoy the home while he was paying for it. The associations started as neighborhood societies and thus the social flavor was injected into them at the beginning. The capital is obtained by a pooling of savings. Hence there is set up a savings bank for the people, owned, controlled and operated by the people. It fits ideally into the scheme of a democracy. It has a larger human interest than a savings bank because the members work together, meet often, and a comradeship of thrift and common constructive endeavor is established. The whole object of the associations is best summed up, perhaps, in the New York banking law authorizing their existence as follows: "To encourage industry, frugality, home-building and saving among the members."

How to Make a Loan

Fifteen or more persons residing in the same community can form an association. Usually a small initiation fee is charged. Membership is expressed in shares which may have a par value ranging from $50 to $250. This par value is technically known as the "maturing value," which means that the shares are bought on the installment plan, the member agreeing to pay a certain definite amount on them weekly or monthly. This amount may be as low as twenty-five cents. In order to stimulate saving, fines are often imposed for non-payment of "dues," as the installments are known. The shares participate in the earnings, which consist of income from investments, usually first mortgages on homes of members, fines and rebates on shares that are withdrawn. When the amount of money paid in on the shares, plus the shares' portion of earnings, equals the par value the shares mature, and the owner may get his money back. Shares are usually issued in series—that is, a given number at a given time, but in some associations they may be issued any time. A man may have one share or five or as many as he thinks he can pay for. Nine-tenths of the shares now outstanding are of this installment kind. The dividend paid on these shares averages five per cent.

Assuming that a man owns a lot and is a member of a building and loan association how is he to get a loan? The old way, and the way that is followed in many sections, is to auction off the money available to the member who bids the highest interest. He has first chance at it. This is done in open meeting. There is usually a fixed minimum rate. In Massachusetts, for

The Problem of Time

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

TIME has always been a strange and baffling puzzle to philosophers. They could never explain, or account, or trace its beginning and end. While we can calculate the end of worlds and of solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled. ¶ The principal thing that differentiates man from the animals is his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time. We divide life up into periods of time, and thus make it endurable. You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something additional—or he doesn't. Anyway, he should. Where did the extra money come from? Time produced it. How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine. But all the time that the individual can call his own is while he lives. ¶ When will Fate with her scissors clip the thread of time for you? You do not know, and this very uncertainty should make you prize time and work while it is called the day. To limit the shock of your passing, and to ease your affairs over the shallows when your hand and brain can no longer guide them, Life Insurance comes in. Death, for most, comes without warning. By Life Insurance, those dependent upon us are cared for, and the result of our foresight and prudence is the possession of those we love after we are gone. ¶ Life Insurance is not a duty: it is more than that—it is a privilege. Life Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it insures your loved ones against want when you are no longer here. That very fact gives peace, poise and power to the man who is insured. It makes for length of days. Life Insurance is an extension on time. And being wise we provide through the Equitable Life against the time when time shall be no longer ours.

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example, it is five per cent. The difference between this minimum or legal rate and the amount bid by the shareholder is called the premium. The borrower may pay seven or eight per cent, which is more than the rate charged in the regular channels of banking, but then, on the other hand, his shares are participating all the time in the earnings of the association which in the end makes the net cost of the money less than a bank's price. Besides, the small borrower has few sources from which he can borrow. When he does obtain money from a bank or an individual he has to pay an almost usurious rate for it. By being a member of a building and loan association he can easily get the loan, pay for it in installments, and he can give his shares as security.

A helpful feature of one kind of coöperative borrowing is the constantly diminishing interest. A concrete example, furnished from the tables of a New York association, will illustrate. The amount borrowed is $1000. This is wiped out in eleven years and seven months by the payment of ten dollars a month for 138 months and $7.79 for the one hundred and thirty-ninth month. The total amount of interest paid is $387.79, the rate being six per cent. The original installment paid on this loan was $10—that is, $5 for interest and $5 for principal. With each succeeding month the interest decreased and the principal increased. The "amount due" was, of course, a constantly dwindling quantity. Interest was paid only on the amount remaining due on the first day of each month. In short, it was an amortized loan, which is the fairest kind of loan to the borrower.

Now compare this loan with a loan made from a savings bank or any other kind of bank. If the thousand dollars had been borrowed at four per cent—which would be very cheap—the borrower would have paid in interest $463 which, with the principal of $1000, would make a total of $1463. This is $75.21 more than the building and loan association cost. At three and a half per cent the loan would cost $1405 and a fraction. Not only is the association plan of lending cheaper but it is on terms to suit the smallest borrower.

Important as is the building and loan work there is another phase of the movement, now on the verge of big development, which has the widest value. It may be called the straight saving feature, is now legally authorized in New York, and makes the associations strong competitors of the savings banks. They can pay five per cent while the banks pay four per cent or less. They are able to do this because their cost of operation is so much less than a bank. They have no massive marble buildings, for one thing. In states like New York, where there is rigid supervision of the associations, their expenses cannot exceed 2½ per cent of their indebtedness. If the association owes $1,000,000 it cannot spend more than $25,000 a year. As a rule the expenses seldom exceed one per cent of the debt. Thus waste and extravagance among officers, which have wrecked so many financial institutions, are prevented.

When You Need a Home

Ohio really took the lead in making a savings share possible, but it remained for New York to pass the first law authorizing them. It is part of the new association legislation. Under it any association may issue what is technically called a savings share. It may be paid for in installments, but unlike the old installment share there is no set payment. The man or woman buying it may pay any amount that is convenient at any time agreeable. It may be ten cents a week or a dollar a month and they can skip as many months as they choose. It is exactly like depositing money in a savings bank. The dividend on these savings shares cannot be less than sixty per cent or more than ninety per cent of the dividend paid on the regular installment shares. This share will meet the requirements of the wage-earner who has not hitherto been a shareholder on the ground that he could not go into the movement because he might not be able to pay his dues regularly.

The value of the savings share is twofold. It is a new form of saving and it is a step toward having a home. You can buy some of these shares with no idea of wanting a home, but get them for the savings feature, for they will pay more than the savings bank. Later, when you do want a home, they will not only be a cash asset but can form part of the security for the house.

In addition to this new savings share the New York law provides officially for three other kinds of shares. One is the installment share, which has been in vogue a long time and has already been described. The second is what will be known as the income share. This is a share which may be bought outright, just as you buy from your broker a share of stock in a railroad or in a corporation. The par value will be $100. The rate of dividend will be the same as on the installment shares. This is the straight investment feature of the movement. These shares must be held for ten years.

The other share under the new law is the juvenile savings share, which may be issued in the name of a minor and held in his or her name for "right and benefit." No fines or losses are chargeable against it, but it will participate fully in the earnings of the association. A father can buy some of these shares at the birth of a child, pay for them during the growing up of the youth, and then hand them to him at his majority, or earlier, as a nest-egg.

New York's regulation of building and loan associations may well be followed by other states. They are all under the supervision of the State Banking Department and subject to unexpected examination. Their investments, like those of the savings banks there, are restricted by law and are confined practically to first mortgages on improved real estate. No loan can be made on property located more than fifty miles from the office of the association.

Saving on the Agents

The largest society in New York City lends only on property twenty miles from its office. The associations are also required to set aside a reserve fund of five per cent of their net earnings. An example of how little this antidote against loss and depreciation is needed is afforded by one organization. Since 1905 it has lost exactly $200 on loans. During that time it has made 440 mortgage investments aggregating $1,434,624. No shareholder can borrow more than the total par value of his shares.

One striking and characteristic feature of the New York associations, as well as of those in states that have proper laws, is that they have no agents. In this respect they are like the banks that sell savings-bank insurance in Massachusetts. This means the prevention of what would be a heavy expense. This precaution grew out of an abuse of the building and loan idea by the so-called "national" associations, which had branches in various states, paid excessive commissions to agents to get business, and made reckless loans on second mortgages. Many of them collapsed, not only causing great loss to the shareholders but bringing much discredit on what was really a helpful movement. Under strict regulation these associations have fast disappeared.

It follows that the prudent and safe association is one that does its business "at home." Thus it is a "home" institution in two senses. Beware always of the associations that spread out over wide territory.

The new law in New York was designed primarily to accomplish uniformity of method and operation and to give the associations general stability and character. Among other things, all new associations must henceforth have the words "Saving and Loan Association" in their name. This is a step toward making them real savings institutions. Though premiums are permitted, efforts are being made to eliminate them. The shares are tax-exempt, which is a feature to be considered in any investment. In Iowa, for instance, they are taxed, which, of course, cuts down the return. By the introduction of this new law the operation and method of the associations will be so uniform that when a man is asked to put his money in a building and loan association it will not be necessary for him to ask, "Which one?" for, as is the case with legally safeguarded savings banks, the reply can be, "Any one."

New York is not the only state with model laws governing these associations. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts and others are almost equally stringent. But what is the man to do who lives in a state that has no such safeguards? Let him wait until his state enacts laws or keep his money out of associations that are not restricted and supervised, and often masquerade under various building and loan and coöperative titles.

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McAnenny's Triple Play

By Arthur E. McFarlane

"THE ball-playin' cop!' Well"—and the Chief patted his desk benignantly—"it's nice to get the force into the papers when we can. It does us good. As the little boy said, it pays t' advertise."

Again the offender swallowed, and gazed at that Trial Court, and wiped the sweat away.

He was a first-year patrolman, John McAnenny, No. 0019, attached to the Three Hundred and Seventh. He was wide of ear, short of tooth and flat of face; and, though colored at present like a seed-catalogue tomato, his homeliness was the sort that is somehow attractive. But it was his figure you noticed first. Though neither under weight nor under height, it possessed that froglike squatness which has become type and composite of the man behind the bat. And it was from behind the bat that he had come. The urgency of a brother and a brother-in-law, who preferred him to hold a position of regular salary, had induced him to join the force. For years before he had been the star man of the Junior League Broncos, and having been attached to the Three Hundred and Seventh, a suburban precinct where there is a diamond wherever the signboards have left room for one, his troubles had begun.

Within a week he had been fined his first two days' pay "for tossin' in the ball, it might be once or twice," otherwise playing left field for more than half an hour with the Young Dukes.

By the end of the fortnight the fine had been repeated, this time for umpiring in an emergency for a high-school game.

Two weeks later it was five days more for umpiring. The week after that—— "Jinks, too," he had told himself, with repetition; "I think I'd be able to keep away from it all right if it wasn't for the kids all knowin' me."

But there is no use recounting it all. Enough that this time his case had received facetious notice in three big evening newspapers, and today he had come before the Chief.

"'The ball-playin' cop!' In fact, you been doin' us too much honor, too much honor." Throughout the trial the Old Man had been as suave as cream. His sarcasm had seemed merely an excess of politeness. In his inquiries there had been a solicitude almost paternal. Yet no headquarters man was for a moment deceived thereby. Now that the trial was over, it was "waitin' for" young McAnenny "of the mitts."

At this point, in what may have been an attempt at speech, McAnenny lifted those two huge red "mitts" to the rail.

"An' a very fine display they are." His judge gave them his attention at once. "As capable a pair of flatted hams as ever I've seen."

With a grin of misery the victim got them down again. "Gosh!" he breathed. His temples fairly dripped.

"I can well believe the repitation you made with the Young Broncos wasn't undeserved. Catchin', I believe it was?"

Then, turning his fat neck to the recording docket, the Old Man proceeded to make those few happy remarks which always indicated the approach of sentence.

"Well, McAnenny, it's been a great pleasure to renew acquaintance. It's a pleasure, too, to know that you're a young man of fixed habits. An' it's a wonderful game, a wonderful game. In fact, your captain, here, has been tellin' us that maybe it ain't physically possible for you to get it out of your system." Again McAnenny started to lift his "mitts," saw the Chief's eyes seize upon them and got them down again. "But you never can tell. You never can tell. An', as a doctor in these things, we feel we ought to make one more shift at doin' somethin' for you. Maybe, too—hopeless as it looks—we can. In the first place we'll just fine you another ten days' pay. That's always good as a beginnin'. Besides which we'll try transferrin' you to a precinct. The new Fifteenth 'll be about right, where the streets are so full of ball players—Calabrians, Sicilians, an' so forth—that they can't welt the spheroid except between the hours of midnight an' five A. M. Two or three years o' that"—he beamed upon him as if he were awarding him three months' pay with leave of absence—"Two or three years o' that an' you may be feelin' quite different. You may be a changed man."

And Patrolman McAnenny, late of the Three Hundred and Seventh, could back himself up and out. He was not by nature a talkative young man. He belonged to the vast army of the inarticulate. And it was only inwardly that he spoke now. "Jinks! Jinks! But, anyways, I'm livin'!"

. . . . . .

Young McAnenny had yet fully to realize what manner of precinct the new Fifteenth was. His beat was contained in a single forty-foot street—four blocks up and four blocks down on the other side. Every block housed a population of between three and four thousand, but there was probably not a man or boy who owned a score-card among them all. When, that first afternoon, he drew near the likeliest and inquired, as one normal person of another, "Well, friend, how's she goin'?" the "friend" got away quickly, staring suspicions. On the news-stands, instead of red-typed baseball extras, there was a choice of Il Progresso, Il Bolletino della Sera, La Cronaca Illustrata, and an unlimited number of Italian dreambooks. As for the "house," it had had particulars from the Trial Court. And the humorists of the squad waited and marked him for their own.

McAnenny entered the back room for his first reserve duty at two A. M.

"Gad!" said Macurda, "he's the only catcher I know that's lucky enough to have them perm'nently attached."

"I hear," said Patrolman Michael Byrnes, "that the Chief was goin' to take his finger-prints, only he seen there wouldn't be room for them on the plate."

And Lieutenant Croly was so near forgetting discipline as to show signs of entering into the joking when he stopped suddenly and lifted his chin. Even where the population runs three thousand to the block, it is quiet at two in the morning. From what might have been any distance whatever there came a thin, high wailing; then, clear as the bones in a minstrel show, the volleying clatter of a night stick beaten on the pavement. And at the same moment the hook-and-ladder company across the street began to get the big gong.

In these things, where the fire and the precinct police station are both in the same block, there is no reason why the police should not be at a neighborhood fire first.

"Get to it, now, boys, get to it!" said Croly, and he pushed McAnenny out ahead.

For guidance he had only to go to that wailing, every moment rising higher in the moon-clear night. It came from many voices, and it had in it something of the unearthliness of the siren of the five-ton truck already under way in the awakened street behind him. He arrived at the burning building in time to see the officer who had turned in the alarm, one George O'Grady, break open the door. It was a tenement of the old regulation "railroad" type. The door, if heavy, was punk-rotten around the lock. It gave at the second shoulder-drive, but the exploding burst of gas and flame almost threw it back again. A two-gallon coal-oil can rolled flaring across the hall.

"Sure," said O'Grady, "it's another Black Hand! Oh, you can't get up through that," and he ran down the steps. "Come on around behind. There's more escapes there, an' a shed anunder them. I been here before."

With the lieutenant and two more patrolmen now following O'Grady led the way through a narrow, murk-black passageway two doors down. Fifty feet of that took them into the front court of a line of rear tenements and, of course, the rear outlook of those upon the street.

Again they had only to go to that bedlam of shrieking wails. By now, too, every back window was open and the escapes were jammed. The shed O'Grady had spoken of was a sort of half-story "garage" for an ice-cream push-cart industry. In a moment they were on the roof. And then they started to do what must first be done.

With an average of seventeen people to every four-room flat, with four flats to a floor, and every fire escape in service as an outside cupboard and storage bin, it would be easy for a jam to take place were there nothing else to help. What makes it entirely easy is the impulse which leads every unattached male Sicilian or Calabrian boarder to rush, upon the first cry of "*l'incendio!*" to clutch and save his tin-and-canvas trunk-valise. Only a few of these are enough to clog a stairway, and when half a hundred chivalrous young gentlemen from the districts of Lecce and Catanzaro are beating back the women and children and the fathers of families and one another, to get those hand trunks down through the two-foot openings of a fire escape, a situation develops from which almost anything may result.

With the matter-of-fact coolness of ambulance surgeons forced to operate in transit, the lieutenant and O'Grady lifted themselves to the first and second floor escapes, began to use their night sticks upon the gentlemen with the trunks—knocking two out completely with the deadly side swipe when they drew their knives—heaved the trunks overboard, dropped their possessors after them, and, with McAnenny helping from below, started to pass down the children.

Meanwhile the other two patrolmen, getting up to those first and second floor kitchen windows any way they could, had fought their way in and begun to "go through." It was for them to close every door on the stairs and landings. By this time they could hear the water coming up, but the streams seemed only to drive the fire ahead of them. Stooping low to keep under the worst of the smoke, they began their search for the bedridden. And this—which is the thing to remember—again doubled the pressure on the escapes.

So far not a soul had been able to move from the third and fourth floors. Every moment the smoke came out thicker and hotter upon them. They could hear the fire in the rooms behind. The half-dressed mob, now pouring itself into the court from the rear tenements, shrieked and intoned a kind of frenzied *miscrere*. On the first and second floors the police were barring their way with their clubs! And what little hope of rescue they had in the beginning they gave up utterly.

McAnenny, at the foot of the escape, was still worriedly taking children. "Jinks!" he was telling himself; "this is fierce playin', fierce!"—when from the third-floor escape a big yellow carryall came over. He saw it, by acquired instinct, "through the top of his head," and saved himself and the youngster between his knees by making it a catch. Crushed against the end of that third-floor escape was a peasant woman from Bagnara. She, too, had her instinct. She saw McAnenny catch that valise, and with a cry that was partly to Saint Anthony, but mostly to Patrolman 0019, she threw her baby.

"For the love o' Mike!" said Croly; "I was only waitin' for that!"

And then he saw that McAnenny, backstepping with a face of much anxiety, had braced himself and caught the baby too.

There was one yell from fire escapes and court together. And, out of former and tragic fire experiences in Little Italy, the lieutenant knew what was coming now. "Get us a net there!" he shouted to any pipe or ladder men that might be below. "An' get it quick!" Then he ran back to McAnenny to try to help. Launched with that maternal cry of desperation, another *bambino* was already on its way.

McAnenny knocked off his "buttercake" cap as a catcher jounces off his mask to get a hard one. His uplifted left hand said, "It's all right, bo; I'm under." And he was. "Cripes!"—he gasped a little—"I've sure hit my job again here all right!" And he set the second baby beside the first.

Again, amid the din of engines and orders court and fire escape answered each other in a screech that was half delirium, half a panic of ecstasy. Upon the head of McAnenny, from two Calabrian mothers, there rained convulsive, weeping benedictions. They seemed to help him too. He felt, bashfully, that he could catch their whole cageful if necessary.

"Stop it, will you!" yelled Croly. "Stop it till we get a net! An', damn it! the

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Campbell's Menu Book will help solve your hot-weather problems.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

"Naughty Dolly,—
won't obey.
I'll take your
Campbell's Soup
away!"

ladders'll be 'round in a minute too. My God! trust a Guinny, man or woman, to gamble it!" Then, to O'Grady and Macurda: "Get up to them someway! Use your sticks again! He can't keep that stunt up!"

But, even while he was saying it, McAnenny had caught his third. It was a heavy one, though. It left him feeling as if he had been shoulder-jerked. And one thumb was out. He began to "chew gum."

The rest of it all took place in less than a minute. O'Grady, battling his way and climbing like a heavy-footed monkey, had reached the outside of the third. Yet his stick could only cover a yard or two of a railing that extended for twelve feet.

Three or four more patrolmen got to that shed roof. With one chin-jerk Croly pointed them at the crowd from the first and second now at the bottom of the escape. "Get them off the diamond, anyway!" The men, some of them still trying to get their trunks, he shoved over the edge in clumps. "Back to the bleachers for yours! Get to blazes out o' this! Sure! Sure! Come back an' mob the umpire!"

The first ladders were now bursting a passage through the court, but as they came, in a kitchen on the third floor an explosion took place, and then a whole series of little explosions. After that the *bambini* came as fast as they could be thrown. The fourth went wild. It was a very little one—probably only a few weeks old—and the half-crazed strength that sent it put it far over the roof's edge. McAnenny only got its cometing little long clothes by jumping.

And another was coming.

He stumbled over a mattress in his getback from it, and had to take the next on one knee. He was chewing steadily now. He kept his eyes up all the time, and he wore the expression that means "won in the ninth." The last followed so fast that it was not humanly possible to make a clean catch. Half the impact of that fat little Calabrian skull came upon his face. But the ball was his.

It was as well, however, that now the ladders and nets together saved him the necessity of going any further with it. The seven, all roaring like true sons of Troy, they stacked up around the lieutenant, because he was a bachelor and they drove him crazy. "For God's sake," he said, "get down their mothers or I quit the job."

Macurda, O'Grady and the rest yielded place to the brigade, and at the other end of the roof McAnenny had let himself down upon a broken box. His chest was rising and falling like that of a left-fielder who has just run forty yards for a long fly. He had two fingers out now as well as his thumb, and, as a matter of fact, his nose was broken. But these were minor details. He was hardly aware of them. Covering his whole broad countenance—at least, all of it that could be seen—was the smile of him who had this time put the joke on the other fellow!

. . . . . .

About eleven next day the Chief was sitting in his office before a desk still bespread with those afternoon and evening editions which come out at eight A. M. The story, too, had been handled with much spirit and vivacity: "Catches a hot liner in Giuseppe Domenico, Jr." . . . "Almost muffs on Ignazio Giglio." . . . "But, in a grand, concluding triple play, sends Calabrian Giants to the benches." . . . "Ball-playing Cop in greatest game to date." . . . "Chief will recommend him for pennant—or maybe just a medal."

He was still reading when, by general order, there entered McAnenny himself. His nose was covered by a huge star bandage. But the Old Man took no note of it. Once more he shut his eyes and shook his head as a man might who, for the third time, has been given a bad cigar, but resigns himself in the instincts of friendship and humanity to smoke it.

"Nothin' to it, McAnenny," he said weakly. "Nothin' to it. You got us beat. But we ain't recommendin' you for no medal. Nor we ain't sendin' you back to the Three Hundred and Seventh. We're attachin' you to the new National grounds. They're playin' double-headers now. An' maybe that'll hold you for a while. But"—and he pawed out a hand and shoved McAnenny to the door—"the Lord help you if you try to get into the game up there!"

. . . . . .

A second interview took place some five days later. Nor was it so much an interview as the reception of a deputation.

The affair took place at the house of McAnenny's brother-in-law, and the deputation consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Callisto Callicchio Vasi; their two-year-old offspring, Ferruccio Callicchio Vasi, who had broken McAnenny's nose; as many godfathers and godmothers as go even with Italian families of the country districts; and for *cicerone* and interpreter Father Tieren, who spoke Calabrian Italian almost as well as he spoke Irish American. The Vasis had brought with them a box of imported macaroons; three gourd-shaped goat's-milk cheeses, with cords to hang them up by, and two big flasks of native wine—not the gilt-sealed, beribboned and straw-basketed Chianti that is put up for export, but the real thing, with olive oil for a stopper and a little wad of hemp to soak it out with.

Yet during the first half hour McAnenny kept himself as far away as might be, in international civility, from one of them. It was only after they had eaten that Ferruccio's mother got her boy under his eyes.

And then, when he was virtually compelled to make a study of that Calabrian two-year-old, the expression of the late star man of the Junior League Broncos began to change. Ferruccio, though set solidly upon his pins, was yet of an almost incredible activity. When his crooning *madre* set him down again he resumed a stealthy, rubberlike sliding movement from chair to chair which, if it was not base-stealing, was nothing at all. And then he got his eyes on one of McAnenny's old masks. You would have said it was the one thing he had been looking for all his life! McAnenny gathered him in, and with anxiety examined his hands. They were broad and stubby, "and all his fingers were there."

A faithful reading of this story will convince any one that McAnenny was no wild talker. He belonged, as we have said, to the vast yet not entirely unloved army of the inarticulate. But the time had come for him to speak now.

"Jinks! ma'am," he said, as one who only hesitated to arouse hopes so high that by mere probability they may prove to be unfounded—"Jinks! it looks to me like in that lad you'd got a ball player!"

The Sensitive Plant

Lem Hawkins'll tell you th' wheat's takin' root,
An' th' weather is fair, but it don't hardly suit;
It's a little too warm, an' a few cloudy days
Would help out a lot on th' crop he will raise.
Lem Hawkins says wheat is th' ticklishest thing
An' th' easiest hurt, an' you can't tell in spring
Ef it's goin' t' make crop, an' about th' time when
You think she's all safe, why, she's ruined again.

Lem Hawkins tells me if th' weather'd drop
About thirty degrees he might git half a crop.
His wheat promised well, but he thinks like as not
It'll all shrivel up ef it keeps bein' hot.
Th' spring started wet an' she got sech a stand
An' stooled out so thick thet he figgered his land
Would perduce a big yield, but he thinks he is beat
Becuz weather like this is jist killin' his wheat.

Lem Hawkins told me 'bout th' first of July
Thet he might git some wheat ef it quit bein' dry;
He thought thet his prospects was finer 'n silk,
But it come dry an' hot with his wheat in th' milk.
Lem says ef it rains an' keeps cool he may grow
A crop, but his wheat's comin' into th' dough
An' th' weather is pleasant—hard weather t' beat—
But it ain't jist th' weather that's best fer th' wheat.

Lem Hawkins he says ef th' balance o' June
Ain't too cool er too hot, ef it don't rain too soon
Er hold off too long, ef th' month of July
Ain't too hot er too cold er too wet er too dry,
Ef th' ain't any rust, ef th' straw ain't too short,
Ef th' kernels don't blight an' git filled as they ort,
Ef th' ain't airly frost, er too blisterin' heat,
Wal, mebbe, perhaps—wal, he might thresh some wheat!

—*J. W. Foley.*

THE HOWARD WATCH

There will be no more Howards as low as $37.50, except the limited number now in the dealers' hands. The increasing demand for our better watches compels us to stop making this grade and concentrate on the finer movements.

On February 1st, of this year, we had to discontinue the $35.00 Howard as we announced at that time, and on June 15th we made the last of the $37.50 quality. These are both excellent watches.

The $35.00 watch sold out so fast that many people were disappointed. They didn't see the jeweler soon enough. It will be the same with the $37.50 if those who desire them do not act quickly.

See your jeweler at once; there will never be another Howard made at $37.50

This watch is 17-jewel single roller escapement, tested in its case at the factory—adjusted to three positions, temperature and isochronism—in hunting case only.

We wish it clearly understood that this is not a raise in price of Howard watches. It means that we have to increase our production of the finer watches and we can't do that by hurrying the work. In 65 years of watch making history a Howard has never been slighted.

Every year there are more men who want to own a Howard—never quite enough to go around.

The price of each watch is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard watch. No jeweler can charge you more than the printed ticket calls for and the Howard is always worth that price.

Talk to the Howard jeweler in your town—he is a good man to know.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASS.

STYLE ECONOMY

WATERPROOFED LINEN
LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS

FIT COMFORT

Made as white and clean as new, with a damp cloth

You, or the maid, can take your half dozen or dozen soiled **LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars,**—Cuffs also, and in as many minutes wipe them white as new with a damp cloth, and repeat it week in, week out. You cut down the laundry bill, look neat and dressy, feel comfortable and independent. They have that dull linen finish and never wilt or fray. Has celluloid prejudiced you? Well,—these are different. All styles, all sizes.

Collars 25c **Cuffs 50c**

Avoid substitutes and imitations

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail—postpaid. Booklet free on request, with illustrations of styles from which to order.

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Only 15 members in each party. Exceptional interesting features.
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Why the Business Fails

By FRANK WILBUR MAIN

An Old Subject From a New Angle

THIRTY-FOUR business enterprises out of every one hundred that fail do so through lack of capital, so the mercantile agencies tell us in their reports of failures for the year 1909; this, according to their statistics, being the most prolific cause of insolvency. By this the compilers do not mean that these failures were caused simply by insufficient capital, or that the businesses should never have been undertaken, but that the enterprises were overextended and the concerns were trying to do a much larger business than their supply of capital would permit. In this light these failures might be better and more easily explained as penalties brought upon themselves by business builders, who through ignorance or willful disregard have violated a law that runs through the business world just as truly as it does through every other branch of building—the direct co-relation between foundation and structure. It is the penalty of trying to erect ten-story structures on one-story foundations rather than because of any primary lack of capital.

No business is doomed because its initial capital is small, nor is its success assured because the capital investment is large. In the light of proportion a small business may be great while a large business may be small.

So long as the integrity of the proportion between the business and its capital is maintained, and so long as certain fundamental laws and principles are observed and followed, a legitimate and even rapid growth may be experienced no matter how small the beginning. And many a business failure ascribed to "lack of capital" would be just as truthfully stated if assigned as a violation of the law regarding the relation of foundation to structure; for it is no more possible to erect an eighty-thousand-dollar business on a twenty-thousand-dollar basis than it is to build an apartment house on a cabin foundation. Neither is it possible to conduct a wholesale business or any other kind of business with any degree of success in a haphazard, careless manner, although we see both being attempted every day; and, as in the case of Ike Bloomfield, ambition often runs riot with common-sense, and lack of business balance or judgment completes the failure.

When first heard of, Ike Bloomfield was a salesman for Samuels & Oakley, better known as the Metropolitan Mercantile Company, wholesale dealers in haberdashery. He was recognized by all to be a remarkably good salesman, but that he was a little lax in credits and prone to overstock an unsuspecting customer with some faddish line to which the customer had taken a fancy, was not so well recognized; in fact, it was only taken cognizance of by the senior partner and credit scrutinizer of the firm—Mr. Abraham Samuels.

The Value of a "Good Front"

Soon after Ike had made his first trip and brought in a number of new accounts the firm awoke to the realization that, though their business was materially increased, it had only been at the cost of several large bills that proved uncollectable. From that date Mr. Samuels looked more carefully into all new accounts, and closely held in check their banner salesman; and from time to time, over the salesman's protest, large orders were allowed to remain unfilled. In other instances they were materially scaled down, for the experienced Mr. Samuels recognized that prompt payments by the retailers were dependent on the quick turning over of their stock.

The firm of Samuels & Oakley prospered, and as the business grew and expanded the bank accounts and credit of the partners likewise increased. By many this success was attributed very largely to Ike Bloomfield, the "crack salesman," for, said they, "without sales they cannot sell, and how can they sell without the salesman?"

Although his income had increased as the business grew, Ike had spent all his money to keep up appearances. To him the one essential to success was a fine appearance and a "good front."

Prosperity at last smiled upon Ike. He had married into the family of a well-to-do East Side physician and, together with a son of the doctor, had influenced the latter to intrust to them his savings fund of twenty thousand dollars; for, said they, "Samuels & Oakley had only two thousand dollars to start with, and if we can start in business with twenty thousand dollars we will soon rival the old concern."

The new firm started with a blare of trumpets and its prospects seemed very bright. The store was in a good location. The rent, it was true, was $225 a month; but, said they, "A good stand is everything." Ike was a good salesman, so it was agreed that he should do the buying. The first month's purchases amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars, which they believed could be turned over in from sixty to ninety days. At the end of the first month Ike saw that they did not have just the line he wanted, and so he purchased additional stock costing seventy-five hundred dollars. However, he felt no alarm, as their credit was A Number One.

Time went on and, though the smaller accounts were paid fairly promptly, the larger ones of some "new friends" who had purchased large accounts, as they said, to help them get started, remained unpaid.

The Tardy Business Doctor

As to the actual profit or loss made from month to month there was no way to tell, but that a large profit must be accruing they constantly assured the doctor, for Ike only drew thirty dollars more a month than he had made with the old firm, and the son only drew seventy dollars a month.

The accounts and bills payable were, however, becoming troublesome. Loans from friends helped to relieve the pressure for a time, a cut in prices moved some of the stock, and frantic collection efforts helped a little more. But they must carry the right stock, said Ike, which meant new purchases; and they both agreed that the business must be extended, which meant still larger accounts receivable.

In a year and a half creditors closed the store; the merchandise was inventoried at thirty-five thousand dollars, the accounts receivable totaled forty-five thousand dollars and the fixtures thirty-five hundred dollars. In the conversion into cash of each of these items a large loss occurred.

"Lack of capital" was the obituary. And yet, was it lack of capital?

Though the early capital of the old firm had been but two thousand dollars, Ike forgot that their rent for the first year had only been twenty dollars a month and that their business had been very small. Not lack of capital, but lack of business experience and overextension were the chief causes of failure.

Some years ago, several of the younger officials of one of a large city's leading manufacturing plants organized a one-hundred-thousand-dollar corporation to place on the market a certain household necessity.

Several somewhat similar preparations were already on sale, but none had the merit or usefulness that theirs had, and the subscribers were confident of great success; for there was concrete evidence of the possibilities of this article in the fact that but a short time before two former superintendents, starting out with very limited capital, had quickly established a good local trade from this same formula.

The stock of the new company, outside of fifty thousand dollars which had been issued as payment for the formula and good-will of the ex-superintendents' business, was quickly sold for cash. The secretary to the president was elected president of the new company, and the advertising manager was placed in charge of the advertising and sales departments. In view of the fact that the success of the manufacturing plant had been largely due to a very wise and progressive advertising policy, the advertising manager was believed to be just the man to be placed in charge of the new company's management.

What wasn't known, however, by the new board, nor realized by the advertising

Paint this fall!

Many house owners put off badly-needed painting last spring because of the rainy weather in April and May. If you have done so, paint this fall. It was wise not to paint in the wet weather, but don't put it off longer.

Fall is an excellent painting season.

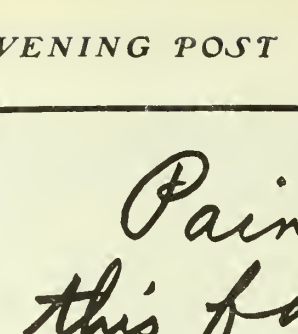
The atmosphere is clear and bright and free from moisture. Insects are not prevalent. Surfaces are dry—in short, every condition favorable to good painting is found in the fall.

When you paint, specify

"Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead

and have the painter mix it fresh with pure linseed oil at the time of painting. Then the *right* paint is assured—paint which penetrates the surface and dries with a tough, elastic, durable film.

We have prepared our "Dutch Boy Paint Adviser No. P" for property owners who want help on painting—Free.



National Lead Company

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston
Buffalo Cincinnati
Chicago Cleveland
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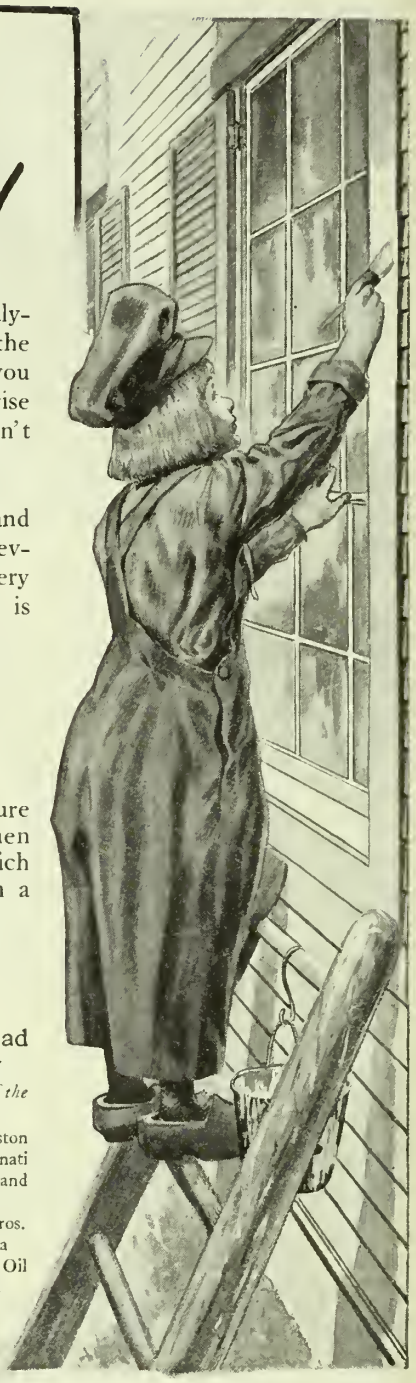
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia
National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh



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Designed and made by The Macey Co.
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Sterling Tires are biggest for their rated size. Put them on the scales with any other and you'll see one reason why they wear best. Sterling Blue Tubes are higher in price, but have no competition in quality. Method of making is patented—no other can ever be as good. Dealers everywhere. Booklet. *Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.*

manager himself, was that each year, before the advertising appropriations of the old concern were made, the business that could be done on the capital invested was conservatively estimated, together with the volume of business that might reasonably be expected from a stipulated amount of advertising.

For his services in the advertising and sales departments the manager was voted a five-per-cent commission on all sales, and for certain advertising, which the old concern agreed to do for the new company, an arrangement was made by which the former company was to receive ten per cent of the sales in full payment thereof.

Agencies were established and an advertising campaign started. In the street cars and on the billboards of twelve of the larger cities the merits of the new preparation were heralded broadcast. The sales responded, but it was soon seen that the advertising required more capital, and in July of the same year the capital was increased to two hundred thousand dollars, the increase being quickly taken up.

The advertising was increased, additional branch agencies established and a second preparation put on the market. From month to month an increase in the sales was reported to the board of directors, and upon each increase the management was complimented.

At the organization of the company the auditor of the manufacturing plant had been asked to put in a system, and not unnaturally he gave them the one in use by the old company. Unfortunately it did not fit the new business, and the results were far from satisfactory. One of the members of the board suggested that an expert be called in to change the system, so that the cost of manufacturing might be ascertained. "Tut, tut!" said the others; "what we want is sales; the cost will take care of itself. We know there is a big profit on our goods—there is no need of paying a high-priced accountant and a large office force to keep up the accounting system."

During the summer of the next year, the company being heavily in debt and the raising of much further additional capital having become necessary, a reorganization was decided upon, and a new corporation was formed with two million dollars capital, one-half of which was preferred and one-half common stock. The old stockholders received in exchange for their stock an equal amount of preferred and two shares of common for each share of the old stock. Two hundred thousand dollars of preferred stock was also allotted for sale with one share of common as a bonus for each two shares of preferred sold.

The investing public, however, failed to buy, and the old stockholders, with few exceptions, likewise declined to come forward, with the result that only thirteen thousand five hundred dollars of the new preferred stock was sold.

The liabilities constantly increased, and finally a receiver was appointed in charge, and on the insistence of creditors business physicians were called in to go over the accounts and to ascertain the reason of failure.

What the Receiver Received

The assets were found to amount to seventy thousand dollars, exclusive of good-will and formulas, and the liabilities to one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Not only had the fifty thousand dollars paid in in cash on the original capital and the increase of one hundred thousand dollars been exhausted, but a loss of an additional ninety thousand dollars had been incurred, to say nothing of the premium on the stock sold above par and the small amount of new stock sold.

It was found on examination that the total sales had amounted to one hundred and ninety thousand dollars and that the cost of manufacturing was one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, leaving a gross profit of sixty thousand dollars.

The salesmen's commissions averaged fifteen per cent, and this with the manager's commission of five per cent and the parent company's ten per cent amounted to a total of thirty per cent, viz, fifty-seven thousand dollars, or within three thousand dollars of the total gross profit, all of which was a surprising revelation to the board of directors, who had been so confident of their profits.

The general and selling expenses (exclusive of commissions), the losses, and so forth, amounted to ninety-eight thousand dollars, leaving a net loss on selling of ninety-five thousand dollars. The cost of the advertising was found to total one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and accounted for the additional loss.

Upon taking charge the receiver was permitted to continue the business, and at the instance of the business doctors the contracts with the manager and the parent manufacturing plant were canceled, several of the agencies closed, economies introduced in the manufacturing of the product, and the billboard and street-car advertising was limited to a fixed percentage based on the business. The attention of the public was also sought through more general mediums, and a cost system was installed in all the departments. The first month under the new régime a loss still occurred, and a raise in prices to the trade was put into effect. As a result the sales fell off slightly, but during the succeeding month a small profit was shown.

Slowly, and very slowly it seemed to the receiver, the profits from month to month increased, and at the end of eighteen months of very hard work the creditors agreed to a reorganization of the company on a basis satisfactory to all concerned, but only on condition that the receiver remain as general manager of the reorganized company.

No business concern will think of erecting a building of any size without first engaging an architect to lay the plans and oversee the construction, and no firm of manufacturers would think of building a new plant without first going over their plans with their engineers; and yet many of these same concerns will repeatedly attempt to erect business structures of great magnitude without first counting the cost, without first laying plans to ascertain the actual results of operation, and without taking into consideration the limit of the strain to which their capital may reasonably be subjected.

Why Small Concerns Fail

Though failures constantly occur among the larger manufacturing plants and wholesale houses, the majority of failures are in the ranks of the small retail stores—the corner-store grocer, the butcher, and the small merchants furnishing the rank and file of the bankruptcy lists.

Overestimating earning capacity is one of the greatest and most usual causes of failure among the small retailers. If each merchant could be induced to pay himself a stipulated salary, and were willing to live within this income, many a mercantile shipwreck might be averted. When a merchant conducts his own personal affairs on a business basis it is safe to assume that the business itself will be conducted in the same careful manner.

Another frequent cause of failure with the retailer is in the matter of buying, and for these failures the wholesalers are too often responsible, the retailer being advised not on how small a stock he can conduct his business but on how large a one.

John Randolf is an industrious worker. He has opened a small store; his capital is very limited, but his credit is sufficiently good to obtain what stock he desires, and his shelves are soon filled to overflowing. The goods, upon the advice of several friendly salesmen anxious for a large volume of sales, are purchased at ninety days, and John has no doubt of turning them over in that time. The goods, however, do not sell as expected, the months roll around, the receipts are used for current expenses, wages, and so forth, and Randolf finds himself with the bills all due and nothing wherewith to pay them. Perhaps he struggles along, perhaps not; but, unless the buying is radically improved, he is doomed.

Of far more importance than low purchase prices is the ability to buy discriminatingly and in limited quantities. Fresh goods frequently bought, even at slightly advanced prices, are always economy of the dollar-saving variety to every small retailer.

And along the same line, failure to know his own stock and improper accounting methods in the handling of his stock, his accounts and his business, retard and hold back many a merchant, and in other cases furnish the last straw to weigh down and send over the brink the struggling merchant.

In building a tower a man sits down and figures the cost, and no wise business man can do less if success and not failure is to be the reward of his venture.

That Must Be a

BARCALO BED

—It Certainly Is

BRASS AND IRON BEDS so well constructed that you can test the corners with a heavy hammer bear the Barcalo trade mark. The next time you look at beds see that the salesman subjects them to this "hammer test."

Then you will know before you buy how well the bed wears.

When you buy the Barcalo Brand you will know that you have bought a bed so good that its makers can afford to guarantee it to you for 35 years.

And the Barcalo Line of Brass and Iron Beds is so extensive that you will be suited in style, size and price.

The Barcalo Process Guaranteed Finish on our brass styles insures a permanently handsome bed. Look for the seal on the cross-bar at head of bed. Write for Barcalo Style Book and pick your design.

BARCALO GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK MALLEABLE CORNERS

NOTE—Our Corner Seal and Finish Seal are new. Your dealer may have Barcalos without these. Look for the trade mark—Barcalo-Buffalo—at foot. This and 35-year guarantee protect you sufficiently.

Barcalo Mfg. Co.

Dept. H 4

Buffalo, N. Y.

Barcalo Buffalo

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 22

A Good Rule to Follow.

A good rule always works both ways.

The Kellogg "square deal" is this kind of a rule.

It works to the dealer's advantage because he can buy profitably in quantities to suit his needs.

It works to the consumer's advantage because he is always sure of getting fresh goods.

It's a good rule to follow.

The Genuine has this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

Made from Selected White Corn

Yours Truly
TRADE MARK REG. U.S.PAT. OFF.
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

$3,000.00 More For This

On the opposite page is a picture of the can—that's how it looks. It's harder to picture how it tastes.

A Richness—an Appetizing Savor—A Delicious Flavor and Healthful Nutriment never before attained, make Yours truly The Flavory Savory Soup.

Yours truly Soups are the creation of chefs—experts who have studied the task of the housewife for years.

To tell you this—to make you acquainted with the new soups we are spending $6,000.00 for these two pages.

Yours truly

FROM NOW ON ASK YOUR GROCER *Yours truly* —HE HAS TWELVE VARIETIES

EVERYWHERE—10 CENTS

The White Gasoline Limousine Is Exactly the Right Size and Weight—and Exclusive in Style

In every outline and detail it is beautiful, dignified and what it should be. Its equipment and specifications secure the most exclusive effects without sacrificing comfort and have that air of "class" that in itself spells the highest type of refinement.

The extremely stylish body is roomy and will hold five passengers comfortably, without counting two on the driver's seat, yet by clever designing the car appears much smaller than it really is. Its weight is much less than other cars of this type.

The body is of a quality of aluminum easily repaired in case of pole dents, or the ordinary city accidents. You never feel it is too large, even when alone, yet it is not crowded when every seat is occupied.

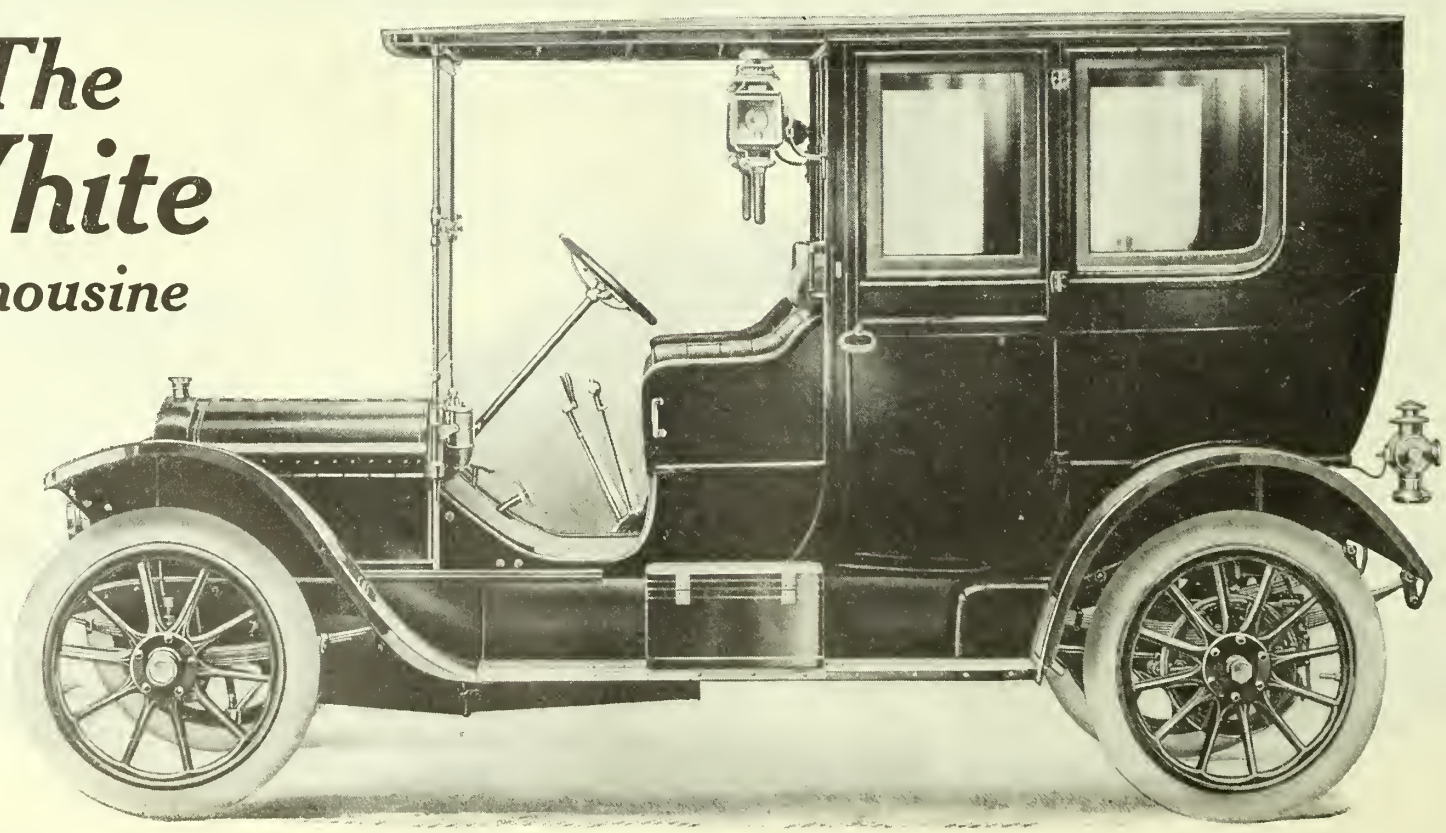
The furnishings, from the inside dome electric lights to the toilet articles of exquisite daintiness, and silk curtains that shade the French plate windows, are of the finest quality, and like the car itself, exactly what they should be.

Broadcloth, whipcord or leather, whichever is selected for upholstering, comes in any shade desired and all from the White factory, bearing the White guarantee. The window spaces are the right size and carefully planned to give the most comfort and elegance to the occupants. The window sashes are of polished rosewood, brass beveled, and the doors extremely wide and low—a feature greatly appreciated by women when elaborate toilets are worn.

The chauffeur's seat is protected with side curtains and a folding glass shield. In fact, no possible necessity—or even luxury of equipment—has been overlooked.

The White Company, 889 East 79th St., Cleveland, Ohio

The White Limousine



(14)

PLAYING POLITICS

The Progress of the Great Game

UNCLE JOE CANNON is a grand old warrior, but he lacks perspective. He has come to think himself an institution. The insurgents generally refer to him as arrogant. He isn't that. The trouble with Uncle Joe is that he is spoiled. He has been petted and paraded and pampered so long that he has got the idea he is one of the correlated branches of the Government.

He was a useful wheel-horse of the Republican party before they made him Speaker and chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and he was strictly for economy when none of the boys was affected. He would and did fight a plan to beautify Washington, the Capital of the nation, but he never stood out against pork for friends who had close districts and needed Federal salve in the way of creek-dredging or courthouses or post-offices, so that they might stand on the stump and tell the wondering folks back home: "See what I did for you." He would and did lambaste an Appalachian forest reserve, but when the member from Squeedunk wanted a few dollars for a project in his district, for deepening some stream where the only moisture was the dew, Uncle Joe was for the plan, provided the member from Squeedunk was right and regular and had the organization hallmark on him.

He had been in Congress for more than twenty years when he landed in the Speaker's chair, and had had some local celebrity as a homespun citizen who was fine company in the poker games or at dinner and who could tell stories and slap backs with the best of them. Then came his election, and immediately the country was plastered from one end to the other with stories of this sterling citizen, this rough-and-ready patriot who reminded one of Lincoln by his homely country ways, who put on no frills and legislated from the horse-sense viewpoint.

I did as much of it as anybody. Among other pieces, just before the second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress, when it was certain Cannon would be the Speaker of the Fifty-eighth, I wrote a page in a New York newspaper about him and started it with this sentence, which Cannon dictated to me: "Joseph G. Cannon was born of God-fearing, man-loving parents, made himself and did a durned poor job of it." That went all over the country, as the wise old fox knew it would, and helped establish him in his homespun capacity. We had had the scholarly Crisp as Speaker, the brilliant and sarcastic Reed and the song-singing, war-scarred, loud-voiced Henderson. Here was a novelty—Uncle Joe, the plain man of the plain people, common, unaffected, of sterling worth notwithstanding his habit of leaving his waistcoat unbuttoned and his general disregard of the conventions, with the shaven upper lip and the whiskers that go with men of his stamp. A rough diamond. Hurrah!

His Sprung-From-the-Peopleness

So everybody hurrahed for pages and pages in the newspapers and magazines, and it wasn't long before the Great Cannon Myth was firmly established in the minds of the people. The applause was continuous. The Republicans remained in control of the House of Representatives and the old Hog Combine rallied to Uncle Joe, as was natural, for he had been a member of it when he was serving on the floor. It wasn't long before Uncle Joe was surrounded by a group of time-servers, mostly members, who flattered and cheered and jollied him and, presently, took legislative matters into their own hands. The rest of the Republican members spoke of him as "Good old Uncle Joe," and all was harmonious and happy.

Meantime Uncle Joe realized the value of all this advertising he had had, and he played to the gallery every day of his life. Having been constituted as a sterling old gentleman, homespun and all that, he was sterling and homespun every time he showed in public. The mannerisms that had never been commented on when he was just a member were exaggerated and practiced assiduously. He never made a speech without opening up his vest. He could put a tremolo on "Forty years ago" that would make you think he was a prodigious and venerable seer handing out precept and prophecy with the assurance that comes with that experienced view of life and times. He studied phrases of the homespun kind, and never received a delegation without doing some little thing that reminded them of his plainness, his sprung-from-the-peopleness, and his reverence for the deeds of the fathers. He cussed when cussing seemed to be the thing to do. He prated continually of the right of the majority to rule, though he himself, from the moment he became Speaker, headed a minority of a majority that ruled arbitrarily.

Everything was congenial and happy during his first term as Speaker and during most of his second. The kind applause continued. The time-servers crowded around each day, putting through their little schemes and helping others in their combinations put through theirs. There was more flattery. There was no end of cheers. Uncle Joe came to believe it all. He was the Grand Old Man. Everybody said so, and it must be so.

There was some protest during his third term as Speaker, but nothing that amounted to anything. Indeed it was so easy to quell what little insurgency there was that Uncle Joe fancied himself invincible. He spread out. Scarcely a night passed when Congress was in session that he did not make a speech. Some nights he made two or three. He had a few of the faithful at his big house on Vermont Avenue in the morning and laid out plans for the day's work. The same old gang of time-servers hung around him in his office. Practically the same people yelled for him when he spouted at night. Uncle Joe swelled up like a balloon. He was Great! There was no doubt of that. And he knew it. There was no doubt of that either.

The Servant in the House

Ten years ago he had another view of things. He was down in the ranks then, fighting with the other privates. His long service had made him a valuable member, and he took his first election to the Speakership as a sort of reward for constant and faithful work. He was fond of saying he was the servant of the House of Representatives. That was rhetorical and always put over with due consideration of the quaver in the voice and the sawing of the air with the arm and clenched fist. He probably meant it at the start, but not for long. Presently he was forced to think himself the master of the House, for the time-servers all told him he was, and right there he started in on the career that ended in his being thrown off the Committee on Rules, in the curtailing of a good deal of his power, and in the making of an issue on which the Democrats are likely to win the next House. There was no cry of Cannonism for the first four years of his Speakership, not much for the next two, and there has been nothing else since he was elected Speaker of the Sixty-first, or present, Congress.

When a man, no matter who, begins to think he is a national institution instead of a national incident he is eventually coming to a cropper, and so are those who persuade him in his belief. But there is no chance of making the man think there will be disaster, especially when the sycophants are as assiduous as are those who surround Cannon. Uncle Joe doesn't understand yet what the revolt in the country is about. He thinks it has been fomented by a lot of "bolters" and "soreheads." It would take much patient explanation to show to Uncle Joe that the revolt is against the system which he personifies and supports, and thus against him personally. I doubt if it could be explained to him. He wouldn't believe it. The time-servers have been giving him the you-are-the-grand-old-man sweets too long.

Hence, when this session of Congress adjourned and Uncle Joe announced that he intended to stump the country there was no stopping him. Perhaps no attempt was made to stop him. I do not know. At any rate he went out, starting in Kansas, and talked, not like a party orator with the good of his party at heart, but as a personal

A Handsome Table— A Substantial Desk Combined

No. 267
Covered by four patents.

SIMPLY pulling open a drawer provides desk space with non-spillable ink well and pen groove. Nothing on the table needs to be disturbed. Underneath the desk lid is a large, roomy drawer for stationery and correspondence.

The Cadillac Desk-Table is in use in modern **homes,** up-to-date hotels and Y. M. C. A.'s universally. It is an ideal piece of home furniture.

The Mechanism—The mechanism is simplicity itself. Easy sliding nickel-plated steel slides prevent the drawer from sticking. It is counterbalanced to prevent danger of tipping. All Cadillac features are thoroughly covered by four patents.

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Cadillac "Desk-Table"

The Brand—Look for this design on the under side of the desk lid. It protects you from inferior imitations.

Cadillac Desk-Tables are sold by leading furniture dealers. If your dealer does not sell it, we will see that you are supplied.

Booklet "P," showing our complete line of halftone pictures, will be mailed upon request.

Wolverine Manufacturing Company, Detroit, Mich.

The largest parlor and library table manufacturers in the world. Our output is more than ***a table a minute.***

Remington Repeating Guns

SPORTSMEN!

Write to-day for the 1910 Game Laws.

A booklet of invaluable information to every sportsman. Complete Game Laws revised July 1st, 1910, of every State in the Union and Canada. Also, list of guides who know every haunt of birds, game and fish in New York and Maine hunting regions.

There is a Remington Idea gun made—*solid steel breech, hammerless*—for your particular requirements. Remington guns have proven the best in the test, having won 7 out of the last 13 Interstate Handicaps, over 50% of the winnings—conclusively demonstrating Remington Idea Merit.

UMC Steel Lined Shells the undisputed champions. UMC Steel Lined Shells have won each and everyone of the last 9 Interstate Handicaps—they are the favorite ammunition of the best shooters.

Sold by all first class dealers. Do not accept a substitute. Communicate with us if your dealer does not carry UMC or Remington.

UMC and Remington—the perfect shooting combination.

SAME OWNERSHIP SAME STANDARD OF QUALITY SAME MANAGEMENT

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Doesn't take an expert to use it—Puts a keen, lasting edge on a razor that makes shaving a delight.

No. 103-A, 4 x 2 inches, in neat box, $1.00. If you use a safety razor, the safety blade holder costs 50 cents extra.

Carborundum Sharpening Stones of all kinds are sold by hardware dealers. Insist on having them.

If your dealer does not have them, send direct.

The Carborundum *Pocket Stone* ought to be in every man's possession. No. 149-A, in neat case, 15 cents.

HARDEST AND SHARPEST TRADE MARK

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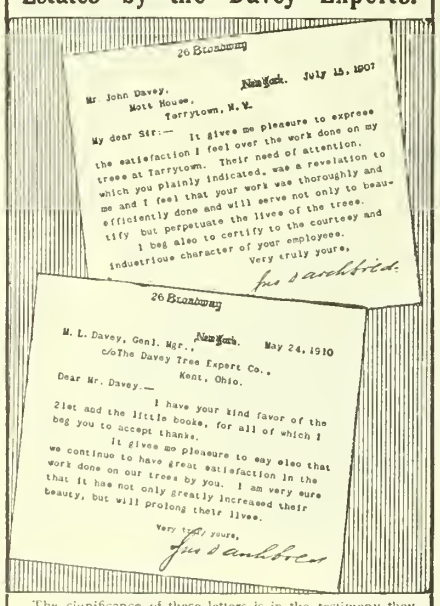
1907-1910—Two Letters From John D. Archbold Regarding Tree Surgery as Practiced on His Estates by the Davey Experts.



26 Broadway New York. July 15, 1907

Mr John Davey,
Mott House,
Tarrytown, N. Y.

My dear Sir:— It gives me pleasure to express the satisfaction I feel over the work done on my trees at Tarrytown. Their need of attention, which you plainly indicated, was a revelation to me and I feel that your work was thoroughly and efficiently done and will serve not only to beautify but perpetuate the lives of the trees.

I beg also to certify to the courtesy and industrious character of your employees.

Very truly yours,
Jno D Archbold.

26 Broadway New York. May 24, 1910

M. L. Davey, Genl. Mgr.,
c/o The Davey Tree Expert Co.,
Kent, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Davey.—

I have your kind favor of the 21st and the little books, for all of which I beg you to accept thanks.

It gives me pleasure to say also that we continue to have great satisfaction in the work done on our trees by you. I am very sure that it has not only greatly increased their beauty, but will prolong their lives.

Very truly yours,
Jno D Archbold

The significance of these letters is in the testimony they give to the permanent efficiency of the methods of tree surgery, originated by John Davey, the father of the profession, and practiced exclusively by the Davey Experts.

The first work done by the Davey men on Mr. Archbold's trees was in the early spring of 1907. Three years later Mr. Archbold writes to say that he continues to have great satisfaction in the work done. If it had been lacking in any respect, a man of Mr. Archbold's keen intelligence would long ago have detected it.

The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., 349 Tulip St., Kent, Ohio
(Operating the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery)

The literature of tree surgery is of absorbing interest. Write us how many trees you have and we will send you one or more of our books, free.

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Free book gives list of needed inventions and tells how to protect them. Write for it. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability.

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WOODWARD & CHANDLEE, Registered Att'ys,
1257 F Street, Washington, D. C.

orator advocating a personal cause. Until two years or so ago Uncle Joe was never on the defensive in a campaign—that is, on broad party issues. Now that he is an issue himself he does not realize he is on the defensive, but talks and acts as if those who are opposed to him have committed some sort of sacrilege or lèse-majesty.

Nor have the experiences of the past session of Congress taught him anything. He saved himself by a combination with Tammany Democrats at the beginning of the first session of the Sixty-first Congress, but what was good politics for him became treason when the insurgent Republicans ousted him from the Committee on Rules by the same sort of a combination with the Democrats, more comprehensive, no doubt, but a combination with Democrats just the same.

He may be able to win votes for his people by shouting that the insurgent Republicans in the House and Senate are Democrats or assistant Democrats and should be shot or hanged or boiled in oil, but it isn't apparent to anybody but himself just where he will do it.

Moreover, the men who are directing the Republican Congressional campaign have as perverted a conception of the temper of the people as has Cannon. These political geniuses talk vaingloriously of the Old Guard that dies but never surrenders, and they parade the Speaker about the country to shout defiance and yell "You lie, you villains, you lie!" and think they are campaigning. It is all well enough for Uncle Joe to proclaim he will never surrender. He doesn't have to. That has all been attended to. Still, if there is an ardent desire on the part of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee to win the next House it would be better to have Uncle Joe do his never-surrender act in private. They have commodious offices in Chicago and New York. Why not set apart a room at each place to have him never surrender in, and let it go at that?

The Spectacle of a Speaker Spoiled

Of course the old man always will draw crowds. He is a picturesque and a popular figure. He talks well. I have heard him speak probably two hundred times, at dinners, at conventions, in Congress, on the stump, at meetings, and I never knew a time when he did not hold his audience to the last word no matter how long he talked, and he is no concise talker either. But crowds mean nothing.

And it is bombast for the Speaker to shout that if he is elected to the Sixty-second Congress, as he probably will be, he will be a candidate for Speaker again. He will never be Speaker again and he knows it. Many of the men who have voted for him and with him in the House, his supporters, are running for reëlection in this campaign on the flat promise that they will not vote again for Uncle Joe, and this includes some of his staunchest friends. And the Speaker for the Sixty-second Congress will not be elected until December, 1911, and by that time, unless things change greatly, the sentiment against Cannonism will have grown so enormously that Uncle Joe will not try to be a candidate.

Now, Joseph Gurney Cannon isn't half so bad as he has been painted by some of those who were loudest in singing his praises a few years ago. He is a kindly, congenial, highly intelligent, clear-sighted old man, who knows the mechanics of the Government perfectly, but who is a politician of the old school. He plays politics now just as he played it forty years ago. He is intensely partisan, intensely narrow in his view of those whose opinions clash with his, and has no patience with any person who will not put the call of party and organization higher than almost any other human obligation.

He has been spoiled. His sense of values is gone. Everybody who does not think as he does is a liar. Everybody who does not write as he thinks is a muckraker. Everybody who is a Republican and does not vote as he does is a villain and a traitor to the State. The organization is sacred. He has been led to think that he is the organization. Hence these screams.

Uncle Joe is virile and vigorous, and everybody hopes he will long continue so. But he should sit down quietly and think it all over. If he wants his party to remain in control of the House of Representatives, as he probably does, the fewer speeches he makes like those he made in Kansas the better the chance will be.

THE NOSE PORES

How to reduce them

THE BLOOD SUPPLY OF THE NOSE IS COMPARATIVELY POOR, THEREFORE DOES NOT KEEP THE PORES OPEN AS THEY SHOULD BE.

COMPLEXIONS, otherwise flawless, are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. The blood supply in the nose is comparatively poor, therefore does not keep the pores open as they should be. Instead they clog up, collect dirt and become enlarged.

Begin tonight to use this treatment.

Wring a washcloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap and hold it to your face. Do this several times, then when the heat has expanded the pores of your skin, rub in a good lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub it in. Then rinse thoroughly in cooler water, then dash cold water on the nose for several minutes.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores and *acts as a stimulant.* As new skin forms, this treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap gradually reduces the enlarged pores, causes them to contract, making them practically inconspicuous. The skin on the nose becomes as refined in texture as your cheeks.

Commence today to get its benefits.

Use Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly, *persistently.* It costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact, it is not as expensive as it sounds for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

For four cents in stamps, we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For ten cents we will send you a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write today.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
2603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Woodbury's Facial Soap
For sale by dealers everywhere.

S.E.P.

The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, O.

Gentlemen:
I enclose four cents in stamps for which please send me a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
Or
I enclose ten cents in stamps for which please send me a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder.

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Weighs only about 6½ lbs. and is the lightest and quickest handling 12 gauge repeating shotgun in the world. It is perfectly balanced, built extra light, but extra strong, of extra quality material. It has Circassian walnut stock, highly-polished, smooth-working mechanism and the Special Smokeless Steel barrel for exceptional shooting ability.

In this 12 gauge Field gun and the other 12 and 16 gauge *Marlin* shotguns, the solid top and side ejection protect mechanism from inclement weather, twigs, leaves and dirt. Keep powder from being blown back in your face; allow for six quick repeat shots. They have fewer parts, built simpler and stronger than in other repeaters; the safely locking devices, automatic recoil block, closed-in breechbolt, take-down construction and other up-to-date features make Marlins the best "pump" guns in the world.

Send today for the free 136 page catalog describing the full *Marlin* line. Enclose 3 stamps for postage.

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Send for complete price list for printing and developing.

Send for booklet "Hints to Amateurs," and complete price list, FREE.

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Engravers and Three-Color Operators Earn From $20 to $50 Per Week. Only college in the world where these paying professions are taught successfully. **Established 16 years.** Endorsed by International Association of Photo-Engravers and Photographers' Association of Illinois. Terms easy and living inexpensive. **Graduates assisted in securing good positions.** Write for catalogue, and *specify course in which you are interested.*

Illinois College of Photography or 952 Wabash Ave., Bissell College of Photo-Engraving Effingham, Illinois.
L. H. BISSELL, Pres.

YOUR dining-room furniture gets more abuse than any other in your home. If yours is scratched and scarred, try what one housewife did.

"I have delayed writing you in regard to Jap-a-lac, not having been able to use it until recently. I think Jap-a-lac cannot be too highly praised. I used the quart of Dead Black Jap-a-lac on my dining room chairs and table—the chairs were an ugly light yellow oak and after I applied the Jap-a-lac and upholstered the seats in black Pantasote, they looked like expensive ebony chairs.

"I shall be pleased to recommend Jap-a-lac to my friends.

Yours truly, MRS. U. TRACY COX, Rockwood, Ohio."

One-quarter pint will cover an ordinary chair —one-half pint for the average table.

RENEW WITH JAP-A-LAC

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Made in seventeen beautiful colors, and Natural or clear, and can be used on anything of wood or metal, from cellar to garret.

The Jap-a-lac Model Floor Graining Process solves the problem of "What shall I do with my old carpeted floor to make it sanitary and refined?" Your painter can do it at little expense, or you can do it yourself. Insist on Jap-a-lac. For sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers.

"The Jap Chap"

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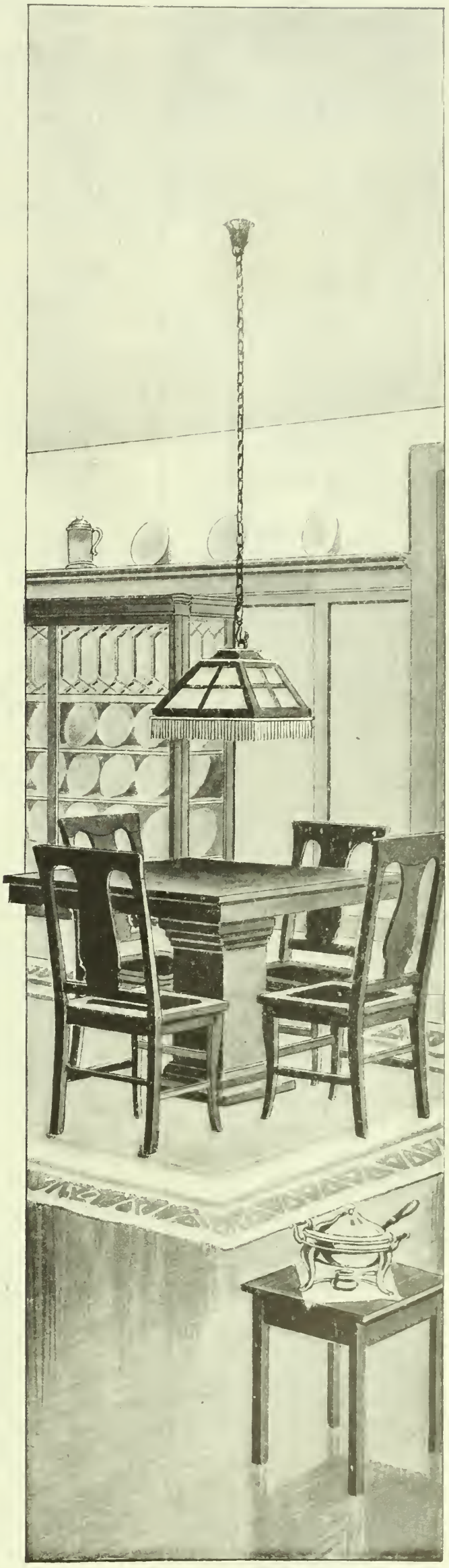
Our Green Label Line of clear varnishes is the highest quality manufactured. Its use insures perfect results. Ask your paint dealer.

IN THE UNITED STATES		IN CANADA	
1-Gal. can (U. S. Measure)	$2.75	1-Gal. can (Imperial Measure)	$3.25
½-Gal. "	1.50	½-Gal. "	1.75
Quart "	.80	Quart "	.95
Pint "	.45	Pint "	.55
½-Pint "	.25	½-Pint "	.30
¼-Pint "	.15	¼-Pint "	.20
(These prices apply to sales in United States only)		*(These prices apply to sales in the Dominion of Canada only)*	



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Makers of Highest Grade Varnishes **5889 Glidden Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio**

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Look For Name in Strap

You Owe It to yourself to see the Fall styles of The Florsheim Shoe before making your next purchase.

Style —
Quality —
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And, for full measure, "Natural Shape" lasts

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Our booklet, "The Shoeman," shows "A style for any taste"—"A fit for every foot."

The Drexel

CUSTOM MODEL
$6.00

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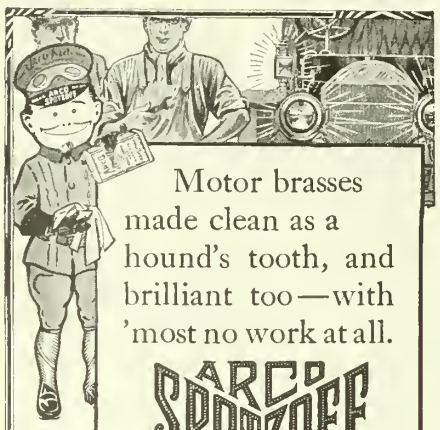

Motor brasses made clean as a hound's tooth, and brilliant too—with 'most no work at all.

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Equally good for household use

Arco Spotzoff is the name of the quickest, cleanest, snappiest metal polish on earth. We like to send samples, especially to motor car owners. Your name on a postcard brings one.

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We are looking for live merchants and garage owners everywhere, and we have an attractive and profitable proposition to offer them. Write today.

Send for Free Samples

Boiling water on a Steero Bouillon Cube makes rich, appetizing bouillon, ready to serve. Convenient, delicious. Box of 12 sent for 35c, if your dealer won't supply you. For free samples write

Schieffelin & Co., 177 William St., New York
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American Kitchen Products Co., New York

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes
Trade-Mark

Sense and Nonsense

A Tragedy of the Links

Bill Niblick was a Golfer bold,
Who loved Miss Daisy Green,
And on the lovely Links of Love
Their Twosome oft was seen.

The Maiden asked him out to Tee—
He much preferred a Ball—
But it so chanced he Lofter so
He answered to her call.

"At five, my dear," Bill Niblick said,
"The Caddied sweets will pour?"
The Maiden shook her pretty head
And slyly answered, "Fore."

All night, poor Bill, he dreamed of Spoons,
For Daisy Green was Fair;
Deep in the Bunkers of his soul
The Fates had Putter there!

He dreamed of Long Drives o'er the Whins,
Of Hazards vast of size;
He dreamed of Brassy rivals with
Their Scores of muddy Lies.

He Pulled and Sliced the whole night long,
He Foozled and he Pressed,
And when the morning came along
He found he'd had no rest.

And so he slept all through the day,
And as the hours flew
His weary eyelids were Two Down;
His eyes were Dormie too.

And, sad to say, when he arrived,
Her chaperon so grim,
Miss Bogey, sat beside Fair Green,
And wholly Stymied him.

This way, nor that, there was no Stroke
By which he could get o'er,
Till in despair he made a dash
And Holed Out through the door.

He Rimmed the Cup the whole night through,
And when the dark had sped,
Beside the Eighteenth Hole they found
Bill Niblick lying dead!

And that is why, O reader dear,
Who this love story reads,
Where'er you go you'll always find
The Fair Green wearing weeds!

A. Sufferan Mann.

Muncie or the Man

MUNCIE is a sprightly city in Indiana. Various newspapers are owned and published in various cities by Frank A. Munsey, the magazine man. These statements constitute the plot of this two-act tragedy:

ACT I

President Taft, just before his departure for the summer capital at Beverly, is receiving the newspaper corps of Washington at the White House. The correspondents are out in force and the scene is one of life and gayety, for as the line passes the President he has a hearty greeting for each and every one.

ACT II

A young man approaches the President and is presented. The President shakes him warmly by the hand and the following colloquy ensues:

THE PRESIDENT: Glad to meet you, sir. What paper do you represent?

YOUNG MAN: I represent the Munsey papers, Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT (genially): Ah, yes; I made a speech there once.

(QUICK CURTAIN)

Breaking Camp

Pull up the stakes and drop the pole—
It's time for the homeward track;
You've lost your pallor and found your soul,
And welcomed your gladness back.

It's time for the job that is yours to fill
And the same hard stunt for me;
Back to the rush and flurry, Bill—
Back to the human sea.

So, scatter the fire while I load the boat.
Now, one last look—right here;
Then off on the homeward trail we float,
But we're coming again next year.

—Berton Braley.

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The New Twice-a-Month Ladies' Home Journal Begins This Month

Two complete, splendid magazines—the first is out August 25th; the next, September 10th—at 10 cents a copy.

Twice the Number of Magazines
At the Same Price
$1.50 a Year for 24 Magazines

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

The reputation of these men make the CHARACTER of the Velie 40

You are invited to painstakingly investigate the

Velie Personnel
Velie Factory and its Equipment
Velie Automobile

That you may be convinced that the Velie Motor Vehicle Co. has a permanent and legitimate license to build a superior car at a minimum cost even though no tribute has been extorted for the privilege of its automobile existence.

Personnel

The men whose names appear below are, by inheritance, tradition, experience and capital, qualified to solve manufacturing problems, however difficult, correctly and accurately, and in a manner which will surely conserve the interests and the pocketbooks of their customers.

W. L. VELIE
Pres. Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill.
Pres. John Deere Plow Co., Omaha, Neb.
Vice-Pres. Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.
Pres. Velie Carriage Co., Moline, Ill.
Vice-Pres. Moline Wagon Co., Moline, Ill.
Pres. Velie Engineering Co., Moline, Ill.

CHAS. D. VELIE
Vice-Pres. Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill.
Secy. and Treas., Deere & Webber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Director, Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.
Director, Northwestern Nat'l Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.
Vice-Pres. Velie Carriage Co., Moline, Ill.

STEPHEN H. VELIE
Vice-Pres. Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill.
Pres. Velie Saddlery Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Pres. Fort Smith Wagon Co., Fort Smith, Ark.
Secy. and Mgr., John Deere Plow Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Vice-Pres. Velie Carriage Co., Moline, Ill.
Vice-Pres. Marseilles Mfg. Co., Marseilles, Ill.
Director, Southwestern Nat'l Bank, Kansas City, Mo.

GEO. N. PEEK
Director, Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill.
Pres. Marseilles Mfg. Co., Marseilles, Ill.
Secy. and Treas., John Deere Plow Co., Omaha, Neb.
Director, Deere & Mansur Co., Moline, Ill.
Director, Velie Carriage Co., Moline, Ill.

CHAS. C. WEBBER
Pres. Deere & Webber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Vice-Pres. Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.
Vice-Pres. Moline Wagon Co., Moline, Ill.

MAJOR L. M. FULLER
Secy. and Mgr., Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill.
Formerly of the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army.
Designer of much of the modern war material in use by our own and foreign governments.

The Factory

The home of the VELIE is a reinforced concrete building, 420 feet long, five stories high, 95 feet wide on the basement floor and 80 feet wide on the other stories. The whole plant is sprinkled and is filled with most up-to-date labor-saving machinery devised.

The Velie is Not an Assembled Car

We do not manufacture in our own plant tires, electrical equipment, speedometers, horns, lamps, etc. We do manufacture, however, in our own factory, everything that any one else does, with the exception of transmissions, axles and steering gears. We use the Timken axle, which is the standard for the United States. The Brown Lipe Transmission has no equal. The Gemmer steering gear is probably the best manufactured. Each of these articles is built by specialists. Not one of our competitors in any class can show better material than the three articles above referred to, specially designed and manufactured for our car.

Our new motor plant of reinforced concrete is well along and will give us 200,000 feet more of floor space. These factory buildings have been built at an expense of over half a million dollars and will endure for all time. They are a fair indication of the stability of the Company.

The Car

SPECIFICATIONS

Motor—Bore 4¼ inches; stroke 5¼ inches. 4 Cylinder, 4 cycle, L type, cylinders cast in pairs with integral water jackets, crank shaft offset ⅜ of an inch. Latest improved foreign design of large bearing roller tappets.

Transmission—Brown Lipe selective sliding gear, three speeds forward and one reverse, mounted on four sets of Timken short series roller bearings, designed and manufactured especially for us. Gears 3½% nickel steel.

Differential—Brown Lipe bevel gear on Timken Roller Bearings. Gear of Chrome Nickel Steel.

Front Axle—I beam single piece, heat treated drop forging, of Timken manufacture. Wheels on Timken roller bearings.

Rear Axle—Timken full floating type, double rod construction.

Clutch—Dry disc—All parts readily accessible, and replacement cost a minimum.

Ignition—Splitdorf magneto with non-vibrating coil as the primary and Atwater-Kent for secondary.

Lubrication—By gear pump; gear driven. Our patent sight feed is a feature found on no other car. All moving parts and bearings are provided with compression cups or spring oilers.

Brakes—Double contracting foot brakes and double expanding hand brakes.

Springs—Front, semi-elliptic, 38 inches long, 2 inches wide. Rear, ¾-inch scroll, 46 inches long, 2 inches wide.

Radiator—Mercedes type with hard rubber filler cap.

Wheel Base—115 inches. Gear ratio 3 to 1; 3½ to 1.

Wheels—34-inch Artillery type, of selected second growth Hickory.

Tires—Hartford or Firestone, 34 x 4 inches, on Hartford Q. D. rims.

Steering Gears—Of Gemmer manufacture.

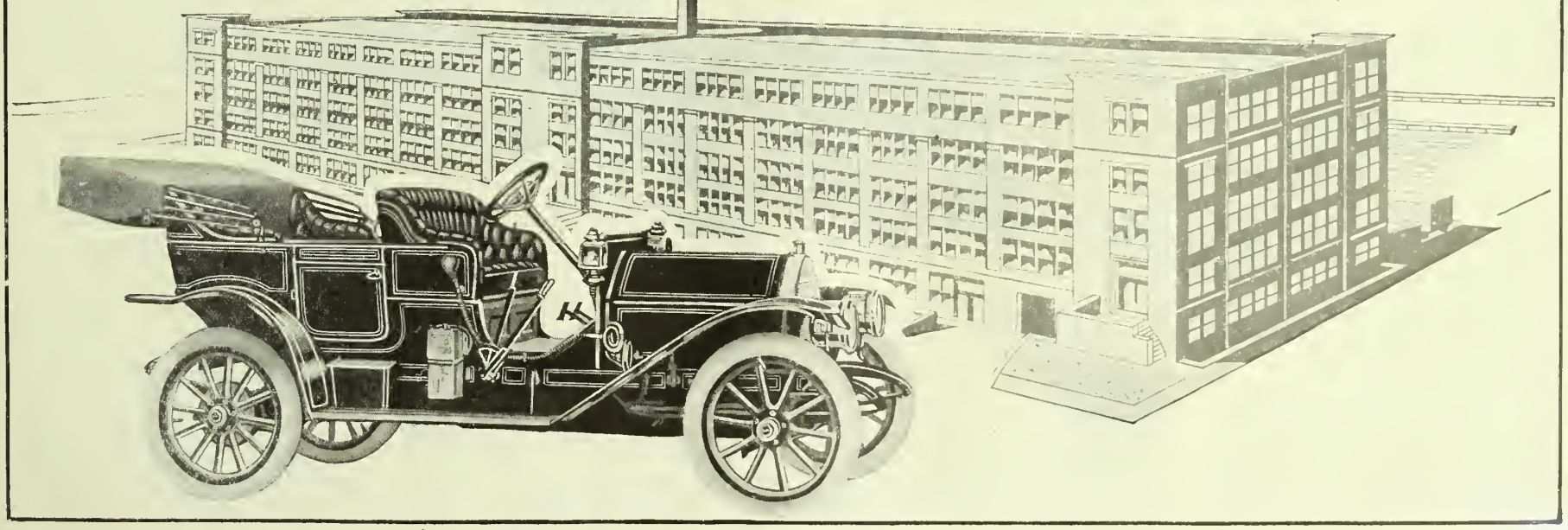
Steering Wheel—Hard rubber, with corrugated finger grips; 17 inches in diameter.

Cooling—By gear driven centrifugal pump.

To the Consumer and to the Dealer we wish to say that the policy of this Company is to secure a lasting place in the automobile manufacturing industry, the accomplishment of which aim carries necessarily with it modest profits, closest attention to details, fair and liberal treatment of customers and a broad guaranty unselfishly interpreted. We cordially invite interested buyers to visit our plant, where every courtesy will be extended and every facility offered to thoroughly post them as to the merit of our claims for recognition and superiority.

We Have a Special Proposition to the best dealer in every town and city where the "Velie 40" is not now represented. Write us today for particulars.

VELIE MOTOR VEHICLE CO. MOLINE, ILLINOIS



COLLEGES WHILE YOU WAIT

(Continued from Page 7)

"Sure thing," said Petey. "Sophomore roping class uses 'em. Great class to watch."

"I say now, this is extraordinary," said the Reverend. "You don't mean to tell me you tie up cows?"

"Rope 'em and tie 'em and brand 'em," said Petey. "What's college for if it ain't to learn you things?"

"I say now, this is extraordinary," said the Reverend. I gave him four more "extraordinaries" before I did something violent. He used two hundred that morning. "Might I see the class at work?" he inquired.

Petey didn't even hesitate. "Sorry, Reverend," says he. "But the Professor of Roping and Branding has been drunk for a week. Class ain't working now."

The college bell tapped three times. "That's cleaning-up bell," said Petey.

"Oh, I say now," said the Reverend, hauling out his notebook. "What's cleaning-up bell?"

"Why, to clean up the college," said Petey. "We clean it up once a week. With the fellows riding their hosses into class and tracking mud and clay in, and eating lunches and stuff around, it gets pretty messy before the end of the week. We make the freshmen clean it out. There they go now."

A dozen "supes" filed slowly into the building with brooms and shovels. Pubby couldn't have looked more interested if they had been crowned heads of Europe.

Just then a fine assortment of sounds broke out in the old building. The doors burst open and a young red-headed Mick from the seventh ward near by rode a pony down the steps and away for dear life. Behind him came a double-sized gent with yard-wide mustaches. He was dressed in a red shirt, overalls and firearms. He was a walking museum of weapons. Petey told me afterward that he had borrowed him from the roundhouse near by, and that for a box of cigars he had kindly consented to play the part of janitor for one afternoon only.

"That's the janitor," said Petey in an awestruck whisper. "Get behind a tree, quick. He's sure some irritated. He hates to have the boys ride their ponies into classroom."

We got a fine view of the janitor as he swept past. He was a regular volcano in pants. Never have I heard the English language more richly embossed with profanity. Firing a fat locomotive up the grades around Siwash with bad coal gives a man great talent in expression. We listened to him with awe. Pubby was entranced. He asked me if it would be safe to take anything down in his notebook, and when I promised to protect him he wrote three pages.

By this time the campus was filling up. Word had gotten around the real college that the big show of the season was being pulled off up at Dillpickle, and the students were arriving by the dozen. We were getting pretty nervous. The new arrivals weren't coached, and sooner or later they were bound to give the snap away. We decided to introduce our guest to the president. If we could keep things quiet another half hour all would be safe, Petey assured us.

We took the Reverend up to the main entrance, Petey's thinker working like a well-oiled machine all the way. He pointed out the tree where they hanged a horse thief, and Pubby made us wait till he had gotten a leaf from it. The Senior classes at Dillpickle had had the custom of hauling boulders on to the campus as graduation presents. Petey explained that each boulder marked the resting place of some student whose career had been foreshortened accidentally, and he described several of the tragedies—invented them right off the reel. Pubby was so interested he didn't care who saw his notebook. When Petey told him how a pack of timber wolves had besieged the school for nine days and nights, four years before, he almost cried because there was no photograph of the scene handy. We had to promise him a wolf skin to comfort him.

Dillpickle Academy was a plain old brick building, with one of those cupolas which were so popular among schools and colleges forty years ago. I don't know just what mysterious effect a cupola has on education, but it was considered necessary at that time. In front of the building was a wide stone porch. Inside we could see half a dozen dogs and a horse. Pubby looked a bushel of exclamation points when Petey explained that they belonged to the president. He looked a lot more when he saw a counter with a fine assortment of chewing tobacco and pipes on it. That, Petey whispered to me, was his masterpiece. He had borrowed the whole thing from a corner grocery store.

Petey had just put his eye to the window of the president's room, ostensibly to find out whether Prexy was in a good humor and in reality to find out whether Kennedy, an old grad who had consented to play the part, was on duty, when one of the boys hurried up and grabbed me.

"Just evaporate as fast as you can," he whispered; "there are six cops on the way out. They're going to pinch the whole bunch of us."

Now this was a fine predicament for a young and promising college—to be arrested by six lowly cops on its own campus, in the act of showing a distinguished visitor how it ran the earth, and was particular Hades with the trigger-finger! Bangs was showing Pubby the window through which the Professor of Arithmetic had thrown him the term before, and I told Petey. He sat down and cried.

"After all this work and just as we had it cinched!" he moaned. "I'll quit school tomorrow and devote my life to poisoning policemen. This has made an anarchist of me."

There was nothing to do. We couldn't very well explain that the college would now have to run away and hide because some enthusiastic freshman had fired a horse-pistol on the streets of Jonesville. I looked at the crowd of fantastic students getting ready to bolt for the fence. I looked at our victim, fairly punching words into his notebook. It was the brightest young dream that was ever busted by a fat loafer in brass buttons. Then I saw Ole Skjarsen and had my one big inspiration.

"Excuse me," I said, rushing over to Pubby, "but you'll have to mosey right out of here. There's Ole Skjarsen, and he looks ugly."

"Oh, my word!" said Pubby; he remembered Ole from the night before.

"Right around the building!" yelled Petey, grabbing the cue. Naturally Ole heard him and saw those whiskers. "Har's das spy!" he yelled. "Kill him, fallers; he ban a spy!" We dashed around the building, Ole following us. And then, because the cops had arrived at the front gate, the whole mob thundered after us.

Well, sir, you never saw a more successful race in your life. There were no less than a hundred Siwash students behind us, and, though no one but Ole Skjarsen had any interest in us, they were all trying to break the sprint record in our direction, it being the line of least resistance. And say! We certainly had misjudged the Reverend Ponsonby Diggs. He may have been fat, but how he could run! His work was phenomenal. I think he must have been on a track team himself at some earlier part of his career, for the way he steamed away from the gang would have reminded you of the Lusitania racing the Statue of L'berty. He lost his cap. He shed his long b.ack coat. He rolled over the fence at the rear of the campus without even hesitating, and the last we saw of him he was going down the road out of Jonesville into the west, his legs revolving in a b.ue haze. Even if we had wanted to stop him, we couldn't have caught him. And besides, Ole caught Petey and me just outside of the campus and we had to do some twenty-nine-story-tall explaining to keep from getting punched for harboring spies. No one had thought to put him next to the game.

That all? Goodness, no! We cleaned up for a week and had been so good that the Faculty had about decided that nothing had happened when the Reverend Ponsonby Diggs appeared in Jonesville again. He came with a United States marshal for a bodyguard too. He had footed it to the next town, it seems, and had wired the nearest British consul that he had been attacked by savages at Siwash College and robbed of all his baggage. They say he demanded battleships or a Hague conference, or something of the sort, and that the

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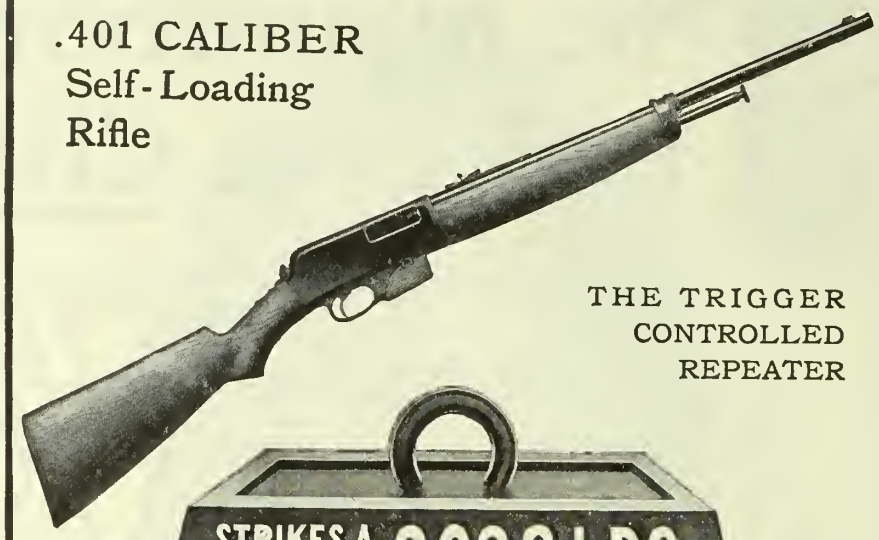

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The Winchester Model 1910 not only shoots a heavier bullet and hits a harder blow than any other recoil operated rifle, but it also surpasses all other arms of this type in strength and simplicity of its action and in the rapidity with which it will shoot a series of shots. Being reloaded by the recoil, you simply pull the trigger for each shot. This places the complete control of the rifle under the trigger finger, and makes it unnecessary to take the eye off the sights when shooting rapidly. Don't fail to examine one of these rifles before selecting a gun for your next hunting trip.

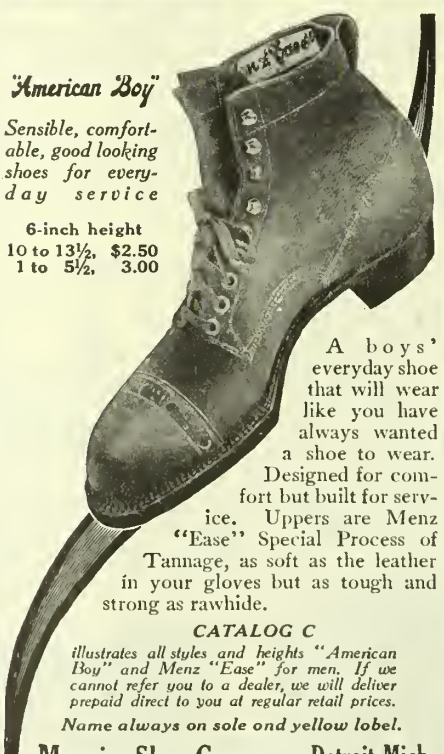
WINCHESTER RIFLES AND AMMUNITION ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE

IT HITS LIKE THE HAMMER OF THOR

"American Boy"

Sensible, comfortable, good looking shoes for everyday service

6-inch height
10 to 13½, $2.50
1 to 5½, 3.00



A boys' everyday shoe that will wear like you have always wanted a shoe to wear. Designed for comfort but built for service. Uppers are Menz "Ease" Special Process of Tannage, as soft as the leather in your gloves but as tough and strong as rawhide.

CATALOG C

illustrates all styles and heights "American Boy" and Menz "Ease" for men. If we cannot refer you to a dealer, we will deliver prepaid direct to you at regular retail prices.

Name always on sole and yellow label.

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Don't sell your Household Goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write **today** for colored maps and information.
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505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.
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Typewriter Secrets Brought Into Daylight

To the man who is content to pay the full price for a standard typewriter, without question, we have nothing to say.

But to the man who believes the cost to be exorbitant and higher than necessary, we offer food for thought.

Our new selling plan makes it possible for you to buy a typewriter of standard name and fame, at *one-half* the market price and on *very small payments*.

These typewriters represent the climax of countless superiorities found only in the best makes, besides many exclusive features not contained in any other.

This selling plan is not founded on theory—not on guesswork—but on actual, provable economy, which obtains for you the exact value you pay for it.

Send for free information giving *you* the inside facts—the secrets. Learn how you can save one-half the full price and about the easy payments without interest—how you can obtain a standard visible writer in your home or office on five days' free trial—*no deposit.*

We will not send a salesman or agent—we won't try persuasion.

It costs you nothing to investigate—we will gladly tell you all about it and then leave it *all* to you—*WRITE.*

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
841 Masonic Temple, Chicago

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL *without a cent deposit*, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous offers* on highest grade 1910 model bicycles.

FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our *wonderful proposition* on first sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS Everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell cheaper than any other factory. TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at *half usual prices*. Do not wait; write *today* for our *special offer*.

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Fine Rugs woven from Old Carpet
DENWORTH RUG MILL
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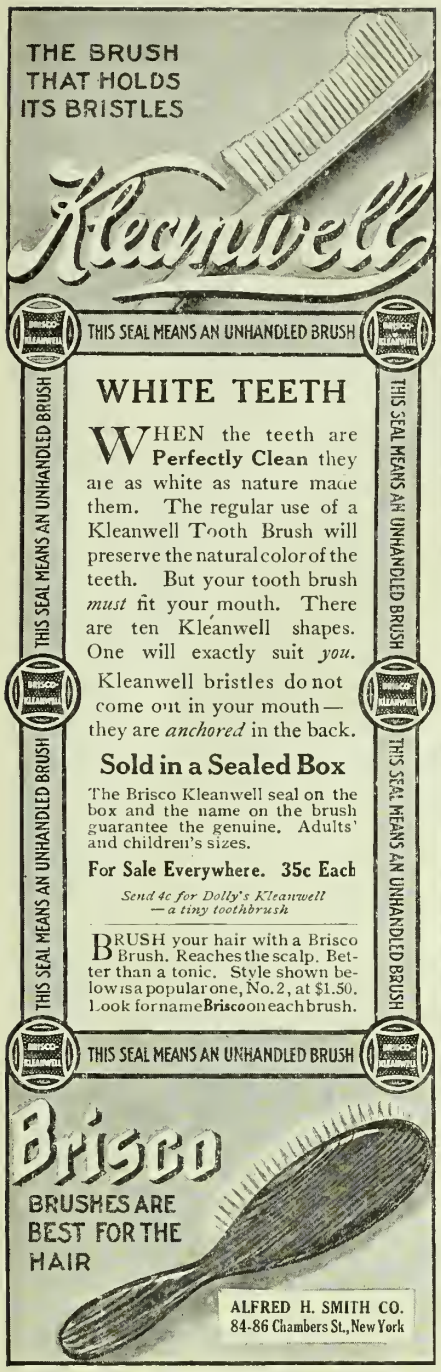


1898-1910

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Odd Lots

A plan for investment in safe dividend paying securities. Regular charges. No margin calls. Special department for mail and wire business.

Send for Circular A, "Odd Lot Investment"

Members New York Stock Exchange

71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Hay Fever and Asthma

Sufferers from these two afflictions can be greatly relieved by the use of a little device which we will send to any address to be tested 7 days before you decide to keep it.

This device filters the air. The dust, pollen and other foreign matter, which produce irritation that causes Hay Fever and the paroxysms of Asthma, are eliminated. Relief is immediate. The delicate membranes of the nasal cavities are rested and protected so that the affected parts have an opportunity to regain their normal powers of resistance. This device is not a cure, but it gives relief instantly. Thousands are in use. They are not annoying and cannot be seen when worn.

Send name and address so that we may let you have a 7 days' test of this little device.—The Nasal-filter Company, 430 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

consul's office asked a Government officer to go out and pacify him. They stepped off the train at the Union Station and went right up to college—only four blocks away.

Petey and I remained considerably invisible, but the boys tell me that the look on the Reverend's face when he arrived at the real Siwash was worth perpetuating in bronze. He went up the fine old avenue, past the fine new buildings, in a daze; and when our good old Prexy, who had him skinned forty ways for dignity, shook hands with him and handed him a little talk that was a saturated solution of Latin, he couldn't even say "most extraordinary." You can realize how far gone he was.

Some of the boys got hold of the marshal that day and told him the story. He laughed from 4 P. M. until midnight, with only three stops for refreshments. The Reverend Pubby Diggs stayed three days as the guest of the Faculty and he didn't get up nerve enough in all that time to talk business. We saw him at chapel where he couldn't see us, and he looked like a man who had suddenly discovered, while falling out of his aeroplane, that somebody had removed the earth and had left no address behind. His baggage mysteriously appeared at his room in the hotel on the first night, and when he left he hadn't recovered consciousness sufficiently to inquire where it came from. I think he went right back to England when he left Siwash, and I'll bet that by now he has almost concluded that some one had been playing a joke on him. You give those Englishmen time and they will catch on to almost anything.

The Devices of Trade

ONE of the latest aids to the shopper is a continuous telephone service. This means that a woman out in the country, who needs something the first thing in the morning, can call up the store at midnight and have it sent to her on the early train. Likewise the "eleventh hour" guest bidden to a "week end" can gather up motor togs by 'phone at the last moment.

This sort of thing contributes to one great end—that of satisfying the customer. There is another arrangement, potent as well as simple. It consists in letting the woman shopper exchange her goods as often as she may elect to change her mind. The merchant who makes her believe that his merchandise is as good as her money removes the feeling of charitable obligation from the exchange or return of money, and makes it a definite business transaction. The woman who remains dissatisfied with her goods is the worst possible agency that a store can have abroad.

In connection with the exchange of goods is an interesting up-to-date feature. The newest department store in New York has installed a sterilizing plant to sterilize returned goods.

In mentioning further aids to merchandising for women one big and important question looms up: Shall the business be done on cash or on credit? Let us first take up the virtues of the credit system. Many great merchants simply regard credit as a bait to the buyer. Tempt a woman with a bargain and she will fall. She may not have the money with her, however, and on sober second thought she will make a sacrifice and not buy. But if she has an account at the store it is very easy to say, "Have it charged."

On the other hand, one of the largest of the New York stores sells for cash only. It was founded in the fifties by a farsighted merchant whose unwritten business law was, "I buy for cash and sell for cash, and thus I can sell cheaper than any other house." His theory was that by giving credit he had a large amount of money outstanding that was not earning any more money. By doing a cash business he was enabled to turn over his goods fast on a small margin of profit and have new goods constantly.

In order to give their customers the advantages of the credit system this store inaugurated the plan of having what are known as "deposit accounts." A woman can deposit money in the store just as she deposits it in a bank. Instead of drawing it out in checks she makes purchases against it. She is paid four per cent interest on her daily balance. One advantage of this is that she can telephone down for goods, or she can send a servant after goods and not have to intrust him or her with the actual money.

Why this Advertisement is not Illustrated

THIS is about the service that "goes with" the Burroughs. No single picture can adequately describe it. Of course, first of all is the Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine itself—the greatest business helper ever devised, and the service it gives you saving time, work and worry wherever figures are concerned.

But that isn't the service we're speaking of here. The service you probably don't know about is that extra "Burroughs Service" which goes with every Burroughs Machine—the invaluable relation that exists between the Burroughs Company and every one of the 103,750 or more Burroughs users, ranging from the "corner store," using only one of the very simplest machines, to the greatest corporations and the U. S. Government using hundreds from the simplest to the most complete.

It's the service that *starts* with the placing of the Burroughs in your shop, your accounting department, your stock room—and by which we do more for you and the machine, *after* you own it than when we were trying to sell it to you.

This is how it works:—

We'll say you've just bought a Burroughs. It is the Burroughs way to give you perfect service, to do more than was claimed for the machine—to save your time and your clerks' time; to do your work neater—absolutely accurate. It is the Burroughs way to have the salesman call from time to time, armed with a new idea—to do some particular detail of your routine easier. You try the plan, find it markedly successful. You begin to realize that in buying the Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine you have obtained something much more than a mere machine. One day, during the noon-hour horseplay, the bookkeeper's assistant stumbles and throws down the Burroughs—just at a time you need it most. "What to do?"—there's a Burroughs man right at the end of the telephone—tell him, and in double quick time, with scarcely any delay for you, a new machine is installed free until yours is repaired. Your machine needs cleaning at times—but why should you do it, when there's a Burroughs expert who will do it much better and quicker? *Call him.* Our constantly working Inventions Department—composed of some of the greatest living mechanicians, are ready to invent and perfect a machine that just fits into your particular line. That machine is then offered you as being still more useful for your purposes.

The result of all this?

You are satisfied. You yourself are our best future customer.

Don't you see that even though this Burroughs Service costs us $300,000 a year to maintain, we couldn't *afford* not to because it's more than worth that to us and our customers. Can't you feel now as we do, that it is not so much just a machine as it is this rounded "service" that we are selling you. Don't take our word for it, but make us *prove it.*

If you are interested in **"A Better Day's Work,"** write us (using letterhead) for our unique book under that title. Now in its fourth edition—192 pages—100,000 already distributed.

Other books: **"Why Don't You Go Home?"**—a 48-page book for retailers. Also, **"Cost Keeping Short Cuts,"** 188 pages, giving simplified methods for cost-keeping departments.

For those who prefer a Visible Adding and Listing Machine, many advantages are offered in our Pike Model. A few of its features are: Visible printing, visible totals, low and flexible keyboard, typewriter carriage, printing in one, two or three colors, item counter, bell signal, non-printing key, eliminating or non-add key, instantly interchangeable for hand or electricity, and ribbon can be changed in three minutes.

Burroughs Adding Machine Company

99 Burroughs Block **Detroit, Michigan**

European Headquarters: 65 High Holborn, London, W. C., England

1156A—Roster 2025

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

Over **300** of them—all different—for every conceivable use—and sixty-one years of varnish-making experience back of each. Here are a few kinds:

Interior Work—***"38" Preservative Varnish*** is best, except for floors. Never blisters, cracks nor turns white. Water will not affect it.

Exterior Work—***"P & L" Spar Finishing Varnish*** is the most durable protection for all outdoor woodwork and marine use. Weather-proof, temperature-proof and salt-water-proof.

White Enamel Work calls for ***Vitralite*** which is moisture-proof, never turns yellow and *lasts.*

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

is the one superior finish for floors. It's heel-proof, mar-proof, waterproof.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PANEL

finished with "61." Test it. *You can dent the wood, but can't crack the varnish.* It will prove "61" the floor finish you want.

Send for our New Books—"Decorative Interior Finishing," which gives valuable pointers for the home, and "The Finished Floor," which tells how to care for floors.

If your dealer hasn't the "P & L" Varnishes you want, send to us.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 61 YEARS

Address inquiries to 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada address 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario

FACTORIES: NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO BRIDGEBURG, CANADA LONDON PARIS HAMBURG

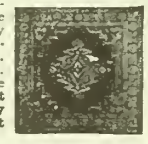
Branch Offices and Warehouses in St. Louis and San Francisco

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid.

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10½ ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. **Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.**



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 694 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

STORE MANAGER

Man 25 to 30 years, preferably married, with department store or similar retail merchandising experience, for managerial position with large prominent concern having branch stores in several cities. Give age and experience. No consideration given unless man possesses clean past record with first class references.

Personal interview given in following cities: Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis.

Address Lock Box 1533, New York City

AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 21)

The bugle was sounding now; his arms fell from her waist; she smiled at him, stepped outside and started to run, and found him keeping pace between her and the west.

"You should not do that!" she panted, striving to pass him; but he kept his body in line with the incoming missiles. Suddenly he seized her and dropped flat with her as a shell plunged downward, exploding in a white cloud laced with flame through which the humming fragments scattered.

As they rose to their knees in the dust they saw men gathering—soldiers of all arms: infantry, dismounted cavalrymen, hospital guards, limping convalescents, officers armed with rifles, wagon drivers, negroes.

"They're attacking our works at Cedar Springs," said an officer wearing one hand in a sling. "This hospital certainly is in a bad place."

Ailsa clapped both hands over her ears as a shell blew up at the angle of an outhouse and the ground rocked violently; then, pale but composed, she sprang inside the hospital door and ran for her ward.

It was full of pungent smoke; a Parrott shell had passed through a window, carrying everything away in its path, and had burst, terrifying the sick men lying there helpless in their cots, but not injuring anybody.

And now a flare of light and a crash outside marked the descent of another shell. The confusion and panic among the wounded was terrible; ward masters, nurses, surgeons, ran hither and thither, striving to quiet the excited patients as shell after shell rushed yelling overhead or exploded with terrific force, raining its whirring iron fragments over roof and chimney.

Ailsa, calm and collected in the dreadful crisis, stood at the end of the ward, directing the unnerved stretcher-bearers, superintending the carrying out of cots to the barns which stood in the shelter of the rising ground along the course of the little stream.

Letty appeared from the corridor behind her, and Ailsa smiled and kissed her lightly on the cheek; and the blood came back to the girl's face in a passion of gratitude which even the terror of death could not lessen or check.

"Ailsa—darling ——" she whispered; then shuddered in the violence of an explosion that shattered the window-glass beside her.

"We're taking them to the old barns, Letty," said Ailsa, steadying her voice. "Will you take charge here while I go to Colonel Arran?"

"They've taken him out," whispered Letty. "That ward is on fire. Everybody is out. W-what a cruel thing for our boys! Some of them were getting well! Can you come now?"

"As soon as they carry out young Spencer. He's the last. . . . Look from the window! They're trying to put out the fire with water in buckets. Oh-h!" as a shell struck and the flame flashed out and flared up through a geyser of sand and smoke.

"Come, Ailsa, please," murmured Letty. "I will stay if there is anything to stay for ——"

"No, dear; we can go. Give me your hand; this smoke is horrible. Everything is on fire, I think. . . . Hurry, Letty!"

She stumbled, half suffocated, but Letty kept her hand fast and guided her to the outer air.

A company of cavalry, riding hard, passed in a whirlwind of dust. After them, clanking, thudding, pounding, tore a battery, horses on a dead run.

The west wing of the seminary was on fire; billows of sooty smoke rolled across the roof and blew downward over the ground where the shadowy forms of soldiers could be seen toiling to and fro with buckets.

Infantry now began to arrive, crowding the main road on the double quick, mounted officers cantering ahead. Long lines of them were swinging out east and west across the country, where a battery was going into action wrapped in torrents of smoke.

Bullets swarmed, singing above and around in every key, and the distracting racket of the shrapnel shells became continuous.

Ailsa and Letty ran, stooping, into the lane where the stretchers were being hurried across the little foot-bridge. As they crossed they saw a dead artilleryman lying in the water, a crimson thread wavering from his head to the surface. It was Arthur Wye; and Letty knew him, and halted, trembling; but Ailsa called to her in a frightened voice, for, confused by the smoke, they had come out in the rear of a battery among the caissons, and the stretchers had turned to the right, filing down into the hollow where the barns stood on the edge of a cedar grove.

Already men were hard at work erecting hospital tents; the wounded lay on their stretchers, bloodless faces turned to the sky, the wind whipping their blankets and uncovering their naked, emaciated bodies. The faces of the dead had already turned black.

"Good God!" said Doctor Benton as Letty and Ailsa came up, out of breath, "we've got to get these sick men under shelter! Do you think that you two girls can keep their blankets from blowing away?"

They hurried from cot to cot, from mattress to mattress, from one heap of straw to another, from stretcher to stretcher, deftly replacing sheet and blanket, tucking them gently under, whispering courage, sometimes a gay jest or smiling admonition to the helpless men, soothing, petting, reassuring.

The medical director with his corps of aides worked furiously to get up the big tents. The smoke from the battery blew east and south, flowing into the hollow in sulphurous streams; the uproar from the musketry was terrific.

Ailsa, kneeling beside a stretcher to tuck in the blankets, looked up over her shoulder suddenly at Letty.

"Where did they take Colonel Arran?"

"I don't know, dear."

Ailsa rose from her knees and looked around her through the flying smoke; then she got wearily to her feet and began to make inquiries on all sides. Nobody seemed to know anything at all about Colonel Arran.

Anxious, she threaded her way through the stretchers and the hurrying attendants, past the men who were erecting the tents, looking everywhere, making inquiries until, under the trees by the stream, she saw a heap of straw on which a man was dying.

He died as she came up—a big, pallid, red-headed Zouave, whose blanket, soaked with blood, bore dreadful witness of his end.

A Sister of Charity rose from his side as though dazed.

"I could not possibly stop the hemorrhage," the Sister said in a soft, bewildered voice.

Together they turned back toward the mass of stretchers, moving with difficulty in the confusion. Letty, passing by them, glanced wanly at the Sister, then said to Ailsa:

"Colonel Arran is in the second barn on the hay. I am afraid he is dying."

Ailsa turned toward the barns and hurried across the trampled sod.

Through the half light within she peered about her, moving carefully among the wounded who were stretched out on the fragrant hay.

Colonel Arran lay alone under the light of a window high under the eaves.

"Oh, here you are!" she said gayly. "I hear most splendid things about you. I ——" she stopped short, appalled at the terrible change that was coming over his face.

"I want to see—Phil," Colonel Arran whispered.

"Yes—yes, I will find him," she said soothingly. "I will go immediately and find him."

His head was moving slowly, monotonously from side to side.

"I want to see my boy," he murmured. "He is my son. I wish you to know it—my only son."

He lifted his brilliant eyes to Ailsa; twice he strove to speak and could not, and she watched him, stunned.

He made the supreme effort.

"Philip!" he gasped. "Our son! My little son! My little, little boy! I want him, Ailsa. I want him near me when I die!"

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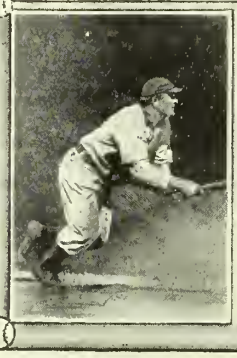

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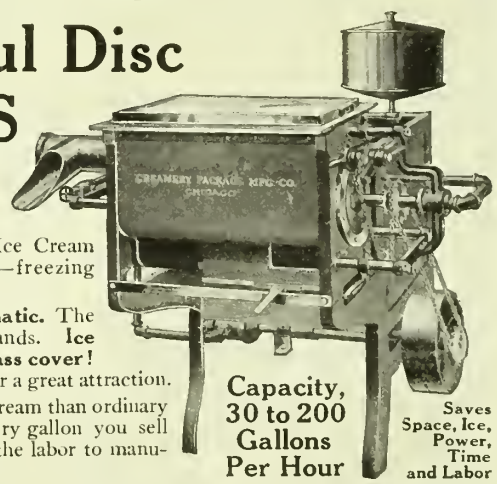

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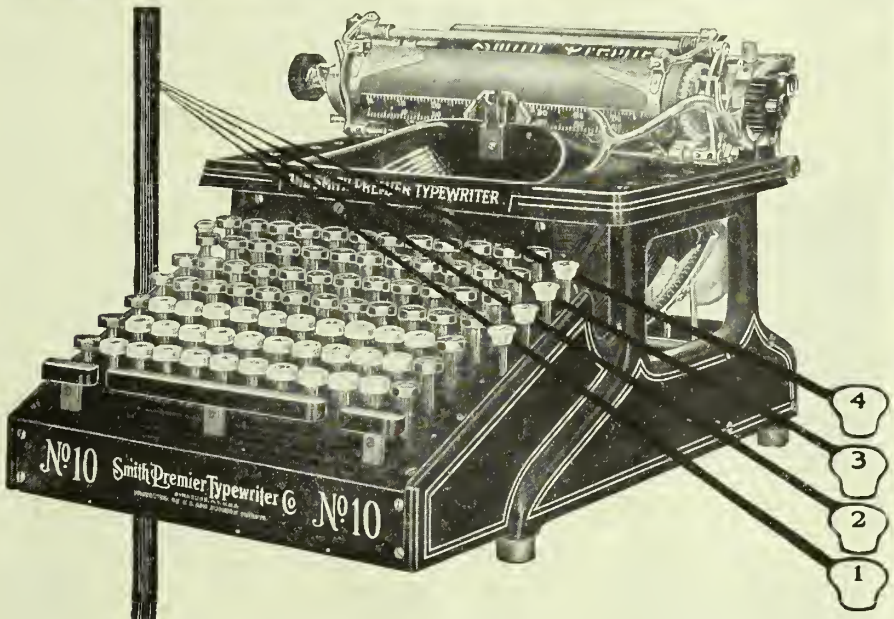

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The Line of Least Resistance

(Continued from Page 18)

and the silent, alleged Smith. As the door closed behind them he trolled a merry stave:

Oh, will you leave your home,
And will you leave your baby,
And will you leave your own true love,
For to go with Black Jack Davy?

"Say, Sheriff, does your county feed its posse? I got no money on me."

"I'll feed you myself, you derned old fool," said Kaylor, rather pleased to find Hiram so tractable. He had got around a delicate situation with his legal fiction. So much Hiram sensed from his tones.

They lined up at the counter of the Nip and Tuck, hooking their heels in the rounds of the high stools.

"Well, gents, what'll it be?" inquired Nip, who was waiter at this hour.

The others gave their orders. But Hiram leaned his elbows on the counter and deliberated, surveying the displayed eatables on the shelves with discontent. "You may bring me the head of John the Baptist," he growled, "and charge it!" Some of the broadcasting had evidently fallen on good ground.

VIII

THE sheriff was right; men were not lacking who knew of the Abilene tragedy. Within the week Dundee was divided into hostile camps. Kennedy's adherents were headed by Pres Lewis, Horsethief Fisher and Springtime Morgan. Their theory was plausible if not convincing. The methods used for abatement of Mr. Sleiter, they argued, were proof that Kennedy was one who fought fair. Such being the case, that episode was disposed of, according to their simple creed. As to the less venial charge of train robbery, they persistently regarded it as trumped up. Even men do not depend upon logic, once their unwordable intuitions are aroused.

The law has always stanch upholders, congenital or conscientious. Also, the T P, the Wells-Fargo and the state had offered large rewards. The Wells-Fargo had their own trouble-men on the spot; Smith-Leonard had money and friends. The chase was untiring—and fruitless. Many thought Kennedy was over the border.

He was not. His course may be explained, indeed, but with scant hope that explanation will make it clear to the law-abiding. Such a one would have surrendered to stand trial; to such, flight is confession of guilt. But the desert fosters, along with less disputable qualities, a species of eleutheromania. The instinct of the desert-bred is hostile to law. To jail he is resolutely averse; on any attempt to entice or induce him thither he seeks the high places of the hills as surely as water seeks its level. With him this hiding-out is a matter of personal dignity and has nothing to do with guilt or innocence. The law-abiding then term him an outlaw, and he in turn describes the law-abiding as "halter-broke"—a mutual misjudging based upon insufficient premises.

So well is this state of affairs understood on the frontier and so generally is it sympathized with, that lawbreaker or fleer, resorting to lonely ranches for shelter, gives casual light-hearted explanation to a perfect stranger that he is "on the dodge," "running with the wild bunch," or "watering at night." Under such circumstances it is permissible, if imprudent, for the paragon of strangers to submit under protest, or even to decline to harbor the fugitive—permitted, that is, in the sense that he will forfeit no standing, though he may lose many friends by such indiscreet course. After protest at the time you are free for such after action as you please. But, once having willingly sheltered the dodger, it is not the thing to have lot or part against him. You may and do extend your hospitality to his pursuers, but your lips are sealed; it is not correct even to look unusually or suspiciously wise. So the wheel of negation swings full circle; this no-law is itself become a law, better served than most; having, perhaps, some faint apprehensive smatter of the Golden Rule. It is not known that such confidence has been violated—an absurd custom, not indefensible. Its injuries to society at large are obvious, its advantages to the individual at large undeniable—but the effect on the hostly character is worthy of consideration. The habit of unshrinking loyalty may be formed in a questionable cause, yet to do service in a good one. Among men—ladies will not understand this—clean honor is not always inconsistent with ill deeds. But it keeps faith, spoken or implied.

Kennedy, more than most, prided himself upon being a rational creature, observant of why he willed the thing he did. But he was really, like the rest of us, the creature of use and habit. On the warning of Uncle Jimmy he took to the hills as his wild clan was wont to take to the heather, with as little exercise of pure reason as ever duckling waddled to water withal.

Had Smith-Leonard's denunciation been but a day later, Kennedy would have been on his expiatory way Arizonaward. Now, he would not go. Fight and surrender were alike distasteful.

Where the sheer red hills buttress the pedestal of Timber Mountain there is a small, shallow cave. The two friends had found it; Hiram had named it in his note as meeting place and, despite of watching foes, twice in the ten days had contrived to keep risky tryst, bringing tidings, comfort, aid and abetment. The robbery charge was a "frame-up"; Leonard had a man drilled to a confession certain to convict; it would be better for Don to leave. Hiram had but barely seen Lena; she was drooping and pale. She and Breese had gone to Silver City and were soon expected to come back after Aunt Polly. The Professor and Dorothy, too, were to go before long to California. Dolly stoutly refused to credit the charge against Don; the Professor gave him the doubt's benefit. The Professor was not looking well himself. No more was Hiram. But he did not tell Don.

He brought a spyglass, cartridges, supplies, which latter Kennedy stored in the cave—now known as Kennedy's Kitchen—slipping down at night to get them as required; his crooked path following the rockier spaces where Noche, his horse, left no sign. For himself, he kept the topmost ridges—the western slopes in the morning, the eastern by afternoon, avoiding only the skyline; watching his enemies thread the bewildered and intricate maze of tangled hills. Once Leonard passed along the hillside, a short rifle shot below, circling for "sign." But Kennedy's precautions had been thorough, and he was left undisturbed. There were shallow surface tanks which held water for a few days after a rain. When these failed he went by night to the great tanks in the deeps of Palomas Gap.

The sheriff has snooped around and ascertained that Uncle Jimmy, leaving Dundee the night Hiram served on the posse, had reached his hay camp at daylight the next morning—a record-breaking trip for four miles—with one mule saltily sweat-marked and played out, while the other was miraculously fresh. By unwarranted and illogical inference the sheriff had taken this as an affront to both himself personally and the law's majesty. Against Uncle Jimmy, who was his own man, he had no recourse. But Kim Ki publicly dispensed with the services of Jimmy, Junior—with a private hint to "wait till the clouds rolled by, Jimmy," after which atmospheric readjustment he might be put to work again.

If Otis lingered in Dundee it was by no means to wait until Lena returned for Aunt Polly. Not at all. There was rich trove of buried pottery and such trinkets to be had for the digging in Palomas Gap, immemorial camp ground of Indians by reason of the tanks. The Professor had really intended to take this matter up all summer.

So he hired Uncle Jimmy's team with young Jimmy for driver and cook, and, with Dolly, set out for Palomas Gap forthwith, taking grumbling old Quinlan along as digger-in-chief. That they planned to come back to Dundee the day before Lena returned from Silver City was merely a coincidence.

The Professor was not unaware of why Jimmy, Junior, was now unemployed. Loyal, illegal service to a rival, presumably favored, might have been scant recommendation to a narrower man; but that was precisely why Lathrop Ormsby Otis selected Jimmy. A good sort, the Professor.

The excavations had been highly successful. While Quinlan was working the

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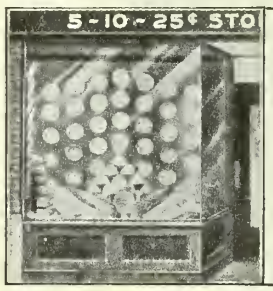

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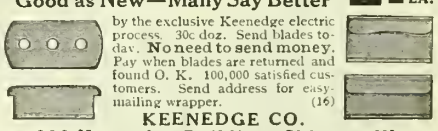

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Professor and Dolly had explored the black depth of Palomas Gap. It is to Caballo Mountain what a particularly deep and wide axe-notch is to a log—if you imagine it done by a particularly inexpert axeman—a deep-gashed chasm, rended and splintered and riven through the mighty range. In the six miles from eastern base to western there was a fall of three thousand feet to the level of the Rio Grande. Since Noah's time great boulders, caught by some chance irregularity of the cañon floor, spun topwise by swift floods, had worn a score of burnished basins, round, symmetrical and deep, in the solid rock, and had themselves been ground to powder. These deep basins are the Palomas Tanks.

Dolly and her father had seen them all, as far down as they could safely go—sunless depths, shadowed mossy clefts, carven cliff and dizzy precipice.

This was the day set for their return. But on the last night the two mules had made a bee-line for Dundee, hobbles and all, and Jimmy was after them afoot.

As the Professor had already rather a surplusage of broken pottery, there was no more digging to do. So old Pat taught gleeful Dolly to pitch horseshoes. At dinnertime Jimmy had not returned. So Pat Quinlan acted as chef. Later came a miner, known to both Otis and Quinlan as a man friendless and discarded. Dinner was set out again for him.

He was camped at the foot of the mountain on the other side, he said. Coming through the Gap on the North Trail he had followed up a bit of float and found a likely-looking vein. Would Otis and Pat go back with him and witness his location papers? It was not far. He pointed out the spot; half a mile west and half a mile up.

They agreed, nothing loth. Dolly elected to stay in camp. It was rather hot and she was tired; she would sleep in her tent. Quinlan took up his rifle. "And we might see a deer along toward sunset," he said.

The vein was duly located, with all its variations, dips, spurs and angles, as the "Concho." From the location point they paced off two hundred and fifty steps toward the crest, with liberal allowance for the broken and boulder-strewn ground. The cool, deep shadows were about them; the sun was behind the peak. Here they built the "west-end center" monument, and the miner climbed at a right angle up the hill for an estimated hundred yards to put up the northwest corner monument. The southwest corner was dispensed with.

Then they retraced their steps to the central location monument, and stepped off the appointed seven hundred and fifty feet down the rough hillside.

"Oi'll build the lower monument and be on me way to stir up supper—drat the b'y!" said Quinlan. So Otis and the prospector erected the monument at the northeastern corner, and then turned down toward camp.

"Your boy Jim must 'a' had to 'a' gone clean to town for his mules," said the prospector. "But he'll be back some time tonight. He's some of a boy."

"I hope so," said Otis. "I want——"

Something struck him a fearful blow in the shoulder. He pitched forward—a crash of rifle shots, bullets droning by, splintering on rocks. Half stunned, Otis was on his feet, the miner helping him, running madly down the hill. "'*Paches!*"

A hideous fear gripped at the Professor's heart. Oh, Dolly! Dolly! A bullet nipped his leg, burning like red-hot iron. He fell again. Wild yells of fiendish triumph. The miner dragged him to the shelter of a ledge close at hand. He put his six-shooter in an interstice between two rocks, and fired swiftly.

"Are you hurt bad?" he asked.

"I don't know. I think not. Dolly! Dolly!" Otis was half conscious and failing.

The miner stood with his back to Otis, watching for a chance to fire.

"I'm hit too. No difference. We're gone geese anyhow. Peek-Boo!" He fired. "Look! They've left their horses while they crep' on us. See 'em, back on the divide? Maybe I can stand 'em off till old Pat gets the girl. There! I think I hit one! If they get me take my gun and watch that open space. But they'll go down beyond the ridge, of course, as soon as they see the girl."

Crack! Crack! An Indian, unseen before, rose from behind a bush, shrieking horribly, pitched over on his face and lay still. Quinlan was behind a boulder not fifty yards below them. Otis struggled to his knees. He had a glimpse of Dolly.

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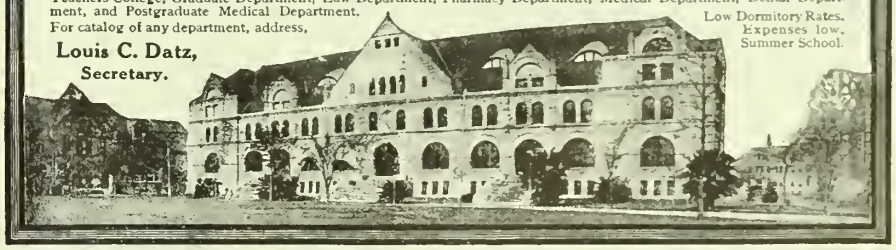

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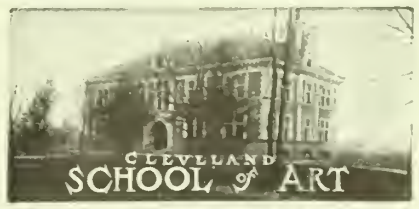

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The miner cursed viciously as he fired. "The damned fool! What does he stay to help us for? Why don't he get the girl? It must be he's cut off."

The answer came. There was a shot, Quinlan crumpled down, in a heap, then staggered to his knees, crawled around, rested his rifle over the little boulder, and took a long, slow aim at—Dorothy, four hundred yards away. A dozen Indians fired at him. Quinlan's rifle jerked—then it grew steady on the rock as he pulled the trigger. A whiff of dust lashed out beyond Dorothy. He had overshot. He slid over sidewise, sprawling down the hillside; his rifle fell clattering.

Releasing Otis, the miner sprang to his feet and thrust the pistol into his hands. "Shoot! I'll try and get to the rifle. What's that?"

He turned his blood-stained face. The firing all stopped. On the south side of the Gap, down the steep edge paralleling that on which they fought, a cloud of dust whirled thundering, incredibly swift, zigzagged, billowed aside to show the heart of it—a black horse and a man! Loose stones rolled crashing from it, fire flashed through it as iron slipped and shrieked on bare rock. It hurled fiercely downward over bush and slide, talus and stair and rocky steep; rode triumphant, irresistible, on the very wings of Death. "Kennedy! By God, he'll do it!" the miner bellowed. He broke from cover in a desperate dash for Quinlan's rifle. The Indians were shooting across the chasm at Kennedy; the miner was halfway to Quinlan's rock before any shot was fired at him. Otis crawled to the open and shot wildly. If they would but shoot at him! To gain time! To spare but one little moment to the miner that he might give Kennedy the extra seconds! A delirium of shouts, shots, bewildering echoes—a hideous, painted face showed before him—was blotted out. The miner had got to Quinlan's gun, and he was a marksman. One moment he crouched behind the rock. Kennedy was safely down the terrible slope, racing on for the wagon. But below, beyond the ridge, rifles were spitting fire. Could he run that gauntlet?

A Berserk fury was on the miner. Firing as he ran, he made for the comb of the ridge, straight toward his yelling foes. Bullets touched him but did not check him. Through a red mist an Indian rose in his path. He pulled trigger, but there was no report. The magazine was empty. The redskin fired, almost into his face, but missed! The clubbed rifle swept him down. The miner wrenched the Apache's rifle from the clenched fingers and dropped to shelter. From where he was now the three Indians below were in plain view and easy range. If Kennedy could pass them! A storm of bullets raged around him. Once, twice, he fired. Two of them floundered in death flurry; the third wriggled from sight. Kennedy was almost to the girl.

The miner rose and walked steadily down into the open. He was riddled; all his failing energies were concentrated on one steadfast purpose, one forlorn hope: one shot at that wriggling bronze body. A puff of smoke rose below. Kennedy had the girl in the saddle before him, shielded by his body. Another smoke puff! The miner planted his feet wide apart, a grim and terrible figure. From behind his back Indians rose from concealment and bounded down toward him, eager to capture him alive for torture. He brushed back the sweat and blood from his eyes; the prone brown body lay before the sights. He pulled the trigger; as the smoke blew aside his dimming eyes looked again along the motionless barrel. The body was turned over, the arms outspread. The miner lowered the gun-muzzle, leaned heavily on the stock, swayed; the echoes dwindled to silence.

You want to know this man's name? I like to write his name. It is an honored name in Dundee, and men bear it proudly who are no kith nor kin of his. If you should ask them why, in the space of a single eyeflight, no less than three several youths of five or six and twenty years or so have the same odd and cumbrous double name, the question will be evaded. But, when they come to know you well, it may be, some night when the friendly stars burn warm and low, and the soft wind ripples the bunch grass, and the fire glows faint through the banked ash, and all the songs are done—they may tell you how Adam Sleiter died.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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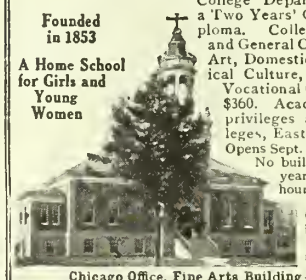

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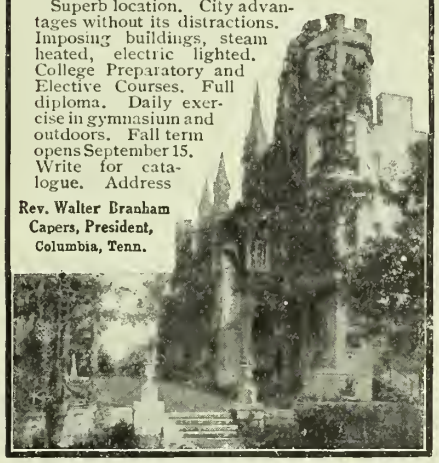

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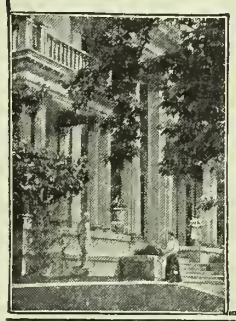

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THE NEW WOMAN AND HER WAYS

(Continued from Page 9)

This girl was working for pin-money. She got her board at home and a few plain clothes, but not enough money for Queen Louise braids, real Irish lace collars and willow plumes. This kind of girl can afford to dress better than any of the other girls of the office, and she tells them that her new hat cost ten dollars, though her mother wanted her to get a rag of a thing at eight (the girls who listen don't dare go above six); and she's going to have a solid gold belt by Christmas. This arouses discontent and emulation. Moreover, the girl presumes on the fact that she can leave when she pleases. There is a chin-tilted "I-don't-have-to" air about her that occasionally gets on the nerves of a sensitive employer.

But the most temporary of all is the girl who is already engaged, whose wedding day is set, and who is only going through the formality of appearing at the office to get a fine enough trousseau, including sufficient linen to impress even "his" relatives.

"Oh, I know them; I know them," said a bitter head clerk whose employer, since he has nothing to do with the training of them, thinks that girls answer perfectly. "Yes, I know them. I get down some day to the office and I see before me ten girls or so going into the cloakroom. I give them the usual time to prepare their beautiful faces for the work of running the machines. Their desks are empty, keep on being empty, until I cough hard a few times and touch my bell for one of them. Then they all file in with that bustling conscientious air, as if they had beaten a street car to it to get down to work.

"Modestly last comes Mabelle, with a kind of expression on her face—well, her head is on one side, and she's got her mouth fixed in that soft way they put it when they're posing before a camera—and her eyes are half cast down with a faraway pleasant sweetness in them. There is only one thing that expression means. I look on the right finger, and, sure enough, there is the sparkler. I wave Mabelle away. It wouldn't do to send her to any of the firm for dictation that morning."

Mabelle Realizes Her Destiny

"Does it stop there? It does not. I look at the rest of the girls. One or two have dejected faces; they're afraid they're not going to pull it off. One or two have a triumphant look, as if they were thinking, 'Just wait; you just wait, and I'll show you a ring that will make yours look like a splinter from a Broadway plate-glass window.' One or two look less sure, but more determined; if Jimmy doesn't know his own mind—well, she won't waste any more time with him; so there!

"But does it stop here? It does not. The next day I hear squeals from the cloakroom and cries of 'Isn't it dear?' 'Just too sweet!' 'How perfectly lovely!' That means that Mabelle hurried into a store yesterday before closing time and got the first installment of her trousseau. Every day she shows them something new till the whole force is demoralized, and I have to take Mabelle aside and try to get her to leave. Sometimes I put it to her straight. Sometimes I work on her feelings, and tell her she must take time off to rest and plan out her home; and always I have trouble, for what's the use of being engaged if she can't be the center of the limelight in the office! That's part of the fun. But somehow I manage to give Mabelle a present from the firm and get her out, and then another incipient Mabelle takes her place."

There are some businesses where girls are not wanted because, in the long run, they are uneconomic. Ten years ago the Chicago & Northwestern Railway proposed to discharge all women who had not been in its service two years or more. It was carefully stated that this departure was not because women were inefficient but because they could not be promoted in the railroad world. The authorities were willing, under certain circumstances, to have women in clerical positions, but the more women a railroad has the more limited is the supply from which it can draw valuable officials for the future. They could not imagine a woman as general superintendent or general manager of traffic. The Baltimore &

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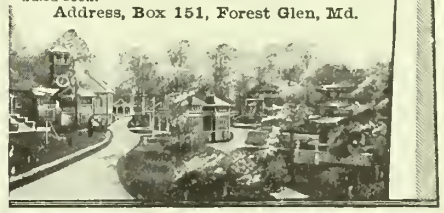

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Ohio Railroad has more recently declared its intention not to employ women, and certain commercial houses have for some time had the same views. One or two machine and radiator companies have dropped women for the same reason.

On the other hand, there are some kinds of business where women are badly needed; where, indeed, the world of men cannot get on without them; where men employees would not answer even if they would take the wage offered. The telephone business would go to pieces if it were not for the girls. Almost any average girl not only can get into a telephone training school, but is paid while she is learning. No man has the patience to sit at a telephone board hour after hour and keep his temper under the countless nagging calls, the complaints when connection is slow or the wrong connection is given. Business men growl at the operators, and some ladies in pleasant homes snap at them. It is a strange fact that the same woman who can be smilingly crushed at a reception, watching the ruin of her best clothes, or who can ride with a calm face in an automobile with the dust biting into her cheeks, is the very one who, dressed in a kimono, cannot preserve this serenity if the telephone girl blunders for three minutes. The patience of women, which the poets sung, has become a commercial asset. The telephone girl's salary depends largely on her patience, and when she is paid for it she can remain placid under the ill-temper of other people. A man cannot; perhaps he could if he were face to face with the person scolding or insulting him; but confronted only by a telephone board, he wants to yell back insults, and on the few occasions when he is tried in such a position he usually does. It seems the nature of man to wish to return a Roland for an Oliver. Even in department stores a man is rarely kept in a complaint bureau, for, unless he is exceptional, he is likely to turn away trade by his reception of the querulous persons who are finding fault with the shop.

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Some girls there are of the Jewish and the Irish races who cannot help taking interest in the business, and keep pushing it along even if they are going to be married next week; this is a dower from their nationality. There are girls of other races who realize their lack of training and try to atone for it even when they hope to leave before long. Such a rare girl studies her position from the point of view of her employer. She does not think she knows everything about the work; on the other hand, she does not ask her employer unnecessary questions, nor does she come in with some petty detail for his decision when he has an important matter on his mind—here she exercises a sort of domestic tact. She watches others and learns silently. She does not change from office to office, but holds to one line of work and does it well. She learns to pocket her sensitiveness, to keep her sex in the background, to be respectful but not servile, and to take an interest in her work. She always seems well whether she is or not; for the most nervous kind of employer, the man who can't dictate without wiggling his feet, twisting his thumbs, twitching his eyebrows and eating peptonic pills, is just the one who resents a stenographer who dares depart from repose or have a headache. She refuses to discuss the management with the other clerks in the office, and she keeps whatever secrets she learns. She tries to be worth to her employer more than he pays her; she finds out what he does not like to do and does it for him. She knows that she is in a subordinate position, and that by her acceptance and handling of the commonplace she will make the only success possible in her sort of work.

Such a girl is simply invaluable—worth much more than a man in the same position would be. And she does not stay long in the same position; again enters the vice of the temporary. She's too good for the salary paid her for her kind of work. She goes up and up, and if she is original, has initiative, she becomes one of the few successful business women who need no quarter in the world of men. If she has not the highest power she stays on with some employer who gives her a salary beyond the wildest dreams of the featherheaded young girls with whom she started in the office.

They occupy a curious position in the workaday world—these temporary business women, who are in what might be

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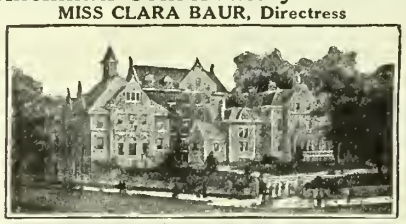

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called the middle-class occupations, as stenographers, clerks and perhaps as saleswomen. Below them are the women of the wage-earning class, a solid phalanx, who have long been obliged to seek gainful occupation. Above them (and they think nothing like so far above them as the others are below them) is the professional class—the nurses and teachers, doctors and lawyers, artists and musicians, actresses and writers—and these professional women, moreover, have been at their occupation for a good many more years than the business women.

Statistics tell us that the number of women earning their own living is increasing faster than the population, and that the number of business women is increasing disproportionately. And yet this important and increasing army of business women remains unaware of itself, practically unorganized and, above all, uneducated by that great force which is doing so much for the professional and the wage-earning women—the general woman movement. Especially for the last ten years this has been growing, perhaps taking its strongest impetus from the women's clubs, but constantly adding to its own momentum, laying hold of the charities and politics and the theaters, embracing prisons and churches, leveling ranks, so that the shirtwaist striker may stand side by side with the daughter of the captain of industry; growing till it has for its pinnacle the demand for equal suffrage.

But this movement somehow does not seem to be able to sweep into its current the solid phalanx of the business women of the country. The wage-earners are forming unions and are getting closer to their demands of equal pay for equal work, but none of the few stenographers' unions in our cities has anything but a feeble life.

The Buzz of the Social Bee

The writers and artists and musicians form clubs, but most of the business women's associations, outside of luncheon clubs, die a more or less speedy death. This lack of response, this failure to identify themselves with the great woman movement of America, is largely due to their feeling that their work is only temporary; they are young and light-hearted; they don't want to be educated, don't want to bother with what is going on in the world, when all their energies are bent on making their own personal world of two. But there is another reason why this great body of business women remains impervious to outside influence: they are eager for social recognition.

The wage-earner may feel a sense of superiority to some of her friends based on the fact that she has her washing done at the laundry, or else that her family is buying a piano on the installment plan. But as a rule the wage-earner accepts the fact that she belongs to the masses and not to the classes.

The professional woman of whatever sort may have her snobbishness, but she has also a defined social position. The business woman's social position is undefined, dependent on all sorts of uncertain fluctuations, a specious thing at best; yet she takes it very seriously and is always putting it up a notch. The superiority of the working woman consists in having things; the superiority of the salaried woman consists in having standing. The business girl does not care to join a stenographers' union, because factory girls have unions. The daughter of a capitalist can afford socially to take the part of a shirtwaist striker; socially the stenographer cannot, even if it did not take too much time from thoughts of the not impossible him. This, however, is less true in the West than it is in the East. In the West people are still more or less just—people.

Considering all these complex forces within and without her, the little, light-headed office girl will not change very much until she has a better education to fit her for her work, and perhaps keener competition to keep her at her best. Meanwhile, she will go on dressing her hair elaborately, eating cream puffs and coffee for luncheon, at night going to vaudevilles and dances until she sparkles herself into the heart of her mate, and learns what the business of life can be at its harshest and sweetest. As for the business world, she does not think of it. On the whole, the business world gets just about what it deserves—as, perhaps, she does too.

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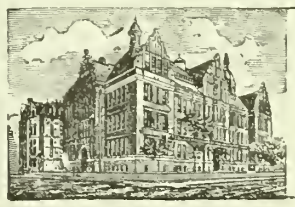

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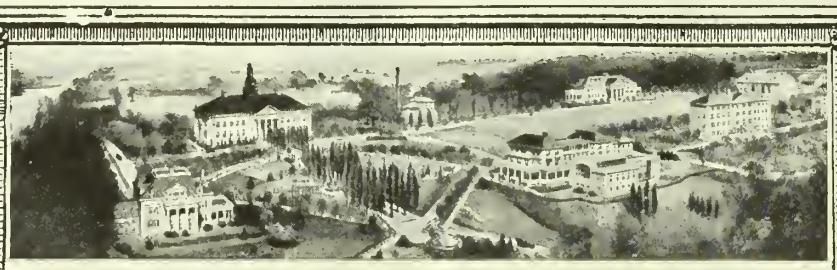

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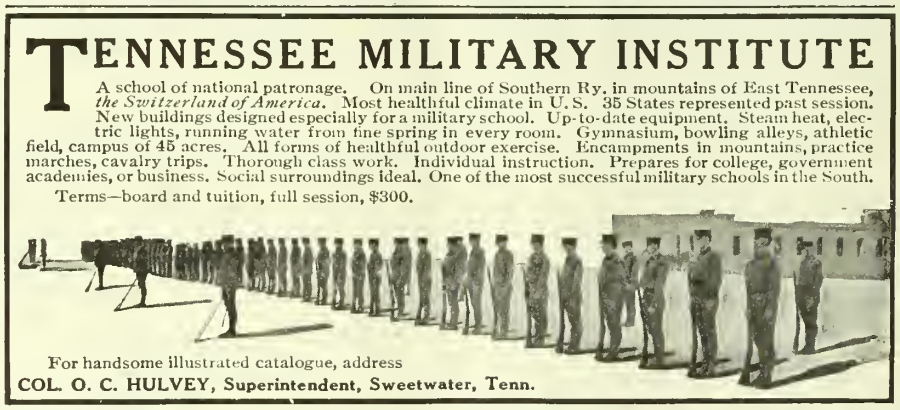

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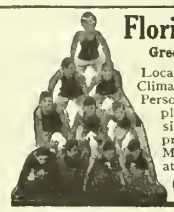

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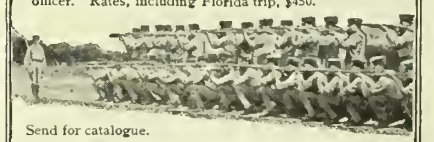

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MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 11)

leads him to talk about it to know what suspicions may be afloat; sometimes that sort of madness which impels people to dash themselves from a high tower forces him to disclosure.

It is not alone in old wives' tales that those who have otherwise managed to conceal their crimes have, nevertheless, confessed them in dreams.

The following cases are cited by the text writers:

A person who worked in a brewery at Basle, in Switzerland, quarreled with a fellow-workman and struck him in such a manner as to produce instant death. He then took the dead body and threw it into a large fire under the boiling vat, where it was in a short time so completely consumed that no traces of its existence remained. On the following day, when the man was missed, the murderer observed that he had seen his fellow-servant intoxicated, and that he had probably been drowned in crossing a bridge that lay on his way home. For seven years after no one entertained any suspicion as to the real state of the case. At the end of this time the murderer, being again employed in the brewery, was constantly reflecting on the singularity of the circumstances that his crime had been so long concealed. One night one of his fellow-workmen, who slept with him, hearing him say in his sleep, "It is now fully seven years ago," asked him: "What was it you did seven years ago?" "I put him," he replied, still speaking in his sleep, "under the boiling vat." As the affair was not entirely forgotten, the man, suspecting that his bedfellow might allude to the person who was missed about that time, informed a magistrate of what he had heard. The murderer was apprehended, and though at first he denied all knowledge of the matter he afterward confessed and was executed.

An analogous case is reported by Abercrombie as having occurred in Scotland early in the present century. A pedler had disappeared under circumstances that made it appear probable that he had been murdered. All attempts to discover the assassin failed. At last a wayfaring man, who had been strolling about the neighborhood, dreamed that the body would be found in a particular spot and that certain persons with whom he had lately been sleeping in a barn were the guilty parties. It turned out that this was true. But it also turned out that the dreamer had in his own dreams heard the convulsive confessions of one of the assassins, the latter also dreaming.

. . . . . .

It is the constant endeavor of the law to remain sane. It got its fearful lesson in the trials for witchcraft. Whenever, as in a recent New England case, it is approached with the allegation of the influence of supernatural powers or the influence of one mind over another for good or evil, exercised without any overt act, it shows the complainant to the door.

It remembers well how the spread of this idea under another name formerly moved it to a work of horrors; so misled it that its greatest jurist, Sir Matthew Hale, declared that there could be no doubt about the existence of witchcraft—first, because it was asserted by the Scriptures; second, because all nations had made laws against it; and third, because the human testimony in support of it was simply overwhelming!

All errors, it is said, however horrible the immediate result may be, in the end benefit the race. And it may be that this terrible lesson, remembered by the law, will preserve it from being led again by another route into a like morass.

The modern belief in spiritism and all the various phases of what is called mental domination is but a reseizure of the public mind by the old idea of witchcraft under a new set of names.

It is perfectly evident that if the mind of an individual can be influenced or dominated for good by a supernatural agency or by other individuals at a distance, independent of overt acts, it can also be thus influenced and dominated for evil. And removing the stolen metaphysical cloak from about it, this thing is merely the specter of witchcraft.

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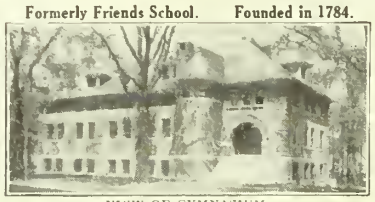

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It is, doubtless, certain that if one could comprehend all the intricate workings of the human mind when dominated by a great and dangerous secret the strange impulses which moved the criminal to reveal this secret would be found to be the inevitable result of a perfectly natural mental process. At the same time, in the present crude state of the human mind, with our vague knowledge, in the Cimmerian darkness that surrounds us, we dare not discard the theory held by such eminent jurists as Simon Greenleaf, Francis Wharton and Mr. Justice Brewer—namely, that all human affairs are subject to an overruling Providence set on ultimate justice.

Men do things they cannot explain from impulses which they do not understand.

. . . . . .

The paying teller of the Bank of the Republic, in 1872, detected a gigantic forgery by means of one of these incomprehensible impulses. He was running swiftly over some checks issued by a banking-house of unquestioned standing and integrity; there was no suspicion in his mind with respect to these checks; nothing to lead him to make any other than a casual examination of them, when suddenly he stopped and began to examine a signature on one of these checks.

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One may speculate as long as he likes over the origin of the impulse that moved this cashier; he may explain it as he likes; the mystery remains.

If one were assembling merely a number of examples, *ex-parte* statements on strange mental impulses, such as so-called societies for psychical research are accustomed to collect, he might very well, after the manner of Renan, write in the margin of his record: "I believe not all I copy." But when, as here, he is dealing with facts that have gone through the fiction-removing machinery of the law, no doubt remains to him.

It is not a sufficient explanation to say that only persons of weaker intellect are subject to these inexplicable impulses.

The greatest forger of modern times was Fauntleroy. He was possessed of extraordinary qualities, skillful, reticent, accomplished and cool. He perfected the most elaborate system of forgery of which we have any record. During a long career, by means of his system he obtained the transfer of stocks entered in the Bank of England in the names of various persons, to the amount of a million pounds. Such was the thoroughness of the fictitious accounts and false entries by which his forgeries were covered up that his partners and clerks, as well as the bank, were deceived. But note! At the very time he was weaving a veil otherwise impenetrable he took the extraordinary step—a step unaccountable except on the hypothesis of the innate inability of the mind to act out with perfection any fabricated part—of keeping a private diary of his guilt, and executing a paper signed with his name and carefully put away among his vouchers, in which he expressly declared that guilt.

This case is so extraordinary that it has been given here in the exact language of the legal commentators upon it.

It must be remembered that the details of these cases are untouched by any man's imagination. They are clean, accurate facts. Fiction has sometimes taken them over to its uses, but it has not excelled them.

What moved these men, when no evidence of their guilt was in existence, deliberately thus to manufacture these complete, tangible, irrefutable evidences?

The answer to this question may lie far back in ultimate causes. Perhaps we never can answer it until we find the answer to that other and greater question which so profoundly disturbed Sir James Fitzjames Stephen: Is man a spirit descended from shining heavens, or a "sarcoidous, peripatetic fungus" appearing on worlds when they begin to rot?

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Post's series of papers on the Mysteries of the Law. The sixth will be published in an early number.

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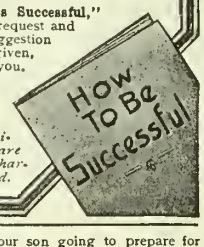

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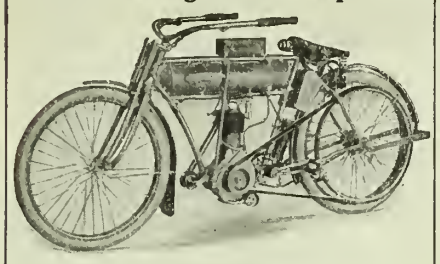

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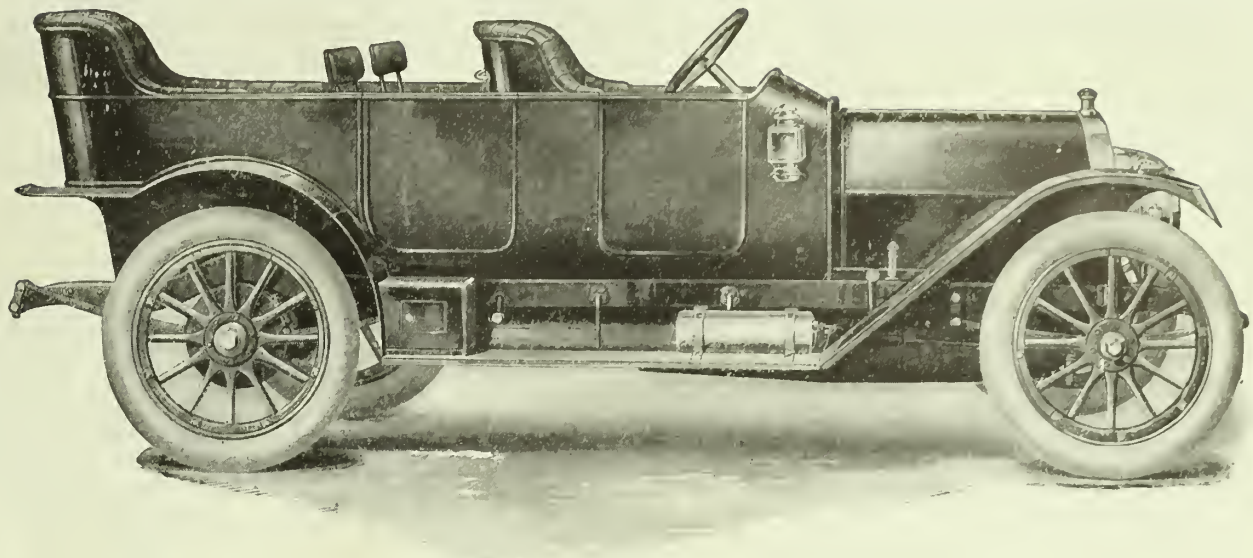

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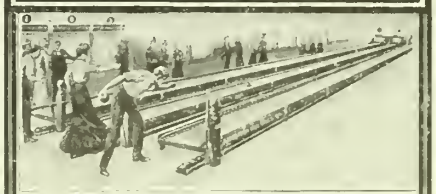

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THE TIGER OF THE SEA

(Concluded from Page 13)

many races, but never one like that. Turning cautiously, and keeping himself still flattened like a limpet to the back of the niche, he stared down, trembling lest the avenger should essay another such mad leap, and with better effect.

But the orca did not seem disposed to try it again. The shock of her impact had been terrific, and must have more or less driven the breath from her body. She was now swimming slowly up and down before the rock, a grim and dreadful jailer. Gardner looked down into her cold little eyes, and shivered at the intelligent and implacable hate that flamed in them.

When he found himself sufficiently recovered to consider his situation he was forced to acknowledge it a rather desperate one. Reaching outward and upward as far as he could, his hands found no protuberance of the rock by the aid of which he might hope to climb out of his niche and so make his way to the top of the cliff. He had no way of judging how long his vengeful jailer might remain on duty; but from the magnitude of the wrong he had done her, the businesslike method of her patrol and the effective fury that she had shown in her attack, he had little reason to hope that she would soon tire of her office. In those teeming seas, as he knew, she could find plenty to eat without forsaking her post; but, if those seas were teeming with sea-life, he reflected ruefully that they were at the same time rather barren of ships. The coasting schooners were apt to give that part of the coast a wide berth, owing to its sunken reefs and awkward currents. His island, to be sure, was little more than half a mile from shore—an easy enough swim for him under ordinary circumstances. But even with his jailer out of the way he had no relish for running the gauntlet of the giant sharks that haunted the island channels.

Exposed as he was to the full glare of the sun—the rock around him was uncomfortably hot beneath his hands—he wondered how long it would be before heat and thirst would so overcome him that his legs would crumple under his weight and he would topple forward into the jaws of his waiting foe. On this point, however, he was presently somewhat reassured, as he noted that the sun would very soon pass over the shoulder of the cliff and leave him in the shade. As far as the heat was concerned, he would be fairly secure until the next morning. But then, if the weather should continue fine, how would he endure the long, intolerable blaze of the forenoon, before the sun should again go over the cliff? He began to pray for storm and shrouded skies. But here he stopped himself, realizing his dilemma. If storm should come, it was likely, at that season, to come out of the southeast, and in such event the first rising seas would lick him from his perch. He decided hastily that it was best to make his prayer a general one, and hazard no dangerous suggestions to Providence.

Fumbling instinctively in his pocket he drew forth his soaked and sopping tobacco-pouch and a box of wet matches. The latter included some wax ones, and he had a dim hope that these, if carefully dried and properly coaxed, might perhaps be induced to light. He spread them out, with the tobacco, on the hot rock between his feet. He had lost his pipe in the catastrophe; but he had letters in his pocket, and with these, when dried, he planned to roll cigarettes. The enterprise gave him something to do, helping him to pass the weary afternoon. But in the end he found that none of the matches would afford him so much as a sputter. Angrily he threw their futile remnants into the sea.

Night fell suddenly, as always in those latitudes, and the moonlight enchanted the long swells to the smoothness of glass. All night the orca swam backward and forward before the rock, till the changeless monotony of her movements began to hypnotize her prisoner, and he turned his eyes to the cliff face to escape its influence. He was in deadly fear of dropping to sleep in his weariness and falling out of the niche. His legs were giving way beneath him, and there was not room in the niche for him to sit down, or even to crouch with any comfort. At last, in desperation, he decided to take the risk of letting his legs hang over the edge, where his enemy could reach them if she should dare another of her wild leaps into the air. The moment he seated himself in this position she swam nearer and eyed him with unutterable malignancy. But she did not attempt to repeat her flying rush. It was plain to Gardner that she had no relish for another violent concussion with the rock.

At last the interminable night wore itself away. The moon had long disappeared over the cliff, when the velvet purple of the sky began to thin and chill, the stars to pale and fade. Then the measureless splendor of an unclouded tropic dawn broke over the sea, and the shining plane of the waters seemed to tilt downward to meet the sun. Gardner gathered all his weary strength to face the fiery ordeal that he felt to be before him.

The better to fortify himself against it he took off his light coat, and by the aid of some pieces of cord which he found in his pockets he lowered the garment and drenched it well in the sea. The orca darted in to see what he was doing, but he drew up the dripping coat before she could seize it. He felt that this idea was nothing less than an inspiration; for by keeping his head and body well drenched he would be able to endure almost any heat and might at the same time, by absorption, hope to ward off for a time the extreme torments of his thirst.

As the relenting Fates decreed, however, his trial was presently to be ended. Along about nine o'clock in the morning, from somewhere behind the island, came throbbing on the still air a harsh, staccato chug-chug-chug-chug, which was to Gardner's ears the divinest of melodies. In an instant he had stripped his light shirt over his head and was holding it in eager hands. A moment more and a powerful forty-foot motor launch came into view. She was about a hundred and fifty yards away, and making a lot of racket. But Gardner, yelling wildly and flapping his shirt in the air, succeeded in catching her attention. She turned in toward the rock, but in the next instant the noise of the motor stopped, and she swerved off again. The pilot had caught sight of Gardner's jailer.

There were three men in the launch. One of them hailed the prisoner.

"What's up?" he demanded concisely.

"I shot that brute's calf yesterday," answered Gardner, "and she smashed up my boat and chased me up here on to this rock."

There was silence for a moment on the launch. Then the captain answered:

"Any fellow that's looking for trouble can generally find it by starting in to fool with a 'killer,'" said he.

"I've thought since that I made a mistake," said Gardner dryly. "But that was yesterday morning, and I'm pretty near all in. Come and take me off."

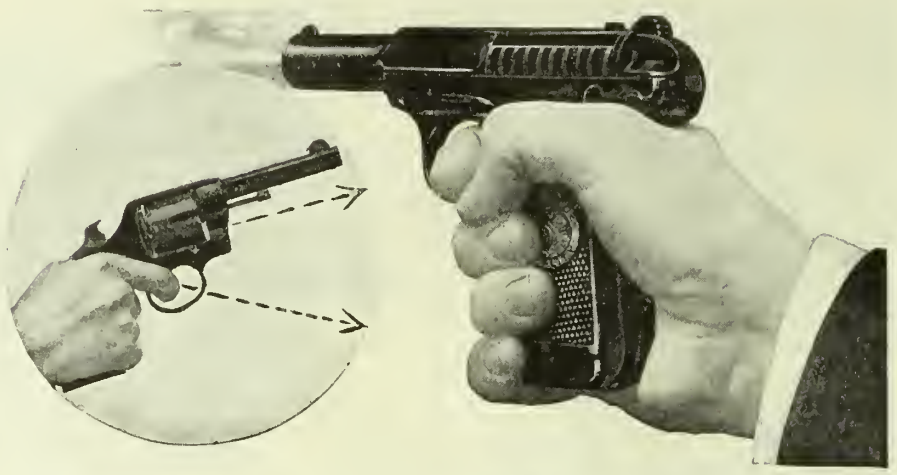
"You'll have to hang on a bit longer," shouted the captain, "while we run back to port and get a whale gun. We've got a heavy rifle here, but it's not safe to tackle her with that, for if we didn't fix her first shot she'd make matchwood of this launch in about ten seconds. We'll be back inside of an hour; so don't fret."

It seemed to the imprisoned man a terribly long hour, and he had occasion to bless the cool, dripping jacket before he again heard the chug-chug-chug-chug of the motor clamoring behind his prison. This time, as soon as it came in sight, it bore straight down upon the orca. In its bow, as it slid, gracefully dipping, over the smooth swell, Gardner remarked a strange gun, a sort of short, big-bore rifle on a swivel. The orca now took note of the fact that the launch was heading straight for her. She paused in her tireless patrolling and eyed it defiantly, hesitating as to whether she should attack it or not.

The launch reversed propellers till her progress came to a stop, while her captain sighted the weapon in her bow. There was a mighty report. The monster flung herself halfway out of the water and fell back with a gigantic splash. For a moment she rushed madly around in a half-circle, then crashed headlong into the cliff, gave one violent shudder and slowly sank to a fringing reef about two fathoms down.

"Have you plenty of water right up to your ledge?" demanded the captain as the launch drew slowly in.

"Plenty!" said Gardner, swinging down stiffly from his niche and standing ready to crawl aboard.



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SEPT. 3, 1910 5c. THE COPY

Beginning

The Pilot-Fish

By

Henry C. Rowland

WINTON SIX
Limousine

Winter's Worst Day is Summery in a Limousine

A touring car may be a luxury. But a luxurious limousine is a real utility

A Profitable Investment

Never is a motor car of such actual value to its owner as in the bitter cold weather, when every other form of travel is beset with difficulties, and hazards, and annoyances. The limousine owner rides from his home to his office, to his business and social engagements, to the club, the theatre—wherever he wants to go—in comfort and safety, and on time.

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THE PILOT-FISH

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE big schooner-yacht Shark lay peacefully at anchor in Shoal Harbor, Maine. At her taffrail the national yacht ensign aired itself lazily in the land breeze; from fore and main trucks fluttered the pennant of the New York Yacht Club and the burgee of Captain Eliphalet Bell, U. S. N., retired.

A solid old seafaring tub was the Shark, built some time back in the seventies, when, no doubt, she had been a tremendous swell. She was square in the jowls, pug-nosed, paunch-bellied, with a rump like a coach-horse, and there was a break from her quarter-deck to the waist and a high t'gallant forecastle.

Solid timber she was, or at least looked to be, though a gimlet might have shown differently; and what ballast she had was inside of her and not jerking away at the keel in frantic efforts to whip out her spars.

For a yacht of her size the Shark probably carried the smallest crew on record, modern double-action hand winches and other labor-saving devices being installed about her decks. Bright-work there was scarcely any and that was covered with a coat of shellac. Galvanized iron took the place of brass, but if the schooner lacked the glitter of metal she certainly shone with spotless cleanliness.

One saw at the first glance that the Shark was less of a pleasure craft than a floating home, and such a domicile she had truly been for fifteen years. Asthma and an insubordinate heart had retired her owner from the service of his country; the same affliction forbade his residence ashore and compelled him to seek a warm winter climate. Wherefore he wisely bought the Shark for a mere song and made of her a home for himself and his three little motherless daughters: Cécile, aged nine, Paula, aged seven, and Hermione, aged four.

That was fifteen years before the epoch of this saga, so that we find our three sirens at the dangerous ages of from nineteen to twenty-four. Little heed had their cantankerous parent ever given them and little need had they of it, as from the very first day to the present they had found a wise and kindly nurse, playmate and duenna in that splendid old grizzled viking, Christian Heldstrom, master mariner.

"You Vill Say, 'Excuse Me, Captain Heldstrom'"

Captain Heldstrom, sailing master of the Shark, had previously served for ten years in the United States Navy and might have had a commission had he wished. Most of his service had been under the choleric Captain Bell, to whom, for some incomprehensible reason, he was devoted. It was therefore not unnatural that he should have followed him on his retirement, nor that he should have assumed the care of the little girls, the old Norseman having, like so many big-muscled, big-hearted men, a tremendous fund of paternal instinct. They had their governess, of course, but it was "Uncle Chris" who really brought them up and tended them when ill and imparted to them much of his own big, honest, fearless nature. He taught them discipline as well, and all three had more than once felt the flat of his big hand where it would do the greatest good—Cécile for impudence, Paula for theft (stealing goodies from the galley), and Hermione for venturing aloft and swarming out on the jib-boom. This last admonition had been followed by a cuff on the side of the watchman's head which had sent that grinning tar into the scuppers.

Thus one may listen with less surprise to a certain conversation taking place upon the ample quarterdeck of the schooner, she squatting peacefully upon the sparkling waters of Shoal Harbor, one golden day early in August. Sprawled among the cushions on a transom, basking like a pussy cat in the sun was Cécile, a luscious beauty, ripe to the point of falling from the bough. For three seasons this girl had demoralized the yachting world, for Captain Bell was widely known and the Shark as hospitable as her namesake. A high-tempered but jovial host, epicurean of appetite and ready to immolate his health on the altar of goodfellowship at a moment's notice; three lovely daughters, one a desperate flirt, one soft and sweet as a West Indian night breeze, the third a long-legged nymph with violet eyes, her pretty mouth full of sailor slang, ready to swim a race around the ship or run one over the truck—my word! It is no wonder that old Heldstrom's hair had visibly whitened in the last three years.

Cécile was catching it fore-and-aft upon this August day.

"It vas me br-rought you oop," growled the Norwegian in his beard; "und somedimes I am not pr-roud of it. How many yoong men haf you jilted this summer?"

Cécile dropped her chin on her knuckles and kicked up her heels most unmaidenly.

"I haven't jilted anybody. It's not my fault if they slam off in a rage. I don't ask any odds, and if they can't play the game without bawling they shouldn't play it at all."

"Love is not a game; it is a serious business, as some day you may find oudt to your cost."

Cécile gave the nearest cushion a vicious kick and her head a toss that set the bright hair to shimmering with all the opalescence of a new-hooked porgy.

"Don't fear," she said. "When I find the man who can make me love what I want to love, he will have no cause to complain."

"Perhaps you may," Heldstrom retorted. He bent his big brows upon her flushed, resentful face, and his eyes, clear and blue as polar ice, softened a little. "I hope not, my dear. Meanvile, you must not encoorage dese oder yoong men."

"But how am I to know——" Cécile interrupted, when Heldstrom raised his hand.

"You vill know. Und if you do not know den it is not der r-right man." He took a turn or two on the deck, then paused to stare toward the harbor-mouth. Up forward the sailors were clustered about the windlass talking in low but vehement tones, the murmur of which reached aft.

"Less noise for'ard, dere," ordered the captain in his great, resonant bass, and the gabble ceased. The hands were all staring toward the entrance, and as he looked forward Heldstrom gave a little growl in his throat.

"Dis Pilot-fish," said he, turning abruptly toward Cécile, "vas he anodder?"

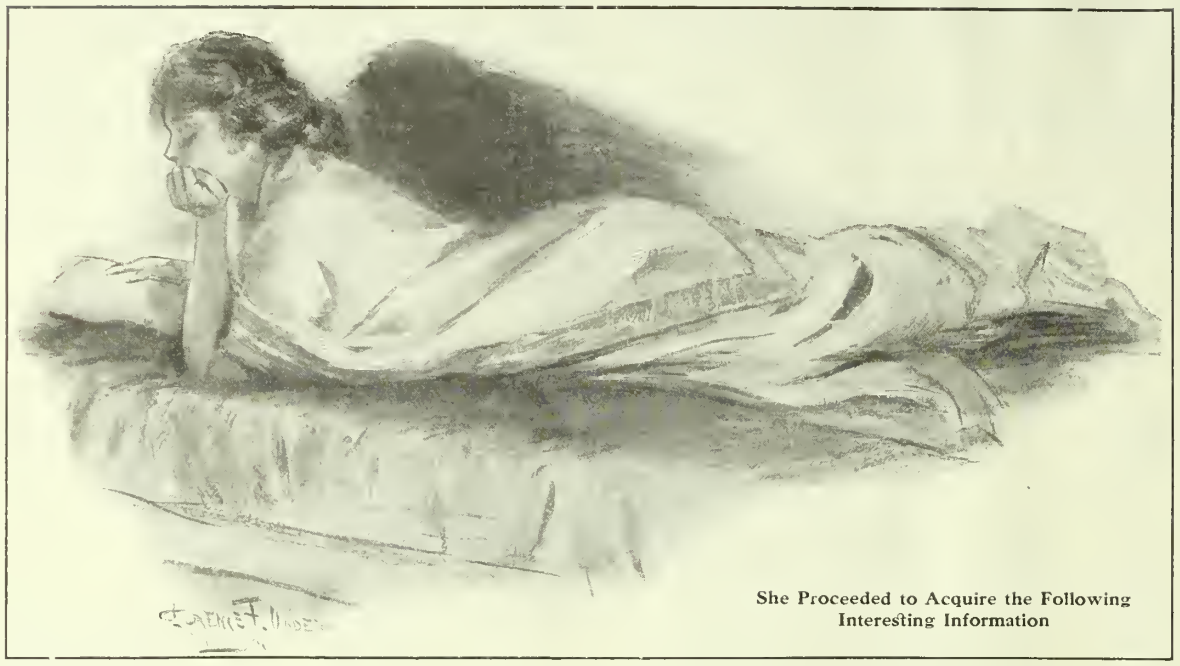
"Another what?" she asked sulkily.

"Anodder wictim. Anodder yoong man you haf made crazy—und pull your skirt down by your ankles, my dear; you are now too old to flop ar-round dot vay like a little girl."

Cécile jerked her supple young body upright.

"If you are going to do nothing but scold," said she sulkily, "I am going below." She sprang to her feet and stood as primly as was possible for one of her nymphlike allure. "I must say," she snapped, and thrust out her chin haughtily, "it seems to me that I have reached an age where I might expect to be spared lessons in conduct from the sailing-master of my father's yacht."

She turned toward the companionway, head in air.



She Proceeded to Acquire the Following Interesting Information

"Cécile," said Heldstrom sharply, and the little feet stopped as though despite themselves.

"Well?"

'You vill say, 'Excuse me, Captain Heldstrom.'"

"I won't."

"You vill say, 'Excuse me, Captain Heldstrom.'"

Cécile pressed her lips firmly together.

"Look at me."

Slowly and as if moved by some compelling force the lovely, rebellious face was raised, and the long gray eyes, with their double fringe of black lashes, were turned to meet the clear blue ones flashing from under the bushy eyebrows. Cécile's eyes sought the deck.

"Forgive me, Uncle Chris," she murmured.

"Dot is efen better, my dear. Listen, Cécile: I am not a poor man und I am getting on in years. My brodder has left me lands und houses in Norvay, und I own in some big ships. But I stay und sail dis old yoonk for your fader und draw my pay, vich is nodding, und vy? Because if I go, who den vill take care of my little girls? Your fader is not rich; perhaps he is not so rich as me, but you are my family und all dot I have is yours, yoost as I am yours. Und so, my little girl, I talk to you like a Dootch uncle, und I am not Dootch, but Norvegian und a gentleman born. Dot is all, my dear."

But it was not quite all, for Cécile rushed to the old viking and flung her young arms about his neck and kissed the first exposed spot she could find on the deep-lined, bearded face.

Then she stepped back and surveyed him through misty eyes.

"When I meet a man like you," said she, and caught her breath, "he will find out that I am something more than a flirt."

And she turned and fled below.

Hardly had she disappeared when the captain's alert if somewhat blurred vision was caught by a yacht's dingey rapidly approaching the Shark. Picking up his glasses he at once discovered, sitting in the stern of the boat, a young man whom he recognized as a Mr. Huntington Wood, who had been the previous summer one of Cécile's most devoted suitors. When the caprice of the spoiled beauty had sent him eddying in her wake with the other wrecks Heldstrom had sighed deeply. He had liked and admired Wood, finding him all that a well-bred young American ought to be. Included among these virtues was a very large fortune, and Captain Heldstrom had been deeply disappointed that Cécile could not have found it in her heart to care for him.

Seeing that Wood was coming to call, Heldstrom sent the steward to inform Cécile, then received the guest himself, there being no one of the family on deck. Wood was a clean-cut, thoroughbred-looking man of about twenty-eight. Perhaps his greatest attraction lay in the thoughtful kindliness of expression that was habitual to him. There was humor, also, and the typical American alertness.

As Wood and Heldstrom exchanged their greetings there came from forward a sort of buzz of suppressed excitement. The hands were peering intently into the dazzling reflection of the sun on the water at the harbor-mouth. Captain Heldstrom quickly leveled his glass in that direction, then laid it down with a shrug and a shake of the head.

"What is it?" Wood asked.

"Der Pilot-fish, zir," answered the sailor.

"What do you mean?"

Heldstrom was about to reply when Cécile came up through the companionway and Wood went to meet her. She greeted him with a quizzical smile. Wood flushed.

'You were right," said he. "Here I am back again in less than six months."

"We have missed you," said Cécile, and she led the way aft.

"Thank you. I have come back not as a suitor, but as a friend."

"Still bitter?"

"Not in the least."

"I heard," remarked Cécile, with a little laugh, "that you were building a Home for Sick Babies."

"That is true. My cure for bitterness—and not a bad thing for the babies. If all of your rejected lovers would only turn to philanthropy for their cure what a lot of good you would do!"

"That is a nasty remark."

"Sorry. Let's drop personalities. How are you all?"

"Papa's asthma is better. He has taken a tremendous fad for cooking and spends most of his time stewing over the galley stove. This seems to be a good thing for him, though bad for us. The cook's wages have had to be raised."

Wood laughed. "And the girls?"

"Paula is as sweet as ever. Hermione has grown up. She is taller than I am and is going to be a beauty."

From the hands clustered on the t'gallant forecastle there came at this moment a sort of stifled yelp, immediately followed by some deep-sea admonition from Captain Heldstrom. As if in answer to the commotion there popped out of the galley, which, as in most old-fashioned vessels, was in a forward deckhouse, a corpulent figure with a crimson face, snow-white mustache, and a shining bald head whereof the luster was marred by streaks of flour.

"Papa!" called Cécile.

Captain Bell, for it was he, turned sharply, and seeing Wood his choleric face lightened. He tore off his apron, wiped his bare, floury arms and came striding jerkily aft.

"Well, well, Huntington; glad to see you, my boy. Excuse my negligée—was just at work on an omelet soufflé, but somehow it went wrong. Dam' thing collapsed like a punctured tire. All the fault of this hell-sent Pilot-fish!"

"What is the pilot-fish?" asked Wood.

"Cécile will tell you while I brush up. You will stop for lunch—yes? This is not a request; it is an order. I have made a *plat* on which I want your opinion." He glanced over the rail. "You are off the Arcturus?"

"Yes; cruising with Livingston Poole. I leave him tomorrow. His people are to join him at Portland."

"Come and visit us a bit." He raised his voice. "Christian, tell that man from the Arcturus to go back and say that Mr. Wood is lunching with us."

"Yes, zir."

Pausing to search the horizon with his glasses, Captain Bell went below. Wood looked inquiringly at Cécile.

"Did you ever hear of a pilot-fish?" she asked.

"Yes. It is a little fish that is a constant companion of the shark. So this is a companion of yours?"

"There is a man who lives on a little yawl and goes wherever we go. Last summer we began to notice that no matter where we were there would turn up sooner or later this same little boat. Sometimes she would be in port when we arrived. No doubt he got our next address at the post-office and then passed us en route. The Shark is about as speedy as a brick-barge and this yawl is a smart little sailer."

"What is the game of this Pilot-fish?" asked Wood.

"It appears that we are his mind. He makes us do his thinking for him. Here comes papa; get him to tell you of his interview with the Pilot-fish."

Captain Bell, refreshed inside and out, appeared at this moment in the companionway. His first glance was for the harbor-mouth.

"Come here, Papa," called Cécile, "and tell Huntington about your conversation with the Pilot-fish."

Captain Bell joined the two. "The Pilot-fish," said he, "is a balmy galoot in a little yawl who has been eddyin' around in our wake all summer. When it got certain that his whole business was to trail us I went alongside him and asked what he meant by such cheek. I found a long, tawny, sleepy-eyed scoundrel drinking tea and munching macaroons.

"'Good day,' says he. 'Won't you come aboard? You are just in time for tea.'

"'Thanks,' said I, 'but I didn't come for tea. I came to ask why in thunder you hang under my fin like a bloomin' pilot-fish.'

"He set down his teacup and turned a pair of yellow eyes on me.

"'Do you mind?' he asks. 'I don't want to intrude.'

"'That depends on what you do it for?' I answered.

"'Well, then,' says he, rumplin' up his hair, which is about a foot long and the color of coir rope, 'I follow you because it saves me the trouble of deciding where I want to go.'

"'The deuce you do!' said I, too surprised to say more.

"'Do you mind?' he asks.

"'I don't know that I mind,' said I; 'but you make me tired. Can't you do your own thinkin'?'

"'It's so distractin',' says he, and heaves a sigh. 'You see, Captain Bell, I am a poet, and if I have to determine where I want to go it breaks into the Muse.'" And Bell went off into a fit of wheezy laughter that finished in a coughing spell. "Now, what d'ye think of that?" he gasped.

"It sounds fishy to me," Wood observed.

Bell nodded. "Still," said he, "there may be something in it, after all. I give you my word, I come near going off my chump sometimes trying to decide where to go next. The girls will never help me out But to go back to this idiot. 'Just the same,' I said, 'it must be deuced inconvenient sometimes to follow me through all kinds of weather in that little thing.' Says he: 'That's good moral discipline. If it weren't for that I'd lie in one place and rot. You'd see the pond-lilies sproutin' from my spars. For instance,' says he, 'comin' up here I got started too late to catch the tide and was dodging rocks in the fog all night long. That is an excellent way for a poet to refresh his faculties,' says he. 'Of my own initiative it would never happen, but I put myself under a moral obligation to go wherever and whenever you do.'"

Bell gave a plethoric chuckle. "'Well,' said I, 'at any rate you must know your business. It was thick as pea soup.' Says he, waving his fin, 'I can usually find my way around.' And he took a swig of tea. Upon my word, I began to like him. He has only one man; a half-baked Finn with a cleft palate and one eye swung over to port; a warlock, if you ever saw one. The Pilot-fish told me that he found the beggar starving on the beach. Nobody would ship him, he was that rum. These two zanies scarcely ever speak. The Finn lives up forward and only comes aft to handle the boat and valet him. He was ironing his shirt on the fore-hatch while we talked. I asked him to dinner, and you'd have thought from his face that I'd suggested our havin' a glass of potassium cyanide together. 'Oh, no—no—no!' says he, takin' a grip of his yellow thatch. Said I, 'What's the matter? I'm not planning to poison you.' He began to spatter out apologies; said that once he had met my household he would not feel at liberty to tag me around, and asked me once more if I was sure that I did not object. 'Follow me to hell if you like,' said I. 'The sea is free to all, and you never get within half a mile anyway.' My word! he was so upset he broke his teacup against the coamin' and I left him tryin' to swig his tea out of nothin' and bitin' the china ring around his finger. Coming off that evening we passed the Finn. 'Kennebunkport, Kennybunkport-kennybunkportkennybunkport,' he was patterin' to himself. You see, he'd been ashore to find out our forwarding address. When we reached Kennebunkport, sure enough there was this floatin' bughouse lyin' at anchor and the Pilot-fish refreshin' himself with tea and macaroons. As we rounded up ——"

His narrative was interrupted by a commotion forward. The men were talking and gesticulating. Out of the galley bounced the cook, a pair of battered glasses in his hand. Up through the pantry hatch popped the steward, like a rabbit coming out of his hole; and the girls' maid, a matronly woman, followed him.

"Look-a-that," growled Bell in disgust. "You'd think the White Squadron was comin' in." He leveled his glasses at the swimming glare. "Confound him—it's he—and Cécile gets into me for ten dollars."

Down below a cabin clock rang sharply two bells. "Two bells, sir," said a quartermaster. "Make it so," snapped Bell, for the Shark's routine was strictly naval.

Two bells were struck forward, to be followed by a smothered chorus of exultation from the winners of sundry

bets. "Silence, there!" cried Bell, and he added to Wood: "This ship has got to be no more than a bloomin' grandstand. That lobster has lost me ten dollars. He must have stopped to fish."

Captain Heldstrom started forward, smiling under his grizzled beard.

"Win, Captain?" snapped Bell.

"Fife dollars—from der cook, zir," answered Captain Heldstrom.

"This Pilot-fish," observed Wood, "has got the races beaten to a finish."

All eyes aboard the Shark were directed over the starboard bow. Out of the vivid glare appeared presently a small, chunky vessel, yawl-rigged, though from the size of her mizzen she might have been classed as a ketch. No bunting did she fling to the light, offshore breeze; no pennant, burgee, ensign—not even so much as a telltale at her truck. Huntington, a yachtsman of some experience, doubted that she had been designed and built for a yacht. Beating back and forth across the bay the yawl finally made her berth about halfway between the Shark and the eastern side of the harbor.

"What is her name?" asked Wood.

"Her name," Bell answered, "goes with the tea and macaroons. It is Daffodil."

"Oh, fudge!"

"His name," said Cécile, "is Harold Applebo."

She had expected to hear a feeble cry for help, but was disappointed. Wood sprang up from his lounging position.

"Harold Applebo!" he cried. "Why, he was a classmate of mine. I might have known—from your father's description."

Cécile opened wide her gray eyes. "Tell us about him."

"Harold Applebo," Wood began, "is eccentric and a poet. At college, however, he was not considered by any means a fool."

"Does he write good verse?" asked Cécile.

"One needs to get into the bathtub to read it. Yet, although mushy, he has a few admirers and has published two books, doubtless at his own expense. Selections from the first were read to me this summer by a friend. When she had finished my head felt like a bottle full of bees. There was an Ode to a Dewdrop in the Heart of a Pansy; another was called Flowers at Play."

"'Nuf, 'nuf—let me up," murmured Bell.

"I managed to keep my strength," continued Wood, "until my friend, who happened to be a young mother, recited, from memory, Baby in the Asphodel. That finished me. I have never felt the same toward babies since. That is unfortunate, considering my charity."

He leveled a glass toward the yawl. "Yes, I see Harold; and there is a thing like a gollywog getting into the dink."

"The Finn," said Cécile. "Tell us some more about Applebo."

"At college he kept house with a parrot and a bullpup, and was known to have eccentric ideas. He did not believe in friendship, saying that one's attitude should be the same toward all of one's fellows. Although known to be tremendously powerful physically, nothing would induce him to enter athletics. He said that the demonstration of individual prowess was a vain exhibition of superiority, and therefore not ethical. It was observed that his arguments were beautifully adapted to his own tastes."

"Sounds rather an interestin' ass," said Bell. "Why not jump into the dingey and see if you can't get him for lunch? He might come for you." Wood glanced at Cécile, who nodded.

"Do," said she. "Tell him that he may let us do his thinking for him just the same."

"Very well," answered Wood, always obliging.

Captain Bell raised his fat, throaty voice. "Away—dingey!" he called to the quartermaster on duty.

II

WHILE Captain Bell, Cécile and Huntington Wood were idly discussing the maneuver of the Pilot-fish, and different members of the crew were engaged in settling their bets, there was one person aboard the schooner who was taking measures to put an end to the voluntary devotion of Mr. Harold Applebo, poet.

In her roomy cabin below, Miss Hermione Bell had heard the exclamations that announced the sighting of the Pilot-fish. The porthole over her bunk commanded a view of the harbor-mouth, and resting on brackets overhead was a big, battered, old-fashioned telescope. Hermione threw down her book, reached up for the glass and took a dead rest on the brass rim of the porthole, when the Daffodil sprang to meet her vision, swimming unsteadily in the vivid reflection of the sun.

Once the yawl was clear of the glare Hermione was able to examine her in detail. The first object to catch her eye was a figure squatting in a toadlike way up forward, which, even as she looked, scrambled upright as though in obedience to an order and began to clear the anchor. Hermione observed that the man's body was disproportionately wide for its height, that his head resembled a deckswab and that the legs were very bowed.

"The Finn," she muttered. "What a brute! He looks like a sea-spider."

Passing from the Finn she tried to distinguish the figure at the wheel, but all that was visible above the high coaming was a mop of reddish-yellow hair and one big, bare shoulder. As though conscious that he was under scrutiny Applebo kept his face persistently turned away, and Hermione had learned by experience that when he was presently forced to go about he would shift himself to the other side of the cockpit, keeping his back to the Shark. The wheel of the yawl was placed very low and almost hidden by the high coaming.

"Hang him!" Hermione burst out, and closed the telescope with a vicious snap.

For several minutes she sat on the edge of her bunk lost in thought, her head tilted slightly forward and her eyes unfocused. One graceful leg hung straight down; the other was tucked under her, schoolgirl fashion. Her kimono, open at the throat, showed that splendid, arching bust seen most frequently in singers. Hermione was not a singer, but she was a strong swimmer and the lung development is similar. Her neck was straight and strong, the little *nuque* a detail for sculptors to dream of, carrying its subtle curve to hide in the thick, black, lustrous hair. Hermione's type was Celtic; Irish and French would both have claimed her, the latter for an Auvergnate, because of her very deep violet eyes and the little nose with the retroussé tip, which all three of the girls had from their mother. Hermione was taller than her sisters and was destined to be a big woman at maturity, this promise being so far draped in youth.

Europeans found Hermione far more beautiful than Cécile, and Paula lovelier than either. But to the American taste the girl's type was too tropical, even her indigo eyes commonly passing for black. There was also about her a tempestuosity that appalled most people, especially in so young a girl. Hermione was not a hoyden, she was far too feminine for that; but she was temperamentally impetuous, often to the point of violence, and her discourse when angered was not always what it should be. Christian Heldstrom worshiped the planks she trod on, and she had given him more trouble than both of the others put together—which is to say that she gave him more trouble than did Cécile, as Paula was always good.

Hermione had already many beaus, whom she treated like dogs. Yet her method was kinder than Cécile's, for Hermione never flirted. If she liked a man she permitted him to row and sail and swim with her; if she did not like him she told him to clear out. For gallantry she had no patience and was apt to receive with contumely the most subtle of flatteries.

And yet——

Hermione's long, round arm reached for the lid of a little locker beside her bunk. Therefrom she took a large package of cream or rather corn colored notepaper closely covered by a small, regular handwriting, which at the first glance resembled Greek script. From this package Hermione selected a sheet at random; then, flinging herself face downward on the bunk, dropped her pretty chin into one hand and, resting on her elbow, she proceeded to acquire the following interesting information:

"This Pilot-fish Has Got the Races Beaten to a Finish"

TO HERMIONE

The fog may blanket the sleeping sea,
Hermione;
Sunbeams may falter, moonbeams pale
May swoon at the frown of the darkling gale—
I follow thee,
Hermione.

The skies may weep or the tempest shrill,
Hermione;
Tide-rips may growl and the rock-fangs yawn,
And sea-traps be set in the lightless dawn—
I follow still,
Hermione.

I may not see thee nor hear thy voice,
Hermione;
Nothing I ask but to know thou art there,
To share thy ocean, to breathe thy air—
So I rejoice,
Hermione.

Thus, if I sing one little song,
Hermione,
'Tis the cry of the gull swept off on the wind,
One soundless sigh of a love that is blind—
Forgive my wrong,
Hermione.

Hermione read the verses twice through, then stared at the white bulkhead.

"Fool!" was her polite comment.

There were a great many of these poems, each bearing a different date and each a souvenir of some port which the Shark had visited. Over a period of three months ran the verses, and not once during that period had the poet been within a quarter of a mile of her, to Hermione's knowledge. Once or twice she had caught a glimpse of Applebo's face through her telescope, but never a satisfactory one. Paula was the only one of the girls

(Continued on Page 62)

The Actor as a Business Man

By GEORGE M. COHAN

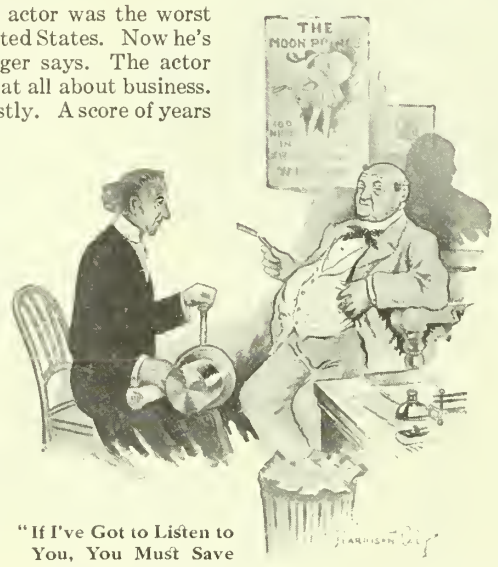
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

TWENTY years ago every actor wanted to be a manager. Today every manager wants to be an actor.

Why?

A few years ago the actor was the worst business man in the United States. Now he's the best—so the manager says. The actor claims to know nothing at all about business.

I differ with him—vastly. A score of years back actors led precarious lives. Apart from the great stars and their supports, the stage was filled with a more or less desultory set, who roamed from town to town, playing wherever they could get a theater or a hall. Many of these were known as "barnstormers," "hamfatters," and the like. They had all the traditions of the stage of that day, chief of which was irresponsibility. Compared with the work of the serious men of today, their methods were quite absurd. They spouted the loud thoughts of the playwright with high theatricalism. It was their business to copy masters rather than to interpret or create. Nowadays the word is realism. If the actor plays a scene in which he has trouble with his wife he does it just as naturally as if he were really having trouble.



"If I've Got to Listen to You, You Must Save My Time by Giving Me a Shave, Like a Barber"

At that time the vaudeville business was confined to song-and-dance men, acrobats, black-face comedians, and all that sort of thing. Musical comedy—a combination of farce, comic opera and vaudeville—was an undeveloped industry.

But there began a movement that has revolutionized the theatrical world. Caste had been carefully observed. The legitimate actor had never taken the vaudeville stage seriously as an outlet for his talent. He began to adopt it. His field broadened. The work proved a most lucrative stop-gap between seasons.

The Rise of Players' Earnings

THE growth of the country and its demand for amusement to offset the strenuous life of the people exceeded the supply. The trolley car made small towns accessible to the farm, greatly increased their floating population and created many new centers of amusement. Prices began to soar. Stock companies were split up into stars, and their leading men and women, who had averaged a hundred and fifty dollars a week, got five hundred or more. Local stock houses were put up all over the country. Men and women who had played small parts in the big cities now did leads. Finding themselves suddenly confronted with the possibility of being stars, these persons developed all that was in them and in a vast number of cases won out.

Soaring prices made the stage attractive to persons who had neither histrionic ability nor hysterical ambition. They regarded it as a plain moneymaking proposition, easier than the law or medicine, and ten times more remunerative at the start. In this way a class of serious, not overambitious, persons has taken the place of the happy-go-lucky people who used to do the mediocre work.

The practice that has recently come into vogue of sending out three or four companies to play a popular hit has greatly increased the demand for actors. The adoption of the vaudeville stage by high-class actors has not only brought it within the domain of artistic respectability but has increased the market for talent.

The high comedy man no longer considers it beneath his dignity to earn twenty-five hundred dollars a week in vaudeville. It is no uncommon thing for a man to do the drama today and tomorrow a sketch in a continuous-performance house. The public is not scandalized at the sight of such "carving-in-ivory" work as that of Ned Holland in The Bishop's Candlesticks sandwiched in between the stunts of a beef-and-beery English balladist and an acrobat. These high-toned fellows may hold off for some time, but the lure of vaudeville gets them at last. I have in mind a big actor who was living on borrowed money and steadfastly refusing to go on to the variety stage. He presently accepted a large offer, did a splendid sketch, was the talk of the town, and greatly increased his prestige for regular work.

With better prices came an army of stage-workers. Today there are between seven and eight thousand actors and actresses in America, taking no account of those who do vaudeville work only, musical comedy people, and what are known as "extra" persons or supernumeraries.

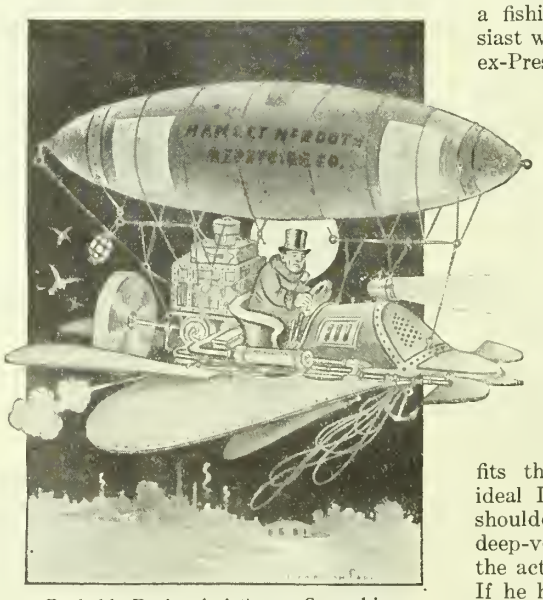
Persons at the top, who have a share in the receipts, in many cases make from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a season, and as high as seventy-five thousand dollars a year for two or three years is sometimes made by an actor in the same play. In grand opera earnings are even more fabulous. Caruso customarily makes a hundred thousand dollars in a short season, and the lady songbirds do almost as well. The smaller people of the stage earn from eighteen dollars a week up in the chorus, or from thirty dollars up for a small part in the legitimate. The humbler members of the profession are compelled by the very nature of things to acquire shrewdness. Their transportation is paid, but they must board and lodge themselves; and it is interesting to see how quick the word is passed when some good, cheap place is found. But thrift does not always wait upon progress. I have in mind an actor who paid eight dollars a week for board during a whole season. A few years later it cost him seven thousand dollars to live for the same period.

But why does the manager say that the actor is the best business man in the country? In the first place, he is a shrewd advertiser. He knows the value of personal fame to the dollar and avails himself of everything that adds to his reputation. Even outside agents are not despised. His methods are progressive. Near-automobile accidents succeeded diamonds and divorces, which used to be good mediums of notoriety. Probably daring aviation or something quite as sensational will come next. The illustrated interview with the actor in the Sunday section counts for little today. The public is too used to his stilted style of off-stage talk—his cynicism—his roasting of audiences and the like.

A few years ago the actor got so little that he never could save enough for large investments. To put his money in the savings bank of any particular city left it unavailable for sudden demand when on the road—a contingency not wholly unknown to actors. To carry a big roll was a temptation to himself and to all predatory persons who should chance to see it. Nowadays the actor invests his money mostly in real estate. He is great for first mortgages on city property. It has become a hobby with him to buy a small farm somewhere and tuck it away, so to speak, as a last resort; for he has a keen sense of the exigencies of his business.

Nowadays all actors who average a hundred and fifty dollars a week turn their money over. Many keep at least half of their savings in a roll which they loan out on good personal security at rates not wholly modest. Even among chorus men shrewdness is not lacking. One will carry along a line of goods on the side, while another will act as banker to those who gamble.

A traditional superstition with the actor is that the manager is always trying to get the better of him. So he is always on his guard. When he gets through blue-penciling a contract which the manager submits it is so skillfully changed that it's the actor's proposition, and not the manager's, which is signed. Thus, with consummate adroitness, he secures for himself every advantage that the manager thought he was getting. The most astonishing sample of this kind of work was pulled off by the late Ezra Kendall. That gentleman took the manager's contract, cut out the middle, leaving only the heading and the border, pasted his own proposition in the frame, sent it back, and the manager signed it.



Probably Daring Aviation or Something Quite as Sensational Will Come Next

Joseph Jefferson was a splendid example of ideal shrewdness. He would never go on playing when tired out, and would deliberately rob himself of lucrative engagements in order to spend his time in recreation. Once when playing Rip to big business he suddenly decided to cut his engagement short.

"But," protested his manager, "think of the thousands of dollars you'll make if you play ten weeks longer."

"But," replied Jefferson, "in ten weeks the trout won't be running."

Outside of his profession, and in the matter of investing in pictures, Jefferson was not shrewd. Once he sold a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gilt-edged bonds, put the money into an electrical project in Florida and assumed all the risks attendant upon such a venture.

Jefferson's conservatism was proverbial. Some years ago he had an all-star cast which played The Rivals. This was so enormously successful financially that the management contemplated an all-star season in School for Scandal, with Jefferson as Peter Teazle. But the veteran actor thought it all over and finally declined to do it.

"I'm getting old," he said. "I can't afford to risk my reputation—I might fail in Peter, and if I did then the people wouldn't even come to see me in Rip—they'd get to think of me as a failure."

Jefferson's Investment in Pictures

EVERY ten years the Jefferson family used to say that Rip was getting played out, but Jefferson recognized that there was a rising generation that had never seen the play. However, one of his sons got the idea that he'd put some up-to-date realism into it and suggested what he thought an improvement to his father.

"Let's put in real waterfalls," said the son, "and bring on real horses and have real men drinking at the bar. What do you think of it, Father?"

Jefferson had stood with head bent in reflective pose, apparently deeply pondering the proposed innovation, and the son took this as a good sign.

"What do you think of it, Father?" he repeated hopefully.

"I think it's damned impertinent," Jefferson answered quickly in that high, piping voice that he could make so deliciously funny when he chose.

In the buying of pictures Jefferson showed a remarkable combination of shrewdness and love for others. He almost never made a mistake as to the value of paintings. He used to say, "I love these subjects—I actually feast on them from day to day—but I should be a very selfish man indeed if I were satisfied to sit here and do this without feeling that my family would be benefited in a financial way when I am gone."

In contrast with his conservatism and shrewdness in matters pertaining to paintings and acting was Jefferson's credulity in other things. Once at a fishing party a certain enthusiast was dilating on occultism to ex-President Cleveland and others. The sturdy statesman listened patiently for a time, then cut the enthusiast short with, "Oh, tell that to Jefferson—he'll believe anything."

There is another thing in the actor's favor which he is not slow to avail himself of: he knows that he wouldn't be sent for unless he were an absolute necessity—that he stands out from the army of actors like "a house afire" in that he so conspicuously fits the part. He may be the ideal Ironmaster—rugged, broad-shouldered, red-faced, grizzly and deep-voiced. It is also the part of the actor to be very independent. If he has ten thousand dollars in his pocket he doesn't show any more nerve than if he's broke.

It is amusing to hear an actor and manager negotiate salary. They go at it this way:

"You sent for me," says the actor.

"Sent for you?" The manager lifts his eyebrows and fumbles among the papers on his desk as if looking for a memorandum. Failing to find this, he presently says: "Oh, yes; perhaps I did. I'm thinking of making a production"—he's already ordered the scenery. "There

might be something you could do"—he's booked him for an important part, though he hates him.

And so the bluffing goes on. Each one knows what's in the other's mind, and each one knows that the other knows it; yet there's a certain margin of uncertainty that justifies the bluffing.

Pursuing the game, the manager attempts to show that the actor doesn't give him anything in return for what he gets.

"Think of it!" he says. "I hire some one to write a part for you, get a stage manager to tell you how to play it and a costumer to tell you how to dress it. Why," he goes on, "I pay you, from whom I get no ideas at all, more money that a United States Senator gets for big ideas and big responsibilities."

And the actor quietly retorts: "Your stage manager and your costumer make a puppet of me. Why don't you let me play my own conception of the part and give it something real? If you don't want me to use my talent you might as well hire a schoolboy to do it."

The actor has little creative genius. He lacks imagination. As a matter of fact, he seldom suggests a distinctive way of playing a part. He almost never invents lines. Few comedians are capable of creating a legitimate laugh by inventing lines or business. I have seen them stoop to ridiculous things, however; but, by doing this, the actor only cheapens himself.

The Stunts of a Beef-and-Beery English Balladist

The audience may laugh at the act, but it will leave the theater with a poor opinion of the player who condescends. It is he who does the decent thing in the decent way who gets the consideration of the people, where the other fails.

"Don't you see that every time you get a laugh that's not legitimate it hurts the play?" the manager protests bitterly.

"Then why did you give me such a funereal piece?" responds the actor. "I can't get laughs out of lines that have no wit or humor in them."

Here the playwright joins in.

"They blame me—not you—for the stupid things that are done in the play."

Actor and Manager Have it Out

I SHALL never forget the distress that an actor once caused me. I had written a vaudeville sketch. It was all right—clean as a hound's tooth—made a big hit. But the horseplay actor who had the leading part wasn't satisfied. The laughter wasn't vociferous enough for him. He was doing the part of a plumber when he introduced this bit—without consulting me, I assure you. When he entered the room he stood looking around for a minute; then, as if his eye had fallen upon something, suddenly darted across the stage, picked a cigar-butt out of the cuspidor, lighted it and proceeded to smoke.

The thing created a howl of laughter, but lots of people were disgusted and blamed me for the exceedingly vulgar bit.

"After all, it's the play that counts," the manager observes, with a significant look at the playwright.

"Then why do you make stars of us and put our names up on your electric signs?" the actor retorts, and the manager shrugs his shoulders and answers weakly, "Every little helps."

Sometimes the manager appeals to the actor's gratitude thus:

"Remember, I made you what you are."

"The potter must have the proper clay to work with," suggests the actor.

"Come, come," says the manager; "didn't I bring you out?"

And the actor replies characteristically:

"No; you didn't. On the contrary, you tried to hold me back. Accidentally you gave me a chance in that small part, and then the public would have me."

"Why, hang it!" says the manager angrily, "if it were not for me you couldn't live."

"And if it were not for me," says the actor, "you couldn't keep your great theater open, pay rent and hold your people together."

Occasionally the actor assumes the plaintive.

"Why do you make us go through so much red tape to get into your office?" he complains. "I have to cool my heels outside, hours at a time, and be patronized by that little beast of an office-boy of yours. Even when I get in you don't treat me well."

This is the manager's inning. "The trouble is, you don't talk straight, definite business," he says. "You waste too much time blowing your own horn and detaining a lot of other men who are eager to get in and talk about themselves. I've often thought it would be a good scheme to equip myself, and when you actors begin to brag about what you have done, and what you can do, pull out scissors and razor and tell you that, if I've got to listen to you, you must save my time by giving me a hair-cut and a shave, like a barber. But seriously," he goes on, "I have adopted a new method. I've told each actor that I'd see him if he'd agree not to talk about himself—that I had an important matter to attend to. Preposterous, but they actually did it. That very day I saw a greater number than usual, and instead of getting home to a seven o'clock dinner I was able to leave my office at three-thirty—in time to go to the ball game."

The actor is sometimes compelled to put up with poor accommodations. He kicks about the miserable railroads that reach one-horse towns, at the dirty dressing-rooms, insolent stage hands and vile hotel accommodations.

"Why, in the name of all that's merciful, do you send us over such a beastly route as this?" he says.

And the manager comes back with, "You insist upon forty weeks in your contract, and I've got to send you somewhere."

The Big Money-Makers

AS A MATTER of fact, the actor does insist upon not less than thirty weeks, and a show must be a crackerjack that can hold the boards for more than sixteen weeks in any town. If the manager guarantees a certain time he must pay salaries whether the play stays out or not. To save himself further loss in case of failure he must get his actors work elsewhere.

In nine cases out of ten the actor makes the manager pay for his wardrobe—and everything else—if he can get away with it.

When one considers that under a guaranty a star in a city like Brooklyn would get for his or her share something like a thousand dollars a week, while the owner of the show would not receive more than three hundred, and that out of this profit the owner would have to pay eight or ten thousand dollars for his production—if it lasts long enough—one can understand why he wants to be an actor.

Harry Lauder makes five thousand dollars a week for the twenty-week engagement he plays in America. Besides, he gets five hundred dollars for singing one of his songs in the phonograph. His five-month American tours yield him one hundred thousand dollars. Then he goes home and plays. He is booked to do this for five years. What manager is in the Lauder class as a money-maker?

If Maude Adams should leave Frohman there isn't a manager in the country who wouldn't guarantee her five thousand dollars a week. Recently she took in twenty-four thousand dollars in one week with her small, comparatively inexpensive company, in What Every Woman Knows. Are you beginning to see the reason for the manager's change of attitude?

Many of These Were Known as "Barnstormers," "Hamfatters," and the Like

McIntyre and Heath are getting two thousand dollars a week for the same act that paid them two hundred and fifty dollars a week ten years ago. The Four Mortons are getting seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week for the act that brought them in three hundred dollars ten years ago. If J. W. Kelly, the Rolling Mill Man, had lived, he'd be getting five thousand dollars a week today. In my opinion he was the greatest entertainer on the vaudeville stage.

The Actor Has His Breakfast—in Bed—No Earlier Than Ten

In relation to this phase of the business, one might imagine the following interview between McIntyre and Heath and the manager.

"Why," says the latter, "should I pay you two thousand dollars a week for something I got for two hundred and fifty dollars ten years ago?"

"Think of all those years when we weren't getting what was coming to us," say McIntyre and Heath. "All the time when you were paying us two hundred and fifty dollars a week for a two-thousand-dollar proposition, you were putting seventeen hundred and fifty dollars of our money into your pocket. But, to go further, if it's worth two thousand dollars a week now, when it's old, it must have been worth three thousand dollars ten years ago, when it was new. As a matter of fact, you were paying us less than ten per cent of what the act was worth."

Something of a wake-up for McIntyre and Heath, wasn't it? They're worth half a million apiece today.

The actress will complain that the manager is exploiting her for temporary profits, but to her permanent detriment: that if she be compelled to play too old a part she cannot return to a more youthful rôle. But the manager holds that, if the public deem her better fitted for older parts, she would better stick to them. In answer to her contention that it narrows her field, he replies that it increases her value as a specialist; in fact, managers prefer to keep actresses in young parts until their increasing years put such a thing out of the question, since it is to his advantage to exploit every phase of her ability.

A strong point in the actor's favor is, if he be playing a part at a hundred dollars a week and scores a hit, he can triple his salary for the next thing. The manager, on the other hand, spurred on by success, makes bigger speculative plunges and perhaps comes a cropper.

A curious illusion cherished by the actor is that the manager is doing a bigger business than he really is. He looks at a five-hundred-dollar house and thinks it's a fifteen-hundred-dollar one at least. And against this he never figures the cost of production, the organization of the company, the paying of salaries, and all the rest of it. Nor does he take his manager's failures into account at all. No; all the owner has to do is to sit down every night and take in the shekels. But when the actor becomes a manager he soon forgets that he has ever been an actor—and if he has been the loudest in his abuse of owners he now becomes the most exacting in his treatment of actors.

When the Actor Changes His Tune

THERE isn't an actor of prominence in America today who hasn't a valet. I don't know of three managers who have such accessories. Most of them tie their own shoes and brush their own clothes. The manager who is a good business man must be at his office not later than nine o'clock; the actor has his breakfast—in bed—no earlier than ten. I've often thought this was the Mecca of his ambition.

The minute an actor makes a success of a part he has three or four years' work assured to him; but if he should lose eight or ten weeks in rehearsing he can always get a stock engagement. Once we engaged an actor for a new play. He had an engagement with a stock company for fifteen weeks, and we had to pay him full salary for that time before he would play the part for us.

Arguments between actors and managers often become regular feuds, but they don't last. The manager swears that never again will he engage so-and-so, but when occasion arises he forgets and forgives. He calls the actor a genius, the actor calls him a prince—and the incident is closed.

With the manager, the play business is speculative from beginning to end. The speculation begins with the reading of the submitted manuscript. No one ever lived who could more than guess the effect of a play on an audience. The reading of it is no criterion. It must be tried out in public. One may not think a certain line funny while reading a play or seeing it rehearsed, but he would laugh with the public who should see fun in that line. This is the psychology of the crowd—the most subtle element that a manager has to deal with.

(Concluded on Page 50)

Claude Flanagan Meets a Train

In Which a Layman, Who is a Drayman, Snoops Round a Stage-Door and Supports a Leading Lady

By THOMAS B. DONALDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

PROLOGUE

THEM two jist fit and fit!" Old Man Higgins, the cough-drop king, thus indicated that the fight was a draw. He was non-partisan. The Transfer roustabouts saw nothing of the fight except their beloved Legs Smith. Profanely insistent were the Railroad partisans that Chesty MacFarland had put it all over said Legs. Final arbiters were fifty per cent of the Banbury Police Department—fifteen minions tried and true—who came on the run and shooed the warring clans in divers directions. Chesty MacFarland was quite an efficient station-master except for a choleric temper. The temper was not his fault; and we condone it, knowing that it was inherited from an Irish mother who might have bred ring champions.

In further elucidation of the situation, it may be said that the N. Y. & R. P. had many years before entered into agreement with the Union Transfer to the effect that all theater stuff should be hauled exclusively by the latter. This agreement had been broken in several instances. Legs Smith, a former driver, was now a Transfer official. Legs vented his spleen upon Chesty and the latter lost no time whaling Legs good and proper, with result that Legs landed flat in the cinder-path, below the freight platform. Despite the five-foot fall, Legs bounced up like a terrier, grabbed Chesty's knees, and dragged him overboard. The two men produced an effect as of active buzz-saws chirring into gravel. It was a very spectacular sight, inasmuch as every three seconds the dust clouds were riven and in the rifts the contestants displayed blood-smeared faces, frightfully cinder-grained. There was, too, some language. The fighters were dragged apart, not without force, and hustled quickly away. The tried and true policemen—several had been tried and acquitted—arrived after proper delay in order to persuade harmless spectators from the scene with magic wands of walnut.

Incidentally this contest was the overture of that annoying domestic drama, The Transfer Strike, or the Union Forever! Strike the drivers did, and tramp draymen reaped the harvest. "Tramp" may not be the just word; not the dignified word. "Unattached" is better; for Claude Melnotte Flanagan was a drayman unattached though not a tramp. Had there been no strike—and no one struck—then there had been no little drama encompassing four charming personalities: Claude Melnotte Flanagan; Margaret, his sister; Venus, the mare; and last but not least Bertha Feigle, known to the world histrionic as Mademoiselle Valerie.

"That Girl Doesn't Belong Here. That's a Real Bolero"

ACT I

WE SHALL accept the following: That Claude Melnotte Flanagan was a teamster, or drayman; that he was of reputation decidedly good at twenty-eight years, and even better in after years; that he weighed two-twenty and was agile as a Mogollon Mountain panther if you know where the Mogollons are; that his heart was much more indiscreet than his brain; that he wouldn't have entertained a mean thought or a mean action for thirteen seconds; that he was a drayman of destiny whom you couldn't have kept down under ball-and-chain. In other words, he was the best of his class that Banbury boasted. Until the arrival of the Bonita Burlesquers, Flanagan was devoted to two things, his sister Margaret, and his glossy bay mare—she weighed nearly fifteen hundred—Venus. Margaret had some time agone signed articles as a truly wedded wife with one J. Arthur Smythe. Mr. J. Arthur consisted mostly of name. He was a bad one; and Margaret proved it by returning to her brother and purveying his meals and pursuing dust in their cozy home. As for Flanagan's given name, Claude Melnotte, he was known as Clod, or Big Boy, or Happy. The only bitter thought he ever held regarding his dead parents was the why-and-wherefore, the how-could-they-do-it, with respect to naming him. Oh, yes; another matter! Sister Maggie had named the big Nebraska mare, and named her Venus. Flanagan made it "Venice"; nor could explanations based on mythology and geography alter his version. Clod had purchased Venice for fifteen dollars when she was in quarantine; a suspect from regions where the foot-and-mouth disease, or something equinely dangerous, had ravaged many square miles. The local officials kept tabs on Venice for two weeks and then told Flanagan to come for her. He did; and copious applications of healthy food, much attention with brush and comb, and pettings and praisings from Sister Maggie, produced the best-looking dray mare in town. Clod's presence and his outfit betokened prosperity.

Ambling along Main Street at eleven o'clock Monday morning Flanagan and Venice reached the station. On the platform was an irate individual—Alf. C. Weeks, producing manager of the Bonita Burlesquers—commenting upon Banbury freely and audibly. About him were pyramided the trunks of the troupe; and Alf. C. was inclined to think that, considering the Transfer strike, it would be his duty to drag the baggage to the theater. Sighting Mr. Flanagan, he hailed him:

"Say, Bo! Isn't there a hearse a man could hire in this lemon grove?"

"I'll haul you," replied Clod, "for twenty-five cents a piece."

"I paid thirty cents last month," said the suspicious Weeks, "to the Transfer Company. Do you own that team or did you steal it? Why don't you charge regular rates, or more?"

"Will twenty-five suit you?" asked Clod. "Well, that's my regular rates."

Weeks stood aside and kept silent, deeply entranced withal because of the marvelous grace with which Flanagan floated the baggage on the dray.

"Say," said Weeks, "you're the only gazab I ever saw handle trunks that way. What's more, you tried to leave the lids on."

Flanagan grinned.

Weeks paid him two dollars and fifty cents for the ten pieces and said, "You could have milked me for fifty cents a bit. Big Boy, you'll never die rich; but you'll have a whole pack of friends who admire somebody square. Come round to the show tonight. It's on me!"

They parted.

As Venice ambled up the street, Flanagan's eye was attracted by a small trunk, topping the load, on which he read the name, "Valerie."

"What's that?" queried Clod. And he spelled "V-a-l-e-r-i-e! Maybe it's a herb doctor outfit! There's some drug-store stuff called that. I'll ask Maggie. Beat it, Venice!"

Mr. Flanagan wasn't so very far wrong: he meant "valerian." Pulling up the Star Theater alleyway, and backing to the trunk chute, Mr. Flanagan plumped directly into the curtain raiser of his comedy drama. Apparently awaiting his arrival was a trim-looking girl, her face incased in an opaque white veil gathered inward from the vast rim of a racetrack hat.

"Hello!" cried Clod. "You with the bunch?"

"That's my trunk," said she, not answering his question, but indicating the baggage marked "Valerie."

"Oh!" said Flanagan, swinging it to the chute. "You the lady doctor?"

"Doctor?" she queried rather sharply. "Me? I'm Mademoiselle Valerie. It's a French name; but I do the Spanish act with this show."

"Zat so?" asked Clod, much interested. "Your manager told me to trot round tonight. Guess I will. I say, could you leave me see your face? I'd sort of feel more int'rust in the show if I could pipe you from the front. Won't you raise the hoss net?"

Matter-of-factly, and in furtherance of Weeks' axiom, "Show yourself and advertise the show," Mademoiselle raised her veil. Discovered: A pretty but rather severe mouth; a pair of remarkably keen, brown eyes; glossy chestnut hair and—it pleased Clod more than anything else—a most impudent nose. There was a strange sensation—an unmanly fluttering—of Flanagan's heart. He laughed hastily and bowed.

"You're—you're—it's all right!" said he. "I'm awful pleased you ain't the straw-haired kind."

"Not for mine!" said Mademoiselle Valerie wearily. "I need the natural 'cause my act is Spanish. But we've got four broilers in our bunch who look like they'd tacked excelsior on their cocos. I want to look civilized on and off."

Grateful for even this bit of explanation Mr. Flanagan committed an indiscretion.

"Where you stayin' at?" he queried. The girl lowered her eyebrows, looked into his eyes, and—Flanagan felt as if a fire-hose had been turned on him.

"Picked the wrong party, haven't you?" the girl said sharply, and turned away. Flanagan halted her, confused.

"Say!" said he. "I didn't mean no wrong—if that's what got you r'iled."

Mademoiselle Valerie came back to him.

"You're green," she said to him; and to herself, "Green, but not fresh-green." And then to him: "What did you mean?"

"Because," said Clod, "I thought maybe you'd like to see the town—or—or have sumthin' to eat some night."

And then he stopped. A vision of Sister Maggie came before him. Sister had a bad opinion of burlesquers: she had attended one performance that was stopped by the police a few minutes after she had departed in disgust.

"What's your name?" the girl asked.

The eyebrows were again normal and the nose was not sniffing disdainfully.

"Flanagan," said he. "Clod Flanagan, or Happy Flanagan. Your name's Valerian, ain't it?"

She laughed.

"It is, only it isn't! I sort of like you, Mr. Flanagan. I see so many I don't like that I'm sort of scared when I see one I do like—which isn't often."

"Thanks," said Flanagan, somewhat embarrassed, and wondering why his face felt hot, and why his heart kept clippity-clipping.

"Well, to you my name is Feigle, Bertha Feigle. I have the other for a program handle. 'Spose you come round tonight after the show and take me home. All you need to do is to act decent."

"I can do that," grinned Flanagan, "more than one night a week. I'll be settin' in a box. They didn't take my measure for one of them house-chairs."

"You *are* sort of big!" said the girl, scanning him and noting the comfortable thickness of his chest. "Good-by."

"Wait!" said Flanagan, pointing. "Here's a member of the family you ain't met. It's Venice."

"Venice?" queried Miss Feigle, and laughed. "Oh, you mean 'Venus.'"

With a manner that betokened familiarity with horses, and a love for them, she slapped the mare's neck and rubbed her between the eyes. Venice switched her bunchy tail and was highly agreeable.

"We're startin' off well," laughed Flanagan. "Goodby, Miss Val—Miss Feigle!" And then ambled down the alleyway. Passing hails from brother teamsters were answered absently by Claude Melnotte. In fact, he was rather moody all day. Toward dusk, as they pulled for home, he flicked the whip over the mare's plump withers and said:

"Venice, what I'm thinkin' is—though maybe it ain't comin' right now—I'm a-thinkin' that there's great danger that some day you'll be cut off from my affections."

Being rather familiar with the moods of the male variety fair Venice snorted, but said nothing. What was the use?

ACT II

WHEN in the course of inhuman events men find it necessary to reform—and but few avail themselves gladly and freely of such opportunities, save when there is naught else to do—reform may be wholesale or retail. Mr. Flanagan was a good sort of man, and yet his moral derelictions in a certain direction came home and roosted on his conscience when, as a spectator in the Star Theater, he realized that Miss Bertha Feigle was actually a part of a burlesque outfit the indecorous gibes of which many a time and oft, in the regular run of similar shows, had caused him and his fellows to wax wildly enthusiastic. This night, Claude Melnotte felt highly ashamed of his theatrical past. The artists in Alf. C. Weeks' aggregation we use the word "artists" advisedly—were rather crude in their humor; but the show, as a whole, did not really need disinfectants. Now, our Mr. Flanagan was in house-box A. So was a duet of intelligent young men, seniors from the near-by college. They occupied one seat each. Mr. Flanagan occupied the other two. Inherent and rampant is the hostility of bread-winners toward college students; yet Claude Melnotte found himself unconsciously accepting the criticisms of the younger men, and following them in applause. When the Irish comedian made a broad jest, one that produced a riot in the whistling gallery, one of the college lads, a blond and manly-looking youngster, grunted, looked at Flanagan and said:

"Br-r-r! Sort of rough, what?"

"Pretty raw!" said Flanagan uneasily, thinking of Miss Feigle and awaiting her appearance. The other youth then indicated the orchestra, seven pieces and a piano, saying:

"She can surely beat that box!"

Mr. Flanagan almost fainted with guilt to note that Miss Feigle was the box-beater, and that a mere stripling had seen her first.

She rippled up and down the piano and made it "tz-z-zing!". Clod turned to the youngsters:

"Sounds nice, don't it?"

"Yes," said the blond youth. "Moreover, she looks human. Deliver me from most of these freaks parading on the stage! Sooner be shot than seen walking with them."

"I know her," said Flanagan, beaming at the seniors.

The dark one nudged his companion asking, "Friend of yours, eh?"

"Not jist yet," said Flanagan, anxious to be honest. "I hauled her stuff up this morning. She's clean-looking and she'd call you down quick."

"She looks the part!" said one. "She looks good, and I'll wager she is."

"You fellers," asked Flanagan, "are students up at the college?"

"No; we're undergraduates," said both in unison. And they laughed. So did Flanagan, for politeness' sake. The joke was beyond him. He cast his eyes toward Miss Feigle—or rather, toward where she had been playing—and found that she had retired. As she had failed to take a peep at him in the box, and as she had coldly gone elsewhere, Clod felt hurt. However, he was at once smoothed by the appearance of a sleight-of-hand man. Magicians had from time immemorial mystified our unimaginative drayman. He was doomed this evening to an abrupt awakening from his ancient dreams. These two seniors were quite pertly up to date.

"Now I lay me!" exclaimed the dark youth. "He's using the guinea-pig in the bottle and the egg-on-a-string! This isn't a show! It's an hour in ancient history."

Mr. Flanagan's reproving look resulted in explanations. The youngsters took him through the devious paths of legerdemain, showed him how every trick was worked. Mr. Flanagan made the discovery that a college really exists for some other purpose than organizing a vacation in summer time. Yet, deep in his ponderous heart he was sad. Gone forever, smashed and unmendable, was his ancient cult of magician hero-worship. Said he, wilted and yet alive, "Gee, you fellers know a lot! Ejication is sure a fine thing; a fine thing." Neither young man was rude enough to snicker.

Miss Feigle's stunt was a little beyond ninety-nine per cent of the audience. It was a legitimate bolero; legitimate in all save the use of the tambourine. The two young men were enthusiastic.

"That girl doesn't belong here," said the dark youth. "That's a real bolero; saw it danced in Cadiz last year. Bet thirty dollars—which I don't own—that she doesn't get a hand." But she did; not only the three pairs in house-box A, but generous applause from the gallery. Truth to tell, the girl's clear-cut face, her vivacity and grace, were a relief honestly appreciated. Both seniors tried, without success, to produce an encore.

"Say," said Flanagan, between the acts, "I'll buy! But, no beer, mind! You drink soft stuff, eh?"

"We do that," said the blond youth; "and we also smoke cigarettes," at which all three laughed. A rather rough boarding-house travesty followed. House-box A was immediately emptied! So far as Flanagan was concerned the show ended when Miss Feigle's nimble feet and lithe body left the boards. He treated the two young men, as he had threatened, and they parted with a handshake. Clod then espied Alf. C. Weeks at the bar.

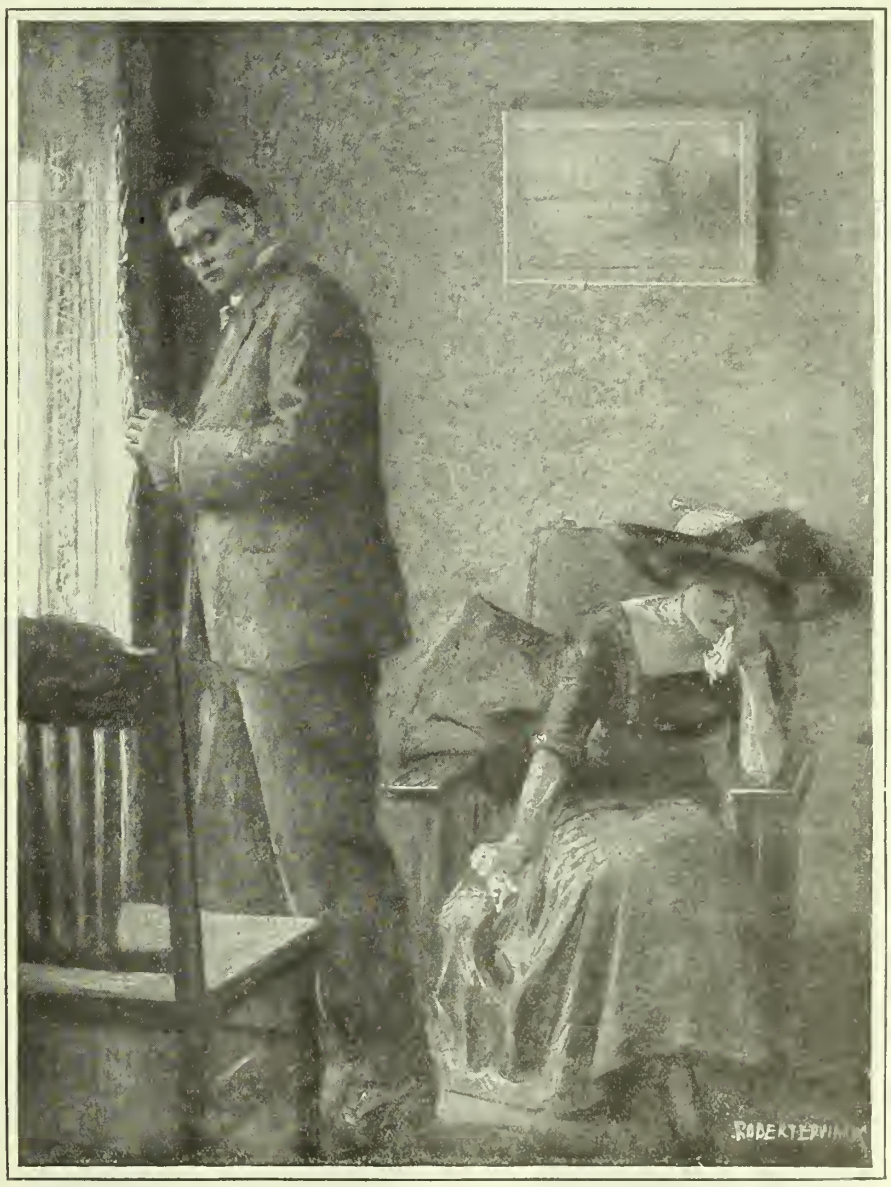
"Hello, Big Boy!" called Weeks, walking toward him. "Didn't you like the show?" Weeks made it a rule to ask every one's opinion; and he was quick to act upon a constructive, intelligent criticism.

"What I seen was all right," said Flanagan.

"Did you see the Spanish stunt?" queried Weeks.

"Why?" asked Clod, with more flatness than he felt.

"The young lady was asking about you this evening," said Weeks. "Guess you made a hit."



"It's Up to You. I Never Liked a Girl in the World Like You and ——"

Clod was nettled, and said sharply, "What about it?"

Weeks lighted a cigar and said between puffs: "Oh, sort of peculiar! She doesn't notice many people; not even me, except on pay night. She's got a good head on her, and there's no monkey business with these stage-door sprinters." Flanagan's pleasure was evident.

"What'll you have?" Mr. Weeks took seltzer, a choice which raised him to a pinnacle in Flanagan's estimation.

. . . . . .

"Any pertickler place you want to eat?" queried Flanagan, as he conducted Miss Feigle from the stage door at 11:15 that memorable night.

"Nup!" said she. "Make it cheap and good. I don't want anybody throwing a bluff with a lobster supper."

"We'll go to MacPhail's," said Clod. "And to start with, I sure was pleased with your act. And say, Miss Feigle, you can beat that pie-anno fine."

"Beat it?" said she with a sniff. "I had to! That harp must have come over in the Mayflower and like as not it fell overboard at the dock. It would crack your fingernails."

Mr. Cameron MacPhail—known to the habitués as "Kam"—served more than oatmeal in his restaurant. He was a liberal man in chest and views. Though somewhat Scotchly conservative he was, in times of conflict, sudden and ably aggressive. Kam was fond of Flanagan and of his sister Margaret; and when from the cashier's desk he saw Clod mount the stairs with a burlesquer, he murmured: "Well noo! Wurra strange to see 'im chasing a show-birdy." And MacPhail, after their departure, scanning the dinner-check, was pleased to note the modest amount. It was one dollar and twenty cents. "Onyhoo, she's no bleeder," he conceded.

As the two sat down, Clod began: "I bring Maggie here once in a while," which, despite his brief acquaintance, was a rather untactful thing to say. Miss Feigle wasn't jealous of Maggie: she was merely womanish enough to resent any reference to another woman at a party in her own honor. Claude Melnotte was very, very dense in matters of this sort.

"Who's Maggie?" queried Miss Feigle. Clod explained that she was the educated half of his family; a convent girl; a fine sister. When he praised too warmly Miss Feigle stopped him. Waiter Number 1—known as John—lost no time shuffling beside Miss Feigle. She knew what she wanted before she sat down and she ordered it. Number 1 glided off.

"Gee, you order quick!" praised Flanagan.

"What's the use to beef about it?" said Miss Feigle absently, and shrugging her graceful shoulders. "I say, Mr. Flanagan, is there any paint hanging on my eyes?" Flanagan found it interesting, and necessary, of course, to take a very long look. They were such nice eyes.

"No!" said he, entranced. "I don't think you need no paint, do you?"

"Cut it!" said Bertha, and then: "I don't? If you'd see me under a steel-spot without makeup you'd think so."

"I'm thinkin' about you as on the street, not the boards," said Flanagan. And then he called to Number 1: "Hurry them beers, please, Johnny." Number 1 never hurried; he simply glided. The beers were on the table as if by magic. As if at a signal both raised their glasses.

"Glad to meet you!" said Clod politely.

"Thanks!" said Bertha. They drank. Miss Feigle trailed a MacPhail napkin across her lips. Flanagan pinched his mouth with thumb and forefinger, silently regretting that his "Glad to meet you" did not evoke a similar response.

"I met that there manager after the thee-ayter," said Clod, "and I was glad to see he drinks seltzer."

"He'll have money," said Miss Feigle, "when a lot of booze hoisters are taking the gold-cure. Weeks is the strictest man I ever worked for. A little rough at times, but square. 'Course, he wants his pound of flesh."

"His what?" said Flanagan with a gasp.

Miss Feigle smiled.

"That's Shakspere," said she. "It means that you can't play Weeks for a sucker."

"Oh!" said Flanagan, much relieved. "When I talk to ejicated people like you I always feel like a rank outsider."

Miss Feigle was quite prepared to reproach him for his sarcasm; but she saw at once that Flanagan was all on the surface.

"Me educated?" she queried. "Not so's it would hurt anybody. Still, I know a little bit more than my talk shows. I've gotten careless in this business."

The gliding John was at hand depositing food on the table as silently as a spook.

"I'll have," said Miss Feigle, "another small glass of beer; but that's all."

"Same here, Johnny!" said Clod. "And bring me one of them blunt ten-cent cigars with the pink sash."

When they again raised glasses Miss Feigle placed "Happy" Flanagan in the seventh heaven by saying, "Pleased to meet you!"

"The pleasin' is all mine, all mine," said Clod, beaming. And then: "I'm glad to notice that you don't flirt with the red-eye." He trailed his thumb across the whisky and cocktail list on the bill-of-fare.

"Beer's good and plenty for me!" said Miss Feigle. "And it's cheap and tells you when to quit. I'm Dutch anyhow."

"From Milwaukee?" queried Flanagan.

"Nope," said she. "I'm from Cairo, Illinois." She pronounced it "Kay-row." Clod nodded.

"Ki-row? It's a dance town, ain't it?"

Both laughed, and Miss Feigle remarked coyly, "Oh, you Flanagan!" They were getting on amazingly.

"Got any folks in Ki-row?" asked Flanagan. Before Miss Feigle confided that she had a mother she asked Clod sixty-four questions. She pumped him dry, and he never knew it. She even ascertained the exact amount of his earnings on big days and slow ones.

"I've got a good mother," Miss Feigle said. "I only broke into the business because I needed money—for a certain purpose."

"Of course," said Clod, "it's your own dope; but—er—er—what wages do you get in this business?"

"To busybodies I say seventy-five a week. To you I say thirty-six; and at that I'm fibbing a dollar's worth. I draw an extra ten for doubling on the ivories."

Mr. Flanagan—face to face with a princely ransom—was aghast.

"Holy mack'ral!" he gasped. "A little thing like you pullin' thirty-five washers a week? Have a—no, you don't want more beer, do you?" She didn't. Unable to conceal his emotions Mr. Flanagan suddenly frowned.

"Jealous, eh?" said Miss Feigle, smiling. And then she wagged her nose in a peculiar way.

Clod awakened and said, "Do that again with your snoot! I like it!"

Miss Feigle twisted her nose several ways and then blinked cross-eyed at Big Boy Flanagan, who roared with delight.

"Oh, you baby brown-net! Say, how'd some ice cream top off the beer? Could you?"

"I told you I was Dutch, didn't I?" said Miss Feigle; and then to gliding, noiseless Number 1, "Orange water-ice!"

"What I was thinkin'," said Clod—"what I was thinkin' was that no women would git married if they all earned money like you." He meant more than this.

"Sure they would!" said Miss Feigle. "Why not?"

"Well," said Flanagan, "would you shake your job to marry?"

"If the right man brushed by!" said Miss Feigle. "Say, the ashes off that torch have fallen inside your vest." So they had; and Clod's party shirt was sorely streaked. "Ice water won't help it any," said she. "Let it go."

"Well, Maggie ——" began Clod. She checked him with:

"Doesn't your sister raise a howl when you trot round after show-girls?"

"I don't trot!" said Clod explosively. Which was exactly what Miss Feigle wanted him to say. "You're a new one on me. What I like about you, Miss Bertha, is that you're so good and independent."

Miss Feigle grimaced.

"Plenty of backbone, eh? You like that in a woman?"

"Yes," said Flanagan, slowly eying her, and more and more entranced by her nose. "Yes; but I think you show too much of it in that there Spanish rig. There sure was some back exposed. I like it—yes—only ——" He stopped and actually blushed. Miss Feigle laughed; but the pupils of her eyes dilated a bit; and she was conscious of a glow of pleasure because the massive gentleman opposite her had assumed, unconsciously, a protectorate.

Gliding John presented the check, Flanagan paid, and with a good-night to MacPhail they turned southward along the city streets. As they halted at the steps of the boarding-house Miss Feigle placed her hand on Flanagan's shoulder and said:

"Flanagan, I like you. You're so straight. What I hope is that you don't get rinky-dinked some day by a woman. Believe me, you'd be a cinch for a wise petticoat."

"Oh, well," grinned Clod, "it's fun sometimes to lose your money on interestin' comp'ny."

"I'm not so sure," said Miss Feigle. "Money is all right in a way; but it don't sink in very far."

She sighed; sighed audibly.

"You got some tale of woe?" queried Flanagan, a trifle anxiously.

"Who hasn't?" said Miss Feigle, watching him dreamily.

"I ain't!" retorted Clod.

"You will have—some day," said the girl. "Come see me again, won't you?"

"I guess yes!" grinned the Big Boy. Just before he departed he said: "Miss Bertha, as regards that rinky-dink business—I'd hate like sin to have it come from you."

ACT III

NUMBER 1—gliding John—was second cousin to the corner grocery man who sold sand to Margaret Flanagan. Big Brother's ailment was immediately noticed by Maggie. She said nothing about it, but simply took up the trail. Eventually she knew more about Miss Feigle than her brother did. Gliding John told all that he could—which was quite in approval—and from several other sources Sister Maggie secured her evidence. Her brother's little campaign rather floored her; but, at the same time, it introduced her to the depths of real affection in a really big man who was a really good man. A comparison twixt her late J. Arthur and Big Brother produced a horrible contrast. They were like a caterpillar and a big house-dog!

We shall now pass on to the ante-climax, mentioning only en route that Claude Melnotte learned in three days that the really interesting part of a theater is the stage-door. He was as fixed as a fire-plug against the Star alley-way wall from eleven to eleven-fifteen nightly. MacPhail saw them, welcomed them. Gliding John was taken into the family. The Big Boy almost forgot his "Venice" in those halcyon nights of suppers with Bertha. Mr. Weeks had arranged—the Bonitas had scored a terrific hit in Banbury and had played three consecutive nights—to bring his galaxy back to town after filling in at Binghamton.

Flanagan was a sick man when he thought of Bertha's departure. Sole consolation was the assurance that the troupe would return. All on his side though his love was, Miss Feigle may have suspected it; but she'd never heard it directly from him. Flanagan was enraptured. He lived in dreamland, building air castles trimmed with honeysuckle, furnished with inch-thick carpet, with stables for "Venice" and twenty pals. So, on farewell night Claude and Bertha dallied on her front steps.

"Ain't a doubt," queried Flanagan, "is they, that you will be back Sattaday night?"

"Not unless we hit a frost at Binghamton, and Weeksie loses his diamonds," said Miss Feigle, tugging at her gloves. "He has a thou's worth of them for any emergency. It beats walking ties." There were no pedestrians in sight, and the chrome glow of a feeble street lamp offered plenty of farewell opportunities. Flanagan said nothing; just looked solemn. "Well?" queried the girl.

"I wasn't sayin' nothin'," said Clod.

"You looked it," she replied.

"I could look at you a long time and say nothin'."

"Well, say it!" she remarked. Both laughed. She continued: "I'm sorry to leave, Flanny. You've been awful nice to me, and haven't tried to get fresh once."

"That's your fault!" grinned Clod. "Guess you know I have been fresh with some people. I ain't a Sunday-school kid."

"Glad of it!" said she promptly. "If you were I'd expect to be robbed or flim-flammed. Flanagan, you haven't even tried to kiss me."

"Tain't sayin'," said Clod, "that I haven't wanted to."

"Do you?" queried Miss Feigle. We may dare, right here, to apply the old rule that when an angel topples from a pedestal a man is at the bottom of it. Before Miss Feigle had dismissed the blush that she summoned to her own cheeks Claude Melnotte, like a raiding Viking, swung her to him in his powerful arms and kissed her in a way that was masterful. He placed her on the steps and panted:

"I—I—want to kiss you eighty-six times a minute!"

Miss Feigle, absolutely startled—not displeased, mind you!—and aghast at his strength and his unexpectedly sincere love-making, said one word, but with a world of meaning: "Flanagan!"

He eyed her. Then he said, and his jaws were clenched: "I never had a kiss like that. It's the only kind. We may both be dead tomorrer. Come here!" The girl was unable to protest; perhaps she didn't want to. When the Big Boy let go of her, there rang in her ears for many long days and nights his choked plea: "Now, sweetheart, good-by! If you die I won't never forget you and don't you forget me. Mind you; it's a Sattaday next!" And he strode swiftly up the street.

Miss Feigle stood on the doorstep, her brain awhirl, doubt assailing her heart, and affection for the Big Boy deep-rooted and ineradicable, though to fight it down she tried. Until the last street lamp flickered across the vanishing bulk of Claude Melnotte—until he had finally disappeared—she stood there and watched. And then she said: "He's so square, so square! If I'd told him—and I ought to—I'll bet he'd struck me. No—he wouldn't! I—I guess I'll leave the troupe and go back home." But she didn't.

. . . . . .

Claude Melnotte was quick of body but slow of mind. When a man of his type inhales a stray inspiration, which may be floating about looking for a cozy corner, you can seldom tell what will happen and what won't happen! Immediately after leaving Miss Feigle, the expert drayman cogitated. Then he cogitated some more. Now a man's failure to imbibe the dull monotony of an alphabet need not class him with dummies. Far from it! Geoffrey Chaucer was a great man, but, as some one pertly said, "he was a raw speller." So we shall not deny Flanagan opportunity to adopt an intelligent and novel and generous inspiration.

Robbins, the real-estate man, was highly dubious, and he minced no words. Clod confided in Robbins.

"Flanagan," said he, "you're plumb nutty! Of course I know that your word is as good as gold; but a whole lot of others I wouldn't trust. You may get the snicker and the hurldown from this girl! Why don't you tell your sister?"

"Ed," said Clod, "I won't tell her! Nobody but you and Howells is in on this. And, mind you, if my sister hears about this—until it's settled—I'll know who yapped. And I'll whale it out of you and Howells!"

"I'll stab you with a toothpick, you ruffian!" said Robbins. "Sign your name—there—to that lease. It's for a month. Good luck—you big fool." Mr. Flanagan signed, roundly and firmly, with a fine pig-tail on the end, and paid twenty dollars. Then he sought Mr. Howells of the Household Equipment Palace. They made a rapid but thorough tour of the shop, and Flanagan bought generously. When Howells heard all about it and was commanded to secrecy, he staggered a moment and sat down on a roll of Axminster.

"I beg your pardon, Clod," said he, for he was very suave, "but this is a deep one. You know what people would suspicion and ——"

"And I don't care!" stormed Clod. "I want you to move the stuff in at night; or say, I'll move it." Clod was perspiring freely.

"Women," said Howells dubiously, "are wiser in this sort of thing. Your sister ——"

"Sister nothing!" said Clod; "but don't you say it that way. If you let this leak out I'll ping you with a bale-hook. Don't talk no more! I'm nervous. Don't even say 'beans'!"

The moving was done the night before Bertha returned to Banbury.

Connoisseurs might have sneered at the sample room; but it quite

"I Say, Mr. Flanagan, is There Any Paint Hanging on My Eyes?"

suited Mr. Flanagan. We must admit that the carpet was rather noisy for an un-deaf family and that the wall-paper pattern severely strained our optic nerve. There was a take-me-home-for-$9 Morris chair which was at least big and strong. When Claude Melnotte reclined in it and closed his eyes and hummed gently, he felt quite content with his architecture and satisfied that, despite a few small things which time and money would provide, it was a complete and ideal "settin' room." It was now up to Miss Feigle, Mademoiselle Valerie, of Kay-ro, Illinois.

When Number 7 rolled into Banbury the following morning and the frizzled soubrettes of the Bonita Burlesquers sauntered to the opera house, Miss Feigle, trailing behind, fostered a grouch. She did not see Mr. Flanagan at the station. He was not directly at the station; but had Bertha squinted toward Main and Cedar Streets, ah, there were Happy and "Venice"! The big fellow, jealously and fearfully guarding his secret, lost his courage! He was there to attend her safe arrival, but chose seclusion until after dark. This isn't a woman's way in a love affair, as historians oft observe. A brass band, not love around the corner, would possibly have pleased Miss Feigle. When she joined Claude Melnotte at the alleyway of the Star, a trifle wearied after a matinée and evening performance, her manner to him was somewhat distant.

"Hello!" she said, offering her hand. Flanagan tried to make pulp of it.

"'Lo!" he beamed; and then, "Oh! 'Scuse me, Bertha! I forgot you was so little."

"Everything all right?" she queried listlessly. Clod wondered if she were attempting to read his mind.

"Sure!" he said heartily. "How 'bout you?"

"Oh, so-so," she said. This worried him.

"When we get a little snack of food at MacPhail's we'll feel better," said Clod, hustling her down the street, a trifle hurt that she was so unresponsive. As they were about to enter the restaurant she halted and said shortly:

"Let's not! Let's go home!" The alacrity with which he acquiesced puzzled her. For him her determination was helpful. This secret of his seemed to be cropping out all over his face, and the hangers-on at MacPhail's were sure, he feared, to intrude somehow. They strolled southward, neither speaking until he ventured, "You got in all right on Number 7, didn't you?"

"I guess that's the train number. I didn't see you," said she.

"But I was there," said Clod, guiltily. "I was 'round the corner. I see that you get in safe. I—er—thought I'd wait and say hello to you alone."

Miss Feigle's manner changed at once from a comatose condition to one of rather overdone effusiveness. Mr. Flanagan was entirely too innocent to observe any connection between his avowed presence at the railroad station and Miss Feigle's pique because she thought he was not there.

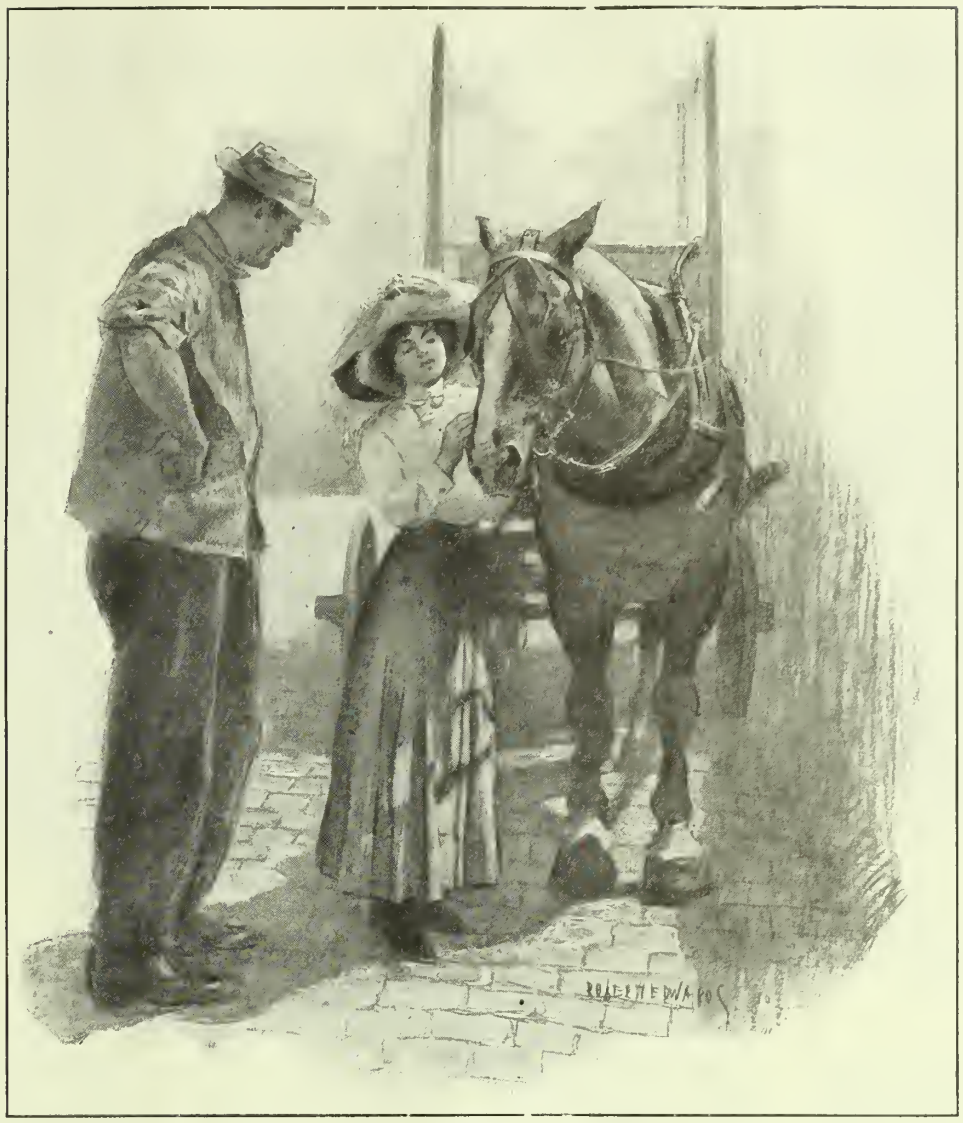
Bertha, like an enthroned queen, entertained becomingly while she and Mr. Flanagan sat upon the boarding-house steps. What was on Clod's mind had to come off, of course.

"Bertha," said he slowly, "tomorrer mornin' I'll come for you at ten. I want you to look over somethin' for me. I want your O. K."

"Look over something what?" said Miss Feigle. It appears in print as an awkward phrase; but Flanagan knew what she meant.

"Never mind," he answered slowly. "It's a secret. Now, Bertha, you won't ask no more questions, 'cause it would sort of spoil things." Thereupon Mr. Flanagan found it highly interesting to spend half an hour endeavoring to bend Miss Feigle's tapering fingers in varied directions without breaking them. He also took occasion to get very close to Bertha's adorable nose, which—shame upon him!—was mere subterfuge, an excuse for planting a few prolonged ones on the quite worth-while lips that, not unstrangely, were just a wee bit to the south of that same nose. In this advanced age of electrical illumination, Vale Street had been overlooked.

(Continued on Page 41)



"Venice? Oh, You Mean 'Venus.'"

Team Work in Town Building

By CARL CROW

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON FISCHER

NOT so very long ago a party of prosperous business men from Texas called on an equally prosperous automobile manufacturer at his office in the East. The visitors had heard that this manufacturer intended establishing a branch factory in the West and they had spent several hundred dollars in railroad fares in order to present to him the particular advantages of their own town as a location for the factory. The visiting party was representative. It was composed of a newspaper publisher, the mayor, the president of the local traction company, a couple of Texas capitalists and real estate men, and an expert on freight rates.

This being a project of some importance to all concerned the visit was marked by diplomatic ceremony. Cordial relations were established by the most suave of the visitors, who acted as spokesman for the party, and the manufacturer agreed to call at their hotel the following day, with his official family, to talk matters over with them. However, he had previously decided on a location in another city, for which he expressed regrets.

When the meeting time arrived the factory officials were ushered into a suite of rooms on which many hours of preparation had been spent. Covering the walls were photographic scenes of the town showing streets and residences and factories. In a prominent place was a large map showing railway facilities. A big chart gave a graphic illustration of comparative freight rates to different points, and other charts gave all the statistics about the town that any one would care to learn. There were tables showing bank clearings, street improvements, health statistics and wage scales—in fact a statistical analysis of a town, startling in its completeness.

On tables were samples of native hardwoods available in the manufacture of automobiles. This party of town builders was made up of good salesmen, and they had made sure that their samples were complete and of the best before going out to book orders.

Because they were good salesmen the samples were not thrust before the prospective buyers at once. Instead the manufacturer and his friends were invited to dinner, and when escorted to the table found a private dining-room set for a small banquet. In the center of the table waved a Texas flag, enlivened by a hidden fan. At the plates were Texas flowers. The meats served came from Texas cattle, which was almost unavoidable, but the fruits and vegetables, too, came from Texas, which had been contrived with some difficulty.

The dinner had been planned by the Texans for the double purpose of getting acquainted with the automobile men and of interesting them in Texas, a state which has so lately and so thoroughly reformed of its wild Western habits that its true character is scarcely known away from home. The visitors told Texas stories, told the story of the Alamo, told of the big ranches and of the sad passing of the great ranges before the advance of the man with the pig pen and the corn crib. The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and when the final toast was proposed it was to Texas. The *entente cordiale* had been established.

The visitors remained two days. During that time a business conference was held at which the statistical charts were gone into with some detail. In the end the manufacturer announced that he would delay further arrangements for his new factory until he had time to visit Texas.

"Why not come now?" asked the Texans' spokesman.

The manufacturer wanted to but didn't think he had time. Then he wavered and agreed to go.

The Texans wanting to do the thing properly, and having large bank rolls with them, engaged a private car for the trip and then sent a lot of telegrams to the folks back home. When the car started on its way Texasward the automobile men found a reception committee that extended over the entire distance. Every few hundred miles some Texan climbed aboard the car, got acquainted and added something to the tonnage of Texas enthusiasm that was already being carried.

Long before the train crossed the border of the state the manufacturer and his party had caught the Texas spirit. They became Texas enthusiasts and were immensely curious about the town they were going to visit. The folks back home had been preparing for them and a reception committee of the town's most distinguished citizens waited in the trainsheds. The visitors were given a whirlwind entertainment, with barbecues, badger fights and banquets. When they left a few days later the manufacturer carried with him a duplicate copy of a contract wherein he agreed to establish an automobile factory in the Texas town in return for a bonus of one hundred thousand dollars and a conveniently located factory site of twenty acres. These conditions were subscribed to by the town's most substantial business men. The manufacturer was satisfied and the Texans were happy, not only in the accomplishment of a good piece of business but in the fine ardor of city pride.

In the modern game of town building, factories and railroads are the big prizes, and they can only be secured by the proper kind of team work. Until factories come the town is merely a place where the wealth created by the surrounding farmers is exchanged. Locate the courthouse there and the trade area widens to include a few more farms, and a few officials move in. Build another railroad and establish a wholesale house or two and the

town goes forward a bit, but there is a narrow limit to its progress. Start a factory and the town is on its way to the goal expressed by riotous population figures. It is no longer living on the wealth its soil alone can produce. Its manufactured articles are going out to other towns, bringing willing tribute from its rivals and from those outside the competitive zone. Smith Center buys its brooms. Metropolitan Podunk, with street cars and four railroads, smokes its cigars! Shipments of flour from the local mill sometimes find the ultimate consumer as far away from home as Cuba!

Factories build cities. They are so important that certain groups of gentlemen might, within a year, give Chicago a population above that of New York by the simple expedient of moving a sufficient number of factories to the former city.

A few centuries ago the system was different. The most populous towns were those that could offer the best police protection to their inhabitants. Thrifty citizens did not care to live in a town with insecure walls through which ambitious invaders from other towns might penetrate to the embarrassment of the family treasure. They sought a place guarded by husky brawlers, protected by staunch walls and ruled by a warrior of established repute. Having chosen his place of residence the good citizen provided himself with a stone club, ready alike for the defense of his own or the pillage of another town. This was the first manifestation of city spirit.

By-and-by poor old erring mankind decided that the looting of cities was not good form and invented the intricate game of business as a more interesting way of transferring the ownership of family treasure. Even under that code the game remained comparatively simple until the building of railways began.

Before that time a sizable town might be built at any point where a boat could unload, and at no other place. With the building of railroads a new element entered, as uncertain and interesting as a loose joker in a poker game. With proper railway connections it was found a town might prosper at any point, and therefore the previous ideas of commercial geography were abandoned.

The Rise of Fort Worth

EARLY in the sixties the Texas & Pacific Railway started building in Texas, with ambitious plans to link the two oceans by the southern route. When the road got thirty miles west of Dallas, the only big town in North Texas, a panic halted further progress. The western terminus was called Fort Worth, because of the location of an Indian fort in that neighborhood. A town soon sprang up with several frame shanties and no excuse for existence except the fact that it was the western terminus of a railway. For six hundred miles to the west lay the Indian and cattle and buffalo country, sparsely settled with cowmen, buffalo hunters and Indians. These restless gentlemen, needing flour, salt, lead and powder in the pursuit of their callings, came to Fort Worth to buy, because it was the nearest point. Commerce in the western town began to take on dignified proportions. Then buffalo hunting ceased to be a sport and became commercialized, and Fort Worth was the natural shipping point for many thousand buffalo hides.

Gambling-houses and saloons were opened to meet the whimsical needs of the hardy pioneers and the little terminus became quite a lively place.

Dallas, lately robbed of this western trade, noted the prosperity of her new neighbor, and the Dallasites smiled. "Wait until the railway builds west," they said, "and then Fort Worth will be nothing but a whistling point on the line." Fort Worth people retorted after the manner of the time, but they knew the taunt was true.

A little later a railway was projected from the north. The promoters were not particular where the road went so long as it connected with the Texas cattle country. Fort Worth heard of the project and held its first mass-meeting, at which a committee was appointed to go and see the promoters. Fort Worth was not the most convenient place toward which to build, but the promoters were promoters. They did not expect to operate the road, and a bonus in hand paid was enough to make them ignore future operating troubles. The committee returned and set to work to raise the bonus. The gamblers and saloonmen and merchants, all of whom were speculating in real estate on the side, contributed to the fund. The amount was raised and the road built to Fort Worth. After that other roads and factories were lured there, and when the Texas & Pacific built westward the town didn't notice it. Starting without an excuse for existence it has, with the proper kind of team work, grown to a population of about seventy-five thousand.

Traps for Shy Capital

WHEN enthusiastic citizens of a new town start in to force its growth they look about to note the factories it can support. Pawpaw Junction sees laundry baskets sent out of town and wants a steam laundry or a Chinese establishment. Smith Center, which boasts of a steam laundry and washes Pawpaw Junction's dirty linen, wants a flour mill. Framingdale, being somewhat larger, has a steam laundry and a flour mill but wants a brick plant. Each town in its efforts to become a self-supporting community is seeking to manufacture something now bought from another town, until we find St. Louis and other cities of the Middle West casting out nets for Eastern cotton mills. The investment dollar which builds factories and railways is notoriously shy and does not hanker after visits to new lands. The encouragement of the bonus or the local stock subscription is necessary. With it railroads are swerved from their original survey, factories are built, and the size of type in which names of towns will appear on future maps is now determined.

A few years ago the business men of an ambitious Southwestern town hired a train and spent a week visiting the smaller towns in their trade territory. The schedule called for sixty-five stops, and at sixty-five different places the train was met by an enthusiastic citizen who, as spokesman for the reception committee, welcomed the visitors. The sixty-five speeches might well have been mimeographed with a few blanks left for names and dates and figures. All the towns seemed alike in possibilities, all had the same railway facilities, the same cheap land to offer to farmers, the same class of population.

One member of the visiting party took careful note of these facts, and when business called him over the same territory a year later he was interested to note what changes had been made. Most of the hopeful municipalities were still hoping, with unpaved streets and real estate inactive. Others had progressed in marked manner, two or three having added railway facilities, and one having built a packing-house. Another, which had been unable to secure any large factories, had been content with a number of smaller enterprises and had started a creamery that was supplying its rival towns with butter. The traveler investigated and found that none of these things had come to the towns voluntarily. The creamery had been built after the town business men had induced a sufficient number of farmers to agree to keep Jersey cows. The packing-house and the railroads had been secured by offers of free sites and cash bonuses. A business college had been secured by pledging enough local students to support it.

The towns that had waited patiently for the world to discover their virtues through the windows of passing trains were as inactive as the mail-order house that does not advertise.

When a new town comes into existence or an old town enjoys a rapid growth it is usually some time before the place secures all the small factories and improvements to which its size would seem to entitle it.

Newton having attained a population of more than one thousand restive souls, its citizens fret because they must use kerosene lamps, as there is no electric light or gas plant included in the municipal scheme of things. One day a citizen, who five centuries ago would have called his townsmen about him and led an assault on a rival village, starts to work to secure the light plant. He makes a canvass of the business houses and asks for tentative contracts, wherein the signer agrees to take a certain number of lights, to be paid for at rates prevailing in other towns of the same size. He follows with a canvass of the principal private houses and then finds what can be expected of the city council in the way of a franchise and a contract for street lights. With these figures complete he is in a position to bring capital a captive to the city gate. This is the analytical card-index system of town building, developed by the new profession of commercial secretaries. Through it the prospective investor, seeking a location for a cotton compress in a Southern town, is able to learn the one railroad station where he could best locate and compete with existing cotton compresses. Through it flour mills, electric light and gas plants, steam laundries and brick plants are located with a certainty of return on the investment never known under the old slipshod system, which was no system at all.

This plan of securing factories is more common in the West than in the East. Propertyowners who have seen the population of their towns jump from nothing to several thousand know the profits that accrue during such a process through the increased value of real estate. They recall the recent wonderful examples of Chicago and Kansas City, and all things seem possible to them. They speak of live towns and dead towns, and when one wants to pay a municipality the supreme compliment he says it is "the livest town on the map."

The term dead, however, is a mistaken provincialism. No town is ever really dead until it ceases to be a town and becomes a spot where a town once stood.

The Awakening of a Sleepy Town

TRAVELING men used to say of Ashbrook that it was so dead they felt like putting crape on their hats as soon as they stepped to the depot platform. They maintained that nothing ever happened there except on Christmas or the Fourth of July, and declared that a dog fight on the public square kept the town in a turmoil for a week.

Of course that was a long time ago. Ashbrook now is a bundle of municipal energy, and as the mayor always says in his address of welcome: "Every citizen has his shoulder to the wheel of progress and is helping to put this fair city in its proper place among the metropolises of this country."

The reason for this came about in this fashion. Ashbrook had long been the abiding place of the machine shop of a certain railway, which maintained a large local payroll. With business thus

(Concluded on Page 49)

A Statistical Analysis of a Town, Startling in its Completeness

The Innocence of Father Brown

THE SECRET OF THE SEALED GARDEN

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

"Why, You Aren't Wearing Your Sword. Where is It?"

THE Chief of the Paris Police, Aristide Valentin, was late for his dinner, and some of his guests began to arrive before him. These were, however, reassured by his confidential servant, Ivan, the old man with a scar and a face almost as gray as his mustaches, who always sat at a table in the entrance hall—a hall hung with weapons.

Valentin's house was, perhaps, as peculiar and celebrated as its master. It was an old house with high walls and tall poplars almost overhanging the Seine; but the oddity—and, perhaps, the police value—of its architecture was this: that there was no ultimate exit at all except through this front door, which was so carefully guarded by Ivan and the armory.

The garden was large and elaborate, and there were many exits from the house into the garden. But there was no exit from the garden into the world outside; all around it ran a tall, smooth, unscalable wall with special spikes at the top; no bad garden, perhaps, for a man to reflect in whom some hundred criminals had sworn to kill.

As Ivan explained to the guests, their host had telephoned that he was detained for ten minutes. He was, in truth, making some last arrangements about executions and such ugly things; and though these duties were rootedly repulsive to him he always performed them with precision. Ruthless in the pursuit of criminals, he was very mild about their punishment. Since he had been supreme over French—and largely over European—political methods, his great influence had been honorably used for the mitigation of sentences and the purification of prisons. He was one of the great humanitarian French freethinkers, and the only thing wrong with them is that they make mercy even colder than justice.

When Valentin arrived he was already dressed in black clothes and the red rosette; an elegant figure, his dark beard already streaked with gray. He went straight through his house to his study, which opened on the grounds behind. The garden door of it was open, and after he had carefully locked his box in its official place he stood for a few seconds at the open door, looking out upon the garden. A sharp moon was fighting with the flying rags and tatters of a storm, and Valentin regarded it with a wistfulness unusual in such scientific natures as his. Perhaps such scientific natures have some psychic prevision of the most tremendous problem of their lives. From any such occult mood, at least, he quickly recovered, for he knew he was late and that his guests had already begun to arrive. A glance at his drawing-room when he entered it was enough to make certain that his principal guest was not there, at any rate. He saw all the other pillars of the little party; he saw Lord Galloway, the English Ambassador, a choleric old man with a russet face like an apple, wearing the blue ribbon of the Garter. He saw Lady Galloway, slim and threadlike, with silver hair and a face sensitive and superior. He saw her daughter, Lady Margaret Graham, a pale and pretty girl with an elfish face and copper-colored hair. He saw the Duchess of Mont St. Michel, black-eyed and opulent, and with her two daughters, black-eyed and opulent also. He saw Doctor Simon, a typical French scientist, with glasses, a pointed brown beard and a forehead barred with those parallel wrinkles which are the penalty of superciliousness, since they come through constantly elevating the eyebrows. He saw Father Brown, of Cobhole, in Essex, whom he had recently met in England. He saw—perhaps with more interest than any of these—a tall man in uniform, who had bowed to the Galloways without receiving any very hearty acknowledgment, and who now advanced alone to pay his respects to his host. This was Commandant O'Brien, of the French Foreign Legion. He was a slim yet somewhat swaggering figure, clean-shaven, dark-haired and blue-eyed; and, as seems natural in an officer of that famous regiment of victorious failures and successful suicides, he had an air at once dashing and melancholy. He was by birth an Irish gentleman, and in boyhood had known the Galloways—especially Margaret Graham. He had left his country after some crash of debts, and now expressed his complete freedom from British etiquette by swinging about in uniform, saber and spurs.

When he bowed to the Ambassador's family Lord and Lady Galloway bent stiffly, and Lady Margaret looked away.

But for whatever old causes such people might be interested in each other, their distinguished host was not specially interested in them. No one of them, at least, was, in his eyes, the guest of the evening. Valentin was expecting for special reasons a man of world-wide fame, whose friendship he had secured during some of his great detective tours and triumphs in the United States. He was expecting Julius K. Brayne, that multimillionaire whose colossal and even crushing endowments of small religions have occasioned so much gay sport and easier solemnity for the American and English papers. Nobody could quite make out whether Mr. Brayne was an atheist or a Mormon; but he was ready to pour money into any intellectual vessel so long as it was an untried vessel. One of his hobbies was to wait for the American Shakspere—a hobby more patient than angling. He admired Walt Whitman, but thought that Luke P. Tanner, of Paris, Pennsylvania, was more "progressive" than Whitman, any day. He liked anything that he thought "progressive." He thought Valentin "progressive," thereby doing him a grave injustice.

The solid appearance of Julius K. Brayne in the room was as decisive as a dinner-bell. He had this great quality, which very few of us can claim: that his presence was as big as his absence. He was a huge fellow, as fat as he was tall, clad in complete evening black, without so much relief as a watch-chain or a ring. His hair was white and well brushed back like a German's; his face was red, fierce and cherubic, with one dark tuft under the lower lip that threw up that otherwise infantile visage with an effect theatrical and even Mephistophelean. Not long, however, did that salon merely stare at the celebrated American; his lateness had already become a domestic problem, and he was sent with all speed into the dining-room with Lady Galloway upon his arm.

Except on one point the Galloways were genial and casual enough. So long as Lady Margaret did not take the arm of that adventurer, O'Brien, her father was quite satisfied; and she had not done so; she had decorously gone in with Doctor Simon. Nevertheless, old Lord Galloway was restless and almost rude. He was diplomatic enough during dinner, but when, over the cigars, three of the younger men—Simon the doctor, Brown the priest, and the detrimental O'Brien, the exile in a foreign uniform—all melted away to mix with the ladies or smoke in the conservatory, then the English diplomatist grew very undiplomatic indeed. He was stung every sixty seconds with the thought that the scamp O'Brien might be signaling to Margaret somehow. He did not attempt to imagine how. He was left alone over the coffee with Brayne, the hoary Yankee who believed in all religions, and Valentin, the grizzled Frenchman who believed in none. They could argue with each other, but neither could appeal to him. After a time this "progressive" logomachy had reached a crisis of tedium. Lord Galloway got up also and sought the drawing-room. As he went toward it he could hear along passages the high-pitched, didactic voice of the doctor, and then the dull voice of the priest, followed by violent laughter. They also, he thought with a curse, were probably arguing about science and religion. But the instant he opened the salon door he saw only one thing—he saw what was not there. He saw that Commandant O'Brien was absent—and that Lady Margaret was absent too.

Rising impatiently from the drawing-room as he had from the dining-room, he stamped along the passage once more. His notion of protecting his daughter from the Irish-Algerian ne'er-do-well had become something central and even mad in his mind. As he went toward the back of the house, where was Valentin's study, he was surprised to meet his daughter, who swept past with a white, scornful face, which was a second enigma. If she had been with O'Brien, where was O'Brien? If she had not been with O'Brien, where had she been? With a sort of senile and passionate suspicion he groped his way to the dark back parts of the mansion and eventually found a servants' entrance that opened on to the garden. The moon, with her simitar, had now ripped up and rolled away all the storm wreck. The argent light lit up all four corners of the garden. A tall figure in blue was striding across the lawn toward the study door; a glint of moonlit silver on his facings picked him out as Commandant O'Brien.

He vanished through the French windows into the house, leaving Lord Galloway in an indescribable temper, at once virulent and vague. The blue and silver garden, like a scene in a theater, seemed to taunt him with all that tyrannic tenderness against which his worldly authority was at war. The length and grace of the Irishman's stride enraged him as if he were a rival instead of a father: the moonlight maddened him. He was trapped as if by magic into a garden of troubadours, a Watteau fairyland; and, willing to shake off such amorous imbecilities by speech, he stepped briskly after his enemy. As he did so he tripped over some tree or stone in the grass, looked down at it first with irritation, and then a second time with curiosity. The next instant the moon and the tall poplars looked at an unusual sight: an elderly English diplomatist running hard and crying or bellowing as he ran.

His hoarse shouts brought a pale face to the study door—the beaming glasses and worried brow of Doctor Simon, who heard the nobleman's first clear words. Lord Galloway was crying: "A corpse in the grass—a bloody corpse." O'Brien, at least, had gone utterly from his mind.

"We must tell Valentin at once," said the doctor, when the other had brokenly described all that he had dared to examine. "It is fortunate that he is here," and even as he spoke the great detective entered the study, attracted by the cry. It was almost amusing to note his typical transformation. He had come with the common concern of a host and a gentleman, fearing that some guest or servant was ill. When he was told the gory fact he turned with all his gravity instantly bright and businesslike; for this, however abrupt and awful, was his business.

"Strange, gentlemen," he said as they hurried out into the garden, "that I should have hunted mysteries all over

the earth and now one comes and settles in my own back yard. But where is the place?" They crossed the lawn less easily, as a slight mist had begun to rise from the river; but under the guidance of the shaken Galloway they found the body sunken in deep grass—the body of a very tall and broad-shouldered man. He lay face downward, so they could only see that his big shoulders were clad in black cloth and that his big head was bald except for a wisp or two of brown hair that clung to his skull like wet seaweed. A scarlet serpent of blood crawled from under his fallen face.

"At least," said Simon with a deep and singular intonation, "he is none of our party."

"Examine him, Doctor," cried Valentin rather sharply. "He may not be dead."

The doctor bent down. "He is not quite cold, but I am afraid he is dead enough," he answered. "Just help me to lift him up."

They lifted him carefully an inch from the ground and the last question was answered at once and frightfully. The head had been entirely sundered from the body. Even Valentin was slightly shocked. "He must have been as strong as a gorilla," he muttered.

Not without a shiver Doctor Simon lifted the head. It was slightly slashed about the neck and jaw, but the face was substantially unhurt. It was a ponderous, yellow face at once sunken and swollen, with a hawklike nose and heavy lids; the face of a wicked Roman emperor with, perhaps, a distant touch of a Chinese emperor. All present seemed to look at it with the coldest eye of ignorance. Nothing else could be noted about the man except that as they had lifted his body they had seen underneath it the white gleam of a shirt front defaced with a red gleam of blood. As Doctor Simon said, the man had never been of their party. But he might very well have been trying to join it, for he was come dressed for such an occasion.

Valentin went down on his hands and knees and examined with his closest professional attention the grass and ground for some twenty yards around the body, in which he was assisted less skillfully by the doctor and quite vaguely by the English lord. Nothing rewarded their grovelings except a few twigs snapped or chopped into very small lengths, which Valentin lifted for an instant's examination and then tossed away.

"Twigs," said Valentin gravely; "twigs and a total stranger with his head cut off. That is all there is on this lawn."

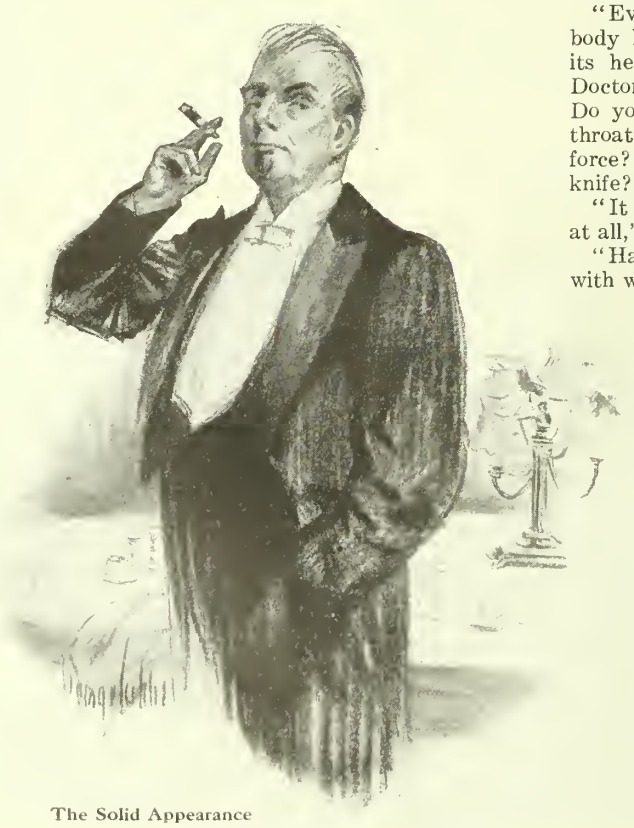
There was an almost creepy stillness, and then the unnerved Galloway called out sharply:

"Who's that? Who's that over there by the garden wall?"

A small figure with a foolishly large head drew waveringly near them in the moonlit haze, looked for an instant like a goblin, but turned out to be the harmless little priest whom they had left in the drawing-room.

"I say," he said meekly, "there are no gates to this garden, do you know."

Valentin's black brows had come together somewhat crossly, as they did on principle, at the sight of a cassock. But he was far too just a man to deny the relevance of the remark. "You are right," he said. "Before we find how he came to be killed we may have to find how he came to be here. Now listen to me, gentlemen. If it can be done without prejudice to my position and duty we shall all agree that certain distinguished names might well be kept out of this. There are ladies, gentlemen, and there is a foreign ambassador. If we must mark it down as a crime then it must be followed up as a crime. But till then I can use my own discretion. I am the head of the police; I am so public that I can afford to be private. Please Heaven, I will clear every one of my own guests before I call in my men to look for anybody else. Gentlemen, upon your honor, you will none of you leave the house till tomorrow at noon. There are bedrooms for all. Simon, I think you know where to find my man, Ivan, in the front hall; he is a confidential man. Tell him to leave another servant on guard and come to me at once. Lord Galloway, you are certainly the best person to tell the ladies what has happened and prevent their leaving in a panic. They also must stay the night. Father Brown and I will remain with the body."



The Solid Appearance of Julius K. Brayne Was as Decisive as a Dinner-Bell

When this spirit of the captain spoke in Valentin he was obeyed like a bugle. Doctor Simon went through to the armory and routed out Ivan, the public detective's private detective. Galloway went to the drawing-room and told the terrible news tactfully enough, so that by the time the company assembled there the ladies were already startled and already soothed. Meanwhile, the good priest and the good atheist stood at the head and foot of the dead man, motionless in the moonlight, like symbolic statues of their two philosophies of death.

Ivan, the confidential man with the scar, came out of the house like a cannonball and came racing across the lawn to Valentin like a dog to his master. His livid face was quite lively with the glow of this domestic detective story, and it was with almost unpleasant eagerness that he asked his master's permission to examine the remains.

"Yes, look if you like, Ivan," said Valentin, "but don't be long. We must go in and thrash this out in the house."

Ivan lifted the head, and then almost let it drop.

"Why," he gasped, "it's—no, it isn't; it can't be. Do you know this man, sir?"

"No," said Valentin indifferently. "We had better go inside."

Between them they carried the corpse to a sofa in the study, and then all made their way to the drawing-room.

The detective sat down at a desk quietly and even with hesitation, but his eye was the iron eye of a judge at assize. He made a few rapid notes upon paper in front of him and then said shortly: "Is everybody here?"

"Not Mr. Brayne," said the Duchesse de Mont St. Michel, looking around.

"No," said Lord Galloway in a harsh voice. "And not Mr. Neil O'Brien, I fancy. I saw that gentleman walking in the garden when the corpse was still warm."

"Ivan," said the detective, "go and fetch Commandant O'Brien and Mr. Brayne. Mr. Brayne, I know, is finishing a cigar in the dining-room. Commandant O'Brien, I rather think, is walking up and down the conservatory. I am not sure."

The faithful attendant flashed from the room, and before any one could stir or speak Valentin went on with the same soldierly swiftness of exposition.

"Every one here knows that a dead body has been found in the garden, its head cut clean from its body. Doctor Simon, you have examined it. Do you think that to cut a man's throat like that would need great force? Or, perhaps, only a very sharp knife?"

"It could not be done with a knife at all," said the pale docter.

"Have you any thought of a tool with which it could be done?"

"Speaking within modern probabilities I really haven't," said the doctor, arching his painful brows. "It's not easy to hack a neck through, even clumsily; and this was a very clean cut. It could be done with a battle-axe or an old headsman's axe or an old two-handed sword."

"But, good Heavens!" cried the Duchess, almost in hysterics, "certainly there aren't any two-handed swords and battle-axes around here."

Valentin was still busy with the paper in front of him. "Tell me," he said, still writing rapidly, "could it have been done with a long French cavalry saber?"

An Elderly English Diplomatist Running Hard and Crying or Bellowing as He Ran

A low knocking came at the door, which—for some unreasonable reason—curdled every one's blood like the knocking in Macbeth. Amid that frozen silence Doctor Simon managed to say: "A saber . . . yes, I suppose it could."

"Thank you," said Valentin. "Come in, Ivan."

The confidential Ivan opened the door and ushered in Commandant Neil O'Brien, whom he had found at last, pacing the garden again.

The Irish officer stood up, disordered and defiant, on the threshold. "What do you want with me?" he cried.

"Please sit down," said Valentin in pleasant, level tones. "Why, you aren't wearing your sword. Where is it?"

"I left it on the library table," said O'Brien, his brogue deepening in his disturbed mood. "It was a nuisance—it was getting ——"

"Ivan," said Valentin, "please go and get the Commandant's sword from the library." Then, as the servant vanished: "Lord Galloway says he saw you leaving the garden just before he found the corpse. What were you doing in the garden?"

The Commandant flung himself recklessly into a chair. "Oh," he cried, "admirin' the moon. Communing with Nature, me boy."

A heavy silence sank and endured, and at the end of it came again that trivial and terrible knocking. Ivan reappeared, carrying an empty steel scabbard. "This is all I can find," he said.

"Put it on the table," said Valentin without looking up from his notes.

There was an inhuman silence in the room like that sea of inhuman silence around the dock of the condemned murderer. The Duchess' weak exclamations had long ago died away. Lord Galloway's swollen hatred was satisfied and even sobered. The voice that came was quite unexpected.

"I think I can tell you," cried Lady Margaret in that clear, quivering voice with which a courageous woman speaks publicly. "I can tell you what Mr. O'Brien was doing in the garden, since he is bound to silence. He was asking me to marry him. I refused; I said, in my family circumstances, I could give him nothing but my respect. He was a little angry at that. He did not seem to think much of my respect. I wonder," she added with rather a wan smile, "if he will care at all for it now. For I offer it him now. I will swear anywhere that he never did a thing like this."

Lord Galloway had edged up to his daughter and was intimidating her in what he imagined to be an undertone. "Hold your tongue, Maggie," he said in a thunderous whisper. "Why should you shield the fellow? Where's his sword? Where's his confounded bloody ——"

He stopped because of the singular stare with which his daughter was regarding him—a look that was, indeed, a lurid magnet for the whole group.

"You old fool," she said in a low voice without pretense of piety, "what do you suppose you are trying to prove? I tell you this man was innocent while with me. But if he wasn't innocent, he was still with me. If he murdered a man in the garden, who was it who must have seen—who must, at least, have known? Do you hate Neil so much as to put your own daughter ——"

Lady Galloway screamed. Every one else sat tingling at the touch of those Satanic tragedies that have been between lovers before now. They saw the proud white face of the Scotch aristocrat and of her lover, the Irish adventurer, like old portraits in a dark house. The long silence was full of formless historical memories of murdered husbands and poisoned favorites.

In the center of this morbid silence an innocent voice said: "Was it a very long cigar?"

The change of thought was so sharp that they had to look around to see who had spoken.

"I mean," said little Father Brown from the corner of the room, "I mean that cigar Mr. Brayne is finishing. It seems nearly as long as a walking-stick."

Despite the irrelevance there was assent as well as irritation in Valentin's face as he lifted his head.

"Quite right," he said sharply. "Ivan, go and see about Mr. Brayne again, and bring him here at once."

The instant the factotum had closed the door Valentin addressed the girl with an entirely new earnestness.

"Lady Margaret," he said, "we all feel, I am sure, both gratitude and admiration for your act in rising above your lower dignity and explaining the commandant's conduct. But there is a hiatus still. Lord Galloway, I understand, met you passing from the study to the drawing-room, and it was only some minutes afterward that he found the garden, and the commandant still walking there."

"You have to remember," replied Margaret with a faint irony in her voice, "that I had just refused him, so we should scarcely have come back arm in arm. He is a gentleman, anyhow; and he loitered behind—and so got charged with murder."

"In those few moments," said Valentin gravely, "he might really ——"

The knock came again and Ivan put in his scarred face.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but Mr. Brayne has left the house."

"Left!" cried Valentin, rising to his feet.

"Gone! Scooted! Evaporated!" said Ivan in humorous French. "His hat and coat are gone too, and I'll tell you something to cap it all. I ran outside the house to find traces of him; and I found one, and a big trace too."

"What do you mean?" asked Valentin.

"I'll show you," said his servant and reappeared with a flashing, naked cavalry saber, streaked with blood about the point and edge. Every one in the room eyed it as if it were a thunderbolt; but the experienced Ivan went on quite quietly:

"I found this," he said, "flung among the bushes fifty yards up the road to Paris. "In other words, I found it just where your respectable Mr. Brayne threw it when he ran away."

There was again a silence, but of a new sort. Valentin took the saber, examined it, reflected with unaffected concentration of thought, and then turned a respectful face to O'Brien. "Commandant," he said, "we trust you will always produce this weapon if it is wanted for police examination. Meanwhile," he added, slapping the steel back into the scabbard, "let me return you your sword."

At the military symbolism of the action the audience could hardly refrain from applause.

For Neil O'Brien, indeed, that gesture was the turning-point of existence. By the time he was wandering in the mysterious garden again in the colors of the morning the tragic futility of his ordinary mien had fallen from him; he was a man with many reasons for happiness. Lord Galloway was a gentleman and had offered him an apology. Lady Margaret was something better than a lady, a woman at least, and had, perhaps, given him something better than an apology as they drifted among the old flower-beds before breakfast. The whole company was more lighthearted and humane; for, though the riddle of the death remained, the load of suspicion was lifted off them all and sent flying off to Paris with the strange millionaire, a man they hardly knew. The devil was cast out of the house—he had cast himself out.

Still, the riddle remained; and when O'Brien threw himself on a garden seat beside Doctor Simon that keenly scientific person at once resumed it. He did not get much talk out of O'Brien, whose thoughts were on pleasanter things.

"I can't say it interests me much," said the Irishman frankly, "especially as it seems pretty plain now. Apparently, Brayne hated this stranger for some reason; lured him into the garden and killed him with my sword. Then he fled to the city, tossing the sword away as he went. By the way, Ivan tells me the dead man had a Yankee dollar in his pocket. So he was a countryman of Brayne's, and that seems to clinch it. I don't see any difficulties about the business."

"There are five colossal difficulties," said the doctor quietly, "like high walls within walls. Don't mistake me. I don't doubt that Brayne did it. His flight, I fancy, proves that. But as to how he did it. First difficulty—Why should a man kill another man with a great, hulking saber when he can kill him with a pocket knife and put it back in his pocket? Second difficulty—Why was there no noise or outcry? Does a man commonly see another come up, waving a simitar, and offer no remarks? Third difficulty—A servant watched the front door all the evening, and a rat cannot get into Valentin's garden anywhere. How did the dead man get into the garden? Fourth difficulty—Given the same conditions, how did Brayne get out of the garden?"

"And the fifth?" said Neil, with eyes fixed on the English priest, who was coming slowly up the path.

"Is a trifle, I suppose," said the doctor, "but I think an odd one. When I first saw how the head had been slashed I supposed the assassin had struck more than once. But on examination I found many cuts across the truncated section. In other words, they were struck after the head was off. Did Brayne hate his foe so fiendishly that he stood sabering his body in the moonlight?"

"Horrible!" said O'Brien and shuddered.

The little priest, Brown, had arrived while they were talking and had waited, with characteristic shyness, till they had finished. Then he said awkwardly:

"I say—I'm sorry to interrupt. But I was sent to tell you the news!"

"News?" repeated Simon, and stared at him rather painfully through his glasses.

"Yes, I'm sorry," said Father Brown mildly. "There's been another murder, you know."

Both men on the seat sprang up, leaving it rocking.

"And what's stranger still," continued the priest, with his dull eye on the rhododendrons, "it's the same disgusting sort. It's another beheading. They found the second head actually bleeding into the river, a few yards along Brayne's road to Paris; so they suppose that he ——"

"Is Brayne a monomaniac?" cried O'Brien.

"There are American vendettas," said the priest impatiently; then he added: "They want you to come to the library and see it."

Commandant O'Brien followed the others toward the inquest, feeling decidedly sick. As a soldier he loathed all this secretive carnage; where were these extravagant amputations going to stop? First one head was hacked off and then another. In this case, he told himself bitterly, it was not true that two heads were better than one. As he crossed the study he almost staggered at a shocking coincidence. Upon Valentin's table lay the colored picture of yet a third bleeding head, and it was the head of Valentin himself. A second glance showed him it was only a Nationalist paper called the Guillotine, which every week showed one of its political opponents with rolling eyes and writhing features just after execution, for Valentin was an anti-clerical of some note. But O'Brien was an Irishman with a kind of chastity even in his sins, and his gorge rose against that great brutality of the intellect which belongs only to France. He seemed to see the moon and the garden and the gory head and all the rest as a string of green and purple pictures in some vile Parisian romance. He felt Paris as a whole, from the grotesques on the Gothic churches to the gross caricatures in the newspapers. He remembered the gigantic jests of the Revolution. He saw the whole city as one ugly orgy, from the sanguinary sketch lying on Valentin's table up to where, above a mountain and forest of gargoyles, the great devil grins on Notre Dame.

"Perhaps He Was Also Thinking of Leaving All His Money to Your Church"

The library was long, low and dark. What light entered it shot from under low blinds and had still some of the ruddy tinge of morning. Valentin and his servant Ivan were waiting for them at the upper end of a long, slightly sloping desk on which lay the mortal remains, looking enormous in the twilight. The big black figure and yellow face of the man found in the garden confronted them, essentially unchanged. The second head, which had been fished from among the river weeds that morning, lay streaming and dripping beside it. Valentin's men were still seeking to recover the rest of this second corpse, which was supposed to be afloat.

Father Brown, who did not seem to share O'Brien's sensibilities in the least, went up to the second head and examined it with his blinking care. It was little more than a mop of wet white hair fringed with silver fire in the red and level morning light. The face, which seemed of an ugly, impurpled and, perhaps, criminal type, had been much battered against trees or stones as it tossed in the water. To O'Brien it seemed the last touch of that Parisian nightmare that the apish face had this halo of silver hair like a saint.

"Good morning, Commandant," said Valentin, with quiet cordiality. "You have heard of Brayne's last experiment in butchery, I suppose?"

Father Brown was still bending over the head with white hair, and he said, without looking up:

"I suppose it is quite certain that Brayne cut off this head too?"

"Well, it seems common-sense," said Valentin, with his hands in his pockets. "Killed in the same way as the other. Found within a few yards of the other. And sliced by the same weapon which we know he carried away."

"Yes, yes, I know," replied Father Brown submissively. "Yet, do you know, I really doubt whether Brayne could have cut off this head?"

"Why not?" inquired Doctor Simon, with a rational stare.

"Well, Doctor," said the priest, looking up and blinking, "can a man cut off his own head? I don't know."

O'Brien felt an insane universe crashing about his ears, but the doctor sprang forward with impetuous practicality and pushed back the wet white hair.

"Oh, there's no doubt it's Brayne," said the priest quietly. "He had exactly that chip in the left ear."

The detective, who had been regarding the priest with steady and glittering eyes, opened his clenched mouth and said sharply: "You seem to know a lot about him, Father Brown."

"I do," said the little man simply. "I've been about with him for some weeks. He was thinking of joining our church."

The stare of the fanatic sprang into Valentin's eyes; he strode toward the priest with clenched hands. "And, perhaps," he cried with a blasting sneer—"perhaps he was also thinking of leaving all his money to your church."

"Perhaps he was," said Brown stolidly; "it is possible."

"In that case," cried Valentin with a dreadful smile, "you may, indeed, know a great deal about him. About his life and about his ——"

Commandant O'Brien laid a hand on Valentin's arm. "Drop that slanderous rubbish, Valentin," he said, "or there may be more swords yet."

But Valentin—under the steady, humble gaze of the priest—had already recovered himself. "Well," he said shortly, "people's private opinions can wait. You gentlemen are still bound by your promise to stay; you must enforce it on yourselves and on each other. Ivan, here, will tell you anything more you want to know. I must get to business and write to the authorities. We can't keep this quiet any longer. I shall be writing in my study—if there is any more news."

"Is there any more news, Ivan?" asked Doctor Simon, as the chief of police strode out of the room.

"Only one more thing, I think, sir," said Ivan, wrinkling up his gray old face; "but that's important, too, in its way. There's that old buffer you found on the lawn," and he pointed without pretense of reverence at the big black body with the yellow head. "We've found out who he is anyhow."

"Indeed!" cried the astonished doctor; "and who is he?"

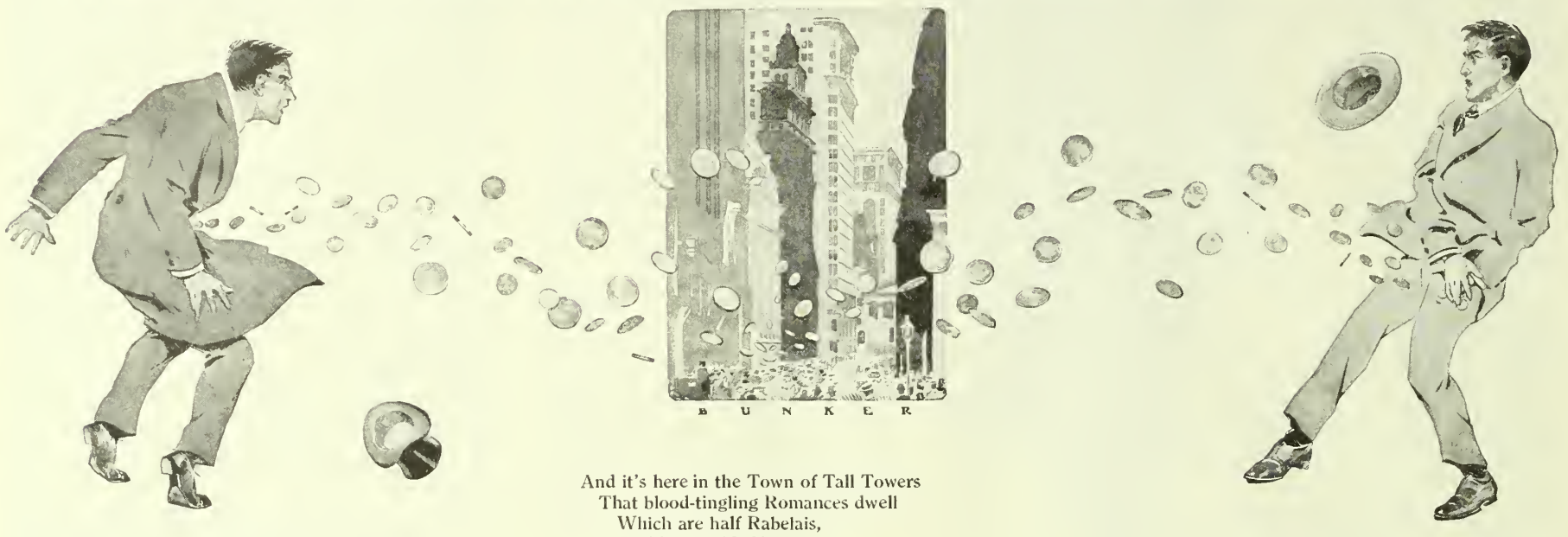
"His name was Arnold Becker," said the under detective, "though he went by many aliases. He was a wandering sort of scamp and is known to have been in America; so that was where Brayne got his knife into him. We didn't have much to do with him ourselves, for he

(Continued on Page 69)

WHY THEY GO

By WALLACE IRWIN
ILLUSTRATION BY MAYO BUNKER

A Ribald Rhymester and a Cynic Sage See Some Summer Resorts



New York City as a Summer Resort

I

WHILE I and Diogenes sat for an hour,
Limp, dank and perspiring in Madison Square,
And worshiped Diana, who, perched on her tower,
Vied vainly with Mercury's rise into air,
The heat made me utter this Bromide's retort:
"New York, after all, 's a fine summer resort."

Diogenes gasped
And replied, deeply rasped:
"The same has been said by the exiles who dwell
In the torrid, transtropical ovens of--well,
As Dante remarked when he viewed the Hot Waste:
'There ain't no accounting for popular taste.'"

So we went hand in hand on that quest queer and quaint
Known on Broadway as "Seeing New York as It Ain't."

II

Ye Muses! how can I describe
The Average New York Hotel,
That home of Philistia's tribe
Where they "gotta have everything swell"?
If Nebuchadnezzar had built
(Backed by J. Pieplant Gorgon & Co.)
A barbarous Temple of Gilt
Where the Slaves of the Stomach could go;
With ceilings of mother-of-pearl
And barber-shops porphyry-lined,
Where Venus, the manicure girl,
Old Mammon's coarse nails might have shined;
With chairs swiped from Louis Fourteen
And rugs twigged from Omar Khayyam;
With Charlemagne grills where a queen
Might toy with the little-neck clam;
With Babylon's gardens divine
On the seventeenth story or so,
Like Heaven, plus women and wine,
And bodices cut rather low—
If Nebuchadnez' in New York
Had built such a hostelry swell,
Hiring Bacchus to stand by the cork
And Cupid to answer the bell,
Putting Janus as doorman to bid
Good welcome to Nob and to Slob;
If he'd finally hired Captain Kidd
To tackle the Head Waiter's Job—
If that jolly old Monarch of Bel
Had come to Gay Gotham to dwell
His barbarous taste
Would have seemed much too chaste
For the Average New York Hotel.

For it's here that the King of Siam
Takes the Queen of the Chori to lunch,
Where the sleek Man from Home
Meets the stranger from Nome
And hands him a "stock-market hunch."
And it's here where the Managers come
When they want to turn "shines" into Stars,
In rooms high and garish
Where Paintings by Parrish
Are chastely enshrined over bars.

And it's here in the Town of Tall Towers
That blood-tingling Romances dwell
Which are half Rabelais,
Half Bertha M. Clay,
In the Average New York Hotel.

III

(Robbers' Chorus, as sung by a Head Waiter, a Taxicabman and a Ticket Speculator on the steps of the Hotel.)

The Head Waiter:

Though me name is Jimmy Bassett,
I'm supposed to come from France—
Faith, me only human asset
Is an air of arro-gance.

All:

Is his air of arro-gance.

H. W.:

I've a heart for Love intended,
Philanthropic as I can;
For me hand is e'er extended
To "relieve" some fellowman.

All:

To relieve some fellowman.

Chorus:

Oh, it's lift, brothers, lift
For the midnight shift!
Hither comes a stranger with a wad—tin-tin!
Remember well the motto
Of our merry Bandits' Grotto:
"He was a stranger and we took him in."
Oh, without a sign of mercy
We'll relieve his wallet pursy,
Be he prince or private citizen or Bill H. Taft:
Let us ply our arts infernal
To enrich the lodge fraternal
Of the Merry Little Brothers of the Great Big Graft.

(All attack an elderly gentleman, drag him into the Hotel and charge him twenty-five dollars for a table marked "reserved.")

The Taxicabman:

If you think my car a barge is,
Slow and clumsy as they grow,
Watch the dial marked "extra charges"
And you'll find I'm not so slow.

All:

And you'll find he's not so slow.

Taxi:

Though a Railway Regulation
Moves the Senate and the State,
It's my Clockwork Transportation
That you cannot regulate.

All:

That you cannot regulate.

Chorus:

So it's click, brothers, click,
I will stick 'em to the quick.
Blacker craft ne'er scoured the raging street—yo-ho!
If my victim screams or hollers,
Up the dial goes thirty dollars—
And I'll charge him seven extra for the noise, by Jo!
I can falsify a number
While my passenger's aslumber,
He may swear and tear and thunder till he goes
plumb daft;
But, with all his bluff and bungle,
In the end he's got to pungle
To the Merry Little Brothers of the Great Big Graft.

(All seize a blind clergyman, throw him into the taxi and begin spinning around the hind wheels till the dial registers one hundred and eighty dollars.)

The Ticket Speculator:

Folks grow hot around the collar
When they know that I'm alive.
If a show is worth a dollar
I can sell a seat for five.

All:

He can sell a seat for five.

T. S.:

It would give old Shakspere rickets
If he saw me do my part,
Selling highest price of tickets
For the lowest form of art.

All:

For the lowest form of art.

Chorus:

So it's touch, brothers, touch!
For the Little charge 'em Much;
Nail the Jolly Roger to the stage—avast!
Make your proposition blunt, sir:
"Here's a center aisle down front, sir,
Just eleven dollars extra for an All-Star Cast."
I can make a bag of siller
Selling seats behind a pillar,
I can sell a seat twice over with a deep, dark craft;
And if folks exclaim, "You cheat, sir!"
My retort is rather neat, sir:
"I'm another Little Brother of the Great Big Graft!"

IV

O Broadway in summer! I fain
Its wonderful charm would explain;
You are hit in the face
By its beauty and grace
Till you murmur, "Say, cheese it!" in vain.
For Joy almost gives you a pain
As you view the Perpetual Fair,
The cars overloading,
The Subway exploding,
The skyscrapers pointing in air
Where lofty monstrosities glare
With details surprising:
It's "Art Advertising"—
Oh, Fiends that have plastered them there!—
Hosieries, groceries, corsets and dope,
"Dum Dum for Headache," "Use Sudsaline Soap,"
Electrical bottles that flash and die out,
Horrible pinwheels that spin round about,
Wriggly,
Jiggly,
Zaggly,
Ziggly,
Green-blazing serpents in weird incandescence,
Great fiery giants surmounted by crescents,
Colors that swear at you,
Letters that stare at you:

"Ugliest girl on the Stage—It's Polaire!"
"What are the Wild Wives Saying?—Ah There!"
Like a dragon of dread
Roars the "L" overhead,
Your brain throbs and aches like the very old Ned.
You think, "What a shame;
I've forgotten my name!"
You smell the hot odors of asphalt and paint,
The lights fade away and you fall in a faint—
The doctor says, "Heat," but you gasp, "No, it ain't!"

You flee to a Roof Garden show if you're able,
Squander a dollar and sit at a table.

Kind friend, did you ever sit through
That show called a Broadway Revue,
That folly of summer
Amusing the drummer?
Its warmed-over quips labeled "New,"
Though older than Chauncey Depew;
The show where the plot is the slightest,
The show where the tights are the tightest,
Where they serve you up Chantecler forty-six ways—
Chantecler broilers,
Chantecler boilers,
Chantecler stuffed with the crumbs of stale plays,
Till you get so dog-tired of that Chantecler mush
That you can't see an egg without wanting to blush.

But on with the show
Where they're crazy to go:
The show where the Elderly Fool
With the Chori attempts to get thick.
(They know him—he's good for a cool
Light supper with fizz at the Knick.)
The show where they dance with a will,
The show where they sing for their lives,
Where you always expect quite a thrill,
Yet find that it never arrives;
The show where the Tired Business Man
From soul-searching Thought may refrain
In the maze twirly-whirly
Of acts girlie-girlie,
Of stunts vaudevilly,
So totally silly
They never get up to his brain.

Kind friend, have you never sat through
That show called a Broadway Revue?
Then go with a rush,
O thou Student of Slush,
And do as the other Rubes do!

V

(The poem herewith is called The Electric Fan, and is nervously submitted as an improvement on The Brook, an obscure rhyme by one A. Tennyson.)

Here in the great Café de Souse I sit
And watch the Deaf Man wrangling with the Waiter.
I mark the chorus of Electric Fans
That roar and whirl with such gigantic force
They almost blow the butter from the plates.
"O mighty Fan!" I cry, "O pesky Fan!
Whence come you?" And the Fan—why not?—replies:

I come from haunts of grafts and tips
To cool the soup of ox-tails,
With cyclone swirls o'er Chorus Girls
I fan the oyster cocktails.

By thirty lobstereen cafés
I whiz and whirl and beller,
I lift the rats 'neath ladies' hats
Like an aeroplane propeller.

I babble o'er the mayonnaise,
I chortle past the mutton,
I whistle songs like Norah Bayes
To wake the sleepy glutton,

Until at last the rich repast
Doth join the torpid liver;
For drinks may come and drinks may go,
But I go on forever.

VI

The Girl from Ohio confided to me,
"Oh, New York in summer is cute as can be—
It's such a Bohemian place!"
I struggle to smile, and I hope she won't see
The cynic expression which ripples Q. T.
Down the edge of my classical face.

Where *is* Bohemia?
Blessed if I know!
Where the Goddess Anemia
Shuns dull Abstemia,
Poets grow dreamier,
Pulchritude creamier—
There does it grow?
Once more I answer you—Blessed if I know!
Is it the land where the lotus is eaten
With oily French dressing
While Art says a blessing,
Where greedy-eyed Commerce is strangled and beaten,
Where none live for money
And all live for fame,
Where Love sips the honey
And Youth takes the blame,
While Wit flouts the world with the pop of a cork?
If thus you describe
Fair Bohemia's tribe,
Well, I guess you won't find 'em in Greater New York.

(Continued on Page 65)

THE GASOLINE GRAFT

Tales of the Taxi-Driver

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

He'd Show the Hayseed in the Way He'd Look Dazed When His Ear First Caught the Roar of the Big Noise

LIKE a good many others in my present trade of taxi-driver, I was a bucker on a horse cab before gasoline killed the job—this is to say, you'll understand, that I was a public hackman, picking up my business on the street. In my time, too, besides this, I have worked for a livery stable and driven a hotel bus; and once, for a change, I did a year's lay-off duty as conductor on the old Third Avenue cable line. You can see for yourself that I've had a pretty wide taste of about all there is in the city's life on wheels. As for the graft and flimflam that goes with it, there's little, as you may well imagine, in which I haven't dipped my fingers.

I'm bound to say that at best the pickings in the old days were never very big—only a comfortable living and no more. However, the job was good enough and a man had no reason to complain.

But in the taxi trade, you can take it from me, there's good money. Of course things in the trade are changing now, getting tighter from day to day. All the same, if a bright man keeps his eyes open and knows how to work the ropes, there's still quite a bit of easy money to be picked up on the side. To be sure, there's no telling how long it is going to last, but, from the look of things, I should say that the motor trade in all its many lines will always be like horse-dealing in the good old bygone days—that is, full of fat and pickings. Anyway, that's what I think, because, in addition to running a taxicab, I've had jobs in both public and private garages, and have also worked as a private "chaffy" for a couple of rich families on the upper West Side.

It was about seven years ago, as I figure it, that the taxies began to kill off the horse-cab business. At the time, I was jobbing a four-wheeler and bucking the trade at the ferries and the Grand Central Station. By jobbing, as perhaps you understand, I mean that I hired my cab and didn't own it, or, as it is called in the trade, I was a "hirer" instead of a "boarder," a man who owns his own rig. The terms were two dollars and fifty cents a day of ten hours, and if you hired only by the day you got whatever rig the jobber chose to give you. If you hired by the week, however, at seventeen dollars and fifty cents, you got a regular turnout. In this case, though, you paid for the cab whether you "rolled out" or not, as the saying has it. In every instance, whether you hired by day or week, you laid down the money in advance. About three-fifths of the cabs running in the public street trade were rented turnouts, the rest were owned by the cabbies themselves.

In my case, I chose to work the station and the ferries because the trade there seemed to me more regular. Then, also, it offered the best chance to look for a soft snap, as a majority of the fares were strangers and knew little about cab rates or the distances to be traveled. I and all the others on the line would pick up a stranger by preference, and in this respect it is surprising how a man learns to tell, almost by instinct, which is the greenhorn and which the city-bred fellow, wise to all the games. Or, if there was any doubt about it, a word or so would soon settle the matter.

Supposing Mr. Hay Rube, a prosperous citizen of Bethel Four Corners, State of Maine, got off the train at Forty-second Street. If he had one of those embossed paper suitcases they sell in the up-country stores, or perhaps a bulgy gray duck telescope, I'd have him nailed at the very first look. Or maybe there were no earmarks of the guy about his valise and general getup; still, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he'd show the hayseed in the way he'd cringe back and look dazed when his ear first caught the roar of the big noise in Forty-second Street. Then, the next moment, one of us would have him nipped.

In the case of strangers that looked wise and were dressed like regular city folks, it needed only a word or so to give them dead away. Usually they'd call me "coachman" or "driver," and if they asked for a cab, in almost every case they'd call it a "hack." In New York now, as I need scarcely say, a public cabman, whether on a taxi or a horse cab, is always "cabby" to the folks who know. But somehow the reubens never seem to have learned this, and, whenever they display their ignorance in this way, it is still true that they are made to pay something extra because of it.

There was an instance of this, as I well remember, that was long a standing joke among the buckers-up at the Grand Central.

A train from the West had just pulled in, and among the crowd that came out into Forty-second Street was a tall, portly fellow in a long black coat, low collar and soft felt

hat. I sized him up at the first look as a prosperous country statesman on his first visit to the big village.

"Cab? Have a cab? Cab, sir?" I barked, the moment I caught his eye.

"Well, I don't allow to hoof it," he growled smartly, though I still could see he was a little dazed at all the noise about him. Then he demanded sourly, "Now, what do you pirates charge for a hack?"

"Depends on where you want to go," said I; when, after giving me the suspicious eye again, he snapped out roughly, "Why, to the hotel, of course! . . . Where'd you suppose?"

As meekly as possible I asked him which hotel, and, believe me, the rube nearly had my breath when he named the house. Believe me or not, as you like, but the place was just up the street, not more than a step or so away, and in plain sight of where we stood. Why, it was so near, in fact, that I could have taken his gripsack at the curb and heaved it right into the hotel lobby.

But, after all, there's nothing like bucking on a cab line to keep a man's wits sharp and lively.

"The regular fare is two dollars and fifty cents," says I, "but I'll carry you for even money. Two dollars it is," I told him, and reached out for his grip.

Naturally he put up an argument, as almost all outsiders do when they first run up against New York prices. He said it was robbery and was about to pick up his bag and walk when the cop on the beat came along. This was pie for me.

"Officer," says I, and tipped him the wink, "ain't two dollars and fifty cents the regular rate to the So-and-so House?"

Well, that almost took away the copper's breath, too; but when I winked again he got wise.

"He'll be lucky," says the cop, grinning in spite of himself, "if he ain't charged three or three-fifty."

Old Games

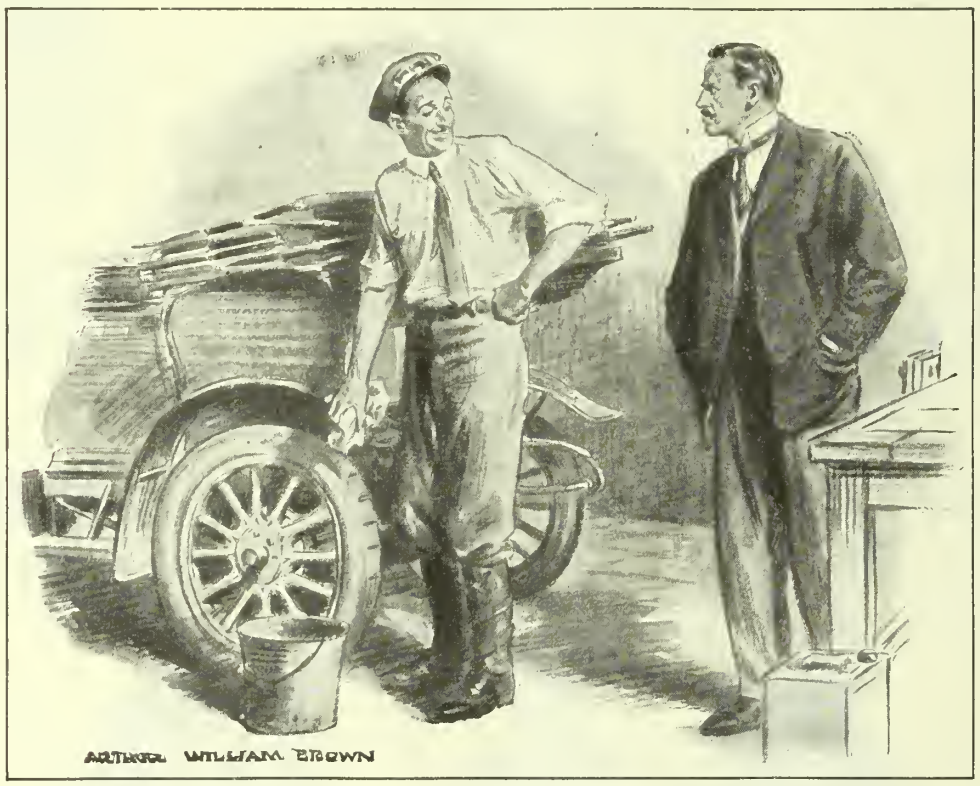
THAT settled it. The party in the soft felt didn't wish to look like a cheap one on his first visit to the city; so, in short, I collected the fare in advance, piled him aboard with his bag, and then whipped up my horse. It took us half an hour to get to that house across the street, because I made the journey by way of Broadway, Fifty-ninth Street, Central Park and back again on Lexington Avenue. And at the end of the route I let him out at the side-street entrance, where he could not see the station across the way. It was a good joke all right, but you can make up your mind for a week after I kept my weather eye peeled across the way for that same big fellow in the long coat and soft felt slouch. As for my friend the cop, I slipped him half a dollar the next time he came along the beat and had a hearty laugh with him.

But there was one game played regularly at Forty-second Street and the ferries for which I would never stand. This was the running of greenhorns to the "guy houses" as they were called, or immigrant boarding-places. Now almost every Ginny or Hunky or Dutchman who lands in New York has in his "kick," or wallet, the written address of some boarding-house or cheap hotel. When they showed this to me I used to charge them something extra over the regular fare, of course, but still I'd always take them to the place. Not so with some of the other buckers. In nearly every case these cabbies had an understanding with some boarding-house keeper that would pay them head money for every greenhorn they brought to his place. When this was so they'd either tell the greenhorn the house was closed or burned down, or out of business for some reason or other, or, making no bones of it whatever, they'd land the greenhorns in the clutches of the boarding-house keeper who was paying them and trust him to do the rest. As in each and every case the greenhorn was made to pay in advance. The bucker lost nothing, no matter what the outcome happened to be.

Besides this way of doing business, I have known cabbies to collect from a load of greenhorns and then dump them out in a side street halfway to their destination. If they contracted at Forty-second Street to go to a down-town ferry it was a regular game to drive them to the end of Thirty-fourth Street or even Forty-second Street and there turn them adrift. Greenhorns that had to catch a train at the Grand Central were often let out at some big department store, or any other convenient place where a crowd was going in and coming out.

There was one way, however, in which we picked up head money that was perfectly on the level. This was when strangers asked us to drive them to some good hotel. Today, several of the second-rate houses make a regular practice of paying cabmen a quarter a head for every new guest brought into their places. After the guest has registered and gone upstairs, the desk clerk gives the cabby a slip which he takes to the cashier's window. You'd be surprised to learn how much chance business these hotels pick up in this way.

After the motor cabs came in, it took a long time for us regulars to learn that our day had gone by. However, I was among the first to realize it, and when I got wise to the fact it didn't take me long to make up my mind. In good times, on a horse cab, I'd been able to knock out about forty-five dollars a week, but before long I was making only half of that, and then still less. Then I began to hear that the big liveries were getting rid of their hansoms and four-wheelers in bunches at a time. Rigs that were almost new and had cost upward of fourteen hundred dollars to put out on the street were being sold for half the money. In a couple of years, as I learned, it became a great deal worse. Brand-new hansoms and four-wheelers were sold practically for the price of junk; and in Jersey City, at this very moment, there are no less than two thousand hansom cabs mildewing in storage, some of them so new that they have hardly a scratch on their varnish. All came from the New York streets, and doubtless there are many more stored elsewhere. In the course of time—and a short time, too—each and every one will be broken up for the ironwork.



"You're Discharged—and Without Any References Either!"

What made me quit my old horse cab was this: One rainy day in March, 1906, I was waiting on the line in Forty-second Street when I saw a fellow in a swell waterproof come down the steps.

"Cab? Want a cab?" I barked listlessly, more as a matter of habit than anything. It had been a pretty bad day with me—wet feet, kinks in my legs from standing there, and a grouch on fit to bite a policeman. It wasn't because there was no trade going, because on days like that there's plenty. But every fare that came down the steps I'd seen beat it away in a taxicab. Time and again—yes! I'd collar a party only to have him turn his back on me when he heard I had only a hay motor, as we'd got to call it—my old horse and the four-wheeler. So when this fellow in the waterproof hove in sight I hadn't much hope of loading him aboard.

"Cab? Want a cab?" I yelps, shaking the rain off my nose. "Here you are, now; the cheapest rates on the line."

For a moment he gives me a look up and down, and then he begins to laugh.

"Blest if it ain't Tom," says he, enjoying it; "and still running a feedsack limousine."

I knew him then. The fellow was an ex-bucker who used to hire out of the same jobbing stable where I was still getting my horse and rig. For the sake of old times he turned his back on a fresh taxi-driver who was trying to butt in on my trade, and had me haul him to a Broadway hotel.

"Leave your hearse on the curb," says he when we got there, "and come inside for a little something warm."

Once we had our legs under a café table, he let me in on the mystery of his swell togs and the big roll he flashed at the waiter.

"Tom," says he, winking like he had a cinder in his eye, "I've gone in for the gasoline graft. I'm private chaffy to a wealthy Cleveland party," he tells me; "and it's so easy I'm ashamed to look myself in the face." After this he looked me over again, sizing up my outfit, my wornout hand-me-downs, the derby with a dent in it and a rubber coat that was about as rainproof as a tired porous plaster. "Son," says he, setting down his glass, "the horse cabs are dead. When you pull back to the stable tonight chuck away your number and come along to Ohio. It's the real thing. I own a house and lot already, and I'm thinking to hire a man to help me carry my money. Now, if you want to get rich quick," he says, "why, hit the railroad with me. I'll get you a place in the garage where I stable, and then you can learn in no time at all how it's pulled off and be able to get a piece of the money yourself."

To make a long story short, I went with him. I hated to quit the old home town, but, as my friend said, the West was still green to the new auto graft, while in New York they'd already begun to tumble to the tricks. So I went with him, come Saturday following, and to this day I can't say I ever regretted it.

What I saw going on in that big garage was a caution. The game's still pretty fierce in some garages, but it isn't a patch to what was pulled off there; in fact, it all would have put a gipsy horse-dealer to the blush. For instance, one of the big ends of the business was the repair trade. Even when you're on the level there's money in this, because no motor that was ever made is fool proof. But even that didn't suit those hawks. If a machine was O. K., and not in need of any repairs, they'd see to it that before long it had to have some. Once there was a brand-new electric that came in to have its batteries charged—to get a load of juice, as they called it. Well, while it was standing, a fellow got under it with a monkey-wrench, so that when it went up the street again it shed bolts and nuts all over the asphalt.

A Pioneer Garage

THEN there was another electric with new batteries, and when they hooked up the charging plug they jumped the full force of the current into the batteries and let them boil. When they were finished the battery plates were buckled up like a pasteboard box. Still another game was to go at the wiring with a fine chisel, so that the works would blow out like trolley fireworks the first time they got a strain. Putting sand or emery flour in the gear-casings and bearings was a regular daily game, and as for sticking broken glass into tire tubes and casings, that was pretty near a habit. According to their opinion, no tire should be allowed to make more than a certain mileage, and a pretty small mileage it was, I'm telling you. Beyond that, as they'd say, there was no profit in handling rubber goods; an idea, I'm thinking, that still keeps up certain people in the business. If you don't believe it just examine a few of the ruts on Riverside Drive or in Central Park. You're pretty sure to find a good many of them sown with broken glass, put there in the general interests of such fellows.

For six weeks, steady, I worked in this particular garage. Part of the time I helped wash the motors, and then, as my friend had stood for me, I was let in on the repair department and made wise to all the phoney games. In addition I was shown how to run the various kinds of cars, gasoline and electric motors as well as steamers. Usually, this instruction was at night, because, in every case, the car they took me out in was "borrowed" from a private owner. If, by chance, he 'phoned for it or came in himself he was told that the car was getting a "road test," and sure enough it was. Naturally the owners had to pay for all the gasoline used in these "tests," but somehow they never seemed to tumble.

All this instruction never cost me a cent. It was the idea of the garage people, after they had me broken in, to get me a job as private chaffy, though only, of course, with some one who stabled at this garage. Then I was to square my indebtedness by throwing trade their way; in fact, a good many of the private chaffies I have known had some understanding with outside parties by which one party got the trade and the other got a rake-off. This is about as general as in the old days when your coachman stood in with the feedman. Ten per cent is the usual rake-off on all supplies, and, though most of the supply houses and tiremakers are trying to fight the grafters, there is still a lot of easy money passed.

But, as I say, I hung to my first job for a six weeks' stretch. Then, just as I had a private job in hand, I had to jump the town. It was the result of a joy ride, of course, and if you like I'll tell you about it.

The man I was hiring to had a particular make of French car, one I had never driven. He'd asked the garage people whether I knew the machine, and as they'd naturally told him I did, I was sent out to pick up what I could in a night about running the car and its motor. For this purpose we used a car that another owner had stored with us.

Well, just as I was starting out with one of the boys, this owner 'phoned for his car.

"Sorry, sir," says the garage manager at the 'phone; "but your car's just gone on the repair floor. There's a cracked ball in one of the after bearings and the casing's all cut out."

That was all right, too; for if the owner came around in the morning he'd be shown a cracked ball and a casing that was out of business. Also, at the end of the month, he'd have a bill for the repairs. Hanging up the receiver, the manager gave me the nod to go out; so I and the other fellow beat it up the avenue. Five minutes later I was lying on my back in a front yard and seeing stars; the fellow with me lay in the gutter with a broken leg, and out in the street a high-priced French car was a piece of junk, all wound around the trunk of one of the avenue trees.

After the Joy Ride

WHAT had happened was this: A few blocks up the street a bicycle cop had come after us; I'd tried to beat him out, and just when I was making a getaway a kid taking home a basket of clothes in a little yellow express-wagon had tried to cross in front of me. Then, as I'd jerked over the hand-brake, the hind wheels struck a wet spot on the paving and we just naturally tried to go sideways through one of the biggest elms on the avenue.

As I came out of my trance, and began to feel for the place where it hurt most, there was already a crowd around us. Then I heard a voice saying, kind of indignant:

"Why, that's my own car, and they told me not ten minutes ago it had been taken apart for repairs."

I didn't wait for the ambulance. I got to my feet with the street going round and round like a circus parade, and beat it for all I was worth. Somehow I got back to the garage, touching only the high spots on the way, and once I'd told my story they lost no time in getting me away from there. They wouldn't even let me stay long enough to wash the grass and mud out of my hair, but, sticking the price of a railroad ticket in my hands, jumped me down to the station, where I was put aboard the first train back to New York.

You might think that an experience like that would have cured me of any taste for the motors. Not at all. Gasoline is mighty hard to get out of a fellow's veins, and once back in the big city I started out to hunt up another auto job. My advertisement read like this:

"Experienced chauffeur, a machinist, wishes situation with private party. Best of references."

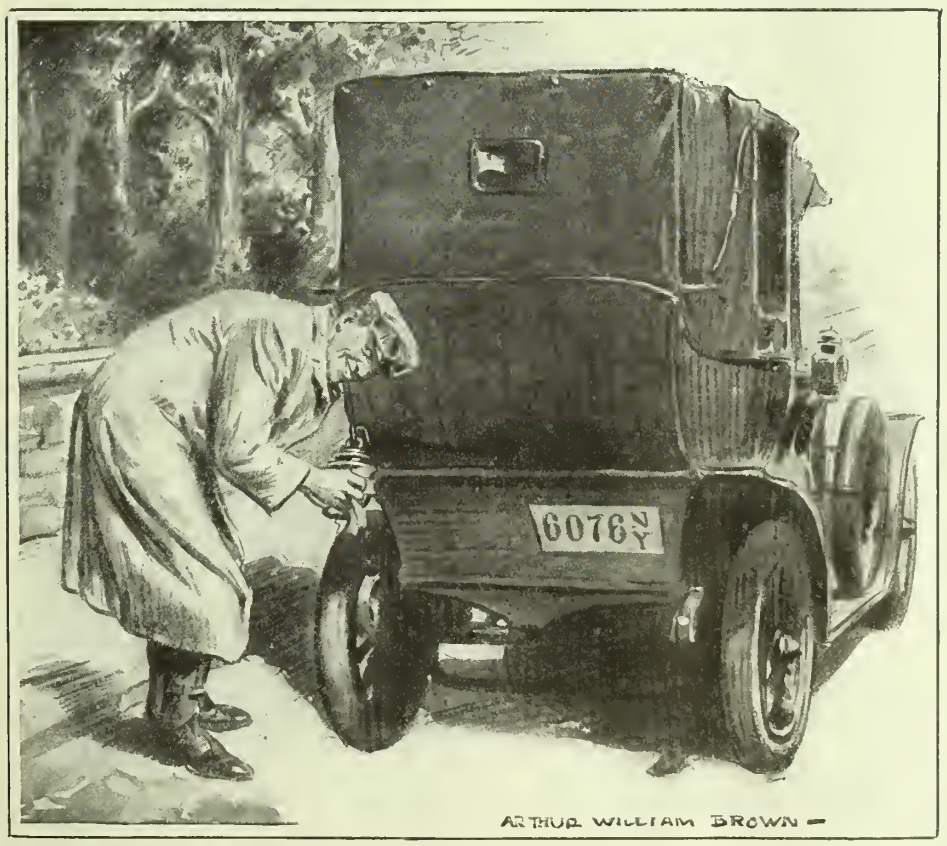
"I'm Private Chaffy to a Wealthy Cleveland Party," He Tells Me; "and it's so Easy I'm Ashamed to Look Myself in the Face"

A good deal of this was bunk, of course; still, it was the regular thing. In those days, if a man knew the difference between a monkey-wrench and a grease-gun he called himself a machinist; in fact, about the most the usual chaffy knew was how to crank an engine, how to steer passably and how to replace a bursted tube. As for references, I'd tied up in the usual way to a big uptown garage and they'd supplied me with the letters. In this respect, I'm bound to say that the clerk who wrote them had a very good hand for writing and could use the language quite nicely. My first place was a one-car job. By that I mean my employer kept only a single motor. He was a new man, too, at owning an auto, though, as I soon enough found, he kept his eye skinned for all that was going on. This was so, I suppose, because he'd had a long experience with horses and carriages, and had been trimmed in the regular way by coachmen and grooms; but, as I was only the second chaffy he had employed, he still had a lot to learn.

"Now, understand me," said he when I went up to get the job, "I've been keeping tabs on my mileage lately and my car has cost me more than if I'd hired a taxicab. Unless you can keep the charges down," he added flatly, "I'll have to get some one who will."

This kind of talk got my boss in bad with me. It was so because, in my short garage experience, I'd caught the feeling that a man who kept an eye on running charges was a cheap skate, one to be trimmed at every chance. Still, for the first weeks I was perfectly on the level with him, so that neither he nor I had any cause to complain. Then things began to happen through no fault of mine—a regular mess of them, in fact; and as I was held to account I turned to and went out for the graft for all that there was in it.

It appeared, when I came to investigate, that his first chaffy had been a regular hummer. He could see a broken bottle around the corner, and, as he got ten per cent rake-off on every new tube and shoe, he never gave glass the go-by. On top of this, the ten per cent graft had been too little; so, toward the end, he'd taken to buying remade second-hand goods, which the garage fellows billed to the owner as the new A No. 1 article. In many cases where he had a simple blowout he'd never think of having a patch put in. In the matter of general repairs there was little that hadn't been done to the car. As I figured out when I got down to it, what he himself got in graft would have been enough to keep the car in condition; and on top of this he had double-worked his owner for "gasoline money." By this I mean that when he needed a two-spot, or even five dollars or so, he'd get it from the garage manager who'd charge it to the owner's account as "gas." This is the regular thing in all flimflam garages, but the man before me had worked it in a way I would never dare to. For all this cost, the breakages and general waste, he had a stock reply. He'd say that it was the fault of the car—that the car was not any good and ought to be scrapped for the junk. Of course this would have been clear to any one that understood, the idea being that he would induce his boss to buy some car on which the sales-agents were willing to drop to the chaffy a nice fat rake-off. But, instead of falling, my boss had got huffy in the end and had bounced him overnight.



Wherever a Taxi is Concerned, Time in Every Case Means Money

As I say, I tried to be on the level and had to make good with the junk on my hands. Naturally enough, it was no go, and when the tires got to popping off like peanut bags, and the worn-out engine took to stalling and bucking and playing tricks at every chance, I told him what was the truth—that the car and its fittings were nothing more than junk. But he had grown wise then, though at the wrong time and with the wrong man, and gave me a line of talk.

"Run the car or quit," said he; so, since I knew I could last only a few weeks, I went at him for all I was worth.

It was all on the level, too, in a way. At the garage, I told them to keep the car running no matter what it cost in repairs, but at the same time I warned them it mustn't be laid out so that the boss couldn't have it any time within an hour or thereabouts of when he 'phoned for it.

A New Job With a Young Sport

WELL, bit by bit, we replaced almost all the worn-out, defective parts, practically rebuilding the engines and gear from end to end. My graft on this was the usual ten per cent for the repairs, and in addition, since I helped in the work, I got the wages of an extra. This amounted to forty cents an hour, and was, of course, charged in the bill, so that I got double wages.

Toward the end of the month my boss leaned forward one afternoon in the tonneau and tapped me on the shoulder.

"Thomas," said he, as polite and nice as you could wish, "the car is running like a dream. You can see for yourself," he added, nodding, "that there's nothing like trying. I suppose you fixed it up yourself?"

"In a way I did," said I, and gave the wheel a jerk that nearly took the back off a delivery wagon. That kept him from asking any more questions, because he was too scared to do anything but yell. Also, when the garage bill came in the next day he gave another yell. Indeed, he had a right to, for it contained a list of items as long as your arm, one charge after another, that told him at a glance how I had done him up. Naturally I got the sack, though, so far from feeling bad about it, I had to laugh when he roared at me:

"You're discharged—and without any references either!"

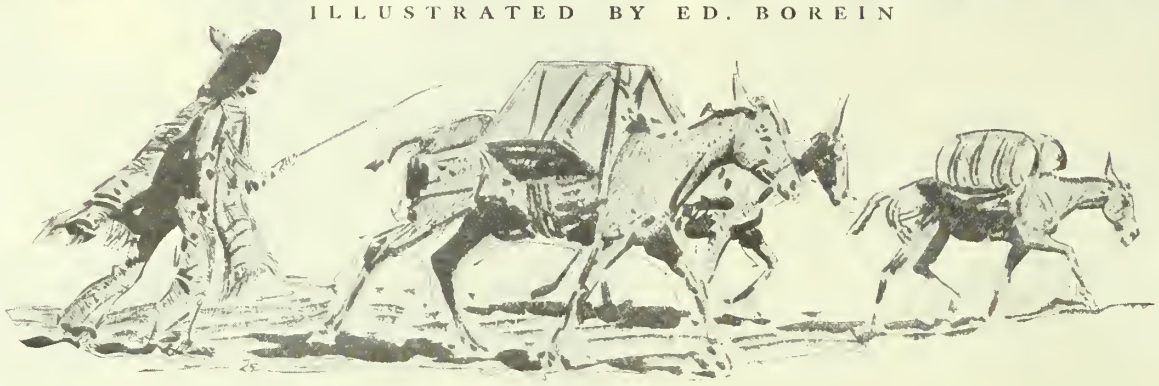
My next job was with a young cub just out of his teens, a young tin dollar who thought himself a sure-enough sport. He'd recently fallen into a pot of money, and, like the majority of his kind, nothing would suit him but that he must have the biggest, most powerful thing on wheels. In this case it was a sixty-hoss, six-cylinder, slate-gray racing car, with a hood that stuck out in front like a young house and a baby tonneau on behind. Before it was turned over to him, he'd taken a few lessons in a training garage, but about all he knew of motors when I came along

(Continued on Page 57)

Wall Street's Stake in Mexico

By EDWIN EMERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ED. BOREIN



Superintending "Pack"

ONE day, in Mexico City, when our last Wall Street panic was at its height, I thought I would like to see how the Mexican stock exchange was weathering the hurricane.

Nobody at the American Club had ever heard of a Mexican stock exchange. They did not even know what it was called. Somebody looked the word up in a Spanish dictionary, and told me it was *bolsa*, the Castilian for bourse—purse.

I hailed a yellow cab and bid the *cochero* drive me to the Bolsa. He stared stupidly and shook his head. Next I tried a red one, a fifty-cent cab, but to no better purpose. I got no further with a blue cab, the highest priced of all—for in Mexico you have to pay for your cab according to its color. A little brown-faced policeman here took a hand in the argument; but he, too, had never heard of the Bolsa.

At last I drove to my bank; and there they told the driver where to go. It turned out to be merely a small gathering-place in an open *patio*, or courtyard, of an insignificant house on a side street off the Cinco de Mayo Avenue. Only a few sad-faced, quiet men were gathered there, smoking and softly discussing their listless trades.

Under the cool shadow of the old arched doorway I had a sudden mental vision of the contrast between this peaceful scene and the howling mobs on the floors of our stock exchanges at home at that moment. These Mexican

All Freight is "Packed" This Way on the Mountains

gentlemen seemed to have plenty of time for friendly conversation with a stranger. One of them told me that they took no particular interest in our panic at home. Very few of the great American enterprises in Mexico, he explained, had their securities offered on the Bolsa. These stocks are practically unknown in Mexico. The native newspapers, outside of the official Government organs, print no stock reports or financial news.

Mexicans Above High Finance

YET there are all kinds of Mexican financial securities—national, municipal and private. Their fluctuations are quoted in Wall Street, on Lombard Street, and in the Bourses of Paris, Berlin and Frankfort; but few persons in Mexico, outside of the President's Palace, the Finance Ministry, and restricted banking circles in the capital, seemed to care a straw about them.

Such tedious matters are left to the foreign financier. No Mexican *hidalgo* would care to be taken for a financier. What wealth the country affords is expected to come out of the soil—"clean money" they call it, from ranches or from mines—not from business enterprises or from speculations. Such sordid money-grubbing is mostly left to the red-faced *Yanquis*. Your self-respecting Mexican, when he feels like taking a flyer, buys a handful of lottery tickets on the street, or turns into the nearest *partida* for an hour's gambling. If he crave higher excitement he can always stake his all on his favorite gamecock.

Left to themselves, our neighbors to the south would have few of those gorgeously engraved "gilt-edged" stock certificates that are so familiar to those who deal under the shadow of Trinity's spire. Nor would there be many factories, farm machinery, puffing locomotives, trolley cars, jangling telephones, ore crushers, hydraulic engines or diamond drills from Yankeeland. Life would be simple, as it was in the good old days "before the *Gringo* came."

Instead of American steam plows in Mexico there would still be the ancient Aztec forked branch, drawn by bullocks. Instead of up-to-date stamp mills there would be old Spanish *arrastras* turned by blindfolded horses plodding around their ring. Packmules and burros would still climb over the zigzag trails of the Sierra Madre, where Yankee engineers are now blasting tunnels and swinging cantilever bridges. Nude Indian *cargadores* with loads on their heads would still haul the ore from the depths of the old Toltec mines, where the cursed *Americanos* are now "stealing" the honest bread of hundreds with their hydraulic hoists. The vast estates of the old *hidalgo hacendado* would still stretch for many thousands of acres with never a fence, instead of those hateful colonizing and development schemes of Yankee real-estate companies with their barbed-wire fences and patent windmills. In a word, life would still be sweet in the sunny land across the Rio Grande.

The joys of that simple old life were best explained to me once by an American whom I met far in the interior of Mexico. I was rather surprised to come across him there, for I had last known him as an eminently successful Wall Street broker with a seat on the big Exchange. Now he was wearing a huge sombrero and seemed to be dividing his time between rolling cornhusk cigarettes, strumming a guitar and taking siestas.

"What on earth are you doing here? Is it a mining deal?" I asked.

"No, indeed. Nothing like that," he drawled. "My doctor sent me here. Not here, in particular, but just anywhere out of reach of civilization. I was a wreck when I came away. It was insomnia that did it, and nervous prostration Now you see me as I used to be before I went on the Street—fine and hearty. I tell you this place is a paradise. Just think of it! No telephone bell ringing at your elbow at all hours of the day and night! No confounded stock tickers reeling off yards of worry! No messenger boys! No special delivery letters! No telegrams! No mail deliveries every other hour! No Bears nor Bulls, and no friends and clients going to the wall! Nothing to worry about or fret over! Nothing but just sunshine and shadow, good horses, pretty señoritas, with now and then a horserace or bullfight to keep your blood from getting torpid!"

I left him blowing smoke rings in the air. Later I learned that he got restless, started prospecting on his own account and, discovering valuable copper deposits near by, wheedled a "concession" out of the old *hacendado* who owned all the country thereabout, on the strength of which he organized a mining company with a capital of a million dollars, the shares of which are now selling around par on the "curb."

When you push through the noisy, gesticulating mob of eager young brokers that fills Broad Street from curb to curb every day between the hours of ten and three, it sounds queer to hear some of those healthy young Americans shout such names as Guanajuato or Cananea.

To those young fellows with loud voices and often louder clothes those queer sounds are merely names to conjure with for a rise or a fall, implying possible large gains or losses, to be sure, but with no more significance behind them than the deuce of spades.

Once, in the days when the Mitchell Mining boom in Wall Street was at its dizziest height I asked a curb broker where the properties were located. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, "How should I know? Somewhere down in Mexico. All I care a rap about are the fluctuations right here on the curb."

Only a few of the curb brokers have ever seen a working mine in their lives. They have no inkling of all that must lie behind one of those names they shout so glibly before that property can have reached the point of having its name bandied about from curb to curb on Broad Street. No one who has not ridden across the hot, dusty deserts of northern Mexico can have any realization what it means to establish a paying mine in the wild wastes of Chihuahua or of Sonora.

You must have crossed those rough trails on muleback, over mountains where wagons and even wheels are unknown, fully to understand what it takes to ship heavy mining machinery on the backs of burros into the interior of Mexico.

Only when you have seen the naked native miners dragging their loads of ore from the shafts in long, plodding lines from such mines as those of Guanajuato or Guerrero can you begin to apprehend all the moil and toil that must go into a mine before its outlandish-sounding name will ever reach the ears of those dapper young traders on the curb.

Lost Capital in Old Mexico

ON THE curb at present they only know the names of a dozen, at most, of Mexican mining properties. Yet the mountain provinces of Mexico fairly teem with American projects. Every American who manages to get a concession for a mine that looks promising wants to develop it, and begins to look for capital—not in Mexico, but at home.

There is no telling just how much American money each year goes into Mexican mines, since only the more successful ventures assume corporate form. Those who lose their money in such speculations generally prefer to keep silent. But certain districts of Mexico are eloquent with abandoned shafts, forsaken mills and rusting machinery, all of which was once laboriously imported from the States.

Often such machinery has to be abandoned because the people in the country don't know how to handle it. Some distance out of La Ensenada in Lower California, stands an old rusted American locomotive that was abandoned by an American engine-driver who suddenly quit his job years ago. No one could be found to fill his place, so the engine was simply left to rust.

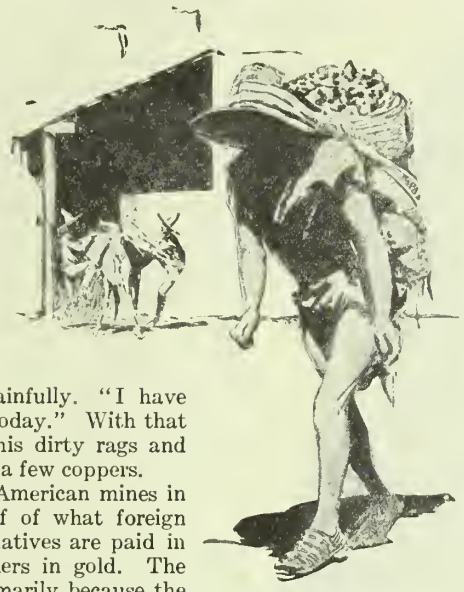
In this same town of La Ensenada the owner of an American mine there once had the luminous idea to lighten the work of the poor Mexican miners, who carried all those heavy sacks of ore on their bare heads, by importing a lot of American wheelbarrows. As soon as the wheelbarrows arrived by the steamer from San Francisco they were distributed among the native miners. The poor *cargadores* accepted them with apparent gratitude, but not one of the men knew how to handle these newfangled *Yanqui* contraptions. With much difficulty, at last, they managed to hoist the wheelbarrows full of heavy ore to their heads,

A Mexican "Rodeo" or Roundup

and so they patiently bore their double loads day in and day out until the American boss at last saw them and put a stop to it. With the help of his American engineer he showed those peons how to handle a wheelbarrow. But it was too much for them. Even after his demonstration it took an average of three men to move each wheelbarrow. In the end the wheelbarrows had to be abandoned.

The biggest Mexican mining proposition today, both from the actual operating standpoint and from that of Wall Street, is an American copper company which operates in the State of Sonora in northern Mexico. This company claims to be the largest owner of operative mineral lands in the world. Its holdings comprise about thirty-seven thousand acres, or nearly sixty square miles.

This company had to face continuous labor troubles. Its experiences were typical of the difficulties constantly encountered by those Americans who have to handle Mexican labor in the development of large enterprises. Americans in Mexico are apt to find that money does not talk so loud there as it does at home.



Cargador Carrying Ore Out of the Mines

In Guadalajara one day I asked a peon who was sunning himself in the plaza if he wanted to earn some money by doing a little errand for me. By way of inducement I gently waved a paper peso—a whole day's wages for the hardest kind of labor in that country.

"Why should I work?" he said disdainfully. "I have plenty of money for today." With that he fished around in his dirty rags and drew forth in triumph a few coppers.

Native laborers in American mines in Mexico earn just half of what foreign laborers get, for the natives are paid in silver and the foreigners in gold. The reason for this is primarily because the natives can live on less, and furthermore because the natives will quit work in the middle of the week as soon as you double their pay. Still, the apparent injustice of this discrimination causes constant labor troubles wherever natives and foreigners are employed together.

These Mexican miners a few years ago rose in their wrath for this very reason. A committee of them called on the superintendent demanding the same pay as the American miners. By way of a soft answer the superintendent, who was watering his flowers at the moment, turned the hose on them. Mexican peons resent baths. The committee promptly killed the superintendent. In the enthusiasm of the moment they also killed his foreman and a few other Americans who happened to be around.

Where Alvarado's Fortune Went

MANY of the biggest stock exchange houses and operators in Wall Street are interested in Mexican mines. Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, James R. Keene and Charles M. Schwab of the Steel Trust, John Hays Hammond of South African mining fame—all of them are dabbling with mining claims in different parts of Mexico. I met a New Yorker in the State of Jalisco in Mexico who had been drawing an annual salary from Lawson several years for doing nothing but keeping his eyes peeled for possible copper prospects. The Guggenheims hold extensive ore deposits in different parts of Mexico. Their smelters and mines are kept so busy that they find it worth their while to run a regular line of freight steamers between the United States and Mexico.

But all of the American money that goes into Mexican mines by no means comes from Wall Street alone. The Mining Directory of Mexico gives page after page of American-owned mines that have been financed from all sorts of private sources.

Our Sunday supplements used to tell us about one Pedro Alvarado, vaunted as the richest miner of Mexico. It was even reported that Alvarado offered to pay off the entire national debt of Mexico. As a matter of fact, Alvarado did have the luck to stumble across a rich silver mine in Chihuahua, which in eight years yielded $6,000,000. He could not keep his money. What with bad management, generous gifts to the church and senseless extravagance, Alvarado lost about all his money. At one single sitting in a *partida* he once lost $400,000 at monte. Finally, one fine day, there was a big fire, and shaft-houses and machinery valued at hundreds of thousands were destroyed. Alvarado had no ready money and could not replace the equipment, but a live American who made it his business to be in the vicinity soon after the fire leased the mine from Alvarado on royalty basis and organized an American company to operate it.

The mines of Mexico have been synonymous with fabulous wealth since the days of Cortez. And within the last thirty years, since American activities in the Mexican mining field began to produce such rich results, many a man in the United States has come to believe that the hundredfold increase of every dollar invested in Mexican mines is almost automatic. The path of the small investor in mining shares, whether in Mexico or the United States, is beset with pitfalls. Of course the probability of loss in the case of Mexican mines is greatly increased because the properties are located in a far country, where strange laws and peculiar labor conditions exist. Then there is the manipulative end of it. Sometimes, when everything else is all right, the poor investor loses his money because of too much Wall Street.

All of this should make the average men ponder carefully over the statement of the dean of the New York curb market, who recently said to me, "The public never hears of the stock of a real mine."

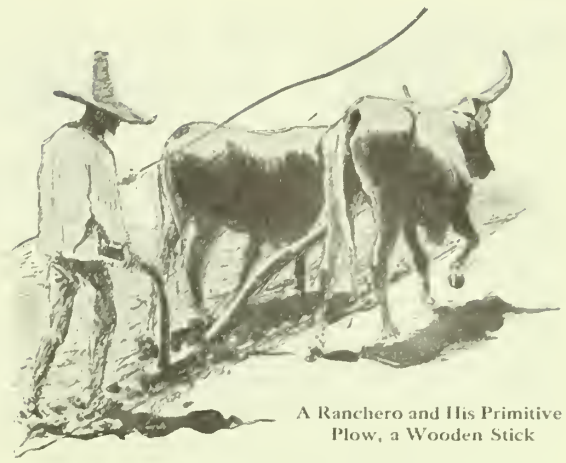
Unfortunately the public hears too much about the stocks of mines that somehow are not quite real. I had a talk recently with a Brooklyn man who had had a bitter experience with such a mine. He had been in Mexico and was impressed with the great mineral wealth of the country; so it was very easy to get him interested in a company that owned copper-bearing lands there. The man who brought the scheme to New York was an experienced smelter, and his company had all kinds of good names in it, both among its officers and on its directorate.

The proposition looked solid all through. My Brooklyn friend, together with a committee from among the other stockholders, went down to Mexico and inspected the company's mines and the subsidiary ranches and other properties. The company's engineers told them all about the immense tonnage that had been blocked out, the company's lawyers assured them that the titles were all right, and the stockholders' committee went back to the States very well satisfied.

Every day my friend looked in his newspaper for the quotations and transactions in his stock on the curb. The stock went up and up. A dividend was declared and the stock was quoted above par.

But all of a sudden the stockholders' rosy dreams were dispelled, and they saw with dismay the crumbling of the price of their shares. Soon it became known that the advance in the price was due wholly to the support and

But the Rurales Were Called Away to Fight the Hostile Yaquis



A Ranchero and His Primitive Plow, a Wooden Stick

manipulation of a highly speculative Wall Street house that was behind the promoters of the company. When the support was withdrawn the price naturally fell, and it fell more rapidly when it was learned that the dividend had not been earned. The deluded stockholders now found out that their ore, although existing in large quantities, was extremely low-grade, and the greatest economy was necessary for profitable operation. Instead of this economy, the grossest extravagance had prevailed.

The property was thrown into the hands of a receiver and the price of the stock continued to fall, until today anybody can buy any quantity of it at ten cents a share. My Brooklyn friend showed me a certificate for a thousand shares that had cost him ten thousand dollars. Today it is barely worth a hundred.

Mexican Fear of Trusts

OUR Post-Office Department has just got through putting the finishing touches on another scheme, this time an alleged gold mine proposition, that was an out-and-out swindle. The one that burned my Brooklyn friend was a transaction in high finance. The gentlemen who are now languishing in jail as a result of the prying activities of the post-office inspectors were a little too crude in their methods. To start out with, they had a couple of claims in one of the Mexican states on which there was supposed to be gold. On this supposition the owners organized a company, issued highly ornate stock certificates, and went after the gullible public.

It is well known in Mexico that the conversion of the Mexican national debt is largely the work of our most important Wall Street banking houses. J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., and Speyer & Co. have at various times underwritten with great success issues of Mexican national bonds since Finance Minister Limantour began in 1899 to bring order into the rather chaotic condition of Mexico's foreign obligations. These New York financiers are reaching further and further into Mexico's interior finances. Only last April saw the election of the first Wall Street representative to the directorate of the Banco Nacional de Mexico. He is Mr. E. N. Brown, a Speyer man, who is president of the National Railroad of Mexico.

The Mexican Government, in its fear that the American trusts might do in Mexico as they have done in the United States, has fostered the formation of buffer companies to stand between these trusts and the Mexican people. That is the popular explanation of President Diaz' strenuous efforts to nationalize Mexico's railroads. This lately accomplished nationalization was precipitated a few years ago when the late E. H. Harriman's expansion into the Mexican railroad field became alarming to Diaz. The old General feared—not without cause, perhaps—that Mr. Harriman had designs on the two Mexican trunk lines, the Mexican Central and the Mexican National.

Harriman had got into Mexico through the extension of his Southern Pacific Railway from Nogales, in Arizona, southward along the West Coast with a view toward connecting with the Southern Pacific railroad properties in Guatemala. One of the links in this big project is the Pan-American Railroad, which ex-Ambassador Thompson has lately acquired in connection with Mr. Paul Morton, ex-Secretary of the Navy and now president of the Equitable Life of New York.

The two Mexican trunk lines that were thus whisked out of Mr. Harriman's reach by Diaz were both American enterprises controlled in Wall Street. The Mexican National had been financed by Speyer & Co., who had admitted the Mexican Government into partnership in the control. The Mexican Central was rated as a Standard Oil property, since it was controlled by H. Clay Pierce,

(Concluded on Page 60)

The Line of Least Resistance

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

IX

A HUNDRED terrible seconds before, Kennedy had spurred from behind his sheltering knoll on the mountain crest. One look across the Gap, the gleam of a white dress by the wagon; the line of least resistance led straight to death and shame. As he followed it, in that wild downward plunge, his mind, in some impregnable inner citadel, planned steadily, calm and cool. A flashing vision of chances, dangers, hopes; he settled on the one sure way as swift and straight as ever shot fell from tower.

He dragged the dazed girl up before him. As he passed the wagon he snatched a canteen that swung cooling from the brake. He turned southward, up the wide, smooth draw. He looked back. The Indians were mounting, streaming down the steep slope in furious pursuit. Dolly moaned in his arms: "Father! Father!"

Noche was strained and bruised in every tendon and joint; he was failing under the double weight. A bullet had plowed across Kennedy's cheek; otherwise he was unhurt. Had Noche fared as well, had the girl been able to find her way or to stand the terrible ride, he might now send her on alone and keep the pursuit off long enough; but it would not do. She could never find her way out of the hills—the horse would die. He took the right-hand prong; the Indians were gaining. He began with a lie.

"Listen, Dolly. There are two of them"—he had not seen Quinlan—"they are behind shelter, they may escape. We can do them no good. I can save you and, perhaps, save them. But you must do what I tell you—and it is no light thing. Here you must ride alone. He can't carry us both up this hill."

He leaped off and clung to the stirrup-leather as the gasping horse lunged bravely, jerkily, sobbing up the steep. The foremost Indians were still more than a rifle shot behind.

"I'll stop 'em a little while Noche gets his breath," said Kennedy. "Look! Noche's shot through his thigh! No wonder he's giving out."

They passed over the little divide. Kennedy drew his rifle from the scabbard, crept back and shot several times at long range. One of the horses fell at the fire. The Indians dared not follow up the bare hillside. They turned aside to right and left for a long détour. That would give them half an hour—enough. Kennedy's hand brushed the holster at his hip. His revolver was gone—lost in the desperate ride down the mountain. His face—caked with dirt and blood—grew a shade graver. This would complicate matters, hurry his purposed signaling.

Ride along now, Dolly, and I'll tell you my plan. I've checked the Indians for a while. Before they get sight of us we'll be in the thick timber. They'll follow our trail, but they'll be slow and cautious. They'll never know when I may stop and waylay them."

They clambered up the hill. "There's a cave up there that Hiram knows about. I'll have to leave you there."

"Leave me? Oh, Don!" She was shaking with fear.

He lied again. "It is to save your father's life, Dolly. I could stay with you and fight them off. But I'm going up on the mountain to signal with a fire for help to come. If I don't your father will have no show." All of which was untrue. The plan was that the Apaches should follow him—leaving her scatheless. As for Otis, Don believed him dead.

She shuddered, but straightened up like the brave girl she was. "I'll do it—for Father. How will you signal?"

Don was breathless from the furious pace. "I can't talk here. We must hurry. Wait till we get in the trees, where the red devils can't see us and shoot at us."

Five minutes later they reached the friendly shelter. The Apaches were not in sight. Don slowed to a walk. Black Noche was foam-white, failing, but stumbled gallantly along as if he knew how much depended on him.

"It'll be dark before I leave you. I'll go on clear to the top of Timber Mountain. There I'll build a fire right on the crest, undouble my saddle blanket, hold it up before the fire, take it away, hold it up again; so they'll see the fire at Dundee in short dots or long dashes—just like the Morse code, only for the eye instead of the ear. It's an old dodge. Everybody knows it. I told you I used to be a telegrapher."

"Couldn't you do that here?"

"It will take a long time. They may not see it at first. After dark I'll gain on the Indians, and when I get to the top I'll be so far ahead that I'll have time enough. But Noche can never take you to the top. I'll lead him up as far as he can go and then leave him. That's one reason. There are two better ones. They can see a fire better if it is built on the skyline. Then they can see the signal at Palomas to the northwest, just as they do at Dundee on the northeast. If any one in Palomas or Vega Blanco can read Morse that gives your father a much better chance—and us too. It's only six or seven miles to Palomas, and eighteen to Dundee. Come, Dorothy—be brave! It's the only way."

"They'll See the Fire at Dundee in Short Dots or Long Dashes"

"I will," she said. Her tears were falling fast. She dried them now. That appeal—for Father—nerved her for her terrible task as nothing else could have done.

"I won't go very near to the cave. It's hidden by a big juniper in front of it. A smooth rock ledge runs off from it, where you'll leave no tracks. I'll watch till you get safely there. Take the canteen. Oh, and you'll find canned stuff there, and a blanket. That's where I've made headquarters while I've been hiding out. I call it my kitchen. You'll be safe. I'll tear a piece from your dress, and leave little bits of it sticking on the brush as I go up. Give me one of your shoes, too. After I leave Noche I'll make a track with it once in a while. And—here's the place."

A shout reached them faintly from far below. He helped her off. Her body was quivering. He kissed her pale cheek.

"It's pretty tough for you, Dolly. Remember, it's for Daddy. One thing more—the most important of all." He handed her the rifle and lied again. "I've got my revolver—I'll be all right. They won't know but what I've still got the rifle. After I get an answer I'll try to come back to you. Keep awake. There's a bend in the cave. Stay in the back part. If Hiram comes he will call. If any one comes"—he faltered, he pressed her hands tight—"wait—wait—be sure! But if by any chance it should be the Apaches——" He touched his heart. "Be sure; you understand?"

"Yes, Don. I'll—I'll not fail you. Just a minute." She clung to him. "There—I'll be brave now—for Daddy! Good-by!"

"I'm trusting you, Dolly—trusting you with a great deal more than my life. You have the hardest part. I'm proud of you." He tore a strip from her dress and took off the little shoe. "Straight along the rock behind that juniper. There—I'll not say good-by, but, as Aloys Priesser always says—*Auf Wiedersehen!* Good little Dolly, brave little girl! We'll make it yet—see if we don't! Go now."

She held up her lips silently. He watched the little figure to the juniper. Then he took Noche's bridle and went on his appointed upward way.

. . . . . .

Pappy Sickles washed up after supper, paused at the tent door to bite off a generous portion of navy plug, dropped the flap behind him and went sauntering across the plaza toward the post-office. He stopped. On Timber Mountain a sudden light flared along the wind-blown sky; a high and leaping flame. "Some fool prospector set fire to a Curajo pole," sniffed Pappy. "Cur'us how some folks likes to climb." He walked on, but checked again. "Hey! What's that?"

It was a smaller, steadier light a little to one side of the first one. While he looked it disappeared—flamed again—went and came in purposed brief eclipse.

Pappy turned and took to his aged heels. He burst into the telegraph office.

"Daglish! Dalton Daglish! There's a message on Timber Mountain! Green grass—time for Injuns!"

The night operator looked out through the open window and saw the winking light above the roof of Armstrong's store. Dot dot, dot dot dot, dot dash, dash! He snatched up pad and pencil, slipped through the window, took the message down under the blood-red glare of the semaphore. Pappy followed through the corridor and stood beside him, to read, white-lipped:

—ast Dolly Otis hid in kitchen Apaches out Kennedy Apaches out Tell Hiram Yoast Dolly Otis hidden in my cave——

Pappy filled his lungs and bellowed across the startled dark. "*Ho-o-o! Hiram Yoast!*" The agent stuck his head through a second-story window. "Got a gun?" yelped Pappy. "Then shoot, damn ye, shoot! 'Paches in the Gap!"

Shots, shouts, lights streaming into the night from opened doors, running feet.

"*Hiram Yoast!*" High voices took up the relayed call and shrilled it across the town. "*Hiram Yoast! Hiram Yoast!*"

Pappy pointed. They saw the twinking light Daglish scrawled over the paper. The sweat dropped from his brow. A loose sheet fluttered to Lewis as he tore it off. Lewis held it to the light. A roar went up: "Here he is, here's Yoast!" Hiram Yoast and Kaylor pushed through the circle. "Read it, you numskull, read it out loud!" screamed Pappy.

Hiram Yoast Apaches out Dolly Otis hidden in our cave Otis killed in Palomas Gap Don Kennedy ten to twenty braves Hiram Yoast Apaches out——

Daglish was left alone. Men were running in every direction; to the stables, to their tents for guns. "Build a fire, some of you damned fools, out to one side. Boxes, barrels, whisky, coal-oil!" That was Polk Armstrong at the store door.

The slow, steady message came from the hill:

Dolly Otis in my hide-out Otis killed in Gap Answer Indians close Kennedy Hiram Yoast Apaches Dolly hid in cave Don Kenn——

The beacon twinkled no more. For a little space it burned clear, then sank dimly to darkness.

The swiftest, readiest thundered on ahead—Lewis, Yoast, Kaylor, Teagardner, Horsethief Fisher, Smith-Leonard, Springtime Morgan, Pappy. Far behind came others. In Dundee the slower or less fortunate were yet arming, saddling; strangers' horses, stage horses, all that

were in Dundee stables; saddles levied from the store, saddles from tentmen whose horses were hobbled out. And in every direction from town went men afoot, to drive in the hobbled and picketed and loose horses—saddle horses, freight horses, mules—to follow later.

"Here, fellows, this won't do!" It was the gray veteran Teagardner who took the lead of the leaders, as they breasted the slope of Three-Mile Hill. "We're doing up our horses. Slow down. We save time in the long run. We got to take it on a trot. Hiram—in case you get wiped out—tell us, so there can't be no mistake, where the girl's cave is." So Hiram told them.

"All right—we can't miss that. Pres, you and Pappy fall back, and check them fellows up. Killin' their horses won't get 'em there. We'll push on for the girl first. After we get her we'll see what we can do for Don. Pres, you pick out ten or twelve of the best-mounted and come after us. Pappy, your horse is better'n Pres's. Change with him. Then you take the rest of the men and go to the Gap. Put the best trackers out at daylight, lookin' for sign. When you get it follow it to hell. If you find Otis and Pat and Jimmy dead, leave 'em and go after the 'Paches."

"Jimmy ain't there," said Pappy. "His mules run away and come to town. He started back just before sundown. We'll catch him. He'll see the fire and stop. No, he won't. He'll see the fire and hurry on like hell beatin' tanbark."

"Well, if you find him, leave him and the mules and three or four men in the Gap. We'll bring the girl and—the others—in the wagon."

"All right." Pappy reined up. "Here's your horse, Pres."

The van pushed on at a long, swinging trot, leaning forward, standing in the stirrups.

"Hiram, you jest happened to know where this cave is, I s'pose?" said Kaylor.

"Happened, yes. He's my pardner."

Smith-Leonard touched the sheriff's elbow. They fell back into the dust. Behind them, in the trail, bits of torn paper eddied and spun in the soft nightwind.

X

OTIS felt water splashed on his face, trickling down his throat. He gulped it greedily and opened his eyes. A savage face bent over him, swarthy, repulsive, hateful. In the clear starlight he could see the smeared paint, the dirty headcloth bound turbanwise above the beady black eyes. Dim shapes were busy in the gloom behind.

His last conscious thought had been of Sleiter falling slowly, slowly; of Kennedy and Dolly flashing through the broad bar of sunlight before the Gap to the black shadow beyond. It came to him now with a thrill of pride and triumph and grateful joy—Don would save her. A terrible racking pain throbbed and beat through his shoulder, but he made no outcry. His head whirled dizzily. He concentrated all his thought on that one picture: Sleiter's bending knees, his red beard about the propping gunstock; far below, in a golden haze, the black horse and his burden laboring across the glory and glow of sunset.

Another Indian came. They threw him roughly into the saddle. The pain was unendurable; he gave a stifled shriek. They bound his feet under the horse's belly and led him away. Every step was agony worse than death. His hands were free. He clutched desperately at the high, sharp saddle-horn. The gripping muscles helped him, but the groans came. He was very weak. His clothes clung to his flesh, soaking in blood. They went down the hill, by the wagon, crossed the head of the Gap and climbed back up the mountain from which Kennedy had come. The pain cleared his senses, his eyes grew wonted to the night. There were shadowy, silent riders before—five, six, seven. Thorns dug at his legs, branches whipped his face, clutched at his shattered shoulder; the bitterness of death was on him. He set his mind stubbornly on the one thought: Dolly was safe; once for all he abandoned hope for himself. He thought of Lena; and then for a long, long time he set his teeth and groaned no more.

They crossed to the west side and crawled southward along a rocky ledge near the top. They crept along a hog-back, hugged close under the crest of Timber Mountain—on, ever on, to the south. A merciful lethargy of weakness came to him. He drooped over, the elbow of his good arm clinging to the high-pointed horn; his hair was in the horse's mane.

Centuries afterward the journey came to an end. He roused himself and looked about numbly. They were in a craterlike sink on the mountainside. He could not see the peak, the plains, the westward rim or the mountain ranges beyond. A clump of dwarfed and stunted trees grew in the hollow, a narrow circle of jagged and crumbling rock shut out all the world beside. So, he thought, this was the end of radiant life. To this undreamed-of narrow valley his feet had tended since childhood—to Gethsemane.

There were but two of the Indians with him now; the others had fallen out on the way, unseen by Otis. They dragged him off and bundled him down by a lightning-blasted tree; they wrenched his arms around the stump behind his back and tied him fast. Then they left him.

The thirst which had tormented him from the beginning tortured him now. His wounds, aggravated as they were by the rough journey, were nothing to this; but it was the wounds that made the thirst so terrible. His tongue and lips had already begun to swell. There was not even a cooling dew.

No weakling, this! Waiting, he braced his soul firmly to meet the end. The stars burned warm and near in the violet-black sky. He watched them, waiting. Then he closed his eyes. Faces, thronging, vivid, real—Dolly, her dead mother, smiling, tender; Lena's face, rosy-flushing; Hiram's, bright, wide-eyed; Don's, resolute and high and strong. Again that flashing vision, the Titan Sleiter tottering to his fall, the black horse racing forever across the blazing sunset.

He could not see the stars—warm tears were in his eyes. Not of sorrow—of love and pride.

The far-off, measured beat of soft footsteps; they came nearer to him—the trampling of many feet. The moon rose radiant over the crater's low rim; the rocky circle became a shore, bordered on a pool of dancing, rippling light; the soft air was sweet and pure and cool.

The trampling feet came into the circle behind him. Forms monstrous, barbarous, fantastic, silent, flitted from the shadowed barrier into the silver fire. There was a horse with a shapeless burden; they cast off ropes and threw a bundle at his feet. A man, fast bound; his head touched Otis' foot, his face was in the dust, his sunny hair dabbled and dank with blood. He rolled over silently.

"God! Dolly?"

"Safe!" said Kennedy. "Safe!" The man was beautiful; the glory of strength and courage and manhood glowed through flesh and stain.

"Thank God! Where?" exclaimed Otis.

"I dare not tell you. One of these devils speaks English," he whispered. "But I've sent word, smoke-talk. Hiram'll get her."

The Indians were bunched together, talking in deep, low gutturals. "Now they're making medicine. Bad medicine for you and me, Professor."

"Are you wounded?" said Otis.

"No such luck. Just this scratch on my face. But I see you are. Is it bad?"

"I'm dying of thirst. How could they get you this way?"

"Unwounded, you mean? I left Dolly my gun. I had mighty little time to telegraph. Slow work. But they got it. I saw a big blaze at Dundee just as the Indians picked me. How bad are you hurt?"

Otis told him. "Good for you!" said Don grimly. "You won't last so long."

"They'll—torture us, then?"

"Sure thing. Who was the shooting-man with you? He seemed to understand his business. Dead?"

"Sleiter. . . . Dead."

At this Don lay silent a little. Then he raised his head out of the dust. His eyes were bright in the moonlight. "A real nice little old world, isn't it, Professor?" he said slowly and gently. "'And God saw . . . and behold it was very good.'"

Otis did not answer, grasping slowly the measure of the man. The Indians came back. They rolled Kennedy on his back; they lashed him, in the form of a cross, between four trees, slipping a loop on wrist and ankle, straining the ropes tight. Then they melted silently away, all but one. This one was evidently the leader. He gave directions to the others. Then he came back and looked silently from Kennedy to Otis. A brutal bulk of body; cruel, watchful eyes; a broad face, debased, fiendish, leering; from its blunted outlines, the moonlight tinge of the copper skin, there might be a drop of white blood in his veins. The footsteps died away.

"This is going to be a bad business. I wish it were over," said Don. Already, beyond the bruising ropes, the flesh was beginning to swell and blacken.

The breed spoke—broken Spanish and English, but intelligible. "*Tengo hambre.* I eat now. You mek veesit wit' friend. *Poco tiempo* you tell me where hide *mujer*, eh?" He kicked Kennedy in the ribs and turned away.

"I'm afraid you're letting yourself in for a disappointment, old man," gasped Kennedy when he could get his breath. "Too bad. But it isn't done, you know."

The Indian looked over his shoulder. "You tell purty soon. You mek fire-talk for men, eh? But my man mek big trail. White man tek follow. You tell me soon."

He made a very small fire. From his saddle he brought a canteen and a chunk of dirty beef, which last he threw on the fire.

Otis spoke. His head drooped forward on his breast.

"You believe that—now?"

"Believe? What? Oh, I see. God saw the world and the rest of it? And 'I shall not wholly die'—or annihilation?" Kennedy laughed; the gorging Indian raised his eyes and stared. "The ruling passion! Oh, Professor, you're a keen one for arguing. . . . I believe. It probably don't mean to me at all what it does to you. Names, you know . . . . as Lena said. . . . But God? I believe in a loving and merciful God. I know. I can't give logic for it, but I know—now more than ever. Now more than ever. I thank Him for His gifts—for strength, for courage, for the knowledge that—I shall not tell! . . . . And, perhaps . . . . I shall not wholly die. . . . Perhaps. *Quien sabe?*"

After a little he spoke again. "There's one more thing, Professor.

"I Thank Him for the Knowledge That—I Shall Not Tell! . . . And, Perhaps . . . I Shall Not Wholly Die. . . . Perhaps"

(Continued on Page 53)

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

XXII

AILSA was told that Berkley had gone up the hill toward the firing-line.

On the windy hilltop, hub-deep in dry, dead grass, a section of a battery was in action, the violent light from the discharges lashing out through the rushing vapors which the wind flattened and drove back into the hollow below so that the cannoneers seemed to be wading waist-deep in fog.

The sick and wounded on their cots and stretchers were coughing and gasping in the hot mist; the partly erected tents had become full of it. And now the air in the hollow grew more suffocating as fragments of burning powder and wadding set the dead grass afire, and the thick, strangling smoke spread over everything.

She Set Her Canteen to His Blackened Lips

Surgeons and assistants were working like beavers to house their patients; every now and then a bullet darted into the vale with an evil buzz, rewounding, sometimes killing, the crippled. To add to the complication and confusion, more wounded arrived from the firing-line above and beyond to the westward; horses began to fall where they stood harnessed to the caissons; a fine, powerful gun-team galloping back to refill its chests suddenly reared straight up into annihilation, enveloped in the volcanic horror of a shell so near that Ailsa, standing below in a clump of willows, saw the flash and smoke of the cataclasm and the flying disintegration of dark objects scattering through the smoke.

Far away on the hillside an artilleryman, making a funnel of his hands, shouted for stretchers; and Ailsa, repeating the call, managed to gather together half a dozen overworked bearers and start with them up through the smoke.

Deafened, blinded, her senses almost reeling under the nerve-shattering crash of the guns, she toiled on through the dry grass, pausing at the edge of charred spaces to beat out the low flames that leaped toward her skirts.

There was a leafy hollow ahead, filled with slender willow trees, many of them broken off, shot, torn, twisted and splintered. Dead soldiers lay about under the smoke, their dirty shirts or naked skin visible between jacket and belt; to the left on a sparsely-wooded elevation, the slope of which was scarred, showing dry red sand and gravel, a gun stood, firing obliquely across the gully into the woods. Long, wavering, irregular rings of smoke shot out, remaining intact and floating like the rings from a smoker's pipe until another rush and blast of flame scattered them.

Another gun had been dismounted and lay on its side, one wheel in the air, helpless, like some monster sprawling with limbs stiffened in death. Behind it, crouched close, squatted some infantry soldiers, firing from the cover of the wreckage. Behind every tree, every stump, every inequality, lay infantry, dead, wounded, or alive and cautiously firing. Several took advantage of the fallen battery horses for shelter. Only one horse of that gun-team remained alive, and the gunners had lashed the prolonge to the trail of the overturned cannon and to the poor horse's collar, and were trying to drag the piece away with the hope of righting it.

This maneuver dislodged the group of infantry soldiers who had taken shelter there, and, on all fours, they began crawling and worming and scuffling about among the dead leaves, seeking another shelter from the pelting hail of lead.

There was nothing to be seen beyond the willow gully except smoke, set grotesquely with phantom trees, through which the enemy's fusillade sparkled and winked like a long, level line of fireflies in the mist.

The stretcher-bearers crept about, gathering up the wounded who called to them out of the smoke. Ailsa, on her knees, made her way toward a big artilleryman whose right leg was almost shot away at the thigh.

She did what she could, called for a stretcher, then, crouching close under the bank of raw earth, set her canteen to his blackened lips and held it for him.

"Don't be discouraged," she said quietly; "they'll bring another stretcher in a few moments. I'll stay here close beside you until they come."

The artilleryman was dying; she saw it; he knew it. And his swollen lips moved.

"Don't waste time with me," he managed to say.

"Then—will you lie very still and not move?"

"Yes; only don't let the horse step on me."

She drew her little notebook and pencil from the pocket of her gown and lowered her head until one ear was close to his lips.

"What is your name and regiment?"

His voice became suddenly clear:

"John Casson—Tenth New York Battery. . . . Mrs. Henry Casson, Islip, Long Island. My mother is a widow. I don't—think she—can—stand ——"

Then he died—went out abruptly into eternity.

Beside him, in the grass, lay a Zouave watching everything with great, hollow eyes. His body was only a mass of bloody rags; he had been shot all to pieces, yet the bleeding heap was breathing, and the big, sunken eyes patiently watched Ailsa's canteen until she encountered his unwinking gaze. But the first swallow he took killed him horribly; and Ailsa, her arms drenched with blood, shrank back and crouched shuddering under the roots of a shattered tree, her consciousness almost deserting her in the roaring and jarring and splintering around her. She saw more stretcher-bearers in the smoke, stooping, edging their way—unarmed heroes of many a field who fell unnoted, died unrecorded on the rolls of glory.

A lieutenant of artillery, powder-blackened but jaunty, called down to her from the bank above:

"Look out, little lady. We're going to try to limber up, and we don't want to drop six horses and a perfectly good gun on top of you!"

Somebody seized her arm and dragged her across the leaves; and she struggled to her knees, to her feet, turned, and started to run.

"This way," said Berkley's voice in her ear; and his hand closed on hers.

"Phil—help me—I don't know where I am!"

"I do. Run this way, under the crest of the hill. . . . Doctor Connor told me that you had climbed up here. This isn't your place! Are you stark mad?"

They ran on westward, panting, sheltered by the grassy crest behind which soldiers lay firing over the top of the grass—long lines of them, bellies flattened to the slope, dusty blue trousers hitched up, showing naked ankles and big feet pendant. Behind them, swords drawn, stood or walked their officers, quietly encouraging them or coolly turning to look at Ailsa and Berkley as they hurried past.

In a vast tobacco field to their left, just beyond a wide cleft in the hills, a brigade of cavalry was continually changing station to avoid shell fire. The swallow-tailed national flags, the yellow guidons with their crossed sabers, the blue state colors, streamed above their shifting squadrons as they trotted hither and thither with the leisurely precision of a peaceful field day; but here and there from the trampled earth some fallen horse raised its head in agony; here and there the plain was dotted with dark heaps that never stirred.

. . . . . .

The wailing flight of bullets streamed steadily overhead, but, as they descended, the whistling, rushing sound grew higher and fainter. They could see, on the plain where the cavalry was maneuvering, the shells bursting in fountains of dirt, the ominous shrapnel cloud floating daintily above.

Far away through the grassy cleft, on wooded hillsides delicately blue, they could see the puff of white smoke shoot out from among the trees where the Confederate batteries were planted, then hear the noise of the coming shell rushing nearer, quavering, whistling into a long-drawn howl as it raced through the gray clouds overhead.

While he guided her among the cedars at the base of the hill, one arm around her body to sustain her, he quietly but seriously berated her for her excursion to the firing-line, telling her there was no need of it, no occasion for anybody except the bearers there; that Doctor Connor was furious at her and had said aloud that she had little common-sense.

Ailsa colored painfully, but there was little spirit left in her, and she walked thankfully and humbly along beside him, resting her cheek against his shoulder.

"Don't scold me; I really feel half sick, Phil. . . . From where did you come?" she added timidly.

"From the foot-bridge. They wanted a guard set there. I found half a dozen wounded men who could handle a musket. Lord, but the rebels came close to us that time! When we heard those bullets they were charging the entire line of our works. I understand that we've driven them all along the line. It must be so, judging from the firing."

"Did our hospital burn?"

"Only part of one wing. They're beginning to move back the wounded already. . . . Now, dear, will you please remain with your superiors and obey orders?" he added as they came out along the banks of the little stream and saw the endless procession of stretchers recrossing the foot-bridge to the left.

"Yes. . . . I didn't know. I saw part of a battery blown up, and a soldier shouted for stretchers. There was nobody else to start them off, so I did it."

He nodded. "Wait here, dear. I will run over and ask Doctor Connor whether they have moved Colonel Arran ——"

"Colonel Arran! Oh, Philip! I forgot to tell you ——" She clutched his arm in her excitement, and he halted, alarmed.

"Has anything happened to him?" he demanded.

"He asked for you."

"Is he worse?"

"I fear so."

"Dying?"

"Phil—I am afraid so. He—he—thinks that you are his son!"

"W-what are you saying?" he stammered. "What are you trying to tell me, Ailsa?"

"Phil—my darling!—don't look that way!" she exclaimed, frightened.

"What way?" He laughed as though crazed. "Where is he? Do you know? I want to see him. You'd better let me see him."

"I'll go with you, Phil; I'll be close beside you. You mustn't become so terribly excited; I didn't know what I was saying; I think he is delirious."

"Where is he? I can't endure this much longer," he kept repeating in a vacant way as they forced a path among the litters and ambulances and came out through the smoke blowing from a pile of débris that lay where the east wing of the seminary had once stood. Charred and battered, every window smashed and the blackened rafters of the roof still smouldering, the east wing rose before them, surrounded by the wounded.

A surgeon told them that Colonel Arran had been carried out of the barn, but to what place he did not know. Letty with Doctor Benton passed them by the stables, but they knew only that Colonel Arran had been placed in an ambulance which had started for Azalea Courthouse.

This was confirmed by Doctor Connor, who came hurrying by and who halted to scowl heartily at Ailsa.

"No more of that!" he said roughly. "When I want a nurse on the firing-line I'll detail her. I've sent two hundred invalids to the landing and I wanted you to go with them, and when I looked around for you I saw you kiting for the line of battle! That's all wrong, Mrs. Paige! That's all wrong! You look sick, anyway. Are you?"

"No. I'll go now if you'll let me, Doctor Connor."

"How are you going to get there? I haven't another ambulance to send—not a horse or a mule ——"

"I—I'll walk," she said with a sob in her throat. "I am fearfully sorry—and ashamed ——"

"There, there," muttered Doctor Connor, "I didn't mean all I said. It was a brave thing to do—not that your pluck mitigates the offense! Be a little more considerate; think a little faster; don't take to your legs on the first impulse. Some fool told me you'd been killed—and that made—made me—most damnably angry!" he burst out with a roar to cover his emotion.

He seized Ailsa's hand and shook it vigorously.

"Excuse my profanity. I can't avoid it when I think of you—dead! There, there, I'm an old fool and you're

a—younger one. See if you can find somebody to take you to Azalea. I want that batch of invalids carefully watched. Besides, there's a furlough there for you. Don't say one word! You're not well, I tell you. I had to send those invalids back; the place here is atrociously crowded. Try to find some way of getting to the landing. And take care of your pretty little self, for God's sake!"

She promised, shook hands with him again, disengaged herself from the crowd around her, turned about to search for Berkley, and caught sight of him near the stables saddling his horse. He buckled the last strap as she came up; turned a blank gaze on her, and did not appear to comprehend her question for a moment. Then, nodding in a dazed way, he lifted her to the saddle in front, swung up behind her, passed one arm around her waist, gathered bridle and edged his way carefully through the crowd out into the road.

The Third Zouaves in heavy marching order filled the road with their scarlet column, moving steadily southward; and Ailsa, from her perch on the saddle, called to Colonel Craig and Major Lent, stretching out her hot little hand to them as she passed.

Engineers blocked their progress farther on; then Wisconsin infantry, young giants in blue, swinging forward in their long, loose-limbered stride; then an interminable column of artillery, jolting slowly along, the grimy gunners swaying drowsily on their seats, officers nodding half asleep in their saddles.

"Philip," she ventured timidly.

"Yes."

"Is there—anything—you wish to tell me? Anything that I—perhaps—have a faint shadow of a right to know?"

For a long time they rode in silence, her question unanswered. A narrow cart-road—less of a road than a lane—led east. He turned his horse into it.

For a moment no sound broke the silence save the monotonous clank of his saber and the creak of girth and saddle.

"Ailsa!"

"Yes, Phil."

"Move closer; hold very tight to me; clasp both arms around my neck. . . . Are you seated firmly?"

"Yes, Phil."

He encircled her slender body with his right arm and, shaking out the bridle, launched his horse at a gallop down the sandy lane. Her breath and his mingled as they sped forward; the wind rushed by, waving the foliage on either hand; a steady storm of sand and gravel rained rattling through the bushes as the spurred horse bounded forward, breaking into a grander stride, thundering on through the gathering dusk.

Swaying, cradled in his embrace, her lips murmured his name, or, parted breathless, touched his as the exquisitely confused sense of headlong speed dimmed her senses to a happy madness.

She closed her lids, fever-flushed face transfigured, pressed to his shoulder; then the blue eyes opened vaguely; trees, bushes, fences flew past and fled away behind in the dusk. It seemed to her as though she were being tossed through space locked in his arms; infinite depths of shadow whirled and eddied around her; limitless reaches, vistas unfathomable, stretched toward outer chaos into which they were hurled, unseeing, her arms around his neck, her soft face on his breast.

Then a lantern flashed; voices sounded in far-off confusion; more lanterns twinkled and glimmered; more voices broke in on their heavenly isolation.

Was the divine flight ended?

Somebody said: "Colonel Arran is here and is still alive, but his mind is clouding. He says he is waiting for his son to come."

Dizzy, burning hot, half blinded, she felt herself swung out of space on to the earth again, through a glare of brightness in which Celia's face seemed to be framed, edged with infernal light. . . . And another face, Camilla's, was there in the confusing brilliancy; and she reeled a little, embraced, held hot and close; and in her dulled ears drummed Celia's voice, murmuring, pitying, complaining, adoring:

"Honey-bell—oh, my little Honey-bud! I have you back in my a'ms, and I have my boy, and I'm ve'y thankful to my Heavenly Master—I certainly am, Honeybee!—fo' His goodness and His mercy which He is showing eve'y day to me and mine."

Camilla's pale face was pressed against her hot cheeks and the girl's black sleeve of crape encircled her neck.

She whispered: "I—I try to think it reconciles me to losing Jimmy. . . . War gave me Stephen. . . . Yet—oh, I cannot understand why God's way must sometimes be the way of battle!"

Ailsa saw and heard and understood, yet all around her fell an unreal light—a fiery radiance, making voices the voices of phantoms, forms the outlines of ghosts.

Through an open door she saw a lamplit room where her lover knelt beside a bed—saw a man's arm reach feebly toward him and saw no more. Everything wavered and dazzled and brightened into rainbow tints around her, then to scarlet; then velvety darkness sprang up, through which she fell into swift unconsciousness.

. . . . . .

One of the doctors, looking at her as she lay on the hospital cot, dropped his hand gravely on her thin wrist.

"You cannot tell me anything that I don't know about Mrs. Paige," he said wearily. "This is a complete breakdown. It's come just in time too. That girl has been trying to kill herself. I understand that her furlough has arrived. You'd better get her North on the next transport. I guess that our angels are more popular in our hospitals just now than they would be tuning little gilt harps aloft. We can't spare 'em, Mrs. Craig, and I guess the Most High can wait a little longer."

Doctor, ward master, apothecary and nurses stood looking down at the slim, fever-flushed shape moving restlessly on the cot—babbling soft inconsequences, staring out of brilliant eyes at nothing.

The doctor whispered to the apothecary, and his gesture dismissed those who stood around her waiting in silence.

XXIII

EARLY in October the Union cavalry began their favorite pastime of "chasing" Stuart. General Pleasonton, with a small force and a horse battery, began it, marching seventy-eight miles in twenty-four hours; but Stuart marched ninety in the same time. He had to.

About ten o'clock in the morning of October tenth, General Buford, chief of cavalry, set the Sixth Pennsylvania Lancers galloping after Stuart. Part of the First Maine Cavalry joined the chase, but Stuart flourished his heels and cantered gayly into Pennsylvania to the amazement and horror of that great state and to the unbounded mortification of the Union army. He had with him the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Ninth Virginia Cavalry, the Seventh and Ninth North Carolina and two legions; and after him went pelting the handful that McClellan could mount. A few tired troopers galloped up to White's Ford just as Stuart crossed in safety, and the game of "chasing" Stuart was over. Never had the efficiency of the Union cavalry been at such a low ebb; but it was low-water mark, indeed, and matters were destined to mend after nearly two years of neglect and misuse.

Bayard took over the cavalry south of Washington; Pleasonton collected the Sixth Regulars, the Third Indiana, the Eighth New York, the Eighth Pennsylvania and the Eighth Illinois, and started in to do mischief with brigade headquarters in the saddle.

The Eighth New York went with him, but the Eighth New York Lancers, reorganizing at Orange Hill, were ordered to recruit the depleted regiment to twelve companies.

In August Berkley's ragged blue-and-yellow jacket had been gayly embellished with brand-new sergeant's chevrons; at the Stone Bridge, where the infantry recoiled, his troop passed over at a gallop.

The War Department, much edified, looked at the cavalry and began to like it. And it was ordered that every cavalry regiment be increased by two troops, L and M. Which liberality, in combination with Colonel Arran's early reports concerning Berkley's conduct, enabled the company tailor to sew a pair of lieutenant's shoulder-straps on Berkley's soiled jacket.

But there was more than that in store for him; it was all very well to authorize two new troops to a regiment, but another matter to recruit them.

Colonel Arran, from his convalescent couch in the North, wrote to Governor Morgan; and Berkley got his troop and his orders to go to New York and recruit it. And by the same mail came the first letter Ailsa had been well enough to write him since her transfer north on the transport Long Branch.

He read it a great many times; it was his only diversion while awaiting transportation at the old Hygeia Hotel, where, in company with hundreds of furloughed officers, he slept on the floor in his blanket; he read it on deck, as the paddle-wheeled transport weighed anchor, swung churning under the guns of the great fortress—so close that the artillerymen on the water battery could have tossed a biscuit aboard—and, heading northeast, passed out between the capes, where, seaward, the towering black sides of a sloop-of-war rose, bright-work aglitter, smoke blowing fitfully from her single funnel.

At Alexandria he telegraphed her: "Your letter received; on my way north," and signed it with boyish pride: "Philip O. Berkley-Arran, Captain Cavalry, U. S. V."

To his father he sent a similar telegram from the Willard in Washington; wasted two days at the State, War and Navy for an audience with Mr. Stanton, and finally found himself waiting among throngs of officers of all grades, all arms of the service, for a chance to board his train.

And as he stood there he felt cotton-gloved fingers fumbling for the handle of his valise, and wheeled sharply and began to laugh. "Where the devil did you come from, Burgess? Did they give you a furlough?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Well, you got more than I. What's the matter—do you want to carry my bag?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't have to."

"No, sir. . . . If you don't object, sir, I'll carry it."

They found seats together; Philip, amused, tried to extract from Burgess something besides the trite and obvious servant's patter—something that might signify some possibility of a latent independence—the germ of aspiration—and extracted nothing. Burgess had not changed, had not developed. His ways were Philip's ways; his loftier flights mounted no higher toward infinity than the fashions of 1862 and their suitability to his master's ultimate requirements.

For his regiment, for its welfare, its hopes, its glory, he apparently cared nothing; nor did he appear to consider the part he had borne in its fluctuating fortunes anything to be proud of.

Penned with the others in the brushfield, he had done stolidly what his superiors demanded of him; and it presently came out that the only anxiety that assailed him was when, in the smoke of the tangled thickets, he missed his late master.

"Well, what do you propose to do after the regiment is mustered out?" inquired Philip curiously.

"Wait on you, sir."

"Don't you want to do anything else?"

"No, sir."

Philip looked at him, smiling.

He Buckled the Last Strap as She Came Up

(Continued on Page 70)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1910

The Freight Rate Investigation

VERY likely the hearing recently begun by the Interstate Commerce Commission upon the proposed advance in freight rates will be the most important inquiry into railroad charges ever held; but probably it will not be the most important one that ought to be held. This investigation will deal, it seems, with rates in the mass, and the great trouble is not with rates in the mass but in detail.

That railroad capitalization, taken together, greatly exceeds the present worth of railroad property is not likely. Engineering-Contracting, of Chicago, prints a summary of the physical valuation of railroads in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Washington showing an average reproduction-cost of forty-one thousand dollars a mile. Capitalization the country over averages about ten per cent higher; but in three of the states named there is no costly mountain-construction, and in the East the cost of terminals and of triple and quadruple tracks materially increases the construction-cost per mile. If the roads are not overcapitalized they are not, as a whole, earning any very excessive return upon the investment; but, while the average of all rates may not be extortionate, some rates are too low and others are too high.

A Western merchant writes:

"For hauling oil from Chicago to St. Louis the roads charge six cents a hundred pounds; for hauling overalls between the same points they charge forty-three cents a hundred pounds. Either oil is too low or overalls are too high." A like inequality exists as to rates between certain points and those between other points the same distance apart.

Law Here and Elsewhere

MILITANT suffragettes in England got results. By ringing bells at public meetings, mobbing statesmen, "booing" at Parliament, organizing monster demonstrations and getting themselves locked up by wholesale, they so impressed the British mind that a female suffrage bill easily passed to its second reading in the House of Commons.

That this tentative victory is a fruit of riotous tactics most observers agree, and more than one observer has pointed out that the same obstreperous behavior in the United States would discredit and retard female suffrage rather than help it.

To Runnymede is a long way back; but, since the Great Charter was extorted from John at the point of the sword, intimidation has been a prime factor in English politics. Fear carried through the electoral reform of 1832. "The aid of crime was needed to carry the Reform Act," says an eminent British publicist; "the rights of the people could be extorted from the Peers only by terrorism and the menace of civil war."

And Mr. Stead intimates that when their lordships assent to the needed reform of their House it will probably be from the same gentle motive.

Fear of civil commotion is not a political factor here. A cause that relied upon intimidation or resorted to riot would provoke disgust. Americans, we believe, have no sympathy for any reform that will not submit to orderly discussion and the arbitrament of a regular election.

Once in a while, it is true, some densely stupid or merely insane person shoots at a public official; but the act of an idiot or lunatic seems hardly relevant in judging a nation's attitude toward the law. Undoubtedly archaic forms of judicial procedure have encouraged resort to lynch law; but there are phenomena besides lynchings to be taken into account before one accepts the stock assertion that Americans have less regard for law than any other supposedly civilized people.

An Error by Mr. Aldrich

SENATOR ALDRICH seems to have permitted his pen to slip. He has explained all about his rubber company and all about how he feels toward Senator Bristow. Also, he explains that in raising the duties on manufactures of rubber he was merely deferring to the wishes of Treasury officials, judging it would be handier for them, all around, to collect a higher duty than a lower one. In a like spirit of accommodation, perhaps, the Senator's committee omitted this increase of the rubber duty from that sapient summary which it prepared to show the country how the new law affected duties on articles of common consumption.

Having raised the duty in order to avoid bothering the Treasury officials, the committee omitted to mention the raise in order to avoid bothering the public.

Up to this point the Senator's defense has the true protection ring; but he says: "If crude rubber, which competes with no domestic product, should be placed upon the dutiable list the duty would clearly be added to the cost of the rubber to the manufacturer or to the consumer, and would not affect the producer."

This is the very nub of what Senator Bristow and the other Insurgents are talking about—that the duty raises the price to the consumer. And we see here what consideration the framers of the new law gave to the declaration of the Republican platform that the duty ought to "equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad."

The duty on rubber manufactures was increased nearly seventeen per cent. Was this because the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad had widened seventeen per cent? Oh, not at all! It was done merely because a Treasury official dropped in and suggested it. The box was on the sideboard; almost any friendly caller might help himself.

The Leisurely Amble of Progress

IF YOU read a newspaper whose moral habitat is somewhat remote from the gutter you will find in it from time to time a Washington dispatch saying that the chemical bureau of the Department of Agriculture has issued a warning against certain proprietary articles—that various "soothing syrups," for example, being merely preparations of morphine, chloroform and other noxious drugs, are about as fit for infantile consumption as so much whisky and water.

Inducing people, by gross lies, to poison their babies with morphine seems a rather nasty sort of business. Formerly your same newspaper was the most efficient agency in that business. It advertised the dope, and resented suggestions that it ought not to. Some newspapers will still advertise it, and maintain that they can't leave off saving the country to bother about a few poisoned babies. But they find their gutter unpleasant exactly in proportion as it grows lonesome.

When nobody wore clothes nobody minded. Every man that adopted a shirt made a bare back more impracticable. Presently no newspaper will hire itself out for baby-poisoning, and in the fullness of time none will assist in poisoning even an adult belonging to the opposite political party.

This is mentioned simply as an illustrative instance. You can beat the drum till your arms fall off, but Progress will not charge. She merely ambles along, and at what seems the most crucial moment is as apt as not to sit down and make a yard of crochet.

The Best Security

FOR the first time in half a century banks may now issue circulating notes that are based not upon bonds but upon commercial paper—merchants' notes-of-hand, secured simply by the credit and good faith of the signers, which is the best security in the world. From the passage of the national bank act the Government insisted that bank circulation must be secured by United States bonds deposited with the Treasury Department, and that whenever the department deposited money in a bank the bank must secure it by hypothecating bonds. Senator Aldrich's emergency currency bill of 1907 retained this wrong notion that bonds are the best security; but the Aldrich-Vreeland compromise measure provides that emergency circulation may also be issued on the basis of merchants' notes. The recent formation of currency associations under that law makes possible the issue of note-secured circulation.

During the tremendous crisis of the Franco-Prussian War the French Government arbitrarily extended the time of payment of all commercial paper for eleven months. The Bank of France held nine hundred million francs of such paper, consisting mainly of the notes of small tradesmen. It was feared that many debtors, taking advantage of this arbitrary extension of the time of payment, would wind up their affairs and default.

As a matter of fact, the bank's losses on this immense amount of merchants' notes amounted to eight-tenths of one per cent. In forty-five years—a period including two great and two smaller panics—losses of the banks of this country on legitimate commercial loans have been infinitesimal.

Boycotting and Being Boycotted

ANOTHER boycott of American goods has been declared by the Chinese at Canton—a heathen proceeding which is all the more exasperating since a former boycott cut deeply into American trade with China. It appears that the Canton Chinamen are dissatisfied with certain detention sheds which we maintain at San Francisco for the temporary occupancy of such of their countrymen as happen this way. That is no good reason for refusing to buy American goods; and boycott is a word of ill savor among us, because, on the whole, we are more interested in avoiding boycotts than in enforcing them.

Formerly it was different. Washington, in 1769, proposed a general agreement to refuse English goods, and in the pre-Revolutionary period boycott was about the most effective and popular weapon in the hands of the colonies. By it, repeal of all the disputed import duties, except that upon tea, was procured. Merchants who persisted in importing English goods in spite of their neighbors' opinions were posted as public enemies, and sometimes suffered indignities of a painful and personal nature. It is popular nowadays to call the boycott un-American, which means simply that in our present circumstances we do not find it advantageous. That is what "un-American" usually means.

Insurgents and Populists

TO SAY that the insurgency of 1910 is merely a passing recrudescence of the populism of 1892 comforts a good many souls that are sadly needing comfort nowadays. The Populist platform described the gold standard as a "vast conspiracy against mankind, organized on two continents"; demanded immediate free and unlimited coinage of silver, and a "speedy" increase of the circulating medium "to not less than fifty dollars per capita," or double what it then was. Since then, without free coinage of silver, the circulating medium has advanced to thirty-five dollars per capita, and the coincidental rise of commodity prices has scarcely proved beneficial to the poor. The Populists demanded Government ownership of railroad and telegraph lines and indorsed the boycott in labor disputes.

Compare this with the platform of the Insurgents, whose chief demand is that tariff schedules shall no longer be dictated by protected trusts which benefit by high duties. As against Government ownership of railroads they want reasonable Government regulation. As against the reclamation of lands held by aliens and by corporations in excess of industrial needs, the Insurgents want corporations to keep out of politics. On the one hand we have highly imaginative proposals by persons who didn't know what ailed them. On the other hand we have a practical and essentially very conservative protest against certain tangible, remediable abuses.

The Good That Men Do

THE close of A. J. Cassatt's life was shadowed by an exposure of graft in the great railroad of which he was head. A number of subordinates were caught taking money and other valuable things from certain shippers to whom they granted favors at the expense of the road. It was just a case of till-tapping on an extended scale, and some half-dozen men, we believe, were implicated. No doubt the ensuing storm of criticism told heavily upon Mr. Cassatt.

The other day, at the new Pennsylvania terminal in New York, there was unveiled a bronze statue of President Cassatt, "whose foresight, courage and ability," as the inscription justly says, "achieved the extension of the Pennsylvania system into New York City." That extension involved building two tunnels under the Hudson and four under the East River; piercing Manhattan Island from side to side beneath the heart of the city; the erection of a splendid station, and equipment of the whole extension, capable of handling a thousand trains a day, for electrical operation. The outlay exceeds a hundred million dollars, and the project is one that would have staggered any Cheops, Cæsar or Louis.

This immense and highly useful work is a monument to President Cassatt, and a reminder that we ought not to lose a certain sense of proportion. Graft is sometimes only the one mildewed ear in a measure of good corn.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The National Voice

THERE is only one national voice in this country and that is the voice of the President," said Dr. Woodrow Wilson at a dinner given by the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick a time back, the date being, if I remember aright, the seventeenth of March; in fact, I think I may say, without fear of successful contradiction, the date was the seventeenth of March. It always is well to be correct about these details.

Having established the fact that there is but one national voice, the doctor continued: "If we want national processes of unification of thought and action we must have Presidents who will possess national thoughts and aspirations." That seemed to the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick a sort of a slam at somebody, and they sat up and took notice, being keen, at the moment, for unification of thought, and not being so all-fired friendly that a good slam at somebody was not appreciated properly.

Moreover, there was a bit of a plaint in the good doctor's voice when he let go that national-voice assertion, a haunting touch of a lament, a sort of an oh-h-h-la-hay-me-on-the-hillside-with-my-face-turned-toward-the-West minor strain that made a hit with the Friendly Sons, being loyal Irishmen and loving to cry when they sing. They saw it in a minute. Here was the good doctor who had been striving valiantly, for years and years, to be a national voice, and he had to stand up before the Friendly Sons and confess he couldn't make it. It was plain enough he might be a New-Jersey voice, or an Eastern-States voice, and perhaps a Middle-States whisper; but, so far as being a national voice was concerned, the good doctor was forced to acknowledge he couldn't come across.

Not that he hadn't tried. Not that. He had tried. He had taken his voice out and stroked it before dinners in New York and Boston and Philadelphia, before alumni associations and university dinners, and commercial clubs and bankers' associations, and mothers' congresses, and preparatory schools, and organizations having to do with education for the high, the middle and the low, and Chautauquas and lyceums, and at commencements—and about everywhere else they allow a man to speak; but it didn't quite fetch. He might be a subnational voice, or a semi-national one; but when it came to the broad, national-voice proposition he was not there with the language.

Nor must it be supposed the good doctor left untouched any topic that might, through its weight, put him in the national-voice class. He did not. Not a topic—from the coördination of government and business and the relation of the individual conscience to the necessities of the mass, to the provinciality of New York; from the barren cry of the tariff to the proper disassociation of the Samoan root; from the failure of the higher education to the convolutions of female suffrage—escaped him. For years he had been browsing around in the fields of human endeavor and knowledge, and not a spear—from the revision of the paleocrinoidea to the proper way to boil eggs—had he left unchewed. Still, he was not a national voice.

No call has been left unanswered. Did they want him to talk to the bankers at Denver? He was on the spot. Was he required at the conference of the Internationale Vereinigung für vergleichende Rechtswissenschaft und Volkswirtschaftslehre in Berlin? He was there. Wherever a voice has been needed the voice of the good doctor has been available. It has rung out in San Francisco and clarioned in Portland, Maine. It has trafficked with the Traffic Club at Pittsburgh and been soothly Southern before the Southern Society in New Orleans. It has stirred up the ancient welkin in London and followed the introduction of Brand Whitlock in Toledo, Ohio. He had exuded wisdom, warning, wit and wizardry in all parts of the globe, in all parts of these United States; and still the frigid fact has remained: it is not a national voice.

A Simple Remedy

NOW, then, what to do? How to correct this obvious injustice? How to remedy this wrong? Three questions, you will observe, each of tremendous import; but, as is usual with questions of tremendous import, the answer to each and every one is surpassingly simple. What is the answer? inquires the gentleman on my left. This: If, as it seems, it is imperative that Dr. Woodrow Wilson, having failed thus far, must be the national voice, and if, as he says, the only national voice is that of the President, the thing to do to bring about this consummation is to make the good doctor President. That solution is so elementary as to be almost childish, isn't it? How stupid of you not to have seen it before! And as a punishment for your obtuseness you may stay in after school and write "White House" two hundred and thirteen times.

We are informed some of the students of our politics have realized that when it comes to a national voice the good doctor has the materials if he can only get the right rostrum, and are conspiring and perspiring together, at this early date, to fix it for the doctor so he shall labor no longer under this weary load of disappointment. There is a plan on foot—that's right—it hasn't got on a train or an airship yet, but is walking—to name the good doctor as the Democratic standard bearer in 1912. This has been bruited about before, the chief bruiter being Colonel G. B. McClellan Harvey, who lives in New Jersey occasionally, in which state the good doctor also resides. We are told the doctor is to be made governor of New Jersey this fall and then put in the field against Harmon and such others as may be in the field or in the barn; and that the financial powers of Wall Street, rounded up by Colonel Harvey, Tom Taggart and Roger Sullivan, are in on the play.

This brings to mind a pregnant thought voiced by the voice—not national yet—of the doctor a time ago: "The most striking fact about the actual organization of modern society is that the most conspicuous, the most readily wielded and the most formidable power is not the power of government, but the power of capital"; and then we learn that Wall Street looks with favor—but—however—did you ever read the doctor's History of the American People, a charming little volume weighing not more than seven pounds?

Nor is this movement to make the doctor the national voice without logic. The doctor is a Scotchman, and he was born at Staunton, Virginia. He is an Irishman, and he was born at Staunton, Virginia. He is a Scotch-Irishman, and he was born at Staunton, Virginia; a Democrat, who was born at Staunton, Virginia. Main fact: He was born at Staunton, Virginia. Can you see the South rallying about him?

Moreover, in his attempts to be the voice the doctor has, naturally, taken a whack at most of the things the present majority party has advocated; and—whisper!—one day he let go one at T. R., to wit: "As soon as Mr. Roosevelt thinks, he talks—a simultaneous miracle that is not, according to our education, the customary way of forming an opinion." The Democrats could go a long way further and do a good deal worse than nominating Woodrow Wilson, and it is probable they will.

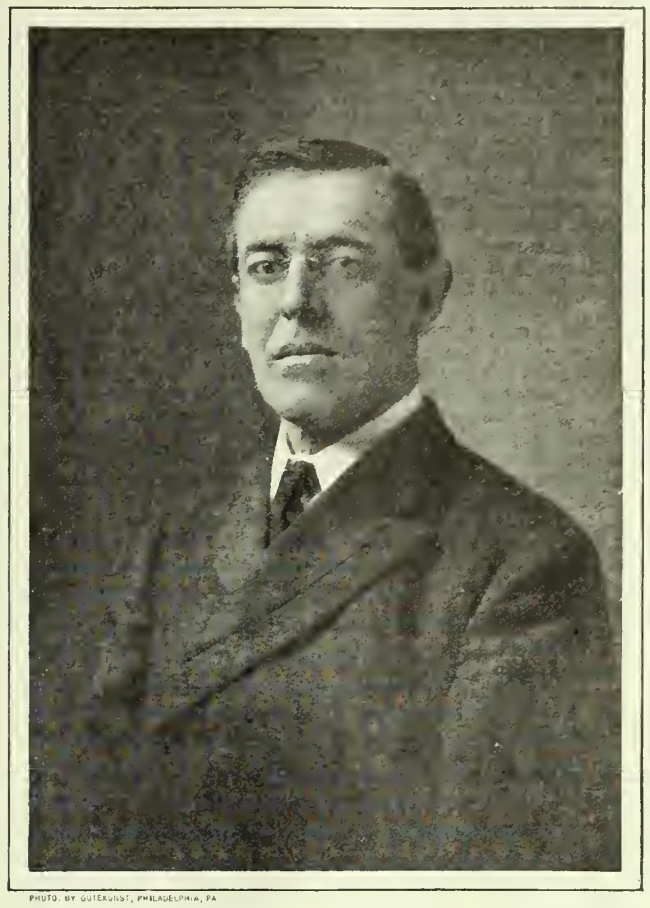


PHOTO. BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA, PA

A College President in Big Politics

He is now president of Princeton University, where he has shown his courage on several occasions by attacking the modern system of college education. He once was a lawyer in Atlanta and after that a professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr, and of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton for ten years before they made him president, in 1902. He has a string of degrees to put after his name that looks like an alphabet hung out on a line, has written half a dozen books, is keen—alive to present-day problems, both educational and political—a man of integrity, courage and wide fame; and he was born at Staunton, Virginia.

Should it fall out that this scholarly politician is named for President by the Democrats there will be several things to tie to. The first is that he will be the national voice all right, if elected. The second is that we shall surely go back to those happy times when the day that saw no literature produced at the White House was a dull and dreary one; and the third is that our people, who haven't been instructed much since T. R. left Washington, will come into their full meed of imparted knowledge, preaching and precept again, for T. R. has nothing on the good doctor. I remember two gems that sound so T.-R.-y they might have come from the Little Father himself: "The malady of the age," said the good doctor, "is the lack of individual courage and the lack of individual integrity of thought and action," and "No man should be accepted as a husband who cannot drive a nail."

One on Oulahan

RICHARD V. OULAHAN, publisher of the New York Sun, was invited to dinner in New York recently to meet a distinguished guest. Several literary men were at the dinner. The distinguished guest was late. Finally he arrived, much exhilarated, and explained volubly that he had been to a fashionable wedding where there was much punch and had lingered too long. The distinguished guest was introduced all around. He was in a merry mood and there was a lot of fun at the dinner. When it came time to go Oulahan said he was going to walk up Fifth Avenue, and the distinguished guest said he would stroll with him. They started out, arm in arm. As they left the house the distinguished guest said: "Now tell me all about those people who were at the dinner."

"There was So-and-So," began Oulahan.

"Yes," said the guest, "I remember him."

"And This-and-That."

"I remember him perfectly."

Oulahan finished the list, modestly refraining from mentioning himself. Then the distinguished guest stopped and took Oulahan by the coat lapel. "Thanks very much," he said; "but tell me, pray, where the dickens was this man O'Houlihan?"

Not Enough Eats

BUFF COBB, the seven-year-old daughter of Irvin Cobb, the humorist, was ailing last spring and the doctor put her on a diet.

Naturally she protested, but the Cobbs were firm. One night when, according to her standard, Buff had not had sufficient dinner her parents told her to go to bed.

"Now, see here," said Papa Cobb in his most paternal manner, "run right along to bed and quit your complaining. You are a pretty lucky little girl, with all the toys and friends and fun you have."

Buff started up the stairs. At the first landing she stopped and said slowly: "Yes, I guess I'm a pretty lucky little girl, except along the line of eats."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Brander Matthews, the author, has an abundance of whiskers—in spots.

℄ James Barton Adams, the Colorado poet, served through the Civil War with an Iowa regiment.

℄ The Reverend Samuel McChord Crothers, who used to be a Presbyterian before he became a Unitarian, preached first at Eureka, Nevada.

℄ Sherby Hopkins, the Washington lawyer, knows more about the complicated politics of Central America than the Central Americans themselves.

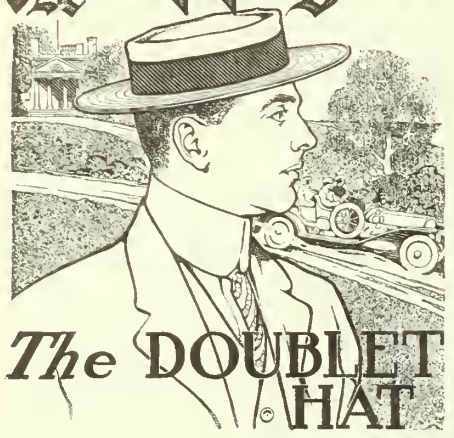
℄ William Randolph Hearst has fun with his editors by sending in long editorials by cable, when he is abroad, about midnight and marking them "Must go tonight."

The first Derby made in America was a

C&K

HATS FOR MEN

Knapp-Felt



The DOUBLET HAT

KNAPP-FELT hats in a variety of smart shapes for early Fall are ready. They are shown by the best dealers everywhere in two grades, Six Dollars and Four Dollars.

The delightful mellow texture is a unique feature of Knapp-Felt soft hats. It is not like any other hat-fabric and is not intended to be. It is a product peculiar to the C & K Shop and is not successfully imitated in any other make.

The picturesque shapes of Knapp-Felt soft hats are of exclusive C & K design and include a number of strikingly new features. The "Doublet" and the "Bit&Spur" illustrate the originality and versatility of the C & K creations for Fall. They are made in various appropriate colors of steadfast Cronap dye.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Write for THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

840 Broadway, New York

PLAYING POLITICS

Notes on the Great American Game

NOW that the smoke of the battle has cleared away—N. B. Absolutely the best usage for opening a story of this kind is that smoke-of-the-battle gambit, employed by our best authors—it is apparent that the recent state convention in which the Ohio Republicans indulged themselves was a nice, neat, neighborly affair—not so as you could notice it!

When they had finished maneuvering, manipulating and massacring there was a crop of acrid aftermath as big as Senator Burton's grouch, which, in turn, is as big as Pike's Peak. Usually the Senator's grouch—that is, his ordinary, every-day grouch—is only as big as Mount Washington, but this one grew to the proportions of Pike's Peak and, possibly, to the size of Mount McKinley. Moreover, a whole lot of things seemed reasonably well established.

Among those present were the following pleasantries and evidences of good feeling, party unity, unterrified organization and united front to the enemy, to wit: Mr. Boss Cox said Mr. Senator Burton is a pinhead and Mr. Senator Burton retorted that Mr. Boss Cox is a liar in addition to being no gentleman. Also, a bully and a dictator. Whereupon Mr. Boss Cox made affidavit to his conclusion that Mr. Senator Burton is a pinhead with the additional information, upon knowledge and belief, that Mr. Senator Burton is the head of a rusty pin. In the mean time, Mr. Jimmie Garfield, the original goldilocks of the T. Roosevelt fair-haired-boy contingent, had been kicked and cuffed all around the place. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the son-in-law of the Faunal Naturalist, had been grievously defeated for the nomination for governor; Mr. Senator Dick had missed out in his plan to get an indorsement in the platform for his campaign for reëlection, and Mr. William Howard Taft, the genial President of these United States, was discovered in his well-known specialty of holding the bag.

Oh, it was a lovely affair, that convention, dominated by pique, personal politics and pessimism. It developed a number of useful political propositions, however—that is, useful to the Harmon folks. It showed pretty conclusively that Mr. Taft had decided to give smiling assent to whatever happened, provided he got an indorsement in the platform for himself, for the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, and for those of his other politicues as such reactionaries as Burton and Dick could see their way to let in. He got his indorsement. They named Mr. Taft as Ohio's candidate for President in 1912, than which they could do no less, as the Democrats had named Governor Harmon as theirs. They gave three cheers for the Payne-Aldrich tariff, not only indorsing that law but also defending it, for Aldrichism and Cannonism, and they nominated for governor a man who has been, and probably is yet, the closest political friend of Joseph Benson Foraker, the greatest reactionary.

Taft and George B. Cox

Mr. Taft suppressed whatever emotions he may have had in the way of favoring a progressive candidate and a progressive platform for his O. K. He took whatever came in return for his bouquet. Now that is a curious situation, for many reasons. In the first place, the basis of all the insurgency in the Republican party is the tariff law. It is held to be iniquitous and not in accord with party pledges, not only by a handful of men in the Congress, but by a great number of men who vote regularly with the Republican party, many, very many of whom live and vote in Ohio. Then, again, the candidate for governor, Harding, was nominated only by the grace of George B. Cox, the Cincinnati boss. And yet, though this tariff is indorsed by the Ohio convention as perfect, root and branch, President Taft is on record as saying that a part of it, at least, is indefensible. Further, it is not so many years ago that Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, made a speech at Akron, advising Republicans to vote against Cox's ticket in Cincinnati, which they did, enough of them to defeat the ticket; and it was in the campaign of 1908 that the President refused to speak on the same platform with Foraker, whose faction leader is now the candidate for governor whom Mr. Taft congratulates.

The broad, national view of the results of that convention cannot fail to be that Mr. Taft, thinking that the case in Ohio is hopeless for the Republican party, decided to get his O. K. out of it and let the rest go hang. There was a story that he wanted Nicholas Longworth, or some other like him, named for governor. This was borne out, in part at any rate, by the great efforts of some of the leaders to find a candidate with whom to oppose Brown and Harding, the two men who had most votes among the delegates. They canvassed many names, beginning with Judge Kinkade, who was acceptable at Beverly and at Sagamore Hill, but could get nowhere until they hit on Longworth.

It was determined that Garfield should have nothing, which is precisely what he got. The platform has some platitudes about conservation, but Garfield didn't get them in. He didn't get anything. When they lighted on Longworth, who had made a strong speech on opening the convention, eloquent, convincing and logical from a standpat viewpoint, the plan was not to name Longworth formally, but to give him votes on each ballot, and finally bring the convention over to him when it was disclosed that neither Harding nor Brown had enough votes, and there was a deadlock.

In the Ohio Convention

Cox says he had a conference with Burton in which Burton promised to deliver the Cuyahoga County votes to Brown on the second ballot, Brown being Cox's candidate. Burton denies he made any promise. When the second ballot was taken the Burton votes went to Longworth in accordance with the agreement outlined above, it is claimed. They tried to get Cox to swing into line for Longworth. He asked for another ballot, and when it came time to vote his delegates he voted them for Harding, abandoning his own candidate, Brown, but nominating Harding, defeating Longworth, and putting a dent in Burton that will remain for many a long day.

The United States Senators in Ohio have long been the party leaders. The two men who preceded Burton and Dick—Foraker and Mark Hanna—used to dominate the party. Burton undoubtedly had an ambition to be the leader, but the events of this convention showed that he is as dismal as a leader as he is as an orator, which means he is most melancholy. Burton is an able legislator, but he is not a leader and never will be. He is hesitating, indecisive, grumpy, querulous, nine parts intellect to one part red blood and not a part of the nine intellectual ones political in its nature. On the other hand Cox is a politician, no more and no less and all that the term implies. He saw the chance to wipe Burton out and he wiped him out, not caring whether the Republican party in the state got the worst of the affair in the election results or not.

There was another slant to it too. Cox and Charles P. Taft, who owns the principal Republican newspaper in Cincinnati and who is the brother of the President, are friends. Taft has usually supported Cox and Cox supported Taft when Burton defeated Taft for the United States senatorship upon the retirement of Foraker. Mayhap that had something to do with it. Whether or not, Cox, angry at Burton, took the right moment to land on Burton with crushing force.

Burton and Dick had been to Beverly before the convention. They had a long conference with President Taft. Undoubtedly all these things were talked over, the platform especially. Senator Dick had himself made chairman of the Resolutions Committee to see to the platform end of it. He had hoped for a few kind words in the platform for himself, but they wouldn't have that. However, the platform committee was especially handpicked and selected, and the ringing indorsement of Taft, Taft's tariff and all the rest of it, went through nicely. Jimmie Garfield and some of his friends pleaded for something Rooseveltian in that document,

There's no fun in reading ancient history about a clothing house.

There is profit, though, in getting the benefit of forty years' experience in the hardest of schools.

We began in one small store, figuring our business in the hundreds.

To-day we count our sales by the millions and have three of the greatest stores in the world devoted exclusively to outfitting men and boys.

All on the very same street on which we began — the most skeptical, most critical of streets.

We made good on Broadway.

How?

Ask the Man from New York.

By making good clothing, good quality and good style — clothing that must make good under any test.

And the supreme test is our slogan — "Your money back if you want it."

We're not wholesalers primarily — though a limited number of the best clothiers in the larger cities have our clothing.

We're not a "mail order house" — though we fill mail orders from towns where we're not represented.

We are retailers first, and all the time.

Our three stores are ready to show you the Fall styles whenever you're on Broadway.

But if Broadway's a long ways off and your home dealer can't show you — write us for information about your proper Fall outfit, and let us send samples.

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NO maker of an automobile is willing to let his name stand back of the tires he sells you on the car you buy.

No matter what facts concerning low cost of upkeep he can show you, *he does not include the tires.*

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are the only practical solution of the tire question. With them you may come and go, day in and day out, without the least bit of anxiety. Your repair bills will take a sudden drop.

Sharp stones, glass or nails cannot penetrate our durable protectors—still they do not reduce the life of the tire nor affect its resiliency.

The Protectors slip over the tread surface of the tire and are held firmly in place by the natural inflation pressure. There are no metal fastenings. Sand, gravel or water cannot get in. Impossible for them to work off, and no creeping takes place.

Made for any size tire or wheel.

Write today for our handsome booklet and see why "Standard Protectors do protect." Read our many genuine testimonials.

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MEN'S $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00
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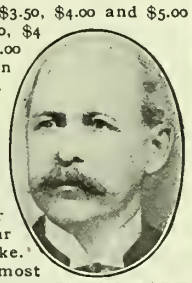
W.L.Douglas shoes have been the standard for 30 years. They are the most popular and best made shoes for the price in America. W. L. Douglas name and price are stamped on the bottom of his shoes, thereby guaranteeing them to hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy.



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but were shooed off the place. Before the convention Mr. Roosevelt had hoped "the platform would be progressive." It is as progressive as Nelson W. Aldrich and Joseph G. Cannon. He had "hoped" privately for a progressive candidate. The candidate, Warren G. Harding, is the closest friend of Mr. Roosevelt's most implacable enemy, Joseph Benson Foraker, one man in Ohio politics, at least, who has the courage of his convictions.

Hence, Mr. Roosevelt got nothing out of the convention—if he expected anything—Mr. Taft got his O. K., Mr. Cox got the candidate, and platforms mean nothing to practical politicians like Cox. Candidates are what he is looking for. If Harding should be elected the man he will be most beholden to is Cox, not because Cox wanted him originally but because Cox named him, and no one else.

It was a common saying that the Republicans of Ohio, before the convention, were split as wide apart as Lake Erie and the Ohio River. It would be interesting to hear the men who ran that convention explain how these divergent Republicans were brought closer together by anything that was done at Columbus, or has been done since. A great many Republicans voted for Governor Harmon when he ran in 1908. Just what the party leaders did to cause these Republicans to vote for their candidate, instead of Harmon, this time, is not so clear as some of the other motives that actuated the gathering.

Mr. Bryan's New Issue

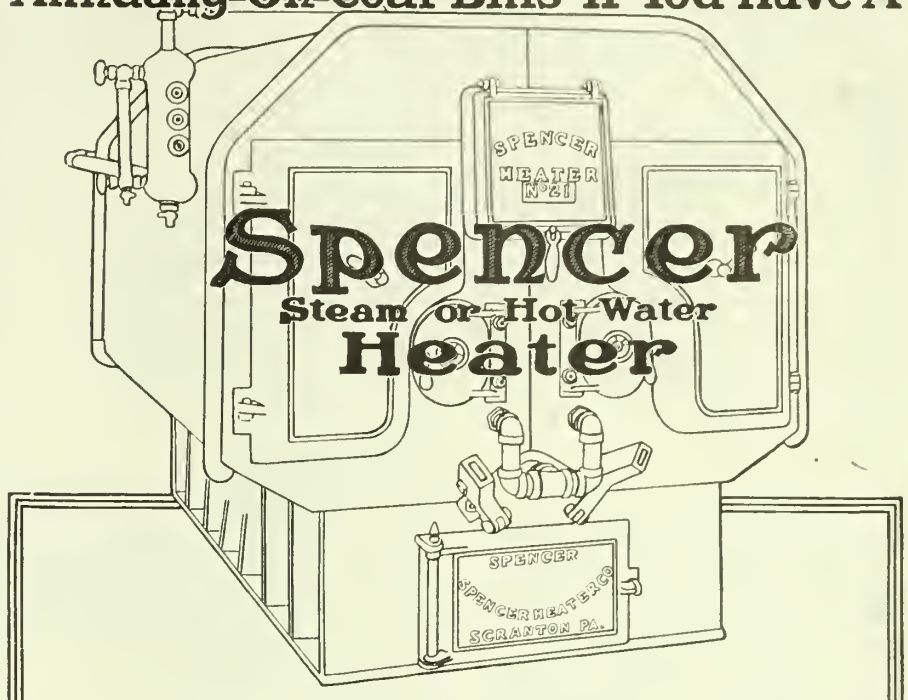
And while this was going on in Ohio, or thereabouts, that peerless leader, William Jennings Bryan, was most grievously put upon, not to say sat upon, by the Democrats of his own state, Nebraska, in platform convention assembled. To make it clear just what happened to Mr. Bryan a little history must be recited. Mr. Bryan is always in need of a paramount issue. He has tried several, with no flattering results so far as his own fortunes are concerned, and all political. Now, the list of political paramount issues in a country where the crops are generally good and the people, except when they read about themselves as among the downtrodden, are generally satisfied, is, of necessity, rather short. And Mr. Bryan, as conditions have arisen, has played out the string.

Hence it was his task to secure for himself a paramount issue of a new type, for it is impossible for Mr. Bryan to exist except as an advocate of something, just as it is impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to exist except as an agitator of something. Mr. Bryan cast about and lighted on temperance, which he took for his own in the shape of county option. Nebraska now has a local option liquor law that shuts the saloons at eight o'clock in the evening and allows them to open at eight in the morning—it may be seven to seven in some localities—it is eight to eight in Omaha—and provides stringent penalties. Mr. Bryan decided he would paramount with county option, which would not give the municipality or town a chance to vote for or against liquor-selling, but would have that voting done by county units.

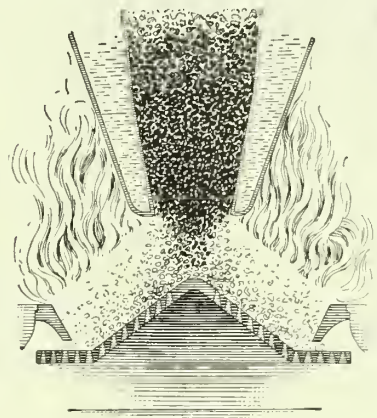
He came out for county option in his paper and campaigned for it before the platform convention. Other leading Democrats, including some former close friends of Bryan, were against the plan, and they were so powerful that they not only defeated the Bryan plan in the convention, but shut off his flow of oratory about it—a most deplorable circumstance, as all will admit. Bryan went home and declared himself satisfied. He had lost on his county option plan, but he had saved the initiative and referendum, he said.

Satisfied is as relative a term as pleased. The degree of Mr. Bryan's satisfaction must be measured by his idea of how far he got with his paramount issue. If he succeeded in identifying himself with it, for such an inseparable time as he may need it, he will be in a position to make a fight along similar lines at the next Democratic National Convention, as those who know him well, or some of them, insist he surely will do, not in the hope of carrying it through this time, but in the expectation of building up with it so he can use it in 1916, provided nothing paramounter occurs to him in the interim. Those persons who think Mr. Bryan does not play politics with both eyes on the far-distant future think a very poor brand of thought.

You Will Save 30% to 50% Annually On Coal Bills If You Have A



The "Spencer" successfully burns No. 1 Buckwheat Hard Coal, costing from $2 to $3 less per ton than the size used in ordinary heaters and *uses no more tons* of this cheap coal than others do of the larger sizes.

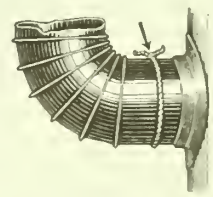


Cross-section of water-jacketed magazine showing raised grates

Magazine Feed The "Spencer" is only coaled every 24 hours in ordinary weather and never more than twice a day in severe. Fill its magazine in the morning, shake it down morning and evening and you have an even temperature all day long—all night in fact if you choose. There's no need to get up in the cold gray dawn to shovel coal and put on drafts. The magazine feed, with its water-jacketing and raised grates, makes this unnecessary.

Water Tubes Being a combination water-tube and return tubular boiler, the water is split up into thin streams so the fire gets at it from all sides—making it the quickest steaming type of boiler in existence. The tubes are made of the finest knobbled wrought charcoal iron.

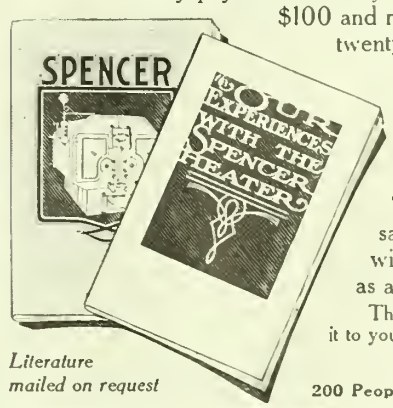
No Waste Heat A string tied around the smoke pipe of an ordinary heater quickly burns thru, showing that a vast quantity of heat is going up the chimney. A string tied about the smoke pipe of the "Spencer" will remain intact indefinitely, which means that the "Spencer" utilizes more of the heat liberated in the fire-pot than any other heater on the market. According to a thermometer, the flue gases in a "Spencer" boiler are taken into the chimney at 100 degrees lower than with any other house-heating apparatus made.



Tie a string around the smoke pipe

Use One Side With a horizontal "Spencer," during the mild weather of Spring and Fall you need use only one side of the heater, reducing coal consumption one half.

It will pay you to invest in a "Spencer"—the saving in coal alone in a few seasons will easily pay for it. Many "Spencer" users report an annual saving of $100 and more, while hundreds of "Spencers" put in twenty years ago are still saving this amount every year.



Literature mailed on request

Our 40-page catalog explains the "Spencer" in detail—with it we'll send the endorsement of 60 users. Here are a few quotations from recent letters—"Coal bills reduced more than half"; "$135 saved in coal"; "Warm house 48 hours without attention"; "As warm in the morning as at night."

The heater problem is an important one—you owe it to yourself to read these two books before you decide.

SPENCER HEATER CO.
200 Peoples National Bank Bldg. Scranton, Pa.

THRIFT

Saving to Replace an Income

AN INSURANCE official of long experience says that it is human nature to regard life as something upon which one's hold is not going to be relaxed. The average man hears of people dying about him, but regards death as a remote contingency in his own case.

For every-day purposes that is probably the best way to look at life and death.

"What if I should die tomorrow, or my income stop?" is a chilling sort of reflection.

But it is a sound idea upon which to build thrift plans. When money is put away with a view to replacing income in case of emergency, the incentive to save is more direct, and money will be invested with a view to its safety and earning power, which is an ideal basis.

A Salesman's Permanent Income

A salesman who earns between four and five thousand dollars a year in commissions figures that his family could live comfortably on $1500 a year in the event of his death. The first step in providing emergency income was taken when he fell heir to a legacy of $1500. This was paid on a $5000 home in a suburb, and as $50 a month had been paid for rent in the city he arranged to pay that much upon the $3500 mortgage which was assumed. At the same time he insured his life for $5000 on the twenty-payment plan, involving an annual premium of about $140. This would have left his family in such shape that it would have $1500 cash and a home free from debt if he were called away, while every payment on the house increased the margin of cash which would remain from the insurance. When the mortgage had been reduced to half he bought another life-insurance policy for $3000, and thus, after the mortgage had been wholly cleared off, in a little more than five years, there was a home and an assured income of about one dollar a day, assuming that the $8000 was invested to produce four per cent. As he now had $600 a year which had been paid as rent and installments, he purchased another house for $3500, a bargain secured because the owner wanted to sell quickly, and which was paid for with $500 borrowed on his life-insurance policies and a $3000 mortgage. A third policy for $3000 was taken out to cover this mortgage. The second house was rented for $28 a month. That left a surplus above taxes and repairs sufficient to pay the annual premium on the third policy, as well as interest on the life-insurance loan and a hundred dollars a year of the principal. His monthly payment upon the second house was $40, so that now, while he paid not much more than the rent of his old city apartment, he had brought his resources up, in six years, to a point where his family would have had an income of nearly $750 a year in case of his death, this money coming from rent of the second house and interest on his life insurance if invested at four per cent. The second house was paid for in a little more than six years, and now he is paying for a third. Real estate and insurance would yield an income of nearly $1000 a year and rent free if he were to die, while if his income from business stopped he would still have his home and forty or fifty dollars a month. Besides, there is a constantly increasing margin upon which to borrow as his life insurance is being paid up, using the policies as security. His whole estate if he died tonight, figuring increased value on property and actual cash yield of insurance, would aggregate fully $27,000. The money has all been put away without seeing much of it—that is, instead of piling cash away in a bank, he has been meeting insurance premiums, interest on loans, mortgage payments and other obligations steadily falling due. At various times he has been a little pinched for ready cash, but some way of meeting payments has always been found.

An Eastern college professor has $2500 salary, and makes about $1500 additional by writing and editorial odd jobs. Until five years ago he had saved little, apart from premiums on $7500 in life insurance. It was his custom to spend three months each summer at the seashore, or boarding at some country place. One autumn he visited a section of New England where farm lands are still cheap, and bought a hundred-acre place with a tight old house and fair outbuildings. Like every city man, he had always meant to have a farm to retire to in his old age, but did not think himself old enough yet, at thirty-seven, to look into the actual purchase. This place, however, was in the market at exceptionally attractive terms. It had been abused by heirs who had finally sold out and moved to town. The purchaser had paid very little for it, and was willing to sell for a small profit. The professor got it for $2500, of which he paid $250 in cash, $250 more within six months without interest, and the rest on five-per-cent mortgage, interest and at least $250 principal to be paid annually. Several hundred dollars were spent in alterations the following spring, but these and the yearly payment came to no more than the cost of a season at the seashore. The hay cut from some old meadows met taxes and interest on the mortgage. A kitchen garden and some hens made up the chief farming activities that year, but even these effected economies, and the family liked the place and the life. The professor was only a "summer farmer," and could keep no livestock apart from an old horse. So coaxing his land back into fertility was a problem. Before going back to town in the fall, however, he had several acres of meadow plowed, harrowed and sowed to rye. This was plowed under next spring for green manure, and potatoes and beans were sowed with commercial fertilizer. During the summer the professor himself cultivated these with his old horse, harvested a satisfactory crop, and had a piece of ground in excellent shape for a trial of alfalfa. Several hundred fruit trees were also put out. Local demand for broilers being good, and the season long enough to raise them, with some help, an incubator and a suitable poultry plant were installed.

The professor now spends five or six months a year on his farm. It pays its own way and yields some profit, and will return more as fruit comes into bearing. If he wanted to leave the city tomorrow, in an emergency, this place would support himself and family, with the aid of his income from writing, while if he were taken from his family the latter could live there comfortably upon his insurance money and the produce of the farm.

Life Insurance Investments

Some of the best results of thrift plans carried out with this idea of providing income are attained by taking steps to assure the safety of the income in the event of the breadwinner's death.

Not long ago a salaried man who had $5000 insurance on the twenty-payment plan bought another policy of a sort now being sold by insurance companies. His wife is not a good business woman, and he had seen one or two sad cases where widows left with a lump sum of insurance money were victimized by worthless investment sharpers. So his new policy was of a kind that, as the agent who sold it said, gave "two dollars a day income for a dollar a day in premiums." Briefly, the salaried man pays about $300 a year in premiums—he is thirty-seven years old—and whenever he dies his widow will begin receiving fifty dollars a month. This income will continue as long as she lives, and she cannot change the form of payment. If she dies before the income has been paid twenty years, her children or heirs will receive it until the twenty-year period is ended.

As the insurance money, by this plan, remains partly on deposit with the company, such a policy yields more in the long run than one under which a lump sum is paid down at death. Among the many new insurance companies organized the past few years is one in which policies are based wholly upon the income principle. A man of thirty, by paying thirty-six dollars a year as long as he lives, or fifty-two dollars on the twenty-payment plan, can provide an income of $100 a year for his widow for twenty years, with $500 additional to be paid in a lump sum when he dies.

MARSHMALLOW DAINTY

Peel thinly six large oranges and six lemons, then put the rinds into a saucepan, add two cupfuls of boiling water and allow to remain covered for thirty minutes. Strain the juice of the oranges and lemons into a basin (there should be one pint), add the water drained from the peel and allow to cool. Add two quarts of Walker's Grape Juice, one and a half quarts of ice-cold water and two pounds of sugar. Cut up half a pound of marshmallows into quarters and allow four pieces to each glass. Serve in stem glasses with lady fingers.

Walker Purity

Walker's Grape Juice contains no adulterant nor diluent; it is guaranteed under Serial No. 2224A, in compliance with the U. S. Pure Food Act; it meets the State Pure Food requirements of any state in the Union.

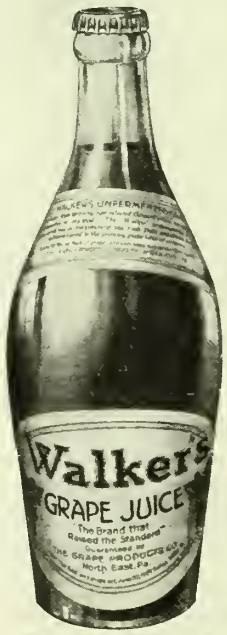
Those are the common standards of purity to which probably all grape juices conform. But the makers of Walker's Grape Juice are not satisfied with nominal purity. In this grape juice there has been established a new and higher standard of purity.

Walker's GRAPE JUICE

"It's Clear Because It's Pure"

Walker purity means not only no foreign matter, but it also means no particles of ground-up skins and seeds, no cloudiness, no tannin-bearing sediment to impart the astringent after-taste common to some other grape juices. It does not discolor tongue, lips or teeth. This purest of grape juices is the most graceful and gracious of social beverages. All ages, all tastes find it delightful. It is acceptable on every occasion, always in good form.

Its appearance is clear and brilliant, glowing with a deep ruby hue, its flavor is rich and smooth, its effect invigorating and refreshing. It is a food-drink.



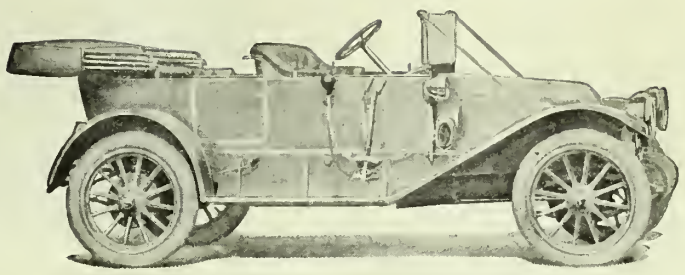
The "Ten-Pin" Bottle

Write for the Walker Recipe Book and learn how to make many delicious drinks and dainty desserts with Walker's Grape Juice.

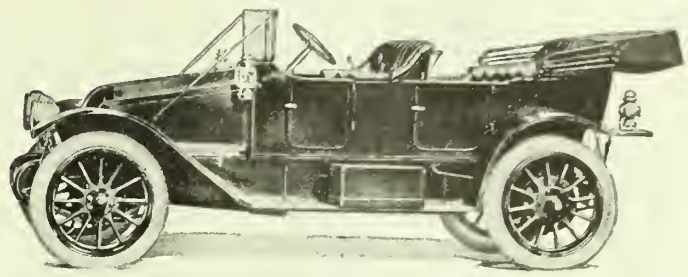
Your grocer and your druggist have Walker's Grape Juice. It is served at soda fountains. Walker's is always bottled in the "Ten-Pin" bottle. Write to-day for the Recipe Book.

The Grape Products Company, North East, Pa.

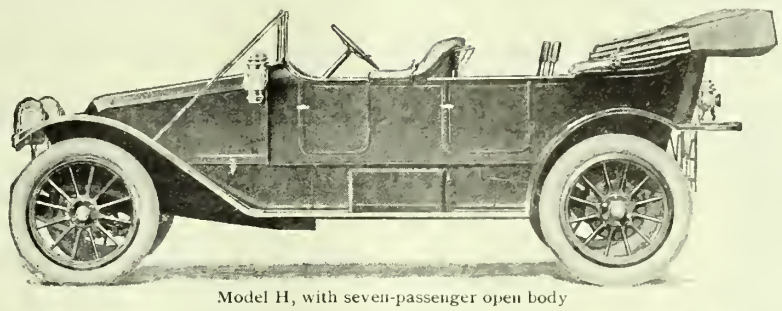
Franklin "The Car Beautiful"



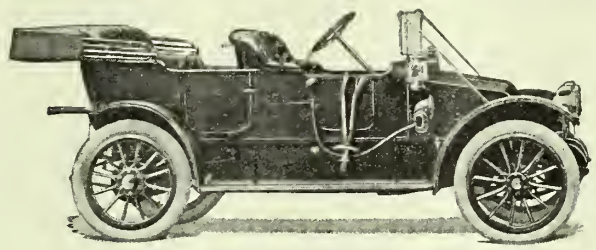
Model D, with four-passenger torpedo-phaeton body



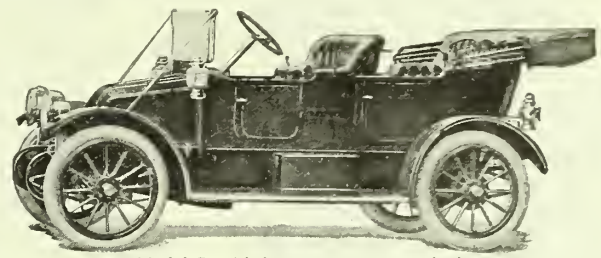
Model D, with five-passenger open body



Model H, with seven-passenger open body



Model M, with five-passenger open body



Model G, with four-passenger open body

Utmost satisfaction in the use of a motor car demands one selected to suit the individual requirements and taste.

Each Franklin is designed to meet a definite demand, and each combines everything that gives grace and distinction of design, efficiency and dependability of operation.

Franklins for 1911 are made in four chassis sizes and horse powers. All are of the same high quality. Two chassis have six-cylinder motors, and two have four-cylinder motors, with eleven styles of open and closed bodies.

The distinguished types of body with the graceful new hood, the lines of which blend harmoniously with the body, make the Franklin the most beautiful car manufactured.

List of Models and Specifications

Model H, with seven-passenger open body or double torpedo-phaeton four-passenger body.

Specifications: Six 4½ x 4½ cylinders; 48-horse-power; 133-inch wheel base; tires, rear 38 x 5½ inches, front 37 x 5 inches; weight, touring car 3300 pounds; price, $4500; wheel base of torpedo-phaeton, 126 inches; weight, 3200 pounds; price, $4500.

Model D, with five-passenger open body, double torpedo-phaeton four-passenger body or seven-passenger limousine or landaulet body.

Specifications: Six 4 x 4 cylinders; 38-horse-power; 123-inch wheel base; tires, rear 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4½ inches; weight, touring car 2800 pounds, torpedo 2700 pounds; prices, touring car $3500, torpedo-phaeton $3500, limousine or landaulet $4400.

Model M, with medium five-passenger open body or seven-passenger limousine or landaulet body.

Specifications: Four 4 x 4 cylinders; 25-horse-power; 108-inch wheel base; tires, rear 34 x 4½ inches, front 34 x 4 inches; weight, touring car 2300 pounds; price, $2700; limousine or landaulet, price, $3500.

Model G, with four-passenger open body, is the only high-grade small car built in America.

Specifications: Four 3⅜ x 4 cylinders; 18-horse-power; 100-inch wheel base; tires, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3½ inches; weight, 1850 pounds; price, $1950.

Special runabout, G type, with single torpedo-phaeton two-passenger body.

Specifications: Four 3⅜ x 4 cylinders; tires, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3½ inches; weight, 1800 pounds; price, including top and glass front, $1950.

Standard equipment, all models, includes top.

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SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

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San Francisco Cal	406 Golden Gate Avenue
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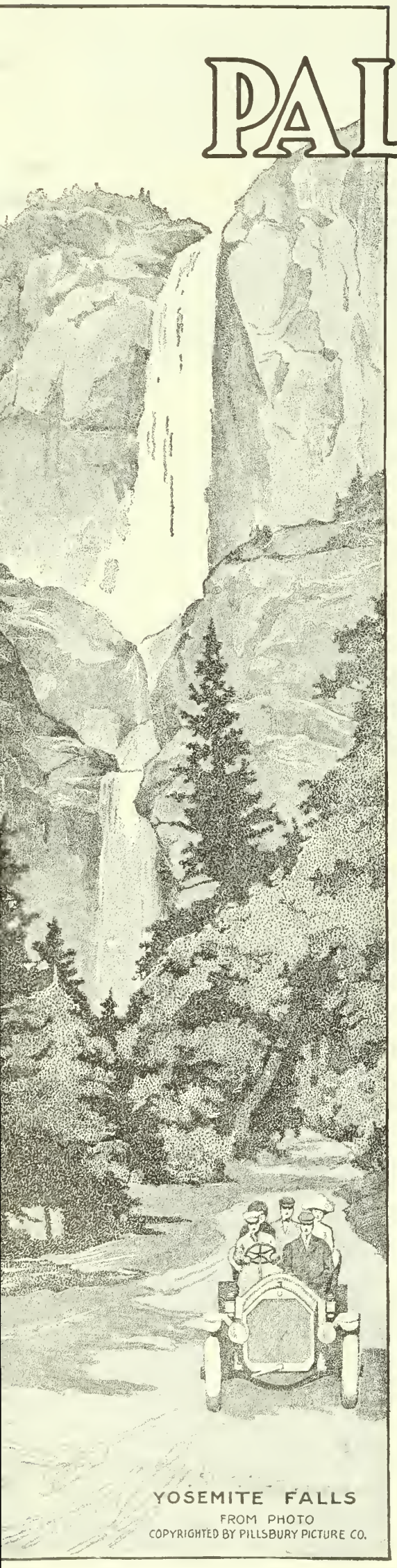

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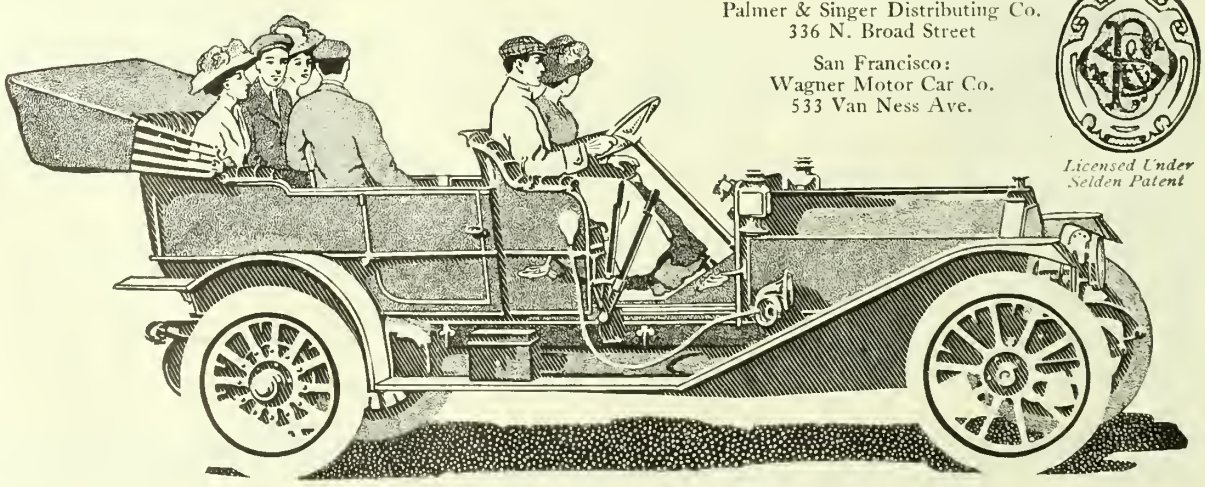

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And it does taste good because it is ham, salted and sugared and hickory smoked; boiled *en casserole* to hold the good ham flavor; ground fine, and mixed with mustard and forty-two spices.

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Branded with the Little Red Devil

YOUR SAVINGS

Pitfalls in Real-Estate Buying

A YOUNG clerk once sought the advice of his employer about buying a lot for a home site in a remote suburb of the city in which he worked. "The payments are easy," he said, "and the company's agent says the city will build up to it."

"Don't buy it," said the employer, who owned a lot of real estate. "The city won't grow up to it in your day. There are no adequate transit facilities. Men who have bought that kind of land would have saved money by burning their money, because taxes and interest usually exceed the original cost."

This hard-headed business man summed up a situation that is costing the American wage-earner and others millions of dollars in savings each year. The traditional desire to own land causes people to plunge into speculation. Yet no security is more stable than real estate, for it is the basis of the world's wealth. Likewise it is the cornerstone of the home. For this reason, and in view of the widespread dealing in land, it seems an opportune time to call attention to some facts, notably the pitfalls, in connection with real estate buying that everybody ought to know.

No matter where he lives, the buyer or the prospective buyer of advertised real estate, and especially the city dweller, is confronted by the same arguments that are used to exploit all kinds of speculative enterprises. Take, for example, the case of New York, the most valuable city in the world, whose land valuation is worth more, by a billion dollars, than all the land with improvements in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas. The suburban land promoter there—and his tactics are universal—points to his stretch of undeveloped country located hours—not forty-five minutes—from Broadway, and says: "It will be worth a fortune in a few years." Then he employs the time-worn comparisons. He points, for one thing, to the example furnished by the site of the Astor House, which sold for less than two thousand dollars back in 1720 and which is now worth more than three million dollars. He shows how a lot on Broadway near Forty-sixth Street, which brought four hundred and fifty dollars in 1850, was recently sold for two hundred thousand dollars, and so on. It is just like the good-as-Bell-telephone-stock lure which is held out by every vendor of securities exploiting a mechanical device. As a matter of fact, this kind of comparison is unfair because the sites quoted have attained their phenomenal increase in value through years of steady upbuilding of the whole community. The average man has no more chance at something as good as this than he has to get in on a real "ground-floor proposition."

The Basis of Land Values

In discussing real estate buying you must first consider the reason for buying; second, the kind of money employed. This article is concerned mainly with savings, on which no chances should be taken, which may be put into land either for a home site or for safe investment.

At the outset, and in the consideration of any real estate for purchase, it is good to keep in mind one big, fundamental, economic fact, which is that land values are determined by the presence of people. Pioneering on land is usually costly, and it is wise to let the rich indulge in this activity.

Therefore, one of the first and most important rules to be observed in buying real estate for your own use is to buy where there are people. Another primary rule is to consider carefully the accessibility of the home site to the place where you work. At this point the question of transportation comes in. A site may be healthful, attractive and ideal in every way, but, if it is not on a line that furnishes quick and cheap transit, living there will become a burden and an expensive luxury.

The question of conveniences is likewise most important. The neighborhood should have streets and a water supply. Other conveniences may come in time, but these are essential. One handicap in buying a lot in an undeveloped community is that there is no legal requirement to build or maintain highways. A highway makes traffic, and traffic, in turn, brings people, business and increase in value all around. If there are no streets people will not build, and thus the element of population, which is so vital to realty appreciation, will be lacking.

Land Schemes Risky

The real estate buyer should be wary of what are technically known as developments. These are areas, usually farms or suburban stretches near cities, that are cut up into lots and exploited by shrewd advertisers. Usually the principal work done on these subdivisions is the labor of the surveyor who plants the stakes that mark the lots. The advertisements of these tracts are often misleading, for they show rows of shaded streets with many houses and happy suburbanites at play. The process of careful investigation which should precede all employment of money is highly necessary here. Many of the promoters of such land schemes run free excursions as an inducement to lot buyers. Others give the lots free if you pay for the recording of the deed. The more "free doings" that there are about property for sale, the more cautious you should be about buying it. Good land that has legitimate prospects of increase in value does not need brass-band salesmanship.

Every big city has its long list of tragedies in arrested developments. Not long ago I took a motor trip across Long Island. In three hours I passed twenty developments that had gone to seed. In most cases they were weed-grown patches, and about the only tangible signs of man in what was once advertised as "the queen of suburbs" and "the garden spot of Long Island" were the weather-beaten stakes proclaiming the lots for which people had paid their good savings. At one place the one evidence of life was a poultry farm run by a negro who lived in the railway station. The reason why these and most other developments fail is that there is no provocation for them. Either there are no industries to attract people or the soil is too poor for truck farming. Many of those on Long Island were too far from New York for the average wage-earner to commute. The people who bought the lots were the victims of smooth-tongued speculators. In many instances the purchasers did not even go out to see what they were buying. They were dazzled by the mere prospect of "owning property," and by the beautifully engraved certificates of ownership.

In buying real estate for investment a safe rule to lay down may be summed up in this sentence: buy only where you would like to live yourself. This means that some other person will be very apt to want to reside there, and therefore you can probably sell your plot without difficulty.

The right kind of unimproved property, according to the experience of wise buyers, ought to double in value every seven years. Therefore if this has not happened to your lots something must be wrong, and an investigation or a sale is in order.

The study of real-estate buying, especially in developments, leads to one phase that calls for particular attention. It is installment buying, a process that is in wide practice and is, in the main, a menace to savings. Like installment buying of household goods it not only often costs much more than outright buying, but tempts people to buy who have no business or means to do so.

Buying on Installments

In many instances the promoters of speculative land schemes add twenty-five per cent to the price of lots sold on the installment plan. The installment buyer does not stop to realize that he would really save money by letting his savings accumulate in a savings bank where they will earn more money. Then, when he has accumulated enough, he can buy the lot outright. The average man who falls for the installment game is misled by the agent who says: "Buy now, because if you wait it will be too late. The price will go up next month." This is seldom the case. Besides, a man

YOU can drink as many cups of coffee as you want—**IF** it is Baker-ized Coffee.

Baker-izing takes the chaff and the dust out of coffee. You will find both in any coffee ground in the old way.

The chaff—fine white flakes—contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter, harsh and weedy. It is not good for the coffee flavor or for the human system.

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Now mark you—the coffee which is freed from dust and chaff, with their injurious effects, is

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The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Only the choicest crops are used for Baker-ized coffee. The coffee beans are hand-picked to remove the dead and tasteless ones. They are roasted to a rich brown, every bean alike.

They are split open and the chaff is blown out. Then they are steel cut with sharp knives—into pieces of uniform size—**with no dust.**

Baker-ized coffee is put up in Sealed Tins and reaches you with full flavor and aroma.

It is a delicious, smooth and fragrant coffee. Mellow, fine and satisfying, with a delightful after-taste, and no *unpleasant* after effects.

It is the coffee that touches the spot, invigorates the spirits, braces the nerves.

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Enough for six cups of full strength. Note the absence of dust and chaff. Note the uniformity of the grains—which allows the coffee to be brewed to the exact strength desired—without oversteeping any of the grains. A pound of Baker-ized Coffee will make 15 to 20 cups more than ordinary coffee. Sold by Grocers at 35c to 40c a pound according to locality. Use the coupon.

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Style

NEW, exclusive shapes and shades—becoming refined lines—absolutely correct style—the finest fur felt.

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This treatment does not change the texture or appearance of the material at all—simply makes it weather-proof. That is why Mallory Hats stay new.

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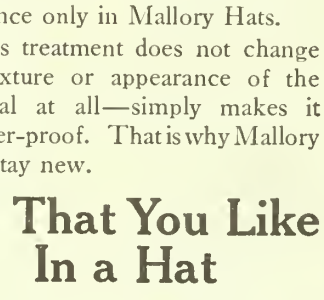
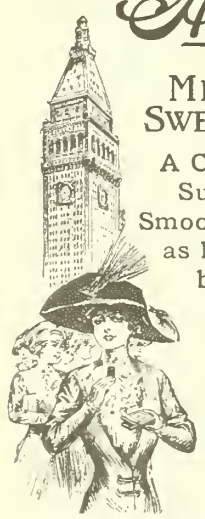


A Chocolate *of* Rare Quality



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METROPOLITAN SWEET CHOCOLATE

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A Chocolate for Chocolate Connoisseurs

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Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. Write nearest agent.

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with the cash in hand can usually get what he wants. By keeping his money in a savings bank he runs no risk. There have been instances where installment buyers have lost all that they paid in on property. This is in cases where the promoter did not own what he was selling, but had given a blanket mortgage on the whole tract. Instead of applying the receipts from buyers to the reduction of his own debt he speculated with it. When his mortgage came due he could not meet it and it was foreclosed. The people who had paid many installments on their lots had no legal claim on the property and were wiped out.

Here is where the value of getting title to your property may well be emphasized. In most installment buying you only get the deed when you have paid a certain sum. Up to that time you are at the mercy of the company.

There are times when installment buying of real estate is justified. This is where the land scheme is not speculative and where a group of people get together and buy on a coöperative plan, like a building and loan association, for instance. The difficulty about ordinary installment buying, removed from promoting schemes, is that the buyer pays a penalty or a bonus for the privilege of buying on easy terms.

Even if the real estate buyer gets a site that promises satisfactory increase in value in a community that is developing fast, his path is strewn with pitfalls. No matter where the property is located his first task should be to see that the title, which is the claim to the land, is good. It must be thoroughly "searched," and this can only be done by a title company that has the proper facilities to do the work. People who try to save money on title investigation usually find it a pretty costly economy in the end.

Friends Who Get Commissions

Ignorance about restrictions has caused careless real estate buyers much loss. The restrictions should be the subject of careful inquiry. If, for example, the property adjacent to your lot is unimproved and there are no restrictions on it, a factory or a stable may be built on it which would greatly depreciate the value of your site for a home. See that the buildings that may be erected next door are dwellings.

If you buy in an undeveloped community find out what the "established grade" is. This is the grade at which the streets are built. If your house is built before the street you may find that it is below the established grade when the highways are constructed.

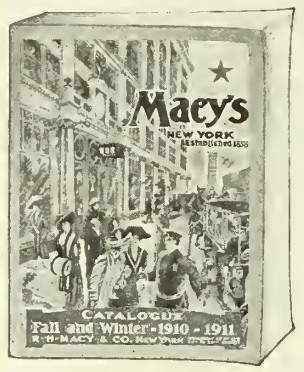
This detracts from its value and sometimes from its renting possibilities. It is advisable to build in a community that has proper sewerage facilities, for hygienic as well as economical reasons.

If the lot is in a developed neighborhood it is of the utmost importance to ascertain whether there are any assessments for improvements on the property. These assessments may be the lot's pro rata of the cost of streets, sewers, gradings, sidewalks, asphalt or other kinds of paving. Likewise there may be arrears of taxes. Some people have bought real estate without proper investigation and found it encumbered with heavy assessments that wiped out part of their bui ding capital. The information about assessments may be obtained easily at your local assessor's office. While you are getting these data it might be well to inquire whether any expensive city improvements affecting your property are planned for the future.

I have saved for the last one homely but effective rule to follow in buying real estate—don't buy a lot because a friend of yours advises you to buy. In nearly every city where there are speculative land schemes you find men who get a certain commission or a discount on their own lots by getting their friends to buy in the same subdivision. Here, as in other employment of money, beware of your friends, especially those who have the "sure things." Never go out to look at real estate with the agent or with an interested party. If possible get some one who knows real estate values and who is not concerned in your particular piece.

Thus in real estate buying, as in all other kinds of investment, whether for comfort, safety or profit, you find that the universal maxim holds good, which, summed up, is that you must look before you invest, for in careful investigation lies the safeguard of savings.

For Fashion's Sake and Economy's Sake, Madam, Get This New Macy Fashion Book and Household Catalogue!



Every woman who cannot do her shopping personally in New York City ought to do the next best thing:

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The Fall and Winter number of this great store publication is now ready for mailing.

We send it postpaid to any address upon request.

It is the whole story of authoritative Fall and Winter Fashions in Apparel for all the family, Millinery, Dress Accessories, Fabrics and Novelties attractively combined with staples and hundreds of household needs.

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It goes out to you from the heart of the **greatest retail shopping district in America.** It tells of newer, better and **vastly more up-to-date** articles than any ordinary catalogue house could possibly offer.

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It tells you who live distant from New York stores how you can shop by mail at the *most famous* of them, and have the newest New York styles and adaptations of the latest Paris creations *many weeks earlier* than your home stores.

Judge for yourself. Send for the catalogue—a postal card request will bring you the big Book by return mail. ***Merely Ask For "New Season Fashions."***

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210 Automobile Dealers Were Asked This Question:

"On your honor, now, what speed indicator, irrespective of price, is of even quality with your car?"

The answer in 204 cases was:

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We wanted to know what dealers really thought of our mechanical masterpiece and went to the expense of having a man not connected with our organization call on every dealer in the largest cities and ask this question. The result is given above.

Yet, nearly all of these dealers offer other speed indicators for sale, because—as they frankly admit—they do not believe the buyer of a popular-priced car appreciates or will afford the Auto-Meter, as it costs from three to five times as much as other "speed indicators."

Yet, even so, the Auto-Meter is by far the cheapest if you figure the price by *miles of travel* or *years of service.* The first Auto-Meters made—over eight years old—are as sturdy, reliable and accurate as when new.

If the maker of your favorite car does not equip with the Auto-Meter, it will be wise judgment on your part to pay for it—or *pay the difference,* if you can afford Quality and care for the trouble-proof satisfaction which goes with it.

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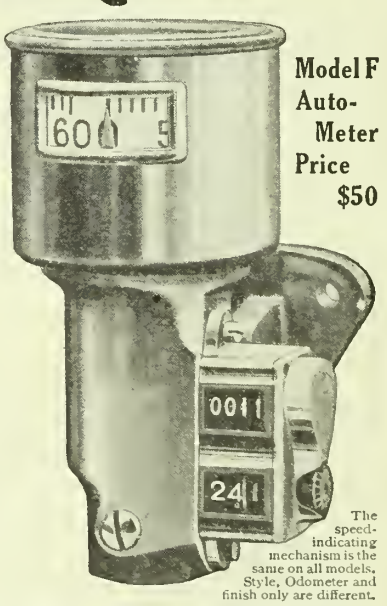

Model F Auto-Meter Price $50

The speed-indicating mechanism is the same on all models. Style, Odometer and finish only are different.

Model K This represents the open face type of Auto-Meter with Warner large-figure Odometer. Season, 100,000 miles and repeat; trip, 1,000 miles and repeat. It is the most popular model and by far the best seller. Price **$75**

Model M Same as above but with Chelsea Auto Clock. Price . **$125**

Model O—"The Twins" This is the same instrument as Models K and M, with large Chelsea Auto Clock. Has the Warner large-figure Odometer. The ultimate in high-class instrument making. Price **$145**

Any of the above designs can be secured with 100-mile speed dial at a slight advance in price.

You should take an active interest in choosing your varnish maker.

NO matter how far removed you may be personally from the actual use of varnish, if it is *your* money that pays the varnish bills you should know what Berry Brothers, Limited, can do for you.

As the largest varnish makers in the world, with 52 years of quality experience, we occupy an authoritative position that commands the business confidence of millions of varnish users the world over.

There is no varnish need we do not understand; none that we cannot meet with goods that mean great ultimate economy to the man who pays the bills.

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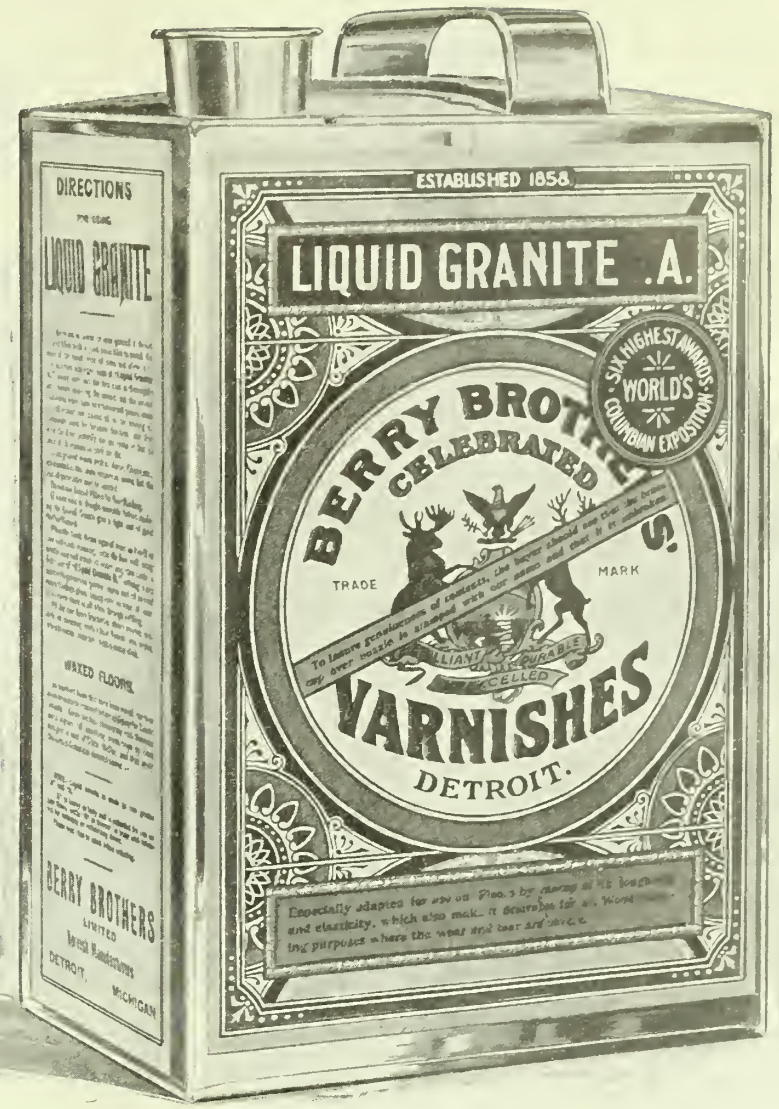
Whether you are a painter, home-owner, architect, or a manufacturer using varnish on your products, it will pay you to know what we can tell you about varnish.



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Paint Manufacturers
All Users of Baking Japans
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Trunk Manufacturers
And all other Varnish users

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FOR FINISHING FLOORS IN THE BEST AND MOST DURABLE MANNER POSSIBLE

LIQUID Granite is tough, elastic, durable. It won't crack even if you dent the wood under a severe blow with a hammer.

It is the logical finish for floors—for beauty, economy and durability. No other single varnish on the market has as wide a sale and reputation as Liquid Granite.

It pays to use Liquid Granite.

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FOR FINEST RUBBED OR POLISHED FINISH ON INTERIOR WOOD WORK

FOR the beautiful rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior wood work, Luxeberry Wood Finish has for years been the standard to which all other varnish makers have worked.

For many years it was known as Berry Brothers' "Hard Oil Finish," but so many worthless imitations were offered as "Hard Oil Finishes," that we changed the name for your protection.

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FOR INTERIOR WOOD WORK EXPOSED TO SEVERE WEAR—FULL GLOSS

WINDOW sills and sash, inside blinds, bathroom and kitchen wainscoting, and other interior wood work subject to severe wear, soon look shabby if not finished with a varnish like Elastic Interior, especially made for the purpose. Elastic Interior will resist the action of hot water, soap, etc. Ordinary varnish will turn white, or check and crack under similar conditions.

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BESIDES its great durability when exposed to the weather, Elastic Outside will dry quickly enough to prevent the surface from catching the dust. The official reports of the Master House Painters and Decorators Association show that Elastic Outside will dry dust-proof in less time than any of 24 other varnishes tested by the Association.

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On receipt of ten cents in stamps we'll send this very entertaining and instructive 56-page book for children—"Around the World in a Berry Wagon."

It contains 25 full-page drawings in color by W. W. Denslow (who illustrated "The Wizard of Oz"), representing the children of the leading nations of the world at play. Accompanying each picture is a description and brief history of the country and its people.

With the book we tell how children can get the famous Berry Wagons.

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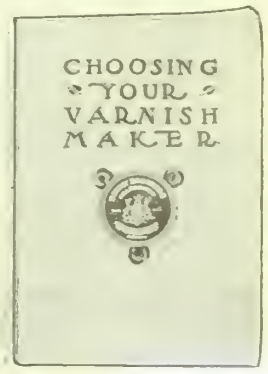

At Work and at Play— America Wear Royal Ta

Suppose you lived next door to one of the great Fifth Avenue tailors in New York City—an artist-craftsman with a trade among New York's clothes connoisseurs.

Suppose that tailor, as a neighborly courtesy, would work *for you*, putting his genius and needlework into your every suit or overcoat.

Yet charging you *not one penny* more for his services than you have paid for ill-fitting, factory-made, "stock" clothes!

A Royal Dealer in your town means a Broadway tailor-shop within walking distance

The 1,000 Brain-Power Tailor Shop

There is no more remarkable business-institution in All-America than this Myriad-Minded Tailoring Establishment—where art and craftsmanship are united with shrewd-management and organization—where many tailor-shops are joined under one system and one expense—with every wasteful method cut out and every quality-insuring resource put in.

It is as though we had cornered the *hand-skill* and *brain-craft* of a thousand master journeymen—had lifted from each the cares and burdens of running individual tailor-shops—and left them free to vie with each other in the sole work of producing master clothes!

Free, each to devote himself exclusively to that part of the garment-making he does best and likes most—putting in that passion for perfection in finest detail which only specialization makes possible.

SIX BIG FEATURES of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES

1 Made To Your Measure
2 All Pure Wool
3 A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
4 100% Process Shrunk
5 Cost No More Than Ready Mades
6 Six Day Schedule Deliveries

The Only Reall

Mark well this claim of ours—Royal best local tailor can give, but much that is

You pick the cloth for a Royal suit of Pure Woolens to be found in America weaves, selected not from one, two or thr his, but culled by an army of expert buyer

You deal with your own home mer scientifically thorough and graphic that it And when the garment is shipped it is ac out in your name. That guarantee insu Construction, All Complete Satisfaction o rejecting the garment without paying one

PAY LESS AND DRESS BETTER

Royal Tailored To Your Order Clothes

The Royal

Chicago

Over 5,000 Royal Dealers

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...e Best Dressed Men in ...ored-to-Order Clothes

You'd be glad to have a service like that, wouldn't you? Yet that is exactly what The Royal Tailor System brings to you—*in your home city!*

We are bringing into every town in America the made-to-measure service and handicraft of picked metropolitan tailors. We are making it easy for clothes-wearers everywhere to have their clothes built to individual order in the best organized tailor shops in New York and Chicago.

And big output makes it feasible to charge but half the usual tailors' fee!

Your Dealer takes the measures by a system that gives us a virtual blue print of your body

...ranteed Clothes

...ng not only puts on your back all that the ...l the local tailor's vision or resources.

...coat from the richest and rarest collection ...alf a thousand brilliant and characterful ...smen's samples, as the local tailor selects ...ll the great mills and markets in existence.

...who takes your measures by a system so ...r cutters a virtual blue print of your body. ...ied by a remarkable guarantee card made ... Perfect Fit, All Pure Wool, All Staunch ...lainly stated and unrestricted privilege of ...for it!

Let Us Tailor Your Fall Suit On a 6-Day Schedule

The prices? We build to order at $20, $25, $30, $35, the very acme of finely-finished, luxuriously-appointed tailor-made clothes. And for the man who must spend less we make, even at $16.50 and $18. most remarkable values, irreproachable in style and fit.

Incidentally, you will get your Royal Tailor garment the day you expect it. We build every garment on a definite 6-day schedule. We forfeit $1 a day when a garment is delayed.

Important:—Do not be misled into buying a substitute for Royal Tailoring. There is no "just as good." Look for our tiger head trade mark on all woolen samples you see. Get our legal guarantee card with the garment. Your local dealer will gladly show you the resplendent Royal Fall woolen display. If you don't know him write us to-day for his name. Better still, include 4c in stamps for our handsome Style Portfolio.

T a i l o r s

148 Branch Royal Stores

New York

Sense and Nonsense

The Rose and the Thorn

You have seen:

Dim, cool, expectant, hushed and still,
With ribboned bars adown its aisles,
The silent church begin to fill
With guests all wreathed in tender smiles—
With husbands, wives and maids in droves,
With men reluctant to decide—
To prove that all the world still loves
A gallant groom, a blossomed bride.

Yet:

Blossoms of orange and veils,
Bridals romantic and rash,
Music and altars and rails,
Must all be settled—in cash.

You certainly have noted:

The open house, the floral line,
The murm'rous music up aloft,
The wedding breakfast and the wine,
The bridal garments quickly doffed;
The chauffeur cool, the waiting car,
Which humor decks with boot and bow,
The stairs where maidens progress bar,
The groom and bride who hate to go.

Nevertheless:

After the splurge and the splice,
After the tears and the thrills,
After the blossoms and rice,
After the blisses—the bills.

Moreover:

The honeymoon has waned. The pair
Doveeoted in a tiny flat,
Now wrestle with domestic care
In quarters that might cramp a cat.
New brides and grooms have wed since they
Were the cynosure of all eyes;
Ennui has come its part to play,
And soon they'll cross the Bridge of Sighs.

Then they will learn that:

After the gilt has faded
The wife in the bride must wake,
And learn that husbands jaded
Eat bread and not wedding cake.

—Joseph Smith.

The Evolution of an Entomologist

I AM an entomologist; I did not start to be one; there was a time I'd not have known one had I chanced to see one. I would have been a gardener—alas, my hopes were blighted, for bugs and flies and worms and things came to me uninvited. Last spring I set a garden out, such dainty beds and patches. Said I: "'Twill be a gladsome sight, provided my seed hatches." (Now hatch may not be quite the word, but rhyme is such a fetter to synonym I have to yield, though *sprout* would suit me better.)

I AM an entomologist; of insects once so wary I'm deep in entomology that's quite involuntary; upon my few potato stalks are cross-barred bugs and striped, with appetites omnivorous and greed that's truly biped. I hear them call across the field to feathered bugs and furry: "There's lots of green stuff over here, so hurry, hurry, hurry!" And then there comes the bug parade from all the fields surrounding; I hear the locusts' rusty legs across the greensward sounding; I see the worms come trundling in, the lord bug and the lady; they get beneath some luscious leaf, and in seclusion shady they eat my peas and spinach up, bugs robust and bugs pallid; they make my cabbage into slaw and string beans into salad.

I AM an entomologist; I have red bugs and white ones; bugs young and old and middle-aged, and heavy bugs and light ones. I have them lean, I have them stout, dry-land bugs and aquatic, and bugs that leap from leaf to leaf—I have bugs acrobatic; I've bugs that crawl and bugs that fly, bugs of each kind and venue: potato bugs, tomato bugs, and bugs for every menu; I've some that dig in earth for roots, and some that feed on topses; I've bugs that pick the early fruits and bugs for all my cropses. And so I've lost my interest in garden stuffs and "sasses"; I'm listing all my bugs and things and sorting them in classes.

I AM an entomologist; my heart I will not harden; I gather every kind of bugs and feed them in my garden; I roam the byways of my plot with lustrous eyes and eager; what if the cabbages are nil and foliage is meager! I see a new bug and I know I've scored another capture; so I behold it with delight and watch it eat with rapture; a stranger worm goes wriggling past, I watch its pathway finish, to learn if it likes corn or peas or beans or squash or spinach. I've learned the names of them by heart; I know their moods and tenses; I feed them daily à la carte regardless of expenses. And so from humble gardening, from toil's remorseless prison I tread the scientific clouds—pray note how I have risen. I may not as a huckster shine—(greenstuffs, I beg your pardon)—but, oh, the world of bugs is mine! Pray come into my garden!

—J. W. Foley.

A Little Odd

THOMAS B. REED, the famous Speaker of the House of Representatives, was born in Maine, of course, and so was Frank A. Munsey, the magazine man.

One day, a year or two before his death, Mr. Reed went up to Mr. Munsey's office to call on his friend. Munsey's secretary told Reed that Munsey was busy and could not be seen. Reed waited patiently for half an hour. When Munsey finally appeared at the door of his private office he exclaimed:

"Why, Reed! I didn't know you were here. How long have you been waiting?"

"Half an hour," Reed replied.

Munsey turned to his secretary. "Why did you keep Mr. Reed waiting without announcing him?" he asked.

"Why, Mr. Munsey," explained the secretary, "I didn't know he was Mr. Reed. I thought he was Dr. John Hall."

"Pshaw!" said Munsey; "Dr. John Hall has been dead for two years."

"Yes, sir," assented the secretary; "I knew that, and that is why I thought it was so odd for him to be here."

Around the Fire

When we've finished washing the plates of tin,
When the darkness falls and the gang comes in,
That's the time when the tales and the talk begin
In the circle about the fire;
The talk of the way the day was spent,
Of the things we did and the roads we went,
Of pleasant ventures that brought content
And sated the heart's desire.

The pipes are lighted, the fellows sit
Or sprawl about as the shadows flit,
And there is freedom of thought and wit
Till the light of the embers dims;
And then comes singing—from foolish tunes
Of "pretty maidens" and "kindly moons,"
To old, old songs like your mother croons,
Soft lullabies—or hymns.

The night breeze rustles the leaves above,
And we talk of the things we are fondest of,
The men we like and the girls we love,
Who make life worth the fight,
Till the ash grays over the glowing coals
And the spirit of drowsiness controls,
And each man into his blanket rolls,
With the sleepy word, "Good night!"

—Berton Braley.

A Runaway Calaboose

"BIG BILL" EDWARDS, who is boss of the whitewings in New York and a most efficient street-cleaner, was born in Lisle, an upstate town in New York.

When big Bill was little Bill, a village character ran amuck through the place one afternoon and the village constable arrested him. There was no calaboose in Lisle and the constable locked his prisoner in a convenient freight car that stood on the siding.

When the man awoke next morning he was halfway through Pennsylvania on his way to New York. It was a through freight and he never did get out until he landed in the yards in Jersey City; nor did he ever return to Lisle.

The incident made a deep impression on Bill's mind, and he decided to travel himself some day. He did, and eventually he landed as boss of the street-cleaning department in New York. The first man who applied to him for a job was the hero of the freight car adventure.

"Hello, Bill!" said he. "How did you get away from Lisle? Did they lock you in a freight car too?"

Franco-American Quality

WHEN Nature has produced finer ingredients, when chefs have acquired more skill, when science has inaugurated greater cleanliness—then and only then will Franco-American Soups be excelled in richness, flavor and quality. They are the acme of culinary achievement.

In sterilized cans convenient for any sized family (3 sizes).

Heat and Eat

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.
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Soups	Broths for Invalids
Potted Beef	Plum Pudding
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The One Complete Writing-Adding Machine is the Model 11

Remington Typewriter

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It writes the headings; it writes the items; it writes the amounts; it adds the amounts; it makes subtractions from the amounts; it gives the totals; it writes the totals; it proves the totals; it writes as many copies as you want; *it does everything.*

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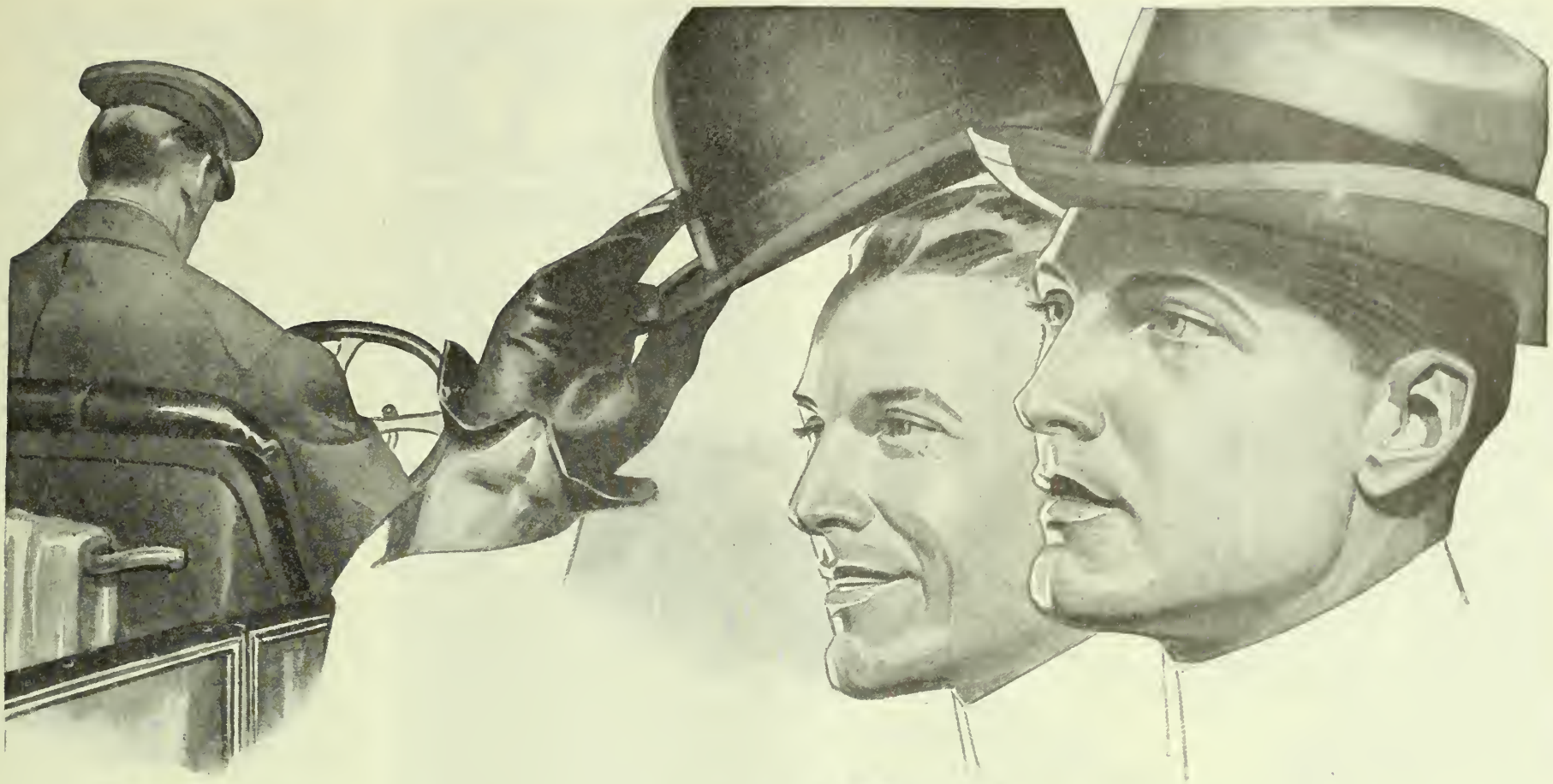

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The Fashionable Fall Styles

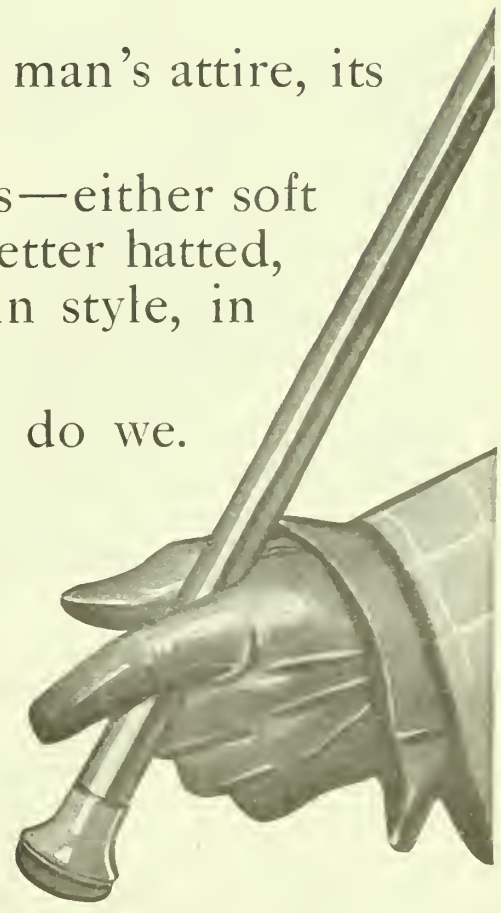
Because the hat is the most conspicuous article of man's attire, its selection should receive the most careful attention.

To wear one of the new Hawes, von Gal Fall Styles—either soft hat or derby—is to rest assured that no one can be better hatted, for Hawes, von Gal Hats are the utmost in quality, in style, in finish, workmanship and perfect fit.

Best of all, your dealer will guarantee them—so do we. Prices, $3, $4, $5.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3 Hat

If not at your dealer's, write for our new Fall and Winter Style Book "E." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.



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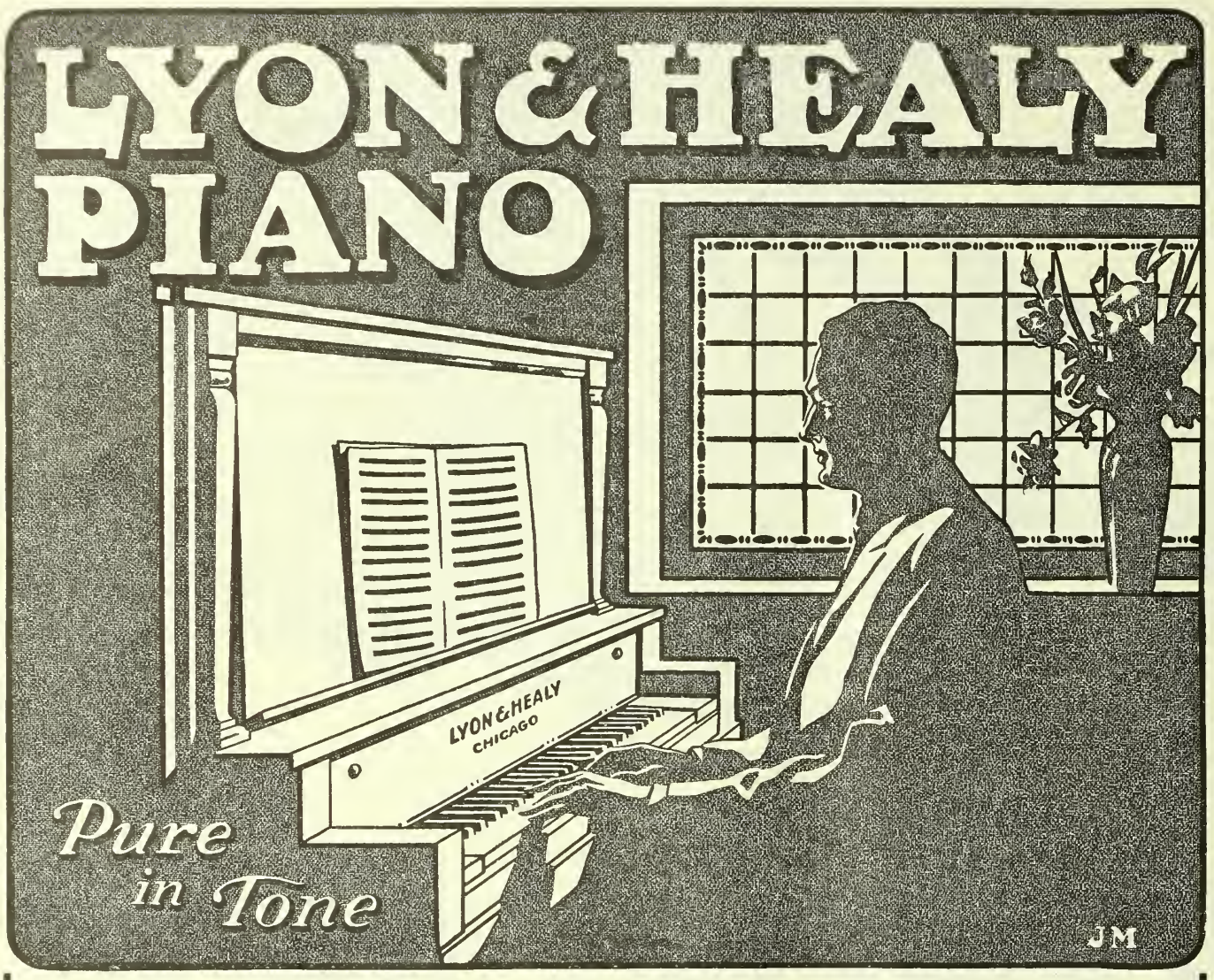

To the Public

The cost of labor in the LYON & HEALY PIANO is double the cost in an ordinary piano; the material costs 50 per cent more than usual; the whole piano, by its sterling character, perfectly represents the World's Largest Music House.

It is PURE IN TONE.

Prices $350, $375, $400 and upward.

Drop a postal today for the beautiful art catalog containing easel-back illustrations. You will then readily understand why this piano is the unquestioned triumph of the present day; why it is first choice of so many shrewd buyers; why 180 piano dealers in all parts of the world secured the agency during the past year. Write today.

Messrs. Lyon & Healy (Dept. Z4016)
Chicago

Please send me a Lyon & Healy Piano Catalog.

Name _____

Town and State _____

To Piano Dealers

Notwithstanding the fact that all dealers sell LYON & HEALY PIANOS on very close margins and at net prices fixed by the factory, the LYON & HEALY PIANO agency is proving a most valuable asset to progressive establishments. This arises from the fact that the intrinsic value is so great in the LYON & HEALY PIANO that it is self-evident to even the most casual shopper. Where is there a piano that equals the LYON & HEALY Style M, price $350, that sells for within $100 of its price? Comparison proves! In fact, the LYON & HEALY PIANO practically sells itself. It occupies alone the field of a world-famous name piano at a popular price.

Messrs. Lyon & Healy (Dept. Z4016)
Chicago

Please send terms to dealers; also sample of catalogs; 16-sheet posters; 8-sheet posters; 1-sheet posters; series 50 large newspaper advertisements; framed window bulletins; circulars; gold mirror signs; follow-up matter; etc.

Name _____

Town and State _____

(83)

The Most Attractive Piano Proposition in America Today

THERE is one piano bearing a name known the world over that is sold on an unusual basis. Instead of being most profitable for agents by reason of the great difference between the cost and the selling price, it is wonderful value for the actual purchaser. This arises from the fact that the prices, which are fixed by the factory, are based upon production under the most favorable conditions, and because buyers of this piano are not asked to pay one dollar for either the security of a world-famous name or to pay interest on millions of dollars' worth of watered stock.

The Pedigree of the Lyon & Healy Piano

For 46 years Lyon & Healy have conducted a music business, and for over a generation this business has been by far the largest of the kind in the world. This business today is conducted by the original owners with their own capital. There is not a penny of watered stock nor an ounce of padding in the concern.

Every Lyon & Healy Piano comes to the public through the hands of a wide-awake dealer who wishes to make many sales by offering incomparable value rather than to make an exorbitant profit on a few transactions.

Pure in Tone

The distinguishing feature of the Lyon & Healy Piano is its purity of tone. This is attained by the employment of the finest and most skillful type of piano builders, using materials of highest quality, and working under the supervision of a staff of master acousticians. Every Lyon & Healy Piano is tone-regulated until it is refinement personified. Such a thing as a Lyon & Healy Piano with an uneven scale is unknown.

What Great Musicians Say

Please remember that Lyon & Healy have never paid any artist a dollar for his endorsement. These are spontaneous, genuine expressions:

Calzin says: "The Lyon & Healy Piano is indeed an exquisite art product."

Zukovsky says: "The treble particularly appeals to me with its full, rich tone."

Tramonti says: "I can endorse the Lyon & Healy Piano as ideal."

Emanuel says: "I find your piano a worthy companion to your world-famous harp."

Bramsen says: "The tone is admirable in every respect."

Bispham says: "It is really a pleasure to sing to such a noble instrument."

Prices

Lyon & Healy Pianos sell for $350, $375, $400, $450 and upward. Lyon & Healy Player-Pianos sell for $650 and upward.

Comparison Proves

Compare the Lyon & Healy Piano with others. You know yourself that Lyon & Healy have sold more musical instruments of all kinds than any other house in the world. Compare their piano. That's all they ever ask. Do not let any dealer tell you that the Lyon & Healy factory is so far oversold that you would have to wait many months for a Lyon & Healy.

Write to us for the catalog today.

LYON & HEALY, Dept. Z4016, Chicago

CLAUDE FLANAGAN MEETS A TRAIN

(Continued from Page 11)

Fortunately so! A flickering street-lamp may belong to the dark ages, and stand as a monument to things-that-were; but in its very faintness it is, at worst, no annoyance to a duet of lovers on the front step of a boarding-house who pine for darkness; yea, even the blackest.

Mr. Flanagan had been saving up his embraces for several days. At twelve-thirty, Miss Feigle sighed and said: "Jiminy, Clod, you're a bear!" Mr. Flanagan proved that he was equal to several more of them, and then said:

"I better go now, girlie, 'cause if I stay I'll kiss you to death." Ah, to think: for such a death as that have women waited the ages through! "I'll be 'round tomorrer." And he left her.

Miss Feigle stood and watched him disappear down the street; and she said, as she had said before: "Oh, oh, why didn't I tell him? I'm a coward, a coward! But I'll tell him tomorrow."

ACT IV

IT WAS just ten-thirty-two by Flanagan's bull's-eye silver watch when he murmured, "Open Sesame!" and waved Miss Feigle into the sample room of Number 1401 North Calvert Street, the corner property of the fifty or more porch-fronts lately erected by Smith & Jergens, despite sundry strikes among bricklayers, pillaging plumbers and so forth. We stated that Claude Melnotte murmured "Open Sesame!" What he really said, as he opened the new front door, was, "This is us!"

Miss Feigle, in two years of roughing it, had found it necessary to remove unselfishness and idealism from her mental wardrobe, pack them in camphor, and send them home to mother. When she entered the sample room she was herself as distantly related to it as Mr. Alf. C. Weeks. Her thought was, "This is for his sister Maggie."

Flanagan began his lecture.

"This is the parler, or settin'-room. I only furnished one room, for a sample, to see how you'd like it."

"Nice and cozy," said Miss Feigle, rapidly scanning the ten-by-twelve. "Smells awful varnishy!" And she sniffed.

"It's bran' new," Clod hastened to explain; "but it will git over it."

Miss Feigle was inspecting the sofa-cushions. "Somebody," said she, "handed you a persimmon with this cushion. It's been used, or knocked about in a show window."

Mr. Flanagan grunted and looked forward to a brisk encounter with Howells Monday morning. "Set down, Bertha, set down!" he said nervously. And as she sat in the large chair he turned his back on her and looked out the window; nor did he face her again until his first-long-speech-in-history had been concluded.

"Is this for Sister Maggie?" said Miss Feigle. And she felt angered with herself because for an instant she was jealous of any sister who had a brother built on such generous lines.

"Partly for her," said Flanagan, toying with the curtain cord and looking into the street. "She'll live here, I hope. What I want to say is, Bertha, that most of this—I guess the whole house—is for you. I want you to marry me, Bertha, and any time you say. Your mother don't know me, and I don't know her; but if she'll take a chance I will. We'll send for her." His knees were wobbling, and he had difficulty in controlling his voice, and for that reason feared to face Miss Feigle. Had Flanagan turned to see the collapsed bit of femininity in the big chair his oration would have ended summarily. Flanagan proceeded: "This house rents for twenty plunks. Course the neighborhood ain't for high-guys; but we could move any time. The furnishin's ain't like blood-royals would loll around in; but we can get others. You says that you'd leave the boards and marry if the right man brushed by. Well, I ain't throwing boo-kays at myself; but I am makin' money, and I'll make more, and I know that I would be kind to you. Course we'd have a run-in now and then; but I'd give in, if I was wrong, just as I hope you'd do if you was wrong. I ain't ejicated, as you can hear. But I'd try to spruce up some on talk and writin' if you and Maggie would take turns with me. There ain't no doubt you'd like Maggie, and she'd like you. And Venice likes you a'ready. It's up to you. I never liked a girl in the world like you and ——"

"Oh, Clod, C-l-o-d, don't, don't!"

Like a flash Clod turned, and then clutched the window-sill for support, gasping, "Good Lord! Don't cry! Don't cry! Do all women act like that when a feller pops?" Miss Feigle, hiding her face with one hand, was groping toward Flanagan. He went to her and folded her in his arms, and she cried it out—cried part of it out—on the broad expanse of his chest. "There, there!" said Clod, petting her. "Is these things on my cheek your tears or mine?" He found that it was a blend. "Don't you like me some?" said Clod.

"How—how—could I help it?" gulped Miss Feigle. "I ought to have told you something ——"

"Never mind."

"But," she wailed, "you don't understand ——"

"Forgit it, sweetie," said he, embracing her. "It was me that ought to understand. A surprise is all right sometimes; but this was rough on you. I didn't mean it that way, though." Miss Feigle placed one small hand over Clod's eyes, so that he couldn't see her, and found the route to his lips with her lips. She was trembling very much; so much that she scared the Big Boy.

"Flanagan," said she, "I'll go to see Weeks, and explain some matters. You let me alone; let me go. You come back at twelve o'clock. Mind you; don't come back before twelve."

"Sure!" said Flanagan. "I'll take a walk around the park and come back here at twelve. Here's the key, in case you get here before me."

"Kiss me!" she said. He tried to; but she did most of it. After that embrace—yes, for months afterward—Flanagan recalled her part of it as the nearest approach to real melodrama he had ever known.

When Claude Melnotte visited Mr. Howells at nine o'clock the following morning, Mr. Howells saw, through the show-window, the drayman's face and stooped shoulders. He knew that the tragedy had occurred. All that passed between them was this: Flanagan shambled into Howells' private office, Howells shut the door, Howells grasped the pudgy paw of Claude Melnotte and said, as he tried to overcome the quaver in his voice:

"Flan, you don't owe me a cent! I'll haul that stuff back here tonight." Mr. Flanagan simply gripped Howells' hand—incidentally driving Mr. Howells' ring almost in to the bone of his small finger—and shambled out. Mr. Howells had Mr. Robbins on the telephone as soon as Flanagan had left, and the following conversation took place:

"Joe, that girl gave him the pass-by! I think he's dying."

"Huh!" came over the 'phone from Robbins. "Now what?"

"Well, I'm going to make a clean-up of my end of it," said Howells. "If you don't take care of your part of it, we're quits." They rang off. When Mr. Flanagan walked into Mr. Robbins' office and, with jaws set, handed over the key of 1401 he was aroused from his stupor by the act of Mr. Robbins, who handed him twenty dollars in cash.

"You don't owe me a cent!" said Robbins. "I've torn up the lease. Now, Clod, take a deep breath and—and—I'll shoot you pool any day." Mr. Flanagan gulped twice, shook hands with Robbins—to that gentleman's sorrow—and left.

We call attention here to the briefness and dispatch with which Messrs. Howells and Robbins met the cataclysm. Can you imagine three women—or ladies—conclaving in a matter of this sort? We can; and we can also imagine a clock-face that would need at least thirty hours on it, instead of twice twelve. It were not amiss to relate further here that Claude Melnotte Flanagan had a long memory. Only three men knew it—three men and their wives—but in the panic times, five years later, when Messrs. Howells and Robbins found that slack business, and illness at home, and several other minor mundane matters, almost had them in the sheriff's hand, Mr. Clod Flanagan's bank account was at their disposal. They used it; and it saved them. There are many men, tucked about in odd corners of this world, who wear no medals and who never will wear them, simply because it isn't fashionable to decorate people for mere honest hearts and willing hands.

. . . . . .

Doubling on our trail, we shall now return to 1401 North Calvert at twelve-ten o'clock, that fatal Sunday morning. The door was unlocked; Mr. Flanagan walked in. On the highly varnished table was a note addressed to him. It was held down by the house-key. Mr. Flanagan opened the note. It was written in a valiant schoolgirl hand, and contained no reference to destination or address:

"*My dear Boy:* I'm a coward, that's all. I just couldn't tell you that I am married, and can't marry you. I didn't think you really wanted me. Don't hunt for me. You're so good and square that it breaks my heart thinking of you. But I'll always be your sincere friend."

The signature followed, marred somewhat by tear-dabs.

At twelve-thirteen, Number 1401 North Calvert Street was tenantless.

ACT V

MANAGER WEEKS may have had some doubts as to the truthfulness of the telegram that Miss Feigle handed to him at eleven-fifteen; but a glance at the girl's haggard face dispelled all doubts.

"Gee, you look awful, Bertha!" said Weeks. "Don't worry like that! Your mother isn't dead yet. I hate to see you leave us. I feel like cussing and whooping and calling you a quitter. But ——" and he tapped the telegram and handed it back to her.

"Minnie can do my act," said Miss Feigle. "I've taught her everything, and worked hard with her."

"You have that," grunted Weeks, sulkily. "But, she ain't you, Bertha. She don't get over; and getting over is the whole cheese in this business. Goodby and good luck; and I'll look for you in September."

They shook hands and parted. Miss Feigle paid the sub-operator at the station for his share in the conspiracy of the forged telegram, bought a ticket for Cairo, and was speeding south at eleven-thirty. At eleven-forty-five the Weeks combination went speeding northward.

Lest it be assumed that Mr. Flanagan was a quitter, or not in earnest, we record that at seven o'clock that same night Mr. Weeks was confronted, at his hotel in the adjacent town, by a somber, sullen and sinister drayman.

"Hello, Big Boy!" said Weeks, scenting some trouble. "Lost anything?"

"Where," said Flanagan firmly, "where is Miss Feigle?" In this time of distress he neglected to tack an "at" to the query. Weeks had his suspicions for a minute, but merely said:

"She's too wide for me to hide in my pocket. She's gone home. Cut us at your burgh. Had a wire from her mother saying that the old lady was dangerously ill."

"Zat so?" said Clod, eying him truculently.

"That's so!" said Weeks. "And if her mother felt half as bad at eleven o'clock yesterday as Bertha looked, the mother's dead now." Flanagan was thinking so hard that Weeks could almost hear him.

"You told me once," said Flanagan slowly, "that she was all right."

"And I didn't lie!" said Weeks. "Now you listen here, Big Boy! There's some things in life that you don't want to rush after; some few things—not many. If I was you I'd wait a little." They shook hands and parted.

Homeward bound, Big Boy was unable to decide whether or not—if chance offered—he would exchange places with Bertha's dying mother. He was rather disposed to think that he would. When a rather gaudily clad gentleman plumped into the seat beside Claude Melnotte and endeavored to strike up conversation, Clod revived suddenly and said something. The ancient traveler moved elsewhere—and moved quickly—muttering to himself:

"I ask him about da wetter! What he called me had notting to do mit da soobject!"

Now, when a heart as big, and as loyal, and as unspotted as that within the chest of Clod Flanagan has been dragged out

The Season's Styles at the "NATIONAL"

This will be called an advertisement. It isn't, really. It is part of the story of the "NATIONAL" Style Book. It pictures for you your "NATIONAL" Style Book, which will be sent you free, and tells you of some of its offerings. The whole world has contributed to these offerings.

There are Waists, for which the linen and hand embroidery was made to our order in Ireland. Separate Skirts, showing all the style changes, and Vienna has contributed the new underwear and petticoats. There are Hats, the originals for which were secured from the most famous milliners in Paris. Neckwear and Scarf Veils designed in Paris, and London designed Suits. The world has been visited for Your Style Book. Here is an idea of its contents and prices.

Waists	98 cents to $9.98
Ladies' Skirts	$3.98 to $14.98
Hats	$1.98 to $14.98
Dresses and Costumes	$11.98 to $29.75
Ladies' Coats and Capes	$7.98 to $31.98
Fur Pieces and Coats	$2.25 to $59.75
Petticoats	98 cents to $7.98
Misses' Dresses and Suits	$7.98 to $18.98
Maternity Skirts	$5.98 to $8.98

"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits, $10 to $40

Copyright, 1910, by National Cloak & Suit Co., New York City

Your Suit will be cut individually for you, and made to your measure. It will be made in any of the new "NATIONAL" Styles you may choose. It will be trimmed as pictured in Your Style Book—or in any way you choose. It will be lined any way you like, the coat will be made any length you prefer and made in any material you may select from our 450 new suitings.

And your suit will be made entirely *at our risk*. If you are not delighted with it in every way, you are under no obligation whatsoever. Just send it back at our expense and we will refund your money.

This "NATIONAL" Style Book pictured above is *Yours*, free, and will be sent you by return mail, postage paid by us.

Your name and address are all that we need to send the book to you today. In writing for your book, be sure to state if you wish samples of materials for "NATIONAL" Tailored Suits and give the colors you prefer. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

239 West 24th Street, New York City

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and stepped on, some one has to know it. For two weeks Flanagan kept his lips buttoned; but wiseacre Sister knew the deluge was to come. It came at supper. Clod dropped his knife and fork and broke down. So did Sister Maggie; but despite her womanly sympathy she inserted the probe at the same time. What she heard almost floored her! She sat dazed on Clod's knee listening to the miracle of the sample room.

Whatever wee bit of reverence she had cherished for her late spouse hiked out the window to oblivion, and never more returned. Her brother was bigger, she thought, bigger and grander, than anything since the Flood.

"Why, you great big—great big—angel!" said Margaret, hugging him; and then she bellowed some and cut loose regarding Miss Feigle. Clod checked her promptly.

"Wup! Whoa!" said he. "Tain't right! I can't see no harm comin' to her jist because I didn't get what I wanted. I didn't think much about her side of it; didn't give her much warnin'. Everybody's got a right to be happy. What's more, Bertha never pulled off a play like that there without some reason."

"I say again, you're an angel," said Margaret, kissing him.

"Maybe so," drawled Clod. "But even angels got to hit the ground sometimes, if only wing-weary. The mistake I made, maybe, was in not bringing you two together."

"I saw her," said Margaret; and after she had explained a few things, Flanagan was, in turn, thoroughly dazed. He smiled weakly and said:

"Oh, you women, you women!"

"She'd have to walk a straight line before I'd pass on her, anyhow," said Margaret, decisively.

"Huh?" grunted Clod.

"I'm not strong for these actorines! As a general proposition, Brud, you're most too good for any woman. And I know what I'm talking about."

"Nix on that!" snorted Flanagan; and he proceeded to wind the mantel-clock. It was an eight-day clock and he had wound it that morning. "Anyhow," said he, "it's over." He hoped that it wasn't, of course. "A big walrus like me had no business gallivantin' around a pretty ejicated girl like Bertha. Next thing that will happen is, Venice will leave me."

"You go down to the corner," said Margaret, busily removing dishes and wiping her eyes, "and shoot some pool. I'll have a snack here waiting for you when you come home." She gave him his hat and prodded him toward the doorway. Clod turned and looked at her, and held her face between his hands:

"You'd spoil a fellar, Sis! Any girl would have to trot in some class to be able to ketch you on a driveway."

"Hurry along!" said Maggie. "Stay here any longer and my nose and eyes will look like I'd been peeling onions."

"I'm goin'," said Clod. "Some of the bunch has got wind of this little drammer of mine. If Shad Kennedy gets fresh I'm gona lam him over the burr! So long, Maggie."

Peculiarly enough, Shad Kennedy was one of the few in Casey's Pool Parlors who knew nothing of the long shot Flanagan had played and lost. Shad was a rather irritating person. He had picked up a melody—rampant about '95—called, There's a Spaniard Lives Upstairs. Kennedy was in the habit of picking up things, some of which were his and others—why finish it? Several games were in progress. Shad was running away at Table 2, with Squint Moore, the shoe-clerk. As he knocked the ivories he repeatedly whistled that tune. It got on Flanagan's nerves and in an unfortunate moment—for Shad—he asked what the air was. Some one told him. Clod ambled over, confronted Kennedy and stepped on his foot to hold him.

"Is that trillin' about a Spaniard for me?" demanded Flanagan. And to make sure, Clod put all his weight on Shad's foot. Frantic with pain Kennedy howled back:

"Yes!" and then he swung for Flanagan's nose.

In a flash Clod bent him flat on the pool-table and dealt him, with open hand, a terrible wallop across the mouth. The unfairness of it struck him instantly, and as quickly as he had struck he retracted.

He lifted Shad to his feet, propped him up and said, with a gulp, "Fergit it, Ken.! I—I—been feeling sort of bad. Will you shake?" Mr. Kennedy was shaking, shaking all over, with pain He stood on one foot and then tried to bend his back, as he murmured, "Me back's broke sure!" Two more gasps. "I don't know anything about you or your tune. I said I did, 'cause you hurt my foot." They shook hands. This marked the final outburst—in fact the only rough one—in that painful aftermath, since Miss Feigle's departure. Thenceforth, Claude Melnotte shouldered his cross bravely, and despite an absence of a few weeks again assumed polite burdens as the leading kindly spirit in the Rosebud Social. Though a veil of sadness at times enveloped him, still he was Banbury's good citizen, and no more haunted stage-doors.

The law of compensation works in devious, though soothing, ways. The Transfer strike had long since been settled but the House of Flanagan not only held all the extra trade acquired in the strike days, but found it necessary to expand. Clod's personality, his methods, his squareness, were such that customers invariably came back. Clod's comfortable bank-account was depleted—"Venice" was boss of five other nags—for equipment; but as soon as the two helpers and the new drays began activities, Flanagan saw money rolling in. Sister Maggie at once opened a set of books. All of this was quite to Clod's annoyance. He seldom saw cash, or currency; and he couldn't feel that he was prospering while the First National's capacious maw swallowed his daily earnings. Margaret paid by check. She wrote a clean hand; and as for decimals, she always saw the point.

Some time about April first—a weary year had dragged in the wake of Bertha Feigle—Flanagan hauled several cases from the railroad to the nearby college for Dr. Audubon Whifford, professor of ornithology—and some other ologies—at the college. Whifford was a cheerful, democratic bit of humanity and insisted upon sharing the truck-seat with Flanagan. Clod, with innate tact, avoided the main streets and quite enjoyed Whifford's banter.

"I say, Perfesser," said Clod, "you been shootin' speciments down on the coast?" And he indicated the boxes piled up on the truck.

"Not recently," said Whifford, proving his democracy by rolling a cowboy cigarette. "The skins in those boxes are from water-fowl I shot, down in Maryland, last autumn. Of course, I could shoot now; but I'm against spring shooting. The birds are going north to the breeding grounds. They're mating."

Clod had a sort of deep, artesian-well feeling in his heart.

"Of course!" he said bravely. "They're matin'! That's good sentiments."

"They're only birds," continued Whifford, "but for all we know they love each other just as humans do."

"Right," nodded Flanagan. "Maybe we'll know some day." And when they reached the college Flanagan refused to allow Whifford to help unload. To Whifford's admiration, he simply floated the boxes into the basement.

Clod's relapse was at once apparent, at suppertime, to his keen-eyed sister. He didn't eat much; couldn't eat much; only pretended. Margaret bided her time.

"I was hauling Perfesser Whifford's stuff up to the summitterry today," said Flanagan, affecting calmness and bluffing at swallowing a potato.

"Seminary; not summitterry," corrected Maggie.

"So long as you knew what I meant, what's the odds?" queried Clod. "The Perfesser kind of struck me as a real human. I used to think pretty mean of those fellers who took a salary for tossin' bombs into a covey of hummin'-birds and snipe."

"He's a scientist," said Margaret.

"Maybe so," said Clod. "But I don't want nobody jabbin' Venice with a knife jest for science. What made me like him was that he says he cuts out spring shootin'. Don't like to break up bird families. They're a-matin'."

In the pause, Maggie received no further information; so she brought matters to a climax with:

"Brud, are you always thinking of that girl?"

"Not always," said Flanagan. "Only when I can."

"If you promise to eat as much supper as I eat, I'll tell you something—something pleasing, I hope—after supper," Maggie said.

"Bertha ain't here, is she?" queried Flanagan, boring into his guardian with clear, honest eyes.

"She isn't!" rasped Margaret sharply.

"Never mind! Start in! Eat! I'll match you!" And mouthful for mouthful he insisted that she keep pace with him. It was the fullest meal Miss Flanagan had eaten for years.

Not at all discommoded was her brother. She felt as if she were exploding. They finished with a sigh.

"Now, Brud," said Margaret, "where did that girl live?"

"Ki-row, Ill'noys," said Flanagan, watching her closely.

His sister produced a letter from beneath the tablecloth. "This letter," she said, "is post-marked Cairo." She handed it to him. "Now, Brud, promise me; whether it holds bad news or good, that we either drop it for once and all, or see it through."

Clod kissed her, and promised, and went into the parlor to read the letter. His sister remained sitting at the supper table, crying.

Something like a tear was in his own eye; maybe two tears. Claude Melnotte found that his hands quivered so that he could not strike a match; couldn't light the gas. Finally he did light it and then discovered that his knees were so weak that he was forced to sit down. He broke the green sealing-wax and pulled the precious document from its hiding-place.

EPILOGUE

THAT letter from Cairo, Illinois, was in the handwriting of the same person who had left a note on the table in Claude Melnotte's sample room a year before. It was, however, of tenor decidedly different:

"*Dear Mr. Flanagan:* You remember me I guess, and I don't blame you. Since that Sunday morning a year ago I've done a lot of thinking and more crying. It was true that I was married. God knows where he was a year ago, and he's possibly in the same place now. I worked the circuit so that I could pay for a divorce. I've just got it and it cost a heap of money. I'm helping my mother. We keep a store here.

"Believe me, Mr. Flanagan, if you hadn't been so square I'd maybe not feel so mean. What I want to say most of all is that if you'll let me know what you spent for that house and the room I'll do what I can to meet it. I hope with all my heart that you have forgiven me, and that you are well and getting along. You deserve it.

"I am, Mr. Flanagan, your sincere friend,
"BERTHA FEIGLE.

"P. S.—Please, please let me know about the cost."

Once again; when in the course of human events it devolves upon a non-literary drayman to take pen in hand, perseverance avails nothing unless steel-tips be stout and ink plenty. Two long, arm-cramping hours and five splintered pens; but Claude Melnotte did it! His epistle read something like this:

"*Dear Friend:* Your welkome note come safe. You know the old saying is a sin condemd is half a tone. Anybody who is sorry for what she did is true blue. I jist knew the first time I laid eyes on you that you was a lady. Yu're a real bill of laden. Since I get your letter I got no kick at all. It seems to me that you got the kick. You see—though I ain't really told nobody this—I ought to know'd better than to try bribe you with a stylish room. But I was afraid if you'd ever took a square look at *me* you'd back up and sling a shoe. Sister Maggie red your letter and she says it's up to me. Well, Vennis would chaw it over the same way. Now I can get the same furnichure or even better and I can get the same house and I know jist about where things wood fit in as they did. Do you understand? I got six hosses now and it's raining here. And I am your sinsere friend,
"C. M. FLANAGAN."

With the above-quoted was a separate piece of paper and a check. The paper said,

"An hour layter. The tikket agent says the freight from Cayro up here is $14. I send you $25. for a pasteboard, your meals and a birth. I meet all trains."

Two days later, Mr. Claude Melnotte Flanagan met the train for which he had been waiting.

(CURTAIN)

A "Blind Test"

THE other day a group of New York grocery men made an experiment.

They had Campbell's Tomato Soup and some much higher-priced tomato soups prepared secretly—according to the directions, in each case. Then eight of them undertook *by tasting* to pick out the best soup.

Every one of them picked

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Any one with a specially critical taste would naturally do the same thing.

You would yourself unless you already know the flavor of Campbell's.

In that case you could hardly be fooled. For if you have made comparisons you know that this soup has a richness and tasty relish peculiar to itself, and quite unmistakable. And you know that no amount of money could produce anything better.

If you don't know this already, you are missing a good deal until you find out.

Please remember that if any Campbell's Soup fails to come up to your highest standard the grocer refunds the price.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Just a request brings you Campbell's Menu Book.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

His inquiring mind
Toward truth inclined
Inclines the plate
To a slant unkind.

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"Onyx" Hosiery

Trade Mark

WELL might the readers of advertisements be mystified whether to choose This or That Brand of Hosiery, fortunately there is the "ONYX" Brand about which no doubt as to the quality has ever existed.

Brands may come, and brands may go, but the "ONYX" brand of Hosiery pursues its way serenely with an unbroken record of success.

Virtues Heralded As Recent Achievements Elsewhere Have Long Been An Old Story With The "ONYX" Brand.

Note the numbers described below. These contain the highest possible Hosiery development—all originated in the "ONYX" brand.

SEE THAT EVERY PAIR IS STAMPED WITH THE TRADE-MARK AS SHOWN ON THE BORDER

"Onyx" Hosiery

Trade Mark

Silk

There is no article of Wearing Apparel which lends itself so readily to the Purposes of Adulteration and Deception as *Silk Hosiery*.

On the other hand, there is nothing so essential to a Perfect Toilette as good and tasteful *Silk Hosiery* carefully chosen for each occasion.

"*Onyx*" *Silk Hosiery is Honest Hosiery*, embracing every known improvement in fabric and construction—Every weight, color and style—ranging in price from that of the modest, plain, every-day hose to the most artistic and elaborate embroidered and lace creations—a range which meets the requirements of every purse.

SILK HOSE FOR WOMEN

498. A Pure Thread Silk in Black and All Colors, of extra length with a "WYDE TOP" and "SILKLISLE GARTER TOP" and Sole.

This "*Onyx*" Silk number is Twenty-nine inches long, is Extra Wide and Elastic at Top, while the "GARTER TOP" and SOLE of SILK LISLE give extra strength at the points of wear, preventing Garters from cutting, and toes from going through.

106. Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk—**the extraordinary value—best made in America**—every possible shade or color—Black, White, Tan, Gold, Copenhagen Blue, Wistaria, Amethyst, Taupe, Bronze, American Beauty, Pongee, all colors to match shoe or gown. Every pair guaranteed. **$2.25** per pair

FOR MEN

315. "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk, Black and All Colors. Fine gauge with Lisle Sole. An Extra good quality. **$1.00** per pair

620. "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk, Black and All Colors, medium weight, with "Onyx" Lisle Lined Sole—insuring satisfactory service. **$1.50** per pair

"Onyx" Hosiery

Trade Mark

Cotton and Lisle

is the *Best Hosiery* on the market to-day. Millions of Satisfied Wearers support this claim. Thousands of Merchants stake "*Onyx*" their reputations, as purveyors of the *best*, by making Hosiery their leading line. Very many carry no other. With these incontrovertible facts before you, satisfactory hosiery buying becomes simplicity itself.

Take notice of such wear-resisting and comfort-making improvements as our

"DUB-L TOP"—"WYDE TOP" and "DOUBLEX" QUALITY

Briefly stated the advantages are as follows: The "DUB-L TOP" is a wide, garter-hem of double thickness of fabric, providing a firm hold for the garter clasp. The new "WYDE TOPS" have special width at the top to prevent binding and are therefore easy and comfortable to the wearer. The "DOUBLEX" quality is a specially prepared yarn of extra strength, deftly woven in at heel and toe and doubling the wear and life.

FOR WOMEN

E 960—Women's "ONYX" Black and Tan "DUB-L TOP" Cobweb Lisle—resists the ravages of the Garter Clasp. **50c.** per pair

409 K—Women's "ONYX" "DUB-L TOP" Black, White and Tan Silklisle—double sole, spliced heel. Feels and looks like Silk, wears better. **50c.** per pair

E 710—Women's "ONYX" Black and Tan "DUB-L TOP" and "WYDE TOP" Gauze Lisle double sole, spliced heel—very wide on top without extra width all over. **50c.** per pair

310/13—Women's "ONYX" Black, Medium Weight—Six-Thread Heel and Toe, Four-Thread all over. A hose that is unequalled for wear and elasticity. **50c.** per pair

700 S—Women's "ONYX" Black and Tan DUB-L TOP" Silklisle double sole, spliced heel—an excellent quality. **75c.** per pair

OUT-SIZE HOSE

170 S—Women's "ONYX" Gauze Lisle "DUB-L TOP" Black, White, Pink, Tan, Cardinal, Sky, Navy, Violet; double sole, spliced heel. **50c.** per pair

FOR MEN

E 310—Men's "ONYX" Black and All Colors—Medium Weight—Six-Thread Heel and Toe, Four-Thread all over. Known by most men as **"The Best Hose I ever wore."** **50c.** per pair

E 325—Men's "ONYX" Black and all Colors Silklisle, gauze weight, double sole, spliced heel. **"The satisfactory hose."** **50c.** per pair

Sold at the quality shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to nearest dealer or send postpaid any number desired. Write to Dept. E. P.

Lord & Taylor Wholesale Distributors New York

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PRINCE
will kick that pipe-grouch

That means you—or any other man who abuses his tongue by smoking tobaccos that bite, leave a bad taste—and smell worse. Men, you must get this pipe tobacco question off your mind now!

Don't fuss; don't fume; don't get into the Doubting Thomas ward. Simply follow the crowd—take our say-so that you nor any other man ever hit up a pipe smoke that comes within a mile of Prince Albert—no matter what the price! No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert. *We control the patented process!*

Listen! It will set you back 10 cents to beat it to the nearest tobacco store and invest in a liberal tin of Prince Albert. Are you game to match that dime against the fortune we spent perfecting the Prince Albert process? Just about every live dealer in the Nation sells Prince Albert. If you can't spot it, fill out the coupon on the next page and we will send you an introductory tin by return mail.

Mr. Dealer, **hammer in a spike right here! You are out for the popular metal which bears the U. S. imprint. Then you simply can't afford to sit tight and try to sell customers ordinary pipe tobacco. You must hand them Prince Albert. We know we have the greatest smoking tobacco ever produced—bar none. We have made Prince Albert the big "IT." We know American men. The spirit of '76 is as rampant as ever. It's very much to your interest to stock up with Prince Albert without delay. If your jobber can't supply you quickly enough, write or wire us for special introductory offer. Swing aboard—quick! R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.**

ALBERT
right out of your system!

Prince Albert wasn't born twins. Nor has it any near-relatives! Naturally, imitators are already sounding their cymbals—old, familiar "just-as-goods," some "just-the-sames." All-wise talk, because Prince Albert has swept the Nation like a great meteor. Its success has never been equalled. Because it is the goods—signed, sealed, delivered!

But say! Try all these tardy imitators. Get your tongue stung up; get your fill of bad tastes; get your clothes and house saturated with ill smelling fumes. Then put yourself next to the royal flush—Prince Albert. You'll butt right into the Order of Wisemen before sundown. Why, man, it's a revelation!

But don't try to smoke Prince Albert and an imitation in the same pipe. Give "P. A." a fresh deal. It deserves the very best. Cut all the bonds that hitched you up to misery-smokes. Enjoy a pipe as you never did before!

The Joy Smoke **Prince Albert can be smoked red hot, or just easy like. *Can't bite your tongue.* It's long burning, holds its fire close and excels any other pipe tobacco in fragrance and taste. And it makes up the bulliest "sweet heel" a man ever pulled on. It's the kind of a smoke that—well, go to it, old man. It is an experience that will surpass any words that can be blasted out of the dictionary.**

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon NOW

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Enclosed find 8c for which kindly send me your introductory tin of "Prince Albert" Tobacco
(This offer applies only in U. S.)

Name _____

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La Salle Street Station, Chicago.
Covered with J-M Asbestos Roofing.

Fire-Proof Construction Is Better Than Fire Insurance

Fire menace to buildings is most often in the roof. A little spark landing on a roof can produce a great conflagration.

Protect your property, not only against fire, but also against *any* and *every* weather condition.

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is made of Asbestos, a rock fiber that simply cannot burn or wear out, combined with Trinidad Lake Asphalt, the great waterproofer that defies every climatic condition, making a practically *indestructible* and *perfect* covering for any building—anywhere.

There is no other roofing like it, or as good, in all the world. It will give more service, more freedom from care, save more money, than any other roofing made.

It is in a class by itself. No *painting* or *repairs*, no *gravel* to clog up outlets. Half a century of experience is behind the J-M Asbestos Roofing, and we not only attest, but can prove its superiority over every other ready roofing made.

It covers some of the most important buildings in the country and is enthusiastically endorsed by every property owner who uses it.

All dealers sell J-M Asbestos Roofing. If your dealer doesn't happen to have it in stock, send his name to our nearest branch and ask for samples and Booklet No. B-49.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

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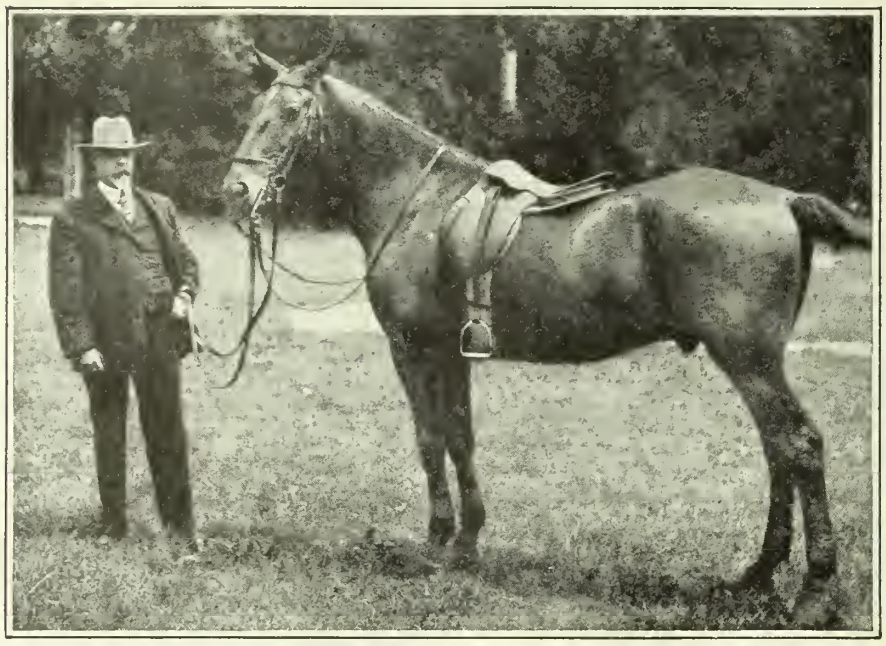
MAGAZINE MEN AND WOMEN



David Buffum, Who Knows a Thing or Two About Horses, and Writes on Various Phases of Country Life

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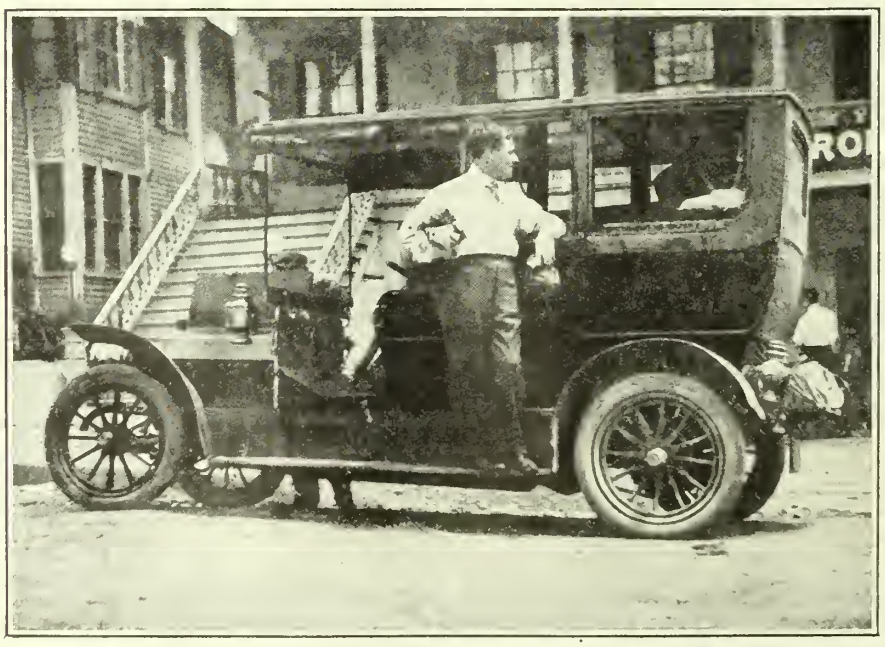
Mary Roberts Rinehart, Who Disproves the Libel That Women Have No Sense of Humor

Robert Barr, Novelist, and the Official Biographer of Young Lord Stranleigh



Wallace Irwin, in His Deep-Water Limousine "Restless Rebecca," Off for a Summer Holiday

"Sensible" Talks By a Piano Dealer—No 7*

"I have been selling player-pianos ever since they were introduced and I know every player mechanism on the market.

"Not one is so **accessible** as the Krell Auto-Grand. Not one.

"You know all pianos must be tuned occasionally and players **may** need cleaning or repairs, so an accessible mechanism is **vital.**

"This fact is generally side-stepped. In selling the

Krell Auto-Grand

I can meet it squarely because there is nothing to conceal.

"The bellows are between the two center posts at back where they can be reached without labor or loss of time.

"All other players have the bellows crowded in front.

"The pneumatics in the Krell Auto-Grand—placed **below** the keyboard—come out in one piece—or individually—with the loosening of only two nuts.

"The tubes are likewise easily separable and made of metal which cannot rot or leak.

"The fingers are aluminum and cannot warp. The tracker-bar is aluminum and will not wear lint from the rolls to clog pneumatics.

"Then there is the really marvelous 'human touch' attained in no other player because no other player taps the strings in the same manner as they are tapped in hand-playing. And the player is built in the same factory as the piano.

"Let me put this player-piano in your home for 30 days. It will speak for itself better than I can."

Krell Auto-Grand Piano Co.
Dept. 120, Connersville, Indiana.
Makers of the Celebrated Albert Krell Pianos

*This series of 12 Talks, complete and neatly bound, sent free on request.

For 1910 these Straight-Side Detachable Tires can be had at the same price as standard makes of Clincher Tires

An Amazing Record of Tire Perfection

In 1906 we replaced one tire for every *hundred* sold.
In 1910 we replaced one in every *thousand*.

GOODYEAR tires were proved beyond question to be stronger and better than any other kind as long as four years ago—yet the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tire** today is better even than the old Goodyear tire *by a full thousand per cent.*

You probably recall having seen four years ago our circular called "Evidence," shown at the top of this page. This circular contained an extract from reports made by the Supervisor of the Tire Association on August 1, 1906, to all members of the Tire Association of 1906, and covered a period of eleven months, beginning September 1, 1905.

It showed the percentage of *replacements to output* which was made by every one of the big tire manufacturers who comprised this association, all of whom operated on a uniform mileage guarantee of 3,500 miles.

GOODYEAR

Straight-Side Detachable Tires

Goodyear Tires in 1906

Here is the table of replacements. Read it carefully. It is proof of the *relative reliability* of all the leading tires manufactured during 1906.

Percentage of Replacements to Output

Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires	1.41%
Another manufacture	2.33%
Another manufacture	3.91%
Another manufacture	9.10%
Another manufacture	9.60%
Another manufacture	18.43%

Notice that about *one per cent* of the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** were found wanting in any particular or had to be replaced.

That is, practically only *one* Goodyear tire showed the slightest defect out of each *hundred* sold in 1906.

Compare this with the showing of other tires manufactured during 1906.

This table gave unquestionable *proof*, taken from the actual books of the large tire manufacturers of the United States:

First: that the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tire** in 1906 was *98.59 per cent perfect*—that it lacked only 1.41 per cent of being *absolute perfection.*

Second: that compared with other makes the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tire** was then *the best tire that money could buy.* These conclusions, remember, were derived from the *actual books* of the different manufacturers.

Goodyear Tires Today

But, the facts we have been talking about were collected four years ago, and what you want to know is—how good are the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** today?

We recently analyzed our present cost of replacements from November 1, 1909, to June 1, 1910, figuring in *precisely the same way* as we did in 1906, and this is what we found out—

That while in 1906 our cost of replacements compared to total sales was one and forty-one hundredths per cent, *now* it is only *one-tenth of one per cent.*

That is to say, in 1906 a little more than one tire in every hundred was imperfect; but *today* not more than *one in a thousand* shows any defect whatever.

Out of every thousand **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** now being turned out, *999 are perfect in every way.*

That is the result of our wonderfully improved methods, and of our unceasing watchfulness in manufacture.

It means more to you than simply tires which are perfect when they are put on your machine. It means tires which are almost *immune* to injury.

If we had replaced, without question and without any compensation, all articles which were presented for replacement during the above period, the results of carelessness and accidents—*everything*—the cost of replacement as compared with sales would still have been *less than one per cent.*

In other words, from carelessness, from over-strain, from riding deflated tires, from accidents of all kinds, the number of **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** injured was less than *one* in every hundred used.

Do you think it possible for *any* other tire to show a record like that, or a record anywhere near approaching it?

There are just two main reasons why *we* are able to make such a wonderful showing, namely—*size* and *construction.*

Every **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tire** is so strongly built that it is almost impossible to injure one. Into the base of each tire we put tapes made from 64 strands of piano wire. We *vulcanize* them there. When the tire is inflated these tapes contract in a vise-like grip. That means no creeping, no slipping, even when the tire is only partially inflated.

Also, each **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tire** is *larger* than its rating. That means it will carry excess weight more easily. It means fewer punctures, fewer blow-outs, increased mileage.

The evidence we have given you, taken from our own books and the books of other manufacturers, should be strong enough to induce you to specify **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** on your 1911 car. Any automobile manufacturer will put these tires on if you insist, and we think we have shown you why, in your own interest, you should insist on Goodyear Tires.

No Higher in Price than Standard Makes of Clincher Tires

Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires, with all their advantages, can be had for 1910 at the same price as standard makes of clincher tires. The goodness, the durability, the immunity from injury will not cost you an extra cent.

For the same price you get tires which will not creep nor come off the rim, tires which are quickly removed and easily replaced. You get tires which will give you the maximum mileage; tires larger than their rating, though of course they fit the rims for which they are rated.

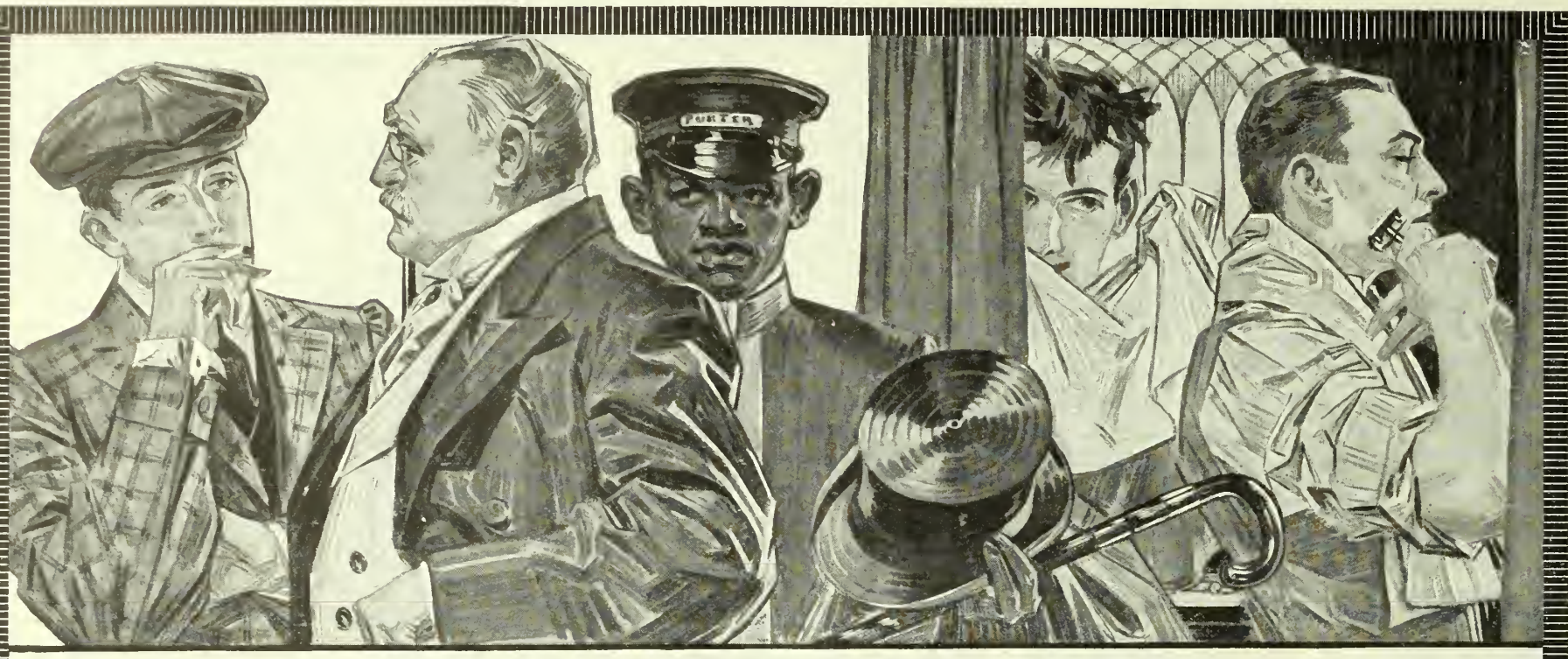
Also you get tires which are *guaranteed* against rim-cutting. The straight outer sides of the **Goodyear Straight-Side Detachable Tires** permit the use of a rim with a wide-rounding flange where it holds the tire in place, so there are no sharp edges—nothing which can possibly cause rim-cuts.

Let us send you our books "How to Select an Automobile Tire," and "A Dictionary for Tired People."

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Seneca Street, AKRON, OHIO

(91)

Branches and Agencies in All Principal Cities



You can have an object lesson in the use of the Gillette on any sleeping car in America. Most men who shave on the train use the Gillette. They can shave quickly—with no stropping, no honing—shave smoothly and clean up all the corners, with no danger from the lurch or motion of the car.

A bridegroom on the Canadian Pacific acquired a three-days' growth of beard. Despair was written on his face. A kindly old gentleman loaned him a Gillette—and received the united thanks of two fond hearts.

Men who travel much become very practical. They go in for efficiency—get down to necessities.

Tourists and travellers are the staunchest advocates of the Gillette. It would be interesting to know how many thousand Gillettes are sold every year through their example and recommendation.

Be progressive. Keep a Gillette on your home washstand—take it with you when you travel. Spread around some of the Gillette sunshine. Wear the smile of the man who can shave without stropping or honing. Life is brighter when a clean face is an every-morning habit.

Standard set $5. Gillette Blades 50c and $1.00.

King C. Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 22 W. Second Street, Boston
New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 22 W. Second Street, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

BARKER BRAND

This Trade Mark Protects You

against cotton collars masquerading as linen.

Look for it the next time you buy collars. All genuine linen collars are stamped "Warranted Linen." Barker Brand collars are made of pure grass bleached Irish Linen. No chemicals used. This insures perfect laundering and long life. *If your dealer cannot supply you* with collars stamped "Warranted Linen," send $1.00 for 8 collars which will be delivered to you prepaid.

If you have collar troubles, write us. We have had 44 years experience and may be able to advise you.

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

DU PONT

"Farming With Explosives"

DO *YOU* KNOW THAT *YOU* CAN

REMOVE STUMPS AND BOULDERS	PLANT OR CULTIVATE TREES
DIG DITCHES IN SWAMPS	DIG POLE OR POST HOLES
DIG DITCHES IN SAND	DIG CELLARS AND WELLS
BREAK UP HARD PAN	BUILD ROADS

DU PONT DU PONT

ECONOMICALLY AND QUICKLY WITH OUR

RED CROSS DYNAMITE

If not, write for
"Hand Book on Explosives for Farmers, Planters and Ranchers."

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER COMPANY
Established 1802 Dept. 6 WILMINGTON, DEL.

DU PONT

Easy Money for You

We pay highest cash prices for ideas, plots or scenarios for moving pictures. Love, tragedy, drama, scenic or comedy, latter preferred. No dialogue required. Just describe your idea, scene by scene, briefly as possible and send to "Imp Films," 111 E. Fourteenth Street, New York.

Moving Picture Theatres using "Imp Films" are giving their patrons the best their money can buy. Patronize them! Seeing an "Imp Film" will not only entertain you, but also show you what sort of scenarios we want.

CARL LAEMMLE, Pres.

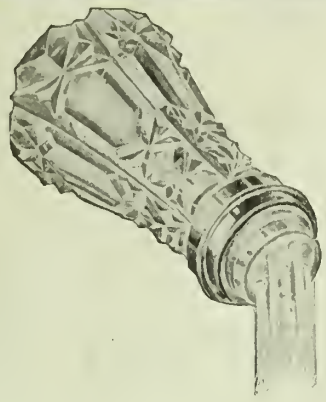
MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For

Prickly Heat Chafing and Sunburn

and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free. Try Mennen's (Borated) Violet Talcum Toilet Powder.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



Tell Your Wife How One Salt Flows

YOU men know that you don't have to bother, at first-class cafés, to get the salt to flow. It is only the home salt that needs to be shaken, pounded and poked.

The reason is that good hotels use only Shaker Table Salt. And Shaker Salt will flow as freely at home, if you ask your wife to get it.

Free from Gypsum

But there is even a better reason for using Shaker Salt.

Shaker is free from gypsum. Every other table salt contains it—as proved by government tests.

Gypsum is practically plaster of Paris—the basis of gravel and gall stones. It forms into balls in the body and gets into the liver, kidneys and spleen.

The only table salt without this gypsum, remember, is Shaker Table Salt.

Sanitary Boxes

To protect this fine-grained, dainty salt, we put it in paraffined boxes. Dampness, odors and dirt which get into bag salt can't get to Shaker Salt.

Every box has our convenient patent spout for pouring.

Price (east of the Rocky Mountains) 10 cents per box at all good grocers. Don't go longer without it.

MAGAZINES & BOOKS FOR LIBRARY SLIPS ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE

Diamond Crystal Salt Co.
St. Clair, Mich.

Makers of the only salt 99 7-10 per cent pure, as proved by Government tests.

(36)

We Own and Offer

$75,000 Lower Yakima Irrigation Co. Bonds

Secured by First Mortgage on Land Irrigation Plant, etc., valued at $1,902,800.
Bonds Authorized $350,000.
Issued $300,000.
Already retired by Sinking Fund $14,000.
Plant in operation and Land under cultivation. Recognized as the most successful irrigation project in the Pacific Northwest.

Price to Net 7%

$250,000 Seattle and Tacoma Improvement Bonds

Price to Net 5¼ to 7%

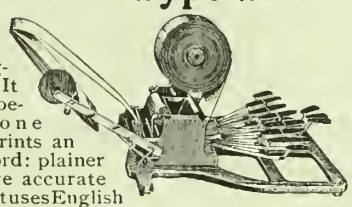
It pays to purchase through us Municipal and Corporation Bonds which originate in the Pacific Northwest.

Write for Booklet "C" on "Pacific Northwest Securities."

Jacob Furth, F. K. Struve, J. E. Patrick, *Mgr.*, John Davis, V. D. Miller

Davis & Struve Bond Co.
709 Second Ave., Seattle

Shorthand Typewriter



It takes the place of stenography. It is faster because one stroke prints an entire word: plainer and more accurate because it uses English letters. No knowledge of stenography needed. We can fit you to do good shorthand work in six weeks.

Anderson Shorthand Typewriter Co.
5716 (P) Cedar Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

TEAM WORK IN TOWN BUILDING

(Concluded from Page 12)

sustained the town remained content. One winter night the shops burned down and, when rebuilt, the location was in another town. The workmen moved away and houses became vacant. A mass-meeting was held to talk things over, and it started out like a funeral until a young man who had recently moved there and invested all his savings suggested that it might be a good idea to do something. This appealed to the citizens and a committee was started on a still hunt for factories. The quest was successful, and thereafter Ashbrook ceased to accept the small favors of Fate and began doing things for herself. The spot once marked by the ruins of the railway sheds is now adorned by a busy carriage factory, one of a large group of similar enterprises which Ashbrook succeeded in collecting when the town once woke up and went after them.

Unfortunately the town where "all the citizens put their shoulders to the wheel of progress" is the model town that has not yet been built. Town building is much like college football, where a dozen of the students do all the playing while the others sit in the grandstand and look on.

All Happy But Scott

Raising a bonus for a new enterprise requires both enthusiasm and skill. It is no work for an amateur, but in experienced hands the feat is comparatively easy.

The town, we will assume, has an opportunity to secure a much-needed factory. The newspapers discuss the matter at great length, giving facts and figures enough to convince all who read that the bonus should be pledged and the factory secured. Business men talk about it, but nothing is done. Then some one writes out a call for a mass-meeting and asks a few business men to sign it with him. The telephone is used to urge prominent men to come out and the newspapers whoop things up generally in order to get a big attendance. It is a rally-round-the-flag-boys movement without the military setting.

At the meeting the leader tells of the proposition and then, as he is not an orator, gives way to a local spellbinder, who can paint such vivid word pictures of smokestacks and long payrolls that Solid Eight Per Cent in the audience involuntarily begins to compute increased rental figures.

Before the applause is over the chairman is on his feet waving a subscription list.

"I'll be one of ten men to give two thousand dollars each to this enterprise," he shouts. "Who will be the other nine?"

"You can put me down," says one, and blushes at the applause. One by one seven others give in their names; only one is lacking.

"Who will be the tenth?" cries the chairman, and the audience, feeling the zest of the chase, stirs with excitement and there is a general craning of necks.

Some one notices old man Scott, a wealthy landlord who is standing in the rear of the hall, and calls out his name. Every one looks in his direction.

"Will Mr. Scott give two thousand dollars to this factory bonus?" asks the chairman.

"He's thinking about it," remarks a local wag, and a titter follows to be renewed when a rival wit remarks: "Come on, Scottie, and loosen up. You can afford it."

"We need only one more to complete the ten, Mr. Scott," says the chairman.

Every one turns to look at the victim, who wishes heartily that he had remained at home. After an embarrassing pause he blurts out, "All right; put me down," and the audience cheers again.

"Now who will be one of ten to give one thousand dollars?" asks the chairman immediately, and so it goes until modest contributions of ten dollars are received. As the hour grows late the chairman holds a few whispered conferences and makes an announcement.

"We need only five thousand dollars more," he says, "and as we can depend on several subscriptions from men who are not here tonight Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones and myself feel safe in guaranteeing the completion of the bonus." Then every one goes home happy except Mr. Scott.

A Roof Without Any Weak Spots

That is what the six-inch, asphalt-cement-welded joint means to all users of

SECURITY WIDE-WELD ASPHALT ROOFING

PATENTED

THE Wide-Weld means that each joint is six inches wide instead of only two. The Wide-Weld means a permanent union of two smooth surfaces—not an attempt to cement felt to gravel.

The Wide-Weld means that all nail-heads are completely covered—not left exposed to rust, pull out, break off, or tear loose. There are no nail-holes through the roof.

How the Wide-Weld is Made

In the diagram at the right the black portion represents the bottom layer of one sheet of roofing, extended six inches beyond the graveled surface. The other layers extend two inches beyond the surface, giving full thickness through which to drive the nails. This two-inch strip appears lighter in the picture, because it is covered with thin, tissue-paper tape to prevent sticking in the roll.

The sheet of roofing that lies next above on the roof is brought down over this six-inch belt and welded inseparably to it with hard mineral-asphalt cement.

This results in a one-piece, continuous roof. All nail-heads are covered securely. You have a roof without a weak spot, that will wear for years, never needs repairs or painting and resists all destructive agencies. Even a rain of sparks and cinders from a burning building has been successfully withstood by Security Wide-Weld Roofing.

It Pays to Buy and Use GOOD Roofing

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is built up on quality. The long-fibered wool-felt is made specially for us and saturated by our own formula with natural mineral-asphalt—the best weatherproofing material known. The layers of felt alternate with layers of hard, natural mineral-asphalt cement, and no coal-tar products or inferior volatile oils are used.

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is made in three styles:—Graveled Surface; Coarse Feldspar; and Fine Feldspar. It can also be furnished with burlap insertion for siding or roofs over one-half pitch.

Any one can easily apply Security Roofing, and it is perfectly adapted for use on any type of building.

There is a Security Agent in almost every town. Write us and we'll send name and address of the one nearest you.

Write for free book, "The Requirements of a GOOD Roof." It tells in detail why Security Roofing meets these requirements; and how easy it is to weld the patented, six-inch joint.

The National Roofing Co.
TONAWANDA, N. Y.

Manufacturers of Asphalt Roofing and Paint

Address all communications to 202 Filmore Ave.

No More Ashes To Lug

No dust or dirt on the kitchen floor.

The Glenwood Ash Chute

solves the problem. It is located just beneath the grate and connected by a sheet iron pipe straight down through the kitchen floor to ash barrel in cellar.

No Part is in Sight

Not a particle of dust can escape. Just slide the damper once each day, and drop the ashes directly into the ash barrel. This is only one of the splendid improvements of the New Plain Cabinet Glenwood.

This Range can be had with Elevated or End Gas Range Attachments or if gas is not desired with Large Copper Reservoir on the end opposite fire box. It can be furnished with fire box on either right or left end as ordered.

Cabinet Glenwood

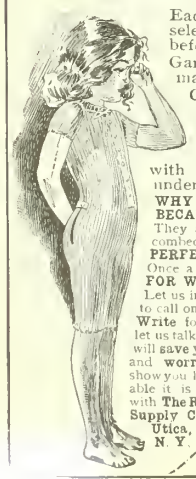
The Range That Makes Cooking Easy

Write for free booklet "W" of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood to Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

High Quality and Superior Goods Direct from Mill

Light, Medium and Heavy Weight Underwear for Men, Women and Children

Union Suits and Two-Piece Suits



Each garment is carefully selected and inspected by us before being shipped to you.

Garments of extra large sizes made to order.

Compare our goods and prices with anything you have ever worn and we know that after wearing one garment you will agree with us that no finer grade of underwear is on the market to-day.

WHY?

BECAUSE the workmanship is **PERFECT**. They are made from the best, fine, soft combed yarn and **WE GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT.**

Once a customer always a customer, **FOR WE WILL PLEASE YOU.**

Let us instruct our representative to call on you.

Write for our catalogue and let us talk to you by mail. It will **save you time, money** and **worry**, and will show you how profitable it is to deal with **The R. & S. Supply Co., Utica, N. Y.**

R. & S. Supply Co. Utica, N. Y.

Kindly mail me your catalogue at no expense to me.

Name _____

Address _____

THE ACTOR AS A BUSINESS MAN

(Concluded from Page 7)

For this reason, managers now try out new plays in the spring. Faults are exposed and corrected, good points are developed and necessary changes in the cast are made before putting the play on in the fall.

The business of the theater is the hardest in the world to carry on. It is done on a strictly cash basis; production, scene painting, newspaper advertising, salaries—all must be paid in cash. One having a dozen shows on the road, the operation of which costs forty thousand dollars a week, must have at least seventy-five thousand dollars in the bank to keep things going. In a forty weeks' season this runs into some money—and then some.

"But," complains the actor, "when you make a big hit you get rich—and where do we come in?"

Very good. Here's an illustration from life. A certain New York theater has a success which runs for forty weeks. The gross receipts, we'll say, are three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of this the actor gets one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. From the remainder the manager meets the following trifling expenses: rent, between forty-five thousand and fifty thousand dollars; office and staff of same, which is maintained the year round; stage crew; heating; lighting; orchestra; ticket sellers; ushers, and a thousand and one incidentals.

It costs from ten thousand to thirty thousand dollars to produce a modern four-act play. This, over and above fixed charges, must be paid back before the manager begins to see daylight. Nor do the gross receipts go into his pocket alone. The house he plays receives from thirty to fifty per cent of the gross.

There has never been any "important money" made by producers who are in it solely for the cash. If it's a cold-blooded, moneymaking proposition the owner will go broke. One must like the work for itself alone—must be enthusiastic, imaginative, eager. The only way to do is to get in on the theater end of the proposition if one would stand a chance to "break even." If he has a house and can get a good show he will be sure to make money. Everybody now realizes that there is no money in musical productions. The expense of bringing these out is appalling, and a small fortune may be sunk in maintaining such a show while it is being "tried out."

Once a drama or comedy meets with big success it means a long run in New York with a possible profit of from a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to two hundred thousand dollars, while each of the three or four companies sent out may add from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a year to the net earnings of the parent company.

The producer almost never gets any help from the actor in the selection of the play. The actor is a notoriously bad judge of a play for himself. He always has some hankering to bias his judgment. If he is good in straight parts he is forever casting a longing eye on character rôles, which, in a sense, play themselves.

I have often wondered what the result would be if a party of actors were left to themselves to put on a play. It would be like a lot of small boys trying to sail a ship. They'd all want to be commanding or steering, or running up and down the rigging, or doing other spectacular stunts that to the spectator would be about as coherent and comprehensible as the rompings of a lot of monkeys. And if one were chidden he'd do the regular simian sulking act.

In this respect the actor always seems to be under the delusion that he is being discriminated against, held back either for spite or some other mysterious purpose that the manager may have up his sleeve—just as if it weren't to the manager's interest to push the actor ahead!

"Why don't you give me a part I can sympathize with?" says the actor.

"If I did it would be impossible for any one else to act in the play with you."

"Why?"

"Because there'd be only one part to it," and the manager closes his roll-top desk with a bang.

The actor watches him for a moment, then says: "There he goes—to the ball game, and I've got to play a matinée."

LET THE "PRESIDENT" PROVE IT

at our expense. If a three days' trial doesn't convince you fully that there is more comfort in wearing

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

than in any other kind of trouser support you ever wore, **THEN WE WANT TO HAND BACK YOUR MONEY.**

The Sliding Cord Back of the Shirley President has made more men comfortable than all the other suspender devices combined. It is the sliding cord that makes the Shirley President outwear all others.

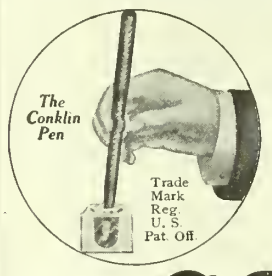
Extra Heavy, Medium, or Light Weight. Choose your pair to suit your wear.

Mailed direct from the factory if your dealer can't supply. Price 50 cents.

REMEMBER: You keep them if you like them; your money back if you are willing to give them up.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Shirley, Mass.
1717 Main Street



The Development of "The Business Pen"

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen

represents the world's greatest pen achievement. It is "The ***Business*** Pen"—as far superior to any other as the steel pen is to the old quill.

A pen made for business will serve every other writing purpose. If it will write a business letter well it will write a personal letter just as well. If it can be used for bookkeeping, stenography, manifolding, and the thousand and one other business purposes, it can be used with equal success for all other writing uses. Hence the Conklin is "The *Business* Pen," the pen for *you*.

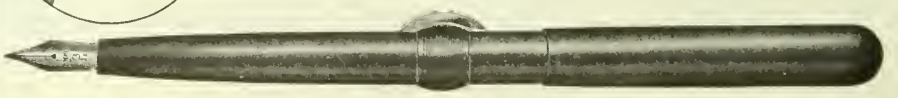
The Conklin fills itself at any inkwell, by a mere thumb-pressure on the "*Crescent-Filler*." So easily filled that it is never without ink. So easy in action that it never disappoints. *Ink reservoir guaranteed for five years.* Fine 14-k gold pens in all sizes.

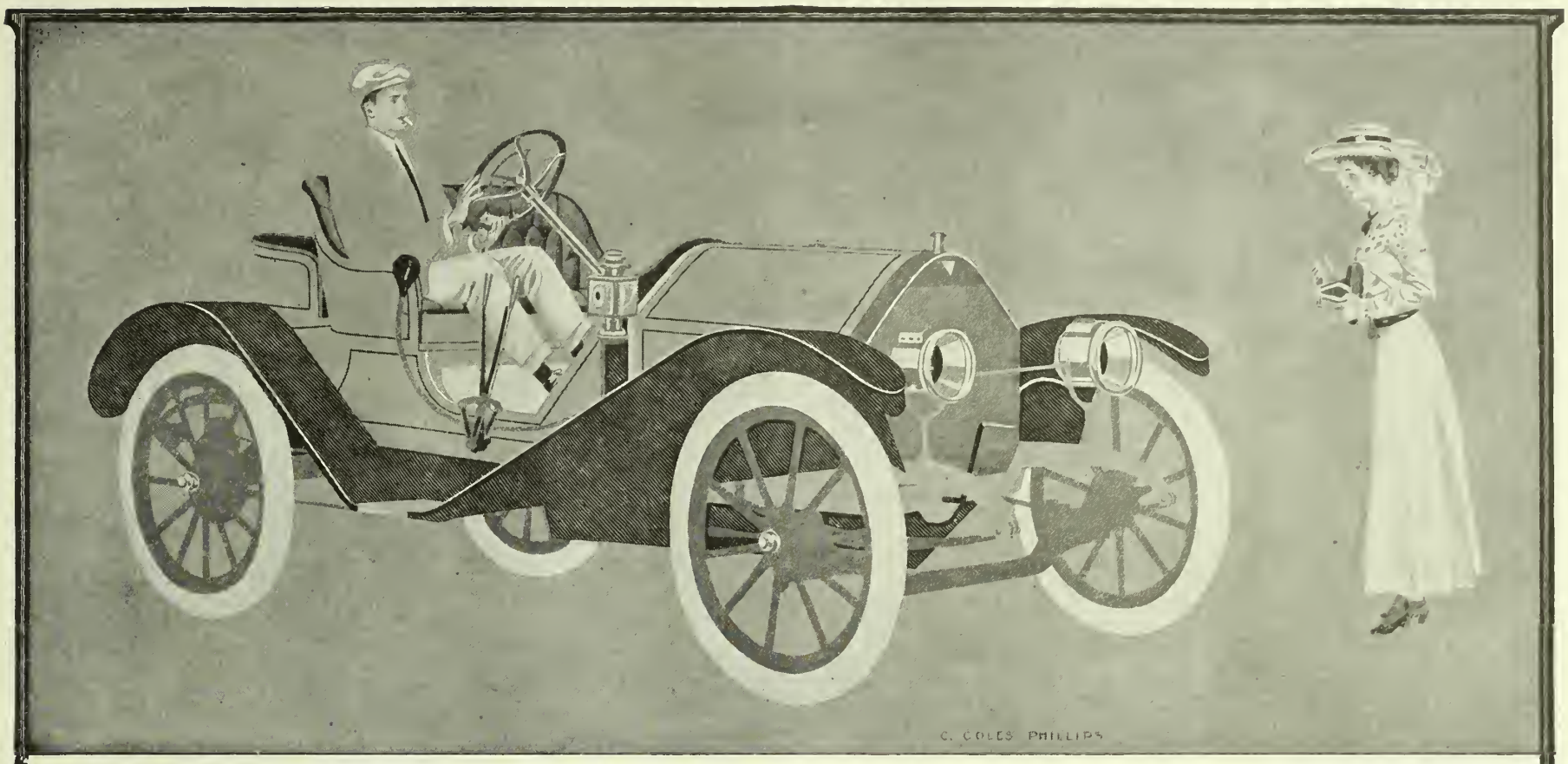
Prices $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 to $15.00, at leading dealers everywhere.

Write today for catalogue and three good pen stories, "How Thompson Got Pen Wise"; "Our Good Old Friend the Fountain Pen," and "Do Camels Drink Ink?"—all free.

THE CONKLIN PEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

226 Conklin Building, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.





One Year Old—

And The Most Widely Copied Car in America—THE HUDSON

From the beginning the Hudson roadster met with universal favor.

Even in the "blue print" stage—when it was a car on paper only—it captured a host of admirers. As soon as the first car was built many of the country's most knowing automobile men came to see it, to study it—men who had designed and built successful motor cars. The Hudson roadster offered them many ideas. And today, as a result, the Hudson is the most widely copied car in America.

This car was an immediate success.

One week after the first announcement of the car to the trade over 2,000 dealers appealed for an agency. In thirty days 3,000 cars were sold.

Dealers had done a year's work in a month—had accomplished a year's results in thirty days. They insisted on more cars. They used every known human device to have orders "slipped in."

It became an ever increasing tide. We tried to meet it with special extra additions to our regular output. Twice we added to our production. Still the tide came on. In four months we were forced to the almost unheard of extremity—to cease advertising the roadster. We simply took it off the market.

But it was impossible to obscure this car.

Owners driving their own cars won endurance runs, were first in reliability contests and were victorious over larger and more powerful cars. They won road races and motor events in Washington, in Florida, in Virginia, in far away Honolulu, in New Jersey, in Ohio—perfect scores one after another.

Though the roadster was a sensation in such events, it created greatest enthusiasm in those communities where it was in every day service. This was practically wherever the car had been introduced.

Doctors bought the roadster. It enabled them to cover more ground—see more patients in a day—see them more quickly when occasion demanded. It saved them money.

In Kansas one physician dispensed with the services of six horses after he bought his roadster. In Pittsburg seventeen physicians are now using the car in their daily practice. The roadster soon became "the car for Doctors." Fifteen per cent of all the Hudson owners are physicians.

It became a salesman's car.

Mercantile, real estate and insurance men used it. Fairbanks, Morse & Company bought six roadsters for its salesmen on the Pacific Coast. Twelve consecutive months of service in California only emphasized what we had promised.

The Sanitary District of Chicago bought six cars for use along the banks of the famous drainage canal. These cars each cover seventy miles of rough, hilly, roadless paths daily. Twenty-seven and one-half per cent. of all Hudson owners are making a commercial or business use of the car.

This car also appealed immediately to the women. The roadster was easy to control—easy to manipulate. It was graceful of outline.

Men who owned larger and more powerful cars, bought the Hudson to get around more easily—more quickly in Metropolitan communities. It is really surprising to note the number of Hudson owners who have larger and more powerful cars.

Men in the public eye bought the car—men like Glenn H. Curtiss, the noted aviator; J. B. Herreshoff, the famous designer of yachts; Eddie Foy, the comedian; F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad, and Charles Hartzell, secretary of state of Porto Rico. There were these men and many more. They saw the merit of the Hudson.

It was a great reception. A great compliment. It was a compliment that we could not acknowledge in full.

Our roadster had appealed to the American public. The American public had approved of it—had bought every last car we could make for 1910.

There was nothing left to do but to continue the Hudson roadster through 1911.

With the increased facilities which our new $500,000 factory will provide, we hope to be able to supply this unparalleled demand.

The 1911 Hudson roadster will have all the unusual features the 1910 car had—those features which put it on the market in one day and sold it the next.

This was the most successful car of the year.

To ascertain more fully the details of this remarkable roadster, write for catalog R.

The Roadster Will Be Continued In 1911—Same Price—$1000

The Hudson Roadster Compared

The Hudson roadster is here compared with the average of all the cars in the $1,000 class at the three great Automobile Shows in the United States. The percentages were taken from the tables shown in Motor Age. At a glance it is evident that the Hudson is far superior to the average of its competitors. It has every important feature of its rivals—and more.

	Average of All Cars	Hudson Roadster
Wheel Base	96 in.	100 in.
Wheel Diameter	30.9 in.	32 in.
A.L.A.M. Horsepower	20.4	22.5
Piston Displacement	135.9	198.8
Percentage using Circulating Water Pump, only	24.9%	Uses it
Percentage using Double Ignition, only	10%	Uses it
Percentage using Gravity Carburetor	100%	Uses it
Percentage using Circulating Oil Pump, only	62.4%	Uses it
Percentage using 3-Speed Selective Transmission, only	19.3%	Uses it

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Licensed Under Selden Patent

This is the single giant batt of pure, buoyant cotton, without layers or sections, that makes the most wonderful mattress in the world—

SEALY Tuftless Mattress

Try "Tuftless Comfort!"

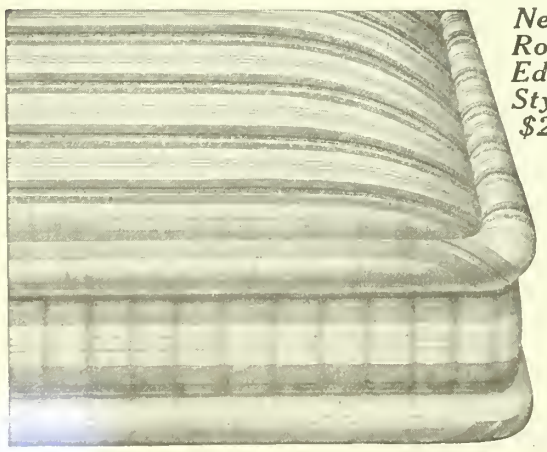
You cannot get the maximum of comfort out of any mattress that is tufted.

Tufts make a bed of humps and hollows—like a cobblestone road. They are destroyers of comfort. Tufts are put in other mattresses simply because they have to be—to keep the filling in place. But there's no reason why you should suffer the discomfort of tufting when there is a mattress that is made without tufts—that, because of a superior process of making and quality of filling, does not need tufts. The Sealy is the first mattress ever made without tufts, and the only successful tuftless mattress.

Therefore, if you never have slept on a Sealy you never have known how comfortable a mattress can be.

The Sealy Mattress is one big batt of springy, long-fibre cotton. It has neither tufts nor layers, or sections or divisions of any kind. It is evenly smooth, soft, and resilient in every square inch of its surface.

When you lie down on a Sealy it isn't a case of "touching the high spots" as on a tufted mattress. The Sealy simply undulates to meet the form of the body. It conforms to each curve, giving perfectly even support to every part. Here is a comfort that means perfect rest and relaxation; that will lull you off to sleep quicker than anything else in the world.



New Roll-Edge Style $20

How the Sealy is Made—Why it is Better

The picture above shows a Sealy Mattress before it is put in the tick. This big batt of cotton has just come from the "mold"—a big box 12 ft. deep and the dimensions of a mattress.

We take virgin cotton, long-fibred and elastic, pure and clean as the sunshine into which it is born, and we blow it apart with compressed air until the fibres are thoroughly separated.

After this process each fibre stands with its full natural curl and springiness free and unrestrained. Then this long-fibre cotton is fed from above, slowly, evenly, by compressed air into the mold. Air currents distribute it uniformly as it sifts into the mold, like gently falling snow.

When forty-five pounds of this airy, feathery substance have been blown into the mold, the batt thus formed is five feet high. The batt is then compressed down to the thickness of the mattress and slipped into the tick. That completes the Sealy Mattress.

You will see that the Sealy process makes a mattress the filling of which is one integral part. It is not stuffed in handfuls nor built in layers. It requires no tufting, because the fibres are interlaced and intertwined throughout the mattress.

The fibres are not stretched or flattened out straight and taut, and laid one on top of another, as in the sheet or layer process, but on the other hand are left in their natural form, each a tiny spring with its elasticity unimpaired.

This is why the Sealy has a resiliency and responsiveness never found in layer felt mattresses.

A successful, durable, non-lumping tuftless mattress can be made only by the Sealy process and with real, long-fibre, new cotton.

Such a mattress cannot be made of linters (gin waste) nor of mill waste. Linters is the short fuzz scraped off cotton seeds after the real, long-fibre cotton has been removed by the cotton-gin. Linters is not called cotton except by mattress makers, yet it is the material from which 95% of all so-called "cotton felt" mattresses are made. Mill waste is the scraps and odds and ends from cotton fabric mills, which is macerated into a fuzzy substance to look somewhat like unspun cotton. Both *these* materials make soggy, lifeless mattresses. The Sealy is the only mattress made entirely of pure, "live," long-fibre cotton with its "life" undiminished by machine-rolling or felting. The Sealy Mattress stands absolutely unique. We guarantee it for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.

Our Local Dealer will sell you a Sealy Mattress under the SEALY TRIPLE GUARANTEE:

First **We guarantee the Sealy to be made entirely of pure, new, long-fibre cotton, without linters, or mill waste. (Do not buy any mattress sold as cotton without such a guarantee.)**

Second **We guarantee the Sealy for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.**

Third **We guarantee that after 60 nights trial you will pronounce the Sealy the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.**

Sealy Mattresses are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A., Bookfold Sateen or Mercerized Art Tickings, either in Plain Edge or in the new Imperial Roll Edge like illustration. Prices: Plain Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking $18, Art Ticking $19; Roll Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking $20, Art Ticking $21.

Send for our Booklet "The Real Difference in Mattresses," and name of your local dealer

This is a booklet that will give you a new light on the mattress subject. With it we will send you name of our dealer in your town who will be glad to show you the Sealy and who will make you the guarantees as above.

Sealy Mattress Co., Dept. D, Houston, Texas

Factories (also offices) at our 14,000 acre cotton plantation, SUGAR LAND, Tex.

The Line of Least Resistance

(Continued from Page 23)

It's not important at all, but—I wasn't in the train robbery. They were hungry. I harbored them. I didn't know. If I had known I would probably—possibly, anyhow—have taken them in just the same."

"Does it matter?" said Otis.

"Not a bit. I just wanted you to know."

The Apache rose, took the iron cleaning-rod from the butt of his rifle, then screwed it together, laid it in the coals. He took out his sheath-knife and hacked from a *maguey* plant a dozen of its keen, stiff, brown spikes. He put his foot on Kennedy's neck, ripped at the flannel shirt, laid bare the gleaming white chest, the strained arms. "*Digame, pues*—where you put that girl?"

The stars wheeled on their calm cycles. The moon saw many things. She peered in distant windows, where sleeping youth dreamed of high achievement and smiled; where age, smiling, dreamed of youth. In far cities were lights, white-gleaming, splendid, revel and laugh and song; and sweet eyes sparkled where happy lovers danced together; so swift the hours! But on this bleak hillside—to this poor wrung wretch ——

It was harder, far harder, for Otis, watching, mumbling with thick lips a prayer that God in His mercy might send swiftly the Angel of Release, than for Kennedy, bound, bleeding, crucified, quivering. The tortured flesh shrank and flinched—not the masterless spirit.

Now the moon was high, the east was streaked with red. The tortured man grew weaker. A froth of white and red bubbled on his swollen lips. The eyes stared glassily—— There was a change; delirium. Sometimes he raved and muttered, sometimes the words were clear, sometimes the bleeding lips moved, but no words came.

Hal will know. Hal can do anything. He threw Ben Rice. He broke Judge Morgan's colt—Judge Bolling. . . . This was the battlefield—men have died here.

He saw the long, misty ridges of North Carolina's hills; southward, the dim outline of Cæsar's Head beyond the border. Hark, listen! Was that the gate-latch?—Alice! slender, radiant, shy and gay. Her beauty glowed through the dusk. She was in black, there was scarlet at her throat, scarlet her lips, purple-black her hair. She saw him; she came faster, her eyes alight . . . came through the bending lilies all arow. . . .

O sister Phœbe, how merry were we,
The night we sat under the juniper tree!—
The juniper tree, heigho!

He was riding the Staked Plains. That patch of white, that is three hundred miles away, the White Mountain beyond the Pecos. . . .

High over turmoil, dust and din
The clarion call of Honor rings. . . .

Hiram Yoast will know. In the kitchen.

"Kennedy! Kennedy! For God's sake!—*Kennedy! Don!*"

Perhaps it was the summons, perhaps the Indian's fierce, intent face as he bent to hear, that brought him back. Not to the agony of his poor, maimed body—to a sharper pang. Dead, that girl sweetheart, asleep on an Alabama hillside all these years—these wasted years. . . . Lena—Argive Helen! Ah!—In the thin light of dawn he saw the livid face before him, the cracked and bleeding lips, the imploring eyes—Otis! The girl? Had he babbled—had he told anything? The Indian's relentless eyes blazed into his. Had he told? No. The Indian had been still listening. Then—he never would. His head lolled over helplessly.

"Don't! No! No!—Don't burn me any more! I can't stand it. I can't! The girl ——" His voice was a husky whisper. His jaws fell hideously apart; the black tongue lay against the teeth. "The girl . . . in the cañon ——"

Otis strained forward, cursed him with swollen and blackened lips—traitor, Judas, liar, coward!

"—hid where ——" The weak words died away.

The Indian bent closer—too close! The ghastly head jerked upward; Kennedy's teeth crunched in the brown throat, crushed gullet and windpipe together, held fast. The great muscles knotted and slid and heaved under the copper skin, the hands struck and wrenched and tore, the great body thrashed and floundered, twisted and leaped and writhed in horrible convulsion of death agony; the terrible steel-trap at his throat was unbroken, unshaken, crushing out his life. The Indian's hand groped at his belt. A glint of steel, his gun jerked spasmodically, he pulled trigger and fired—into the ground. One last shudder and the two lay still, dead clay on unconscious clay. But the red man's arms were smooth and round, his fingers outspread, relaxed; Kennedy's hands were clenched; on his strained arms the sinews stood out like cords, the bunched muscles knotted to rigid iron, his jaw frozen and set in its awful task.

. . . . . .

They had found Dolly before midnight. Leaving her safeguarded, they scattered far and wide for Don. So, in the warm white dawn Hiram Yoast and Teagardner heard the far-off shot that marked the redskin's dying effort. They burst over the circling barrier, black against a red flame of sun, flashed down the greening slope. Otis was huddled against his tree in a wailing heap. Under the dead Indian Kennedy kept his unyielding grip—senseless, blackened, mutilated, gashed and hacked and burned; but living, and likely to live.

XI

LENA and Breese were in the K. C. X., which, being interpreted, is the Kansas City Express, eastbound flyer from the Mexicos. Rincon is a junction town. The K. C. X. and the Highline Accommodation from Silver City make connections here, incidentally taking dinner during baggage transfer. Dundee was the next stop—forty miles.

A "pusher" helped them climb up the mesa to Grama. Then the K. C. X. gathered speed for the straightaway across a yellow world. Breese was deep in his paper. Lena looked drearily out at the great desert. Against that vastness they seemed to crawl, a futile toy, a matchbox train.

As they broke through the gateways of the benches above Upham, down to the broad white valley of Aleman, Lena saw, along the side of the outpost hills to westward, black, antlike specks which she knew to be horsemen. A round-up, she thought. Again, at Six-Mile Lake, she saw a wagon and a line of horsemen creeping toward Dundee along the leftward road from Mescal. She hardly noted these things. A dream was swiftly drawing to its close; she must dream fast.

"You run over alone, Lena," said Breese, as the whistle blew Dundee. "I've got to send a wire."

To Lena's surprise, the customary crowd was missing from the platform. She spoke to the agent about it.

"Beautiful day, isn't it? But where's everybody?"

The agent mumbled something unintelligible, snatched up a package from the truck and disappeared in the express-room.

"How very rude!" observed Miss Mallory, somewhat indignant. Crossing the plaza she noted the deserted and silent streets. No smoke came from the bachelor tents. A lone rider was coming swiftly down Three-Mile Hill. That was the only sign of life in sight.

She stopped at the post-office. A woman and two Mexican freighters were trading at the back part of the store. Deputy Rowe pushed her mail through the grating without raising his eyelids. "Good-day. Back again?" he said, and went into instant and total eclipse behind a broad, unfolded paper. Miss Mallory stared at him quite vindictively.

"I declare," she said aloud as she went down the steps, "the town is bewitched. The Sleeping Beauty ——" She stopped short, with a twinge at the thought of the Prince and the cruel hedge of thorns. The horseman was at the foot of the slope. Two others were just visible now, topping the rise beyond. "Thank goodness, some one's coming anyway."

Milly, the pretty waitress, met her at the door. She looked rather flushed and disheveled, Milly; her eyes were suspiciously red. "Please, Miss Mallory, Mrs. Breese says she isn't well and not to wake her up." She rattled it off glibly, turned and went along the hall without waiting for a reply.

Now, You Show This to Your Husband

and ask him what he thinks of it as a fair *business* proposition.

Read over the coupon together and see if he doesn't say that a trial sack of Occident Flour represents as good and safe an investment as *anyone* can make.

You cannot *risk* a penny in trying Occident Flour. You cannot *lose* a penny in trying it.

But if you *don't* try it you *will lose* an opportunity, on which you take no chances, to become acquainted with *the* flour that will go farther and produce far better baking results than any you can be using now. Your husband likes good things to eat—particularly the good things you make. He will like your baking better if you use Occident Flour.

If we were not *sure* of this we could not *afford* to make the money-back-guarantee.

A Word to Dealers

Occident Flour is far superior to other flours. If you want to sell goods that give your customers absolute satisfaction, you must carry Occident Flour Write us today

OCCIDENT FLOUR

—Made So Much Better It Must Cost More

Explanatory Note:

Usually reasons for extra quality are given in advertisements. It would take a book to give the reasons for Occident quality—to explain about the hard, glutinous wheats used—our unique methods of cleaning, washing and drying these wheats—the many intricate processes of separating and purifying the flour particles—our laboratories where chemists and bakers study, test and safeguard the Occident product. We give you far greater assurance of better satisfaction with Occident Flour than mere reasons in advertising. We give you the very best reason—proof in the flour itself by trial at our risk.

Every good business man and every woman with a "good business head" knows it is cheaper to pay a little more for an article that goes farther and gives better results.

Our Offer

Try a sack of Occident Flour, making as many bakings as you wish. If you are not satisfied that it is better than any other flour you can buy, your money will be returned *without argument*.

All we ask is that you tear off the coupon and hand it to your grocer. Tear it off now and you won't forget. If your grocer does not sell Occident Flour, he can easily get it for you. If he won't, send us the coupon or a postal giving your own and your grocer's name and address.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis
U. S. A.

Special Offer Coupon

Mr. Grocer: I want to accept the Russell-Miller Milling Co.'s trial offer on Occident Flour, at their risk, as they advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is understood that if I do not find Occident Flour to be all that its millers claim it to be, my money will be refunded—no charge for flour used in the test.

Name_____

Address_____

Grocer's Name_____

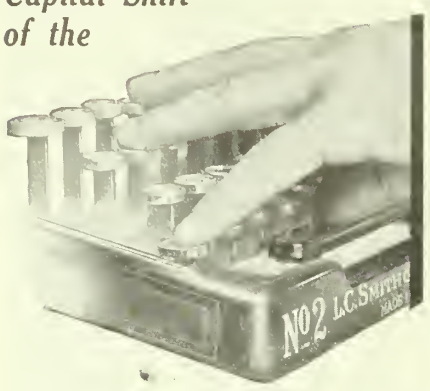
Grocer's Address_____

(Grocer's name and address MUST be filled in)

Special Notice to Grocers:—We will protect you fully in this guarantee. If any Occident sacks are returned through dissatisfaction with the flour, you are authorized to refund the full purchase price and we will reimburse you for same

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING CO

Just a Touch with the Little Finger Operates the Capital Shift of the



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Think of it, operators! Any width machine *up to the widest,* operated with greater ease than your ordinary correspondence typewriter. No strained or tired hands from heavy shifting. Every advantage of the compact single keyboard without one drawback. You should know about it.

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3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. **$1.00**
Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Well!" said Lena. "But where's the Professor and Dolly?"

"Gone to the mountains." Milly flung it over her shoulder, slipped through the door and almost slammed it behind her.

Miss Mallory's brown eyes widened to their fullest extent at this, the third repetition of this cavalier reception. Beyond the door Milly was in tears. But how was Lena to know that? "Minx!" she snapped. She had been irritable of late. She stamped her little foot. "Has every one suddenly gone mad?" she demanded of the empty hall. Receiving no answer, she went to her room in a pet, changed her dress, and gave herself up to the fascination of mail-reading.

So much engrossed was she that she failed to note the noises about her. Not till she laid the last letter down was she conscious of a broken murmur of voices without, of others nearer. Surely that was Aunt Polly she heard.

She stepped into the hallway. Through the hall door she had a glimpse of a drooping black head she knew. That was Hiram Yoast's horse. She opened her aunt's door. Guardy Breese, Aunt Polly and Hiram stood by the window.

"—bringing Sleiter and Quinlan behind. The best half of them are hot on the trail." That was Hiram.

"You tell her, Mother," said Breese. Their backs were to her; they neither saw nor heard her.

"Aunt Polly," she began. Hiram whirled around. His eye was very bright, his face was haggard and drawn. Lena's hand went to her throat. "Hiram!" The swift color surged to the hair-roots—then faded and left her marble-white. The other hand stole behind to clutch at the doorframe. "What is it?—Don! . . . So that is why Dundee is empty; a whole town against one hunted man! Oh, they are brave men—brave! And you"—she flung out her hand—"I thought you were his friend."

Hiram's lips opened uneasily, closed again; his eyelids lowered.

"But, Lena, Hiram has ——" So far Aunt Polly got; her face was beaming and bright. Breese put his finger on her mouth. "Lena—my dear—they are bringing him in." His eyes were on the rug at his feet.

"Oh!" Aunt Polly's smile cut her to the heart. "Oh, Aunt Polly, how can you? He was always so good to you." She stepped into the room; she turned upon Hiram, her eyes scorned him. "Why are you not with him? Not one friend at his side, not one true! If you were in his place he would not fail."

Through the window she saw hurrying shapes streaming across the plaza. A wild cheer rose and rose again; a roar that swelled and beat horribly upon her ears.

They followed. She swept along the hall, through the parlor, through the open door to the veranda. The wagon, the dismounted, silent riders beyond, the jaded horses; the Professor, white, smiling, propped in the wagon-seat by Kim Ki and young Jimmy—a litter—Dolly walked beside it—Don!—Breese caught her hand, his voice was in her ear, his eyes were frankly wet. With a choking sob her arms went out. That, Kennedy, lithe, strong Kennedy—that quiet shape, bandaged and white and still? Every head was bare, every eye was turned to him in exaltation, in welcome and high honor and pride and love. Across the little space she saw his eyes, and their light was all for her.

Men and women fell back and left them alone. There were those who leaned out to touch the litter, the bandaged hand. They bore him slowly along that silent lane and laid him at her feet.

THE END

A Postal Test

AMONG London postmen a standard of efficiency is maintained by means of an annual sorting examination. Each man is given thirty-six minutes in which to sort twelve hundred special cards addressed in such a way as thoroughly to test his knowledge of that postal district.

One mistake per minute is allowed as a reasonable margin or error in work at this fast rate—less than two seconds per card. If there are more than thirty-six errors after the third trial the postman is required to polish up his sorting by working on his own time until he can qualify to standard again

Do You Realize What the "Standard" Guarantee Means?

WE do not believe that any one who is building or re-modeling will intentionally disregard the **"Standard" Guarantee** when buying plumbing fixtures. Our object is to make you familiar with it—to make you realize how much it means to *you.* The **"Standard" Guarantee** Label on plumbing fixtures means that you buy them on *certainty*—not on faith. You know, beyond question, exactly what you are going to get—in quality, in appearance, in sanitation, in service. Without this label your purchase is speculation.

"Standard" Guaranteed Fixtures cost no more than the ordinary uncertain kind. Their greater attractiveness, better sanitation, longer service, make them a more far-sighted investment.

All genuine **"Standard"** fixtures for bathroom, kitchen and laundry are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with one exception. There are two classes of our Guaranteed Baths, the Green and Gold Label Bath, and the Red and Black Label Bath. The Green and Gold Label Bath is triple enameled. It is guaranteed for five years. The Red and Black Label Bath is double enameled. It is guaranteed for two years. If you would avoid dissatisfaction and expense, install a guaranteed fixture—either the Green and Gold Label Bath, or the Red and Black Label Bath, according to the price you wish to pay.

Guard against substitutes trading on our name and reputation. Fixtures must bear the **"Standard"** guarantee label to be of our make. All fixtures purporting to be **"Standard"** are spurious, *unless they bear our guarantee label.*

Send for your copy of our beautiful new book "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom. Many model rooms are illustrated, costing from $78 to $600. This valuable book is sent for 6c. postage.

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Department B, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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A Luxurious toilette necessity—cooling, refreshing and assuring a clear, refined, delicate, summer complexion. It is prepared from purest materials—beautifying without injuring the skin. It is the complexion powder that clings—the only one put up in a **Wooden Box**—retaining all its delicate perfume until entirely used up.
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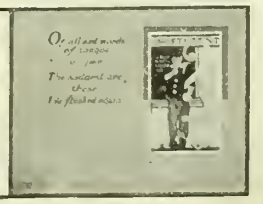

Remington

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AUTO-LOADING SHOTGUN

AUTO-LOADING RIFLE

.22 REPEATER

REPEATING GUNS

Four Remington idea guns—hammerless, solid breech and safe—modern in every respect. The Remington determination to give the sportsmen the best that can be produced is fulfilled in the better service that these best guns unfailingly give.

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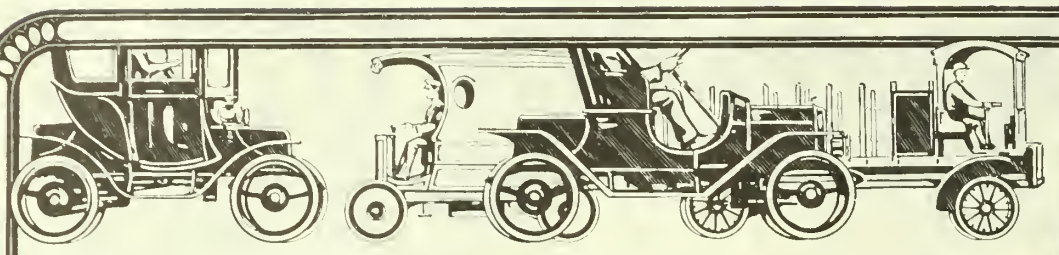

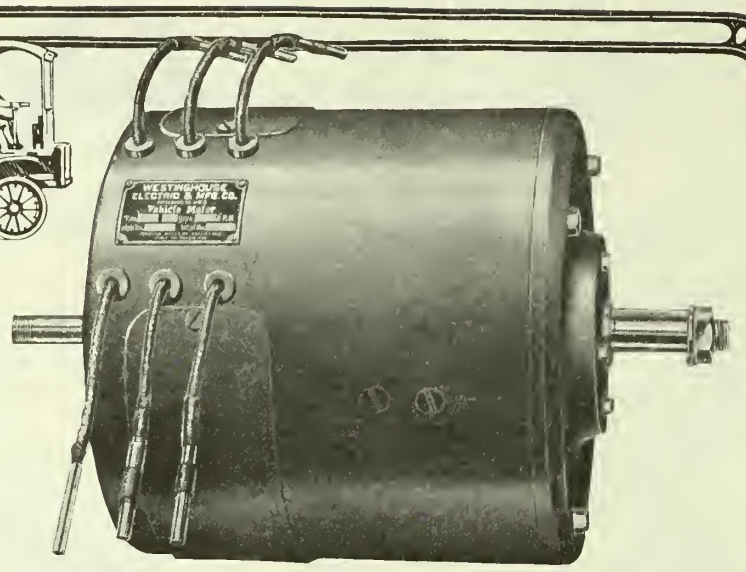

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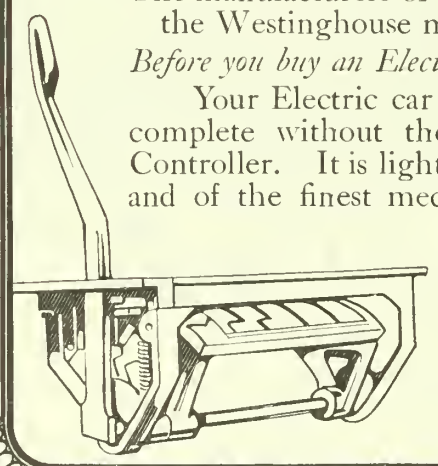

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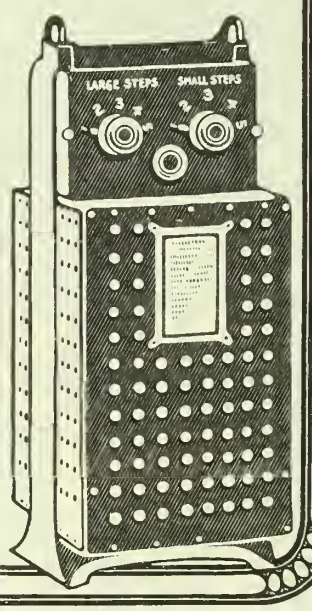

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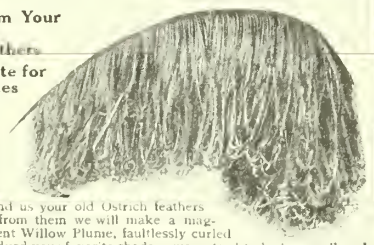

Send us your old Ostrich feathers and from them we will make a magnificent Willow Plume, faultlessly curled and dyed your favorite shade—guaranteed to look as well and to hold its shape and color; and wear as long as any Willow Plume you can buy from a dealer at three or four times the cost. If prices are not satisfactory feathers will be returned at our expense. References: Dun's, Bradstreet's or Central National Bank. The work of our Dyeing, Cleaning and Curling departments cannot be equaled. Write for prices.

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This device filters the air. The dust, pollen and other foreign matter, which produce irritation that causes Hay Fever and the paroxysms of Asthma, are eliminated. Relief is immediate. The delicate membranes of the nasal cavities are rested and protected so that the affected parts have an opportunity to regain their normal powers of resistance. This device is not a cure, but it gives relief instantly. Thousands are in use. They are not annoying and cannot be seen when worn.

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THE GASOLINE GRAFT

(Continued from Page 19)

was how to wabble out of the way of traffic after some one else had cranked up the engine for him. Again, like his kind, he wouldn't let on to me that it was the first and only car he'd ever owned, but the moment I saw him throw the gears with a screech like a sausage-grinder I tumbled to what I was up against.

Well do I remember the first time he let me get my feet on that racer's pedals. It was up in the Bronx, there were no cops in sight, and I was fairly itching to see what the car could do. So, when he turned over the wheel to me, without warning I threw her wide open, forgetting she was one of those cars that'll jump out from under you unless you're careful how you tease them up. Bing! At the first buck I nearly lost little Tin Dollar there beside me. I can hear yet the screech he let out of him; but it was no joke, I can tell you. The next minute he had me pinned fast, both arms around my neck and yelling holy murder, though for myself I was almost as badly scared at the way I'd nearly swerved into a telegraph pole. After that, whenever he was with me, I had to drift her along at the gait of a hearse.

In this connection, however, I'm bound to say we ran anywhere but to the cemeteries. Instead, night would usually find me waiting outside some stage entrance or in front of one of the lobster palaces, while in the day most of our time was spent on the way to Claremont or the Park Casino, or taking the road to Sheepshead Bay or Coney. As I hated to see so much good money going to waste I stuck to him for nigh on a year, making a good thing out of it, since he never looked at the bills and seemed to take no notice of what it cost. But easy come, easy go; and when my string played out I'd been blowing in the money right along, and hadn't saved a cent.

Captured at the Hairpin Turn

How I got the dump came about like this: Like a great many private chaffies, I'd got to feeling that the car was all my own. So, when the night before the big Long Island cup race came along, I invited a few particular friends of mine to come down with me to the course. As it appeared later, my young tin horn, too, had invited a party to go with him, but when he called up and said he wanted the car I wasn't bothered a bit.

"Sorry, sir," says I, giving him the regular bunk; "but there's a cracked piston-ring in the second cylinder. She won't be fixed for running till tomorrow night."

Of course I'd be home again by then; and as I thought he didn't know the difference between a piston-ring and the timer I'd given him this blarney as the first thing that came into my head. So, in addition to being sore, I was a good deal astonished when he came back at me over the 'phone.

"Nonsense!" said he, real peevishly; "it won't take any time at all to replace it."

"No, sir, it wouldn't," I answered; "only I'll have to send to the factory for a new ring."

Again he came back at me, and in a way I'd never expected.

"That's rather queer," he piped up mildly. "I've been looking over the bills and there's one item that charges me with no less than four dozen piston-rings."

It was true. I'd been ordering all kinds of extra parts until we had about enough to build another car; and this was strictly on the level, too, since he always made a fuss if the car was laid out for more than overnight. Of course I omitted to tell him this was right up my alley, inasmuch as I got the usual ten per cent on all sorts of supplies. However, when he said he'd been looking over the bills it gave me quite a little start, though I wasn't going to let even that feeze me.

"Yes, sir," said I, easy and offhand, when he mentioned this and about the piston-rings; "I bought them, so I did, only they won't fit. I had to send them back. Besides," I added, my voice real gloomy, "one of the gears is out of whack. It won't mesh; and if I'm not mistaken there's a bushing, too, that needs resetting."

If he hadn't hung up the receiver about then I'd probably have had her ready for the scrapheap before I was done talking. But seemingly I had him bluffed; and about half an hour after midnight I and my friends hit the road for Long Island.

As I turned into Broadway from the garage it seemed to me I heard some one give a shout. But I'd cleared the corner then; it was too much bother to go back, and, besides, I had no doubt that my young shine of a boss was holding down a table somewhere along the white-light route and was happy enough as it was. So I went along about my business and, hitting up the pace a little, made for the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry.

After we'd crossed the river we dropped in at a couple of places, and then hit for the open country. Already there was a big stream of other machines going in the same direction—limousines, touring cars, runabouts, and even a couple of hired rubber-neck wagons with gangs of sports aboard. There was a bunch of taxicabs too; some of them with the shades down and giving out snores as they rolled along. We drew away from the procession as soon as we could, but out in the country a fellow in a big touring car began coming up behind us and honking like an ocean liner on his horn.

Says one of my friends:

"That bug wants to give us his dust. Say, are you going to stand for it?"

After that, the way we went up the road was a caution. Once or twice we nearly had mixups with other machines, and one fellow I raked so close in the dark that I heard his mud-guard whang when we pulled apart. But the man behind was game, too, and I had a hard time to shake him till I got a long stretch of open road and there turned the racer loose. Well, to wind it up, I reached the course in time, and parked the car in a nice place by the Hairpin Turn. Here I'd just opened the hamper strapped behind and was handing out the sandwiches and beer when another machine drew in alongside. "My regards!" I was saying, when a young fellow unloaded from the other machine, wiped the grit out of his eyes, and then gave a little cough.

Says he, real indignant:

"How dare you tell me my motor was broken when it can make more than sixty per?"

It was the young squib, my boss. He'd tumbled to me, and had hired an expert to go round to the garage and look at the car; in fact, they'd arrived there just as I pulled out, and after that they'd hired another motor and chased me. Naturally I got the sack then and there. On top of this, I felt so cheap at having myself and party turned out of the car that I sloped off down the road and forgot entirely to take the beer and sandwiches with me.

Back at the Old Job

I wasn't out of a job for a week, since, on the Monday following, here I was again back on my old job of public cabman and happy as a lark.

I went to my old friend, the jobber from whom I'd formerly rented my horse rig.

"Hello, Tom!" says he, grinning when he sees me. "Back to the streets again?"

I told him I'd had my fill of private jobs and wanted to buck the street trade again. In the course of our talk the old man gave me a lot of information about the new business.

To begin, there was a choice of cabs, the ones with or without a meter. "Some of the boys," he told me, "prefer cabs without a clock, and some won't take the streets without one. It depends, though, on what kind of trade you're after."

If the bucker ran without a clock, he explained, the system of charging your fare was exactly what it was in the old days—that is, you soaked the passenger for just as much as you thought he would stand for, and relied on your powers of argument, or otherwise, to get away with it. In addition there were many persons, he said, who'd pick out a cab without a clock because they seemed to think that without the meter the cab looked like a private turnout. It doesn't, of course, to any one with a knowing eye, but all the same you'd be astonished to know just how many fares a man picks up in a day's run that try to fool themselves like this. This is particularly the case when you're out after the daytime trade around the Park or Riverside Drive and along Fifth Avenue. If a man has a swell uniform, too—one such as I had

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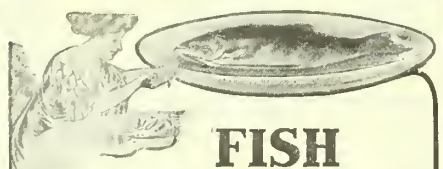

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saved from a former private job—he is certain to pick up a lot of this particular trade. In almost every case it is easy to size up folks like this, and invariably I make it a rule to charge them fifty per cent over and above the regular tariff.

If the bucker runs with a clock, however, the matter, as I say, is somewhat different. By this I don't mean that it is any harder to flimflam the passenger, because, instead, it is just as easy. This is due to the fact that few fares have their wits about them. If they had there would be no way I've yet found out by which to beat the clock.

Now, this may cause some wonder. In dealing with the public I've learned that, whenever a fare thinks he has been robbed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he feels sure the clock is crooked. This is seldom if ever the case. In the first place, each and every meter on a taxicab is rented out, not sold, by the owning company; and once a month this company regularly inspects its clocks. In addition there is a city inspector too, and, as after each inspection the clocks are locked and sealed, a chaffy can't get at the wheels inside without showing he has tampered with the mechanism. If he can I have yet to learn how the trick may be done.

What does happen is this:

Every clock on a taxicab is geared to run on a single and double tariff. When the lever is pulled down to register only the single tariff, then you pay for the distance covered only. But set down the lever another notch, and the clock starts right in to charge you with time as well. This, and this only, is the secret of how you are flimflammed by the meter. When such is the case you'll find that the chaffy begins to kill time for all he's worth. He'll keep close to the curb, as a rule, where the heavy traffic moves slowest; and if there's a block anywhere along the route you may be sure he'll mix himself in with it at the thickest part of the tangle. At every corner, too, he'll lag back to let other cabs and wagons cross in front of him; or if the traffic's light, and there's no chance to get pinched in behind a jam, the usual thing is to pull up to the curb and tinker with some imaginary engine trouble. More than once I've known some joker to let his engine die and then get down and clean the back lamps while his fares sit inside waiting patiently.

Tricks With the Clock

Many times, however, when I have a fare aboard I never touch the clock. This is the case when I am asked by passengers what it costs to go to such and such a place. If they are satisfied with the price I name I let the meter lie dead and beat it to the destination in the quickest possible time. Or, time and again, when nothing is said about the price I have started the clock in the regular way, and when I reached the destination I have thrown the lever again before the fare has had a chance to look at the amount recorded on the dial. Then, if it marked, say, one dollar and forty cents I'd tell the fare the tariff was one dollar and eighty cents, or something like that.

This is a cinch when you're in line at the theater, or if it is raining and the passenger has on his party clothes. In a theater line the passenger hates to haggle, because it looks cheap; and, still further, the cops won't let him hold up the cab and block the other carriages. If he gets obstreperous the usual thing is to appeal to the cop and threaten to drive the fare around to the station house. Company drivers—that is, chaffies driving for regular taxi-lines—are the greatest workers of this graft. They are not paid regular wages, but get twenty per cent of the amount registered by the clock. Therefore it is to their interest to carry as many passengers as possible without having it show on the meter. By this means they knock down the entire amount—not just their lawful twenty per cent. When you catch them doing this, however, they are in no position to put up any bluff with the passenger. If they don't start their meter when the trip begins you can pay them what you like afterward and give them the laugh if they kick. They are beating the company and trying to beat you, and can't afford to make a muss. To have to own up that their meter wasn't set would be worth their jobs in many of the companies.

The taxicab I rent from the jobber costs me four dollars for ten hours. I call it a poor day when I can't pick this up in three or four hours, or thereabouts. Then the rest of the time is velvet.

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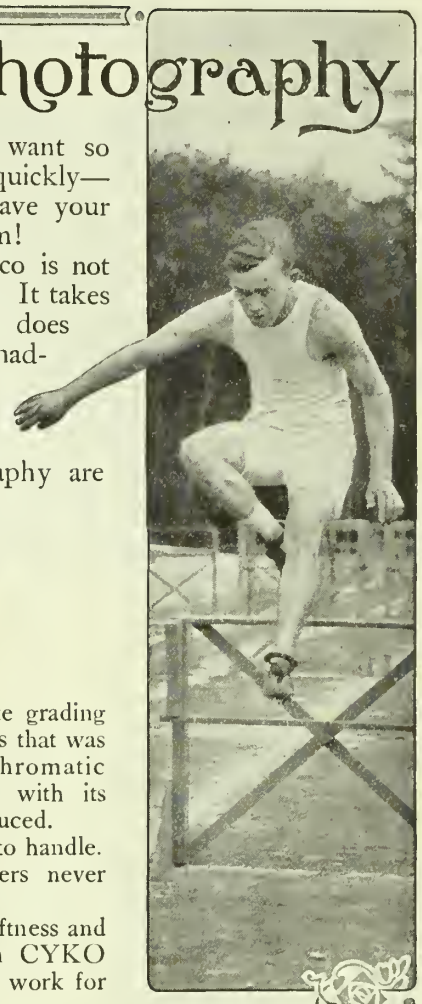

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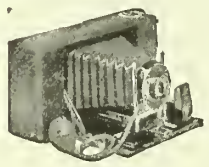

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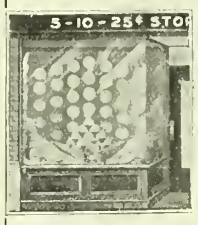
An Opening for a Retail Store



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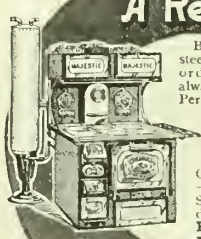

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New Improved

Kerosene (Coal-Oil) Mantle Lamp

100 Candle-power—¼ oil used

Best on American market without exception. Greatest Campaign Bargains Ever Offered. If you are a user or distributor of mantle lamps and mantles, *don't fail* to get our prices. Your chance! Establish business! Control territory! Sell on sight!

Agencies wanted everywhere!

WEBSTER SPECIALTY CO., Waterbury, Conn.

Making Money From Ads—Without Advertising

DO *you* know that many big business firms do not stop to address the envelopes in which they send out mail? They learned how to save that operation—and the salaries of many stenographers—from the *advertising* in SYSTEM.

Do you know that many bookkeepers and business men dip their pens in ink but once to write 600 words? A little time-saving secret learned from an advertisement in SYSTEM.

Do you know that in hundreds of retail stores packages are now wrapped and fastened without twine, at a third the former cost? The merchants who are enjoying this shrewd little advantage over competitors gained it by reading the advertisements in SYSTEM.

If in planning to run your business on the most economical, efficient lines, you visited all the most progressive offices or stores or factories of the country, observing the devices and short-cuts they used, you would only learn what you could learn from the advertising section of SYSTEM.

* * * * * *

One day the chief statistician of one of Australia's greatest gold mines came into SYSTEM'S office. From his pocket he took four closely typewritten sheets—a list of articles which his firm needed. "I have made up this sheet," he said, "largely from the advertising pages of SYSTEM, and I want to go to the factories where these devices are made, to study and buy them first hand." He was on a trip around the world in search of better methods and better equipment for his business, and most of the ideas he acquired he had found in the advertisements in SYSTEM.

For when a man invents a machine to do *your* work faster or better, he advertises it in SYSTEM. When he discovers a process that enables him to sell something you use cheaper than you can buy it elsewhere, he advertises it in SYSTEM.

* * * * * *

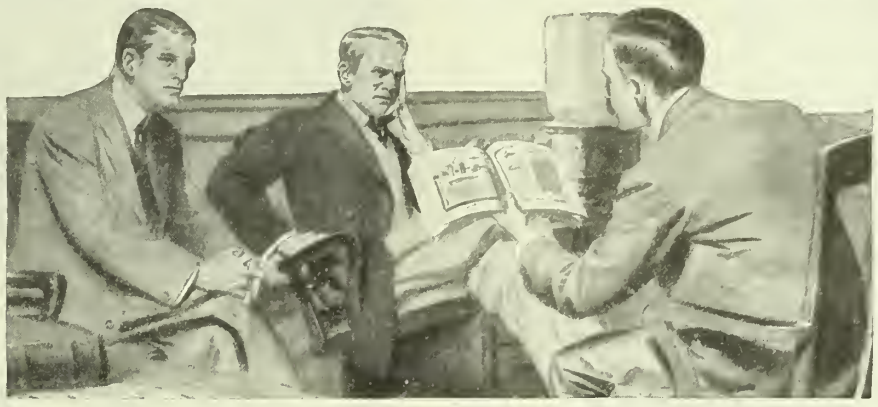
Two manufacturers in the smoking compartment of a New York-Chicago flyer were discussing the installation of factory sprinkler systems and the apparently unavoidable danger of accidental breaking of the sprinkler-head. A third man looked up from his newspaper. "I have my sprinkler equipped with a patent device that obviates that danger," he said, and went on to explain. "I saw it advertised in SYSTEM a few months ago. It has already saved me hundreds of dollars."

The president of a great soap manufacturing concern, while studying the advertisement of an office appliance in SYSTEM, found the suggestion that enabled him to perfect an enormous machine he had struggled vainly for two years to complete—a machine that is now saving him thousands of dollars a year in his plant.

* * * * * *

These men made money from the advertisements in SYSTEM in a way they could not have calculated in advance. And other men make money from the same ads in other ways.

From advertisements in SYSTEM some firms have learned how to secure their monthly trial balances two days quicker than other firms with an equal volume of business and at half the cost. Thousands of men have secured increased salaries by using just a simple little method learned from the advertising section of SYSTEM that enables them to do more work or bigger work. Many men in the last few years have quit salaried positions, and without capital built up big successful businesses of their own. They were shown the way and given the inspiration in the advertising section of SYSTEM.



THE SHREWD MAN'S PROFIT

"Find out"—is the slogan of the successful man in business. If there is a possibility that you can do something you have to do, with less effort, or to better effect, than you are doing it now, *find out* about it.

If by some new idea you might possibly sell more goods than you sell now, or could sell them at less cost, or in a better market—find out about it. If anyone has something that he *says* will help you—to boost your salary or beat a competitor, to cut costs or make more customers—if he offers you *anything* to make yourself better off than you are now, the shrewd man's plan is to *find out.*

On this page is told how successful men found out the better methods, plans, opportunities or devices that enabled them to increase dividends or earn bigger salaries or have better clothes or furnish better homes—often to go in business for themselves.

You would understand the reasons back of many a firm's dividends, or back of many a man's salary, if *you* read the advertisements in SYSTEM as closely as they do. And you could use the same methods if you desired.

You could know how it is some merchants and manufacturers collect 80% more of their bad debts than do their competitors; why it costs some merchants 40% less to deliver goods than it costs others; how some men who spend less than you do on clothes or house furnishings, have better quality.

These things often mean the difference between success and failure. At least, they are things on which every man in business should keep posted.

* * * * * *

The president of one of Chicago's largest tailoring houses takes two copies of SYSTEM by the year. One he reads. In the other he studies the *advertising* and clips the advertisement of every device or proposition that might save money for his business or increase its efficiency. Then he sends these clippings to the proper department heads with instructions to investigate further and buy if they think best.

For almost every operation in business, there is one best method or one best device, and the use of these short-cuts is all that makes some men or firms grow prosperous, while others stand still or fail. In the advertising pages of SYSTEM are pictured and explained short-cuts for almost everything you do and moneysavers for almost everything you buy.

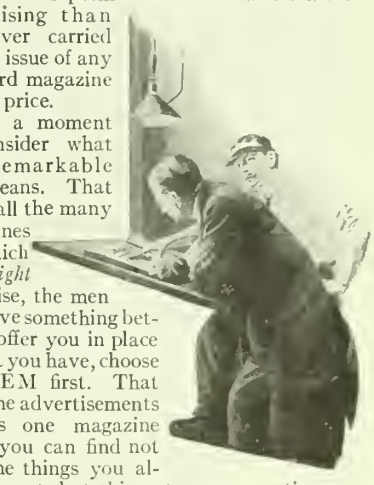
A retail merchant in a Michigan town had almost signed the lease for a bigger store, when he saw an advertisement in SYSTEM that told him how he could make the space in his smaller store just as efficient as the larger one. He is saving $16 a month rent.

And these are but bare hints of the many ways in which the advertising section of SYSTEM can be made valuable to you. Wherever your keenest interest lies—in methods to work by, in machines to use, in foods to eat, in clothes to wear, in paper to write on, or in business opportunities—you will be directed to them in the advertising pages of SYSTEM.

And they will prove as interesting to you from a *news* standpoint as your daily paper—they will give you a better insight into the processes of business, make you better fitted to talk interestingly about business, and better able to understand developments in the modern business world.

* * * * * *

In proportion to circulation it costs twice as much to advertise in SYSTEM as in other magazines. Yet for four years and eight months, *more* advertising has been placed in SYSTEM than in any other standard magazine. The September number carries more advertising than was ever carried by any issue of any standard magazine at any price.



Stop a moment to consider what this remarkable fact means. That out of all the many magazines in which they *might* advertise, the men who have something better to offer you in place of what you have, choose SYSTEM first. That from the advertisements in this one magazine alone, you can find not only the things you already want, but things to save you time or money, that you do not know about now—methods, plans, opportunities or devices to increase your dividends or your salary or your savings—or even to go in business for yourself.

So we have spent thousands of dollars to impress on you here the value *you* may get from the advertisements in SYSTEM. Ask your newsdealer today for the September number.

SYSTEM is the dominant Magazine of America. For SYSTEM is America's Magazine of Business. And Business is the dominant interest of men's lives. SYSTEM takes Business as it is—as you know it in your office or your store or your factory—and from it makes literature as interesting as a novel—stories and articles and pointed paragraphs—illustrations and charts—that hum with the undertones of business. From the *realities* of men's daily work, SYSTEM searches out and describes the things that will help other men in their daily work. It tells with equal clearness the secret of some great selling campaign, or the twist by which a salesman closed one single order; the policy that made a Marshall Field, or the coup by which an obscure merchant draws crowds to his window; the method that cuts costs for some giant corporation, or the little knack that saves a moment of time for some salaried worker; a broad principle that improved a firm's correspondence, or a clever paragraph that made one letter successful. No other magazine so accurately touches the quick of what men want and need in their daily work in office or store or factory or bank as SYSTEM does. It will actually increase your business efficiency, sharpen your business shrewdness and broaden your business knowledge.

You Can Find What These Men Found

D. W. Simpson, president of the Wilcox Manufacturing Co., Aurora, Ill., writes, "We cannot afford to be without SYSTEM. You are doing the best work for the business world of any publication I know of."

F. A. Sidelinger & Co., Real Estate, Insurance & Contracting, Old Orchard, Maine, in a letter renewing the firm's subscription to SYSTEM, write, "We consult it as frequently as we do the Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia. Following its suggestions and inspiration is equivalent to employing a high-salaried expert."

E. L. Davis, General Merchandise, Chicago, says:—"Having received some invaluable suggestions and a renewed enthusiasm from reading a few numbers of SYSTEM, I have decided that it is essential to the success of my business, and enclose herewith subscription price of $2, in order that I may have a copy on my desk for ready reference."

SYSTEM
THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS

A Special Offer to Post Readers

Without risking one cent, you may find out definitely the value of SYSTEM to yourself. Sign and mail this coupon with $2 just as a preliminary deposit for a year's subscription to SYSTEM ($2.50 in Canada, $3 in foreign countries) and if, after you get the September number, you say you have not had full value for your money from the advertisements alone in this *one* number, we will cheerfully refund your money and you may keep the magazine Your judgment alone—and your word—shall decide it. Send coupon *today* because the edition of this September number, the most valuable number of any magazine ever published—is already printed and the supply of unsold copies is limited. Accept this unique offer without delay.

Money-Back Coupon

I want to see what value and interest there is for me in SYSTEM—what information I can get from its remarkable advertising pages, and what I can learn from its editorial pages. So, for the enclosed $2 ($2.50 in Canada, $3 in foreign countries), enter my name for a year's subscription. It I do not get my money's worth from the advertisements alone in the September number you are to refund all my money.

Name

Address

My Business

151-153 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO — SYSTEM THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS — 44-60 East 23rd St., NEW YORK

European correspondents address A. W. Shaw Co., Ltd., 34, Norfolk St., Strand, London.

Wall Street's Stake in Mexico

(Concluded from Page 21)

the Texas oil man and his associates, who had wrested it away from the original builders.

Railroad building in the tropics has often got the builders into serious difficulties not only because of the difficulties of construction, which must be seen to be appreciated, but also because of the friction and misunderstandings that arise in the dealings between two different races. There was the case, for instance, of the very first foreign-built railroad in Mexico, long before the rule of Diaz. The concession granted by the Government read for a line from Mexico City to Vera Cruz on the Gulf. The contractors unloaded their material from the ships at Vera Cruz and started to lay track from the coast into the interior. Immediately their men were stopped by soldiers. It was explained to the contractors that the terms of the concession were for a road from the capital to the coast, not from the coast to the capital. No amount of protesting availed. The baffled contractors perforce had to send all their heavy railroad material on the backs of burros over the mountain trails all the way to the capital, in order to begin their road from there.

The natural difficulties of the country alone have been enough to wreck several railroad enterprises. Wall Street still remembers the smashing failure of a trust company that went to pieces trying to build a railroad in southern Mexico. This road runs through a marshy, hot country, cut up by innumerable rivers and watercourses. The line is somewhat less than three hundred miles long and has more than three hundred bridges. The biggest of these was the one over the Papaloapan River. As soon as this was finished the Government subsidy was to become available. Every effort was bent toward completing the bridge, but before the last of the eight cantilever spans could be swung there came a tropical downpour; the water in the river rose above the tops of the piers and the work of months was undone. It was the *coup de grâce* for the trust company. After the smash the Mexican Government took over the road from the receiver and completed it, thus saving its subsidy.

The Live Wire of Mexican Railroading

A. E. Stillwell, the man behind the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad, not only had to overcome such natural difficulties but also the active antagonism of Harriman. Stillwell, who has been described as the "live wire" of the Mexican railway tangle, first locked horns with Harriman while fighting for the retention of his Kansas City, Pittsburgh & Gulf line, which Harriman finally wrested from him. Harriman needed this road in his historic struggle against J. J. Hill, because at that time the Little Wizard had not yet succeeded in seizing the Illinois Central. Stillwell himself likes to tell how he lost his Kansas City & Gulf road on a Tuesday and got to work on his new transcontinental line through Mexico on the following Thursday. The Wall Street crowd, led by Harriman, promptly antagonized Stillwell's new Mexican project. He soon found that he could raise no money in Wall Street. There were no bankers behind him: they were all in front, fighting him. But Stillwell, instead of wasting time trying to induce the bankers of Wall Street to underwrite the bonds for the construction of his road, got some of his moneyed friends together from Europe and from the Middle West and took them on a personally conducted tour over his Mexican concessions, where he sold them stock in his new venture sufficient for his needs.

The only other important product of Mexico that American capital is heavily interested in is rubber. Almost all of the American-owned rubber plantations have been financed outside of Wall Street. The big financiers, apparently, have found the exploitation too risky. Not so with guayule rubber. Wall Street has seized with avidity on the more immediately profitable process of extracting crude rubber from the guayule plant. This is a shrub that much resembles sagebrush and it is grown in otherwise sterile soil.

Thomas F. Ryan is interested in Mexico, together with the Guggenheims and other Wall Street men, in the production of rubber from the guayule. Their corporation is the Intercontinental Rubber Company, which is a holding company controlling the Continental Mexican and the Compañia Ganadera y Textil de Cedros, with a half interest in the American Congo Company, the other half of which belongs to the personal estate of the late King Leopold of Belgium.

In Mexico they own a ranch of nearly two million acres, on which there are some four thousand laborers, with a factory employing a thousand more men. The total production is about a million pounds a month, one-tenth of the total rubber production of the world today.

All these American enterprises—be they rubber plantations, ranches, mines, power companies, railroads or banks—embrace a total investment of about eight hundred million dollars. This was the figure given to me by President Diaz when I talked with him in 1908. He added that this investment was increasing at the rate of fifty millions a year.

When the Diaz Reign Ends

When I last saw President Diaz, together with Mr. Thompson, the Ambassador commented privately on the old General's sturdy bearing under his eighty years. Yet the time must soon come when Diaz will be no more.

What will be the probable effect of Diaz' death on all those American investments in Mexico?

Prophets of evil predict that Mexico without Diaz must relapse into anarchy. Vice-President Ramon Corral, Diaz' chosen successor, they say, will have to fight for the Presidency with General Bernardo Reyes, the idol of the army. The anti-American party, supported by the old landholders and the church, is expected to be a third party to this long-predicted fray.

It is a prophecy like the dire nightmare of a general Balkan war annually prophesied by European journalists.

This is the stuff that dreams are made of. The sober reality is that Mexico, with or without Diaz, will continue to develop and to thrive very much as it has during the last generation.

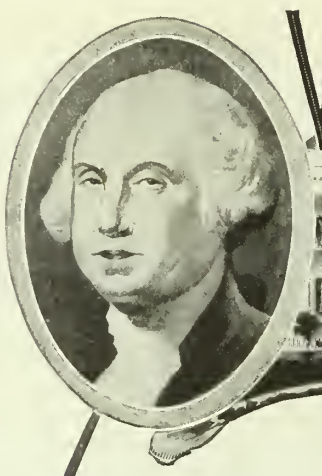
Why? Because, should anything serious happen to Mexico, like a revolution or a civil war, for instance, Wall Street will be the first to be affected. Wall Street's distress would promptly spread to all those who have dealings with Wall Street, thence to our whole country and to the other big money markets of the world. All those numberless Americans whose money has gone into Mexican investments would be quick to feel the pinch. Nobody has any idea how many of these there are.

All these people in our country would soon be heard from should anything happen to Mexico. Our Government, rather than stand idly by to await the spoliation of American capitalists and investors—good contributors to campaign funds and good voters—will be compelled to bow to popular clamor and Wall Street pressure. In a word, there would be "American intervention" in the interests of stability and financial security, like the intervention demanded for Nicaragua today.

But the indications are that there will be no need for American intervention. The best guaranty for continued peace in Mexico is that a great number of Mexicans are shareholders in those same American companies that have been shown to have such an important hold on Mexico.

Some of the most influential men in Mexico today are important partners, together with Americans and other foreigners, in their country's largest enterprises. I mean such men as José Yves Limantour, the Minister of Finance; Enrique Creel, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs; Joaquin Casasús, late Ambassador to Washington, and Señores Macedo and Escandon, the leading Mexican bankers, not to forget Colonel Porfirio Diaz, who represents his father's investments in the directorates of many of Mexico's most important corporations.

Civil war in Mexico would mean the loss of the fortunes of these gentlemen as well as of the investments of Wall Street. These leaders of Mexico, together with all the other powerful interests in the Republic of the South, can be relied on to stand shoulder to shoulder for peace and for the continued prosperity of Mexico.



White House SHOES

Time was, in the old Colonial Days,

when the Father of his Country and the gentlemen about him imported their footwear from the shops of Paris; had to, to be well dressed.

Then came the workers to New England and the shoe industry flourished amain along the North Atlantic seaboard.

Now that ascendency has in its turn moved west, until today the heart and center of the shoe industry of America is in St. Louis.

We believe that the best shoes obtainable, judged by good leather, skilled workmanship, artistic lines of lasts, form, fit and finish, are the

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

For Men—For Women

because they are all, in all, that perfect shoes *can* be. At least we do all that good makers of good shoes can do to have them so. If not sold in your town, send your order direct to us, giving the name of your shoe dealer, and we will see that shoes are provided.

Prices $5.00, $4.00 and $3.50 Per Pair

Write For STYLE BOOKLET

White House Shoes are made by the same great house that manufactures the famous *Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes*—for boys, for girls—the best there are for youngsters.

The Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.

BROWN'S 5 MARK MEANS QUALITY

STYLE No. B741½.
"Bench Work White House"
Patent Leather Button.

3 Months at Our Expense

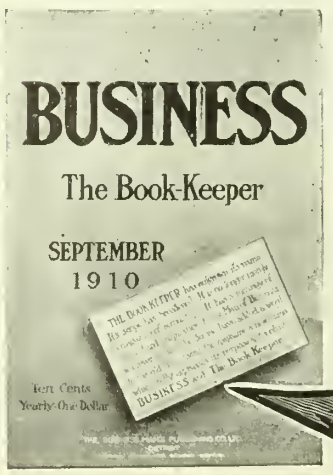
"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper"

(Formerly THE BOOK-KEEPER)

"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper"—the new name for the old magazine, "THE BOOK-KEEPER"—commencing with September issue

The new title expresses more clearly the purpose and contents of this magazine.

"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper" is essentially a magazine for every business man and woman.
"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper" is progressive, practical and up-to-the-minute.
"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper" unifies and harmonizes organization.
"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper" encourages the ambitious office man.
"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper" will inspire every business man.
"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper" develops book-keeping and accounting.
"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper" increases efficiency by method and system.
"BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper" should count you among its subscribers.



Regular subscription price One Dollar ($1.00) per year.

Here is Our Special Offer:

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR ($1.00). Money refunded in Three Months if dissatisfied.

Take advantage of the *"Special Offer"* by using attached coupon.

SPECIAL 15 MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

The Business Man's Publishing Co., Ltd.
154 West Fort Street, Detroit, Mich.

I enclose herewith One Dollar ($1.00) for which please send me "BUSINESS and The Book-Keeper" for Fifteen Months, beginning with September issue.

If, after carefully reading it Three Months, I am dissatisfied, you will refund the One Dollar ($1.00) paid

Name _____

City _____ State _____

Occupation _____

This is Capt. Charles *of the* LUSITANIA

Read what he says:——

"I notice that you say in your advertisements that anybody can give himself a head barber shave with your AutoStrop Razor. I doubt if many men will believe that statement. But if they will try your AutoStrop Razor they will be surprised, as I was, to find that it is true."

If you had a head barber in your home every morning to strop your razor, you wouldn't have any trouble getting a head barber shave. Would you? Anybody can move a razor over his face, but not everybody can strop a razor.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is a new invention that enables a novice to strop as quickly, handily and expertly as a head barber can. That is why anybody can get a head barber shave with it. Perhaps, as Captain Charles says, you will not believe this until you try it as he did.

Get One! Try It! Dealers Also Read This

If it doesn't give you a head barber shave, take it back. The dealer has authority from us to refund your money. He loses nothing, for we would refund his cost or give him new razors in exchange for any returned ones.

Don't wait until you can go to the store. You'll forget it. Telephone or write your dealer *now* to send you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on 30 days' free trial.

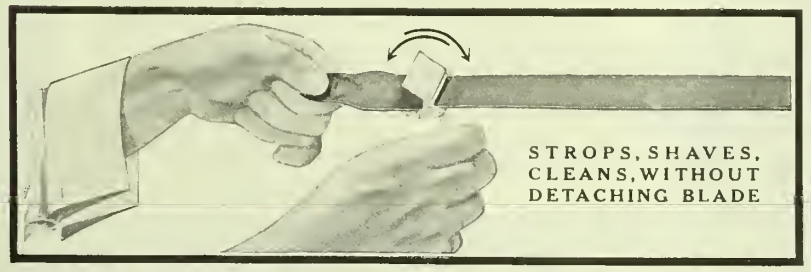
Consists of one self-stropping, silver-plated safety razor, 12 fine blades, and strop in handsome case. Price $5.00, which will probably be your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to one year.

"The Slaughter of the Innocents"

By not sending for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" booklet, your shaving will probably stay just as bad as it is. Will you wait and forget it, or will you write for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" *now?*

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York; 233 Coristine Bldg., Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London.

Far Quicker, Handier than a No-Stropping Razor



Captain I. T. W. Charles, of the Lusitania—Greatest Ship Afloat

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 5)

who had ever seen him at close range; she had come on him face to face in the post-office, but had been quite unable to say whether or not he was good to look at.

The verses always came most prosaically through the mail. All three of the sisters had a large correspondence, so that Hermione's corn-colored letters, with their peculiar calligraphy, had excited no special comment. Once or twice she had been asked from whom they were. "A darn fool," Hermione had answered, for which her father, profane old sinner, saw fit to reprove her.

Hermione lay on her bunk and kicked up her heels and read her verses, sometimes with a curling lip when the sentiment impressed her as particularly mushy. Yet, oddly enough, there was a flush glowing darkly through the olive of her cheeks and any one would have sworn that her eyes were a very velvety tone of black. Once or twice her long, lithe young body squirmed uneasily and her broad forehead clouded as though from displeasure.

Certainly there was, aside from the presumption of the poet in sending her the verses at all, nothing to give offense in Applebo's effusions. All were of the very essence of delicacy and each carried somewhere in its text a little word of apology.

Hermione rose suddenly, flung the leaflets back into the locker, and sat for a moment with brooding eyes and the warm flush burning through her clear olive skin. The girl never burned nor tanned nor chapped; her complexion preserved invariably its delicacy of tint and texture.

"What a lot of rot!" muttered Hermione to herself. "The man's an ass. If I make him feel like that why doesn't he come over and kick about it instead of flopping around in that little tub and writing me fathoms of slush? Here's where he gets a little sonnet from his Hermione."

With her flush even darker, she reached for her writing-block and penned the following epistle:

"Schooner-Yacht Shark,
"Shoal Harbor, August 4th.

"HAROLD APPLEBO, ESQ., Yacht Daffodil.

"*Dear Sir:* Has it ever occurred to you that it is scarcely fair to my sisters, Cécile and Paula, that I, the youngest, should be the sole recipient of so many poetic gems? Inasmuch as your acquaintance with them is precisely that of our own, my sense of fairness no longer permits of my being the only favored one.

"I must therefore request that you transfer your delicate attentions for the next few weeks, at least. This measure will also give me an opportunity to recover from the emotions produced by your latest, 'Hermione's Eyes,' which, by the way, do not happen to be 'gray as the sleeping sea.'

"Thanking you for your delicate attentions, and in the hope that my sisters may appreciate them even more than my limited poetic appreciation has permitted,

"Very truly yours,
"HERMIONE BELL."

"There," said Hermione; "if that doesn't send him flapping out to sea I'll give him something that will."

She sealed and addressed the letter and proceeded to dress, putting on a white-serge sailor blouse and skirt, the latter short enough to clear her trim ankles. The thick black hair she wound in snug bands about her head, added a crimson ribbon and capped the whole with a white tam. Thus costumed she appeared a tall, slenderly graceful girl with a pretty, tantalizing face of which one carried away an impression of warm, vivid coloring, sapphire eyes, tip-tilted nose and red lips ever ready to return insults for the kisses that would seem to fit them. Hermione always looked slender to the point of being thin when smartly dressed; it needed her bathing suit or a riding habit to reveal her as the Diana that she was. Whether for good or ill, the mother had left a rich legacy of physical beauty to her three girls.

As Hermione went on deck she saw Wood pulling away in the dingey in the direction of the Daffodil. He had declined the offer of a man to row him, and had promised to do his best to bring Applebo back for luncheon. "Where is Huntington going?" asked Hermione of Cécile. "I thought he was to stay for lunch."

"So he is. We sent him over to see if he couldn't induce the Pilot-fish to come too. It seems they were classmates at Yale."

"Applebo won't come," said Hermione.

"Why not?" asked her father.

"It would strip him of his sentimental pose to be formally presented. I'm going ashore to post a letter."

The quartermaster brought her own little cedar skiff alongside, and Hermione got aboard and pulled in for the landing of the Reading-room. Arrived, the boatman took charge of the skiff and Hermione started to walk up the steep path that led through the scrub pines and was a short cut to the village. She had gone about half the distance when she saw, waddling rapidly toward her and resembling in the thicket some gnome or troll, a short, squat figure which she recognized as the Finn.

Hermione had several times seen the man at close range, the last of these occasions being while he was propelled to the landing in a wheelbarrow, insensible from drink and suggesting some great pulpy kraken or other fetid creature of the deep. It had taken the girl a couple of days to get over the effect produced by the sight of the sodden, inert body, bloated, purple face, with its shock of wild, black hair, and the misshapen limbs dangling and flopping grotesquely over the sides of the barrow.

Now, as she saw him approaching, Hermione felt a strong impulse to turn and bolt. When at the distance of a hundred yards she could distinguish the pallid face, which the sun seemed powerless to tan. As he drew closer she observed with a shudder the wide cleft in the upper lip and the eyes set so painfully askew that the man was forced to turn his head almost at right angles to his shoulders in order to look at an object in front of him.

Pride kept Hermione straight on her course; then, as the Finn drew near, it occurred to her to give the note to him. This would obviate furnishing information to a possibly curious and inquisitive postmistress, for both the Shark and the Daffodil had spent a good deal of the summer at Shoal Harbor, where the striking personality of Applebo must have attracted a certain amount of attention.

Therefore, as the Finn drew abreast of her, Hermione made a sign with her hand. His head still cocked sideways and somewhat curiously suggesting that of a sea bird hunting its food in the spray, the man waddled up. Hermione, watching him half in disgust, half in curiosity, received a surprise. For the face of the Finn, distorted as it was, held nevertheless a sort of wild and spiritual beauty. Whether this was because of an expression of infinite pathos and suffering, or owing to the beautifully shaped forehead and deep velvety brown of the eyes, Hermione could not have said; but suddenly all of her repulsion vanished, leaving only kindliness and pity. The expression in the great melting brown eyes, twisted as they were, suggested that which one might see in the eyes of a faithful Newfoundland, his back broken by a motor car.

Hermione held out her letter. The Finn took it with a smile, then bowed.

"For your master," said Hermione.

The Finn smiled and nodded.

"Yo, leddy," said he.

Hermione, thinking to tip him, opened her purse. To her surprise the man sprang back, while an expression almost of fright filled the misshapen face.

"Na—na—na!" he mumbled. Hermione noticed that while he held up one big, gnarled hand, as if in protest, he was nevertheless drawing nearer, and that in a stealthy, sidelong way. Startled, she snapped shut her pocketbook.

"What's the matter?" she asked sharply.

The Finn's face fell. He drew the back of his hand across his forehead. Hermione saw that it was beaded with perspiration.

The Finn looked at her with a tragic sort of smile, pointed to the purse, then made a motion as of one drinking deeply. Hermione understood.

"You are afraid that if I give you some change you may drink?" she asked.

The Finn nodded vigorously, stood for a moment regarding her, then with a tug at his forelock turned on his heel and scuttled off down the slope toward the landing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

For Your POCKET'S Sake Read This!

This pocket pulls and puckers, crumpling the whole coatfront.

This pocket is as trim and true as the day it came from the tailor.

This is the "BARTELL PATENT POCKET"—*"The Pocket With The Inner Pleat."*

WHICH Do You Choose?

LITTLE articles, big articles, all articles of weight and bulk pull the old-style pocket *askew*—cause it to *sink* and *slope*—spoil the symmetrical lines that a tailor has spent days and care in *needling* into the coat. The *steady* sag of a *pulling* pocket throws the entire garment out of *proportion*—makes the coatfront *curl* and *crease*—creates a *nest of wrinkles* on and around the pocket, which *no* amount of pressing can iron *out*—undoes *all* the effect of the best tailoring.

The "BARTELL PATENT POCKET"

"The Pocket With The Inner Pleat"

The peculiar *patented* construction of the **Bartell**—*"The Pocket With The Inner Pleat"*—prevents these defects and keeps the pocket *stroight* and *trim* from the day you *stort* to wear the coat, till the day you *stop* wearing it.

At first glance you can't tell the **"Bartell Patent Pocket"** from the ordinary *sogging* pocket. It's "a friend on the inside." The only difference is, that it stays *everlostingly* smooth, *everlostingly* straight—*everlastingly* free from dragging, sagging, pulling or puckering.

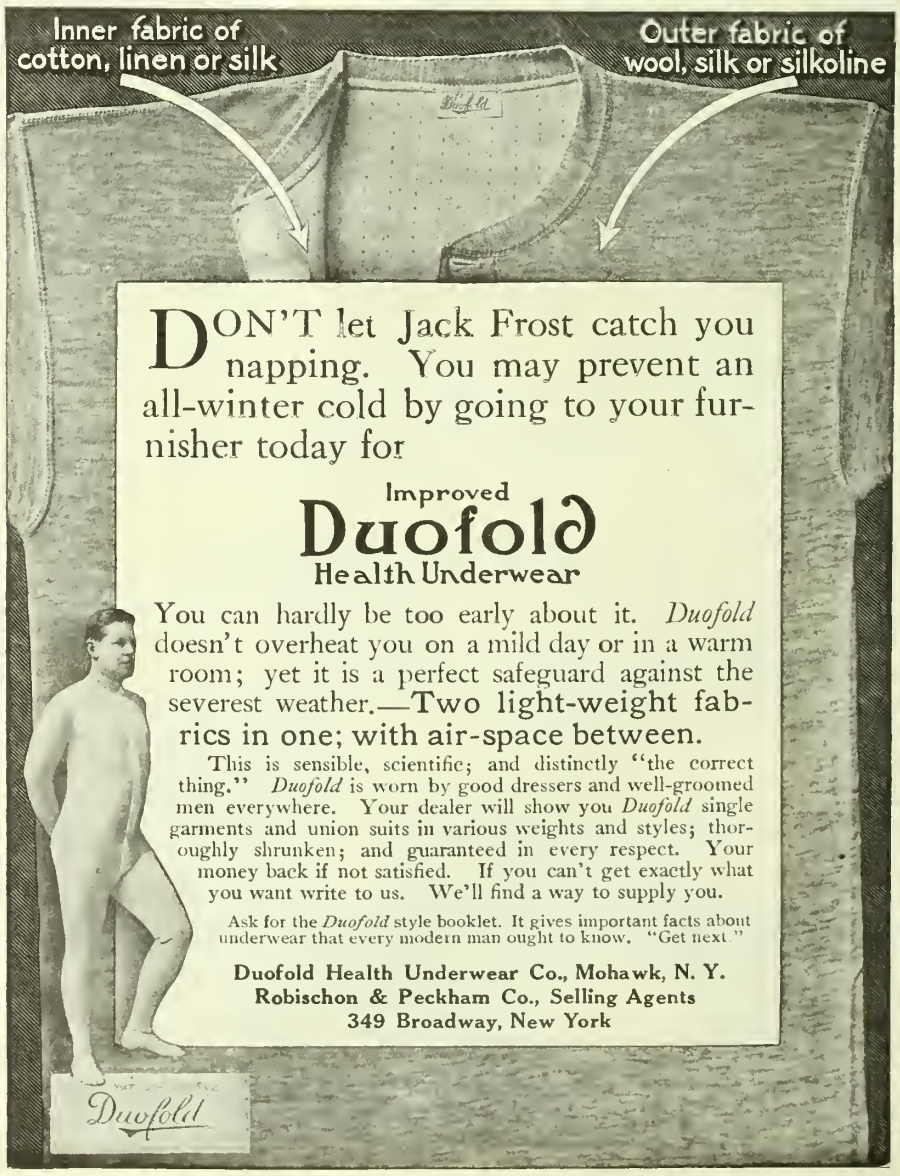
Your *toilor* or your *clothier* will see that your *next* suit or overcoat has **"Bartell Patent Pockets,"** if you are *resolute* in demanding them. They add *not* o *penny* to the cost of clothes. They add greatly to their *good looks*, by keeping the *pockets* and *front* of the most or least expensive coat *symmetrical* and *perfectly proportioned* without an unsightly bulge or wrinkle anywhere.

Get the "BARTELL PATENT POCKET!"

Be *sure* that you get *"The Pocket With The Inner Pleat."* Don't take *"No!"* for an answer. It may seem a *little* thing to you, but it will make a *big* difference in the "smartness" and permanent shapeliness of your clothes. **"Bartell Patent Pockets"** are used in most good clothes, whether they are sold under the *retoiler's* or the *manufocturer's* label.

"Of Interest to Your Pocket" Edition No. 4, is the title of a little booklet we will send you if you write for it. It's well worth reading.

THE BARTELL PATENT POCKET COMPANY, 13 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK



PARKER

LUCKY CURVE FountainPens

INKS THE POINT NOT THE FINGERS

Cleanly because of the LUCKY CURVE

Here is a decidedly different fountain pen. No inking of your fingers, no dripping of ink when you remove the cap—no sudden blots and smudges, because the Parker has a *curved, self-draining* ink feed—the Lucky Curve. In common fountain pens the *straight* ink feeds retain ink after you stop writing, until air, expanded in the reservoir by the heat of the body, forces it into the cap, where it disagreeably surprises you when you remove the cap to write.

But the *curved* ink feed—the Lucky Curve of the Parker—through the action of capillary attraction, clears the ink channel of ink as soon as you have stopped writing. The Lucky Curve is SELF-DRAINING—and so overcomes the uncleanliness of leaky Fountain Pens. And the Lucky Curve is a distinctive, patented feature of the Parker, not replaced or duplicated in any other pen.

This, then, is the thing to *remember*—that there are only two kinds of fountain pens—the *Parker*, cleanly because of the curved ink feed—the Lucky Curve, and the common, straight ink feed type, likely to ink your fingers when you remove the cap to write. The Parker is mechanically *perfected*—a smooth, quick, dependable writer serviceable for a life-time.

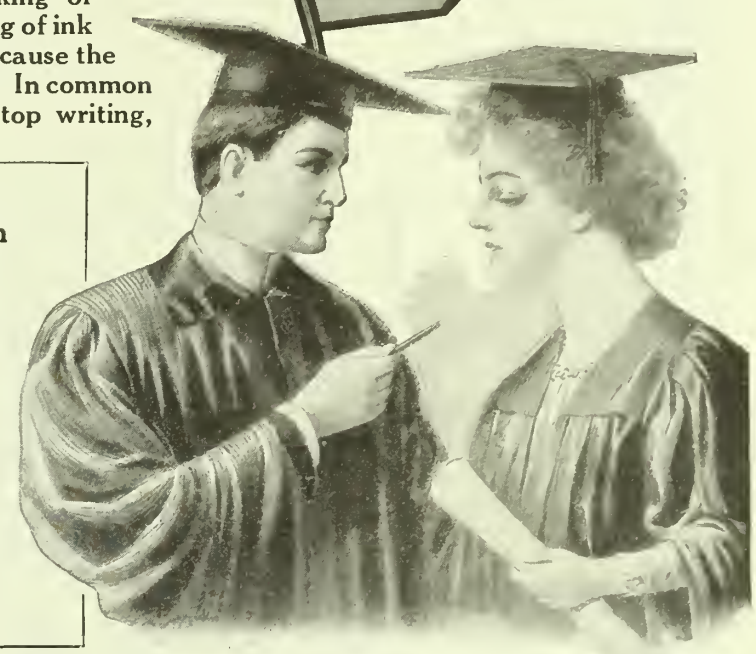
Part of a Good Education

Everywhere the cleanly Parker is a convenience and a helpful work tool, but nowhere has it greater usefulness than in the school, academy or college class-room.

And nowhere is the characteristic cleanliness of the Parker more appreciated and necessary.

The cleanly Parker in the class-room means legible notes written in ink. It means a habit of neatness in written work, which is a factor in getting high marks.

But it is its ever present, cleanly convenience that makes it the constant companion of the student, business man, office worker, etc.—the helpful work tool to every user of ink.

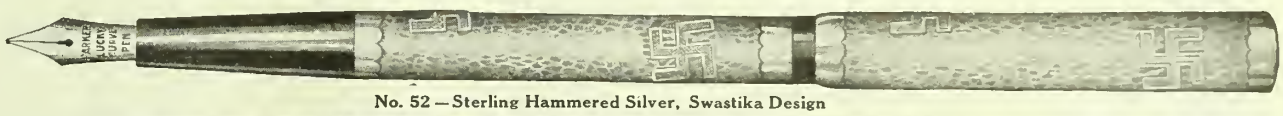


LUCKY CURVE

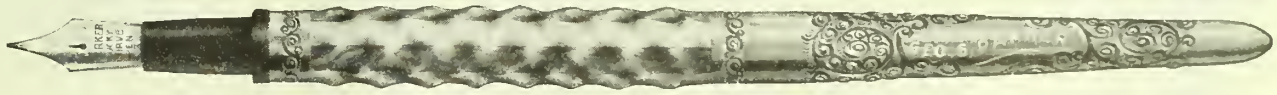
TRY BEFORE YOU BUY

My idea is to let my pen sell itself. It's *try* before you *buy*, with the Parker—and no dealer will consider the sale closed until you have carried the pen in your pocket long enough to test it thoroughly in your work and proved it the satisfactory pen for your use. If the pen is not as good as I recommend, take it back and the dealer will refund your money. I'll guarantee that in workmanship and general quality you will never find a Parker less than perfect. If so, I want to know about it. A year's guarantee and a year's insurance policy providing for repairs in case of breakage go with every Parker. All this, I think, shows the confidence I have in my pen, and it's a confidence born of full knowledge of the Lucky Curve, the quality and workmanship that make the Parker decidedly superior in its writing quality, durability and cleanliness.

Geo. S. Parker

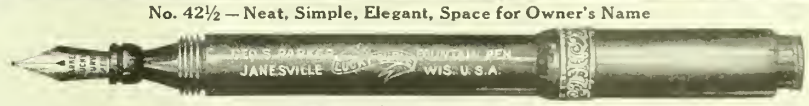


No. 52—Sterling Hammered Silver, Swastika Design



No. 46—18 K Gold Filled Filigree Design—Corrugated Tinted Pearl Slabs

No. 42½—Neat, Simple, Elegant, Space for Owner's Name



Jack Knife Safety

The PARKER Jack Knife SAFETY PEN

I call this a safety pen because it is safe from leaking no matter in what position you carry it—even upside down.

It has no valves, pistons, or disappearing mechanism, and it is because of this simplicity of construction that it's practical and durable for a life-time. Ladies carry it in the purse or shopping bag. Men like to carry it safe from loss flat in the lower vest pocket, and, as far as leaking is concerned, can safely carry it in the trousers pocket along with the jack knife. It's as handy as a short lead pencil. Baby size, with No. 2 pen and gold band, $3.00—without gold band, $2.50. Plain, with larger sized gold pen, $3, $4 and $5, according to size.

SOLD BY DEALERS

AT $1.50 TO $250.00

Any Parker dealer will let you carry any Parker pen ten days before he calls it a sale—just to prove its cleanliness and to be sure you get just the exact size barrel and pen to suit your writing habits. If you can't find a Parker dealer write to me direct.

Write for illustrated catalog showing all designs, styles and prices of Parker Pens.

PARKER PEN COMPANY, Geo. S. Parker, Pres., 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

BRANCHES—Parker Pen Co., 11 Park Row, New York City (retail); Canadian Branch, Buntin, Gillies & Co., Hamilton and Montreal, Canada; European Branch, Parker Pen Co., Stuttgart, Germany

"THE SHAPE-MAKER" is our name for an entirely new model in a suit; the best thing developed in clothes-making for many years. It is especially suited to young men. No other maker has it; and only dealers in our goods can show it.

The trousers are made to wear without suspenders, even without a belt; with comfort; they will not slip down. They are shaped to fit snugly around the body; the wearer is constantly reminded to stand and walk erect; throw out the chest a little; the coat is made to fit such a figure.

We call this new model "Shape-maker," because wearing it will gradually develop the smart, athletic figure so much desired by men from 18 years up to middle age. There is no strain on the body; an erect figure and carriage are helped; deep breathing assisted; actually a "Shape-maker." You'd better see this new model before you buy your fall clothes.

As a rule dealers in our clothes are progressive merchants; they show it by identifying themselves with our name and line; you'll probably have no trouble in finding such a dealer near at hand. Such goods as ours are an always available asset; they are profitable to both you and the dealer; and mutual profit creates mutual confidence; and that makes permanent trade.

For your own profit first of all, ask for and buy our clothes. If you want to see the correct styles, send six cents for the fall Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

WHY THEY GO

(Continued from Page 17)

But once on a time, I am free to explain,
Bohemians dwelt in Manhattan's domain.
All night they caroused
And quoted Verlaine,
On absinthe they browsed
And worshiped the Brain;
In a table d'hôte heaven they lived in their glory
Till the Sun wrote 'em up for a big Sunday story.
Then the near-Paris glamour continued no more
And Commerce hitched up to Bohemia's shore.

Then Gaspard, the Manager, got very wise,
Built an addition and opened his eyes,
Fixed a gold sign to his gaudy exterior,
Watered the wine—which was always inferior—
Stocked up with garlics, spaghettis and sagos,
Hired a quartet of pestiferous Dagos,
Advertised loudly in evening sheets:

CAFÉ DE L'ARCADIE—HERE'S THE BIG EATS!!

Artists' Headquarters—Refined—Up to Date

First-Class Bohemia—$1 per plate

Now in flock the Tourists on foot and on wheels,
Hansoms and taxis and automobiles.
You first slip a tip in the tip-seeking grip
Of Jacques, the Head Waiter, who'll daintily skip
With that servile agility native to France
And show you a table—reserved in advance.

Pretty Miss Gloria,
Just from Peoria,
Thinks it more "quaint" than the Waldorf-Astoria.
She scarcely refrains
From saying "Zut, zut!"
(A critic explains
You should rhyme this with "nut.")
The air growing thick and the talk growing thicker,
The waiters rush madly with viands and liquor,
Or, struggling like sailors o'er storm-driven decks,
Spill homely French sauces down comely Dutch necks.
The Dago quartet warble airs from Loo-chee-a
Or stretch their fat throats to the sad "Car-r-a Mia."
Three youthful photographers, hired for the part,
Sit corduroy-clad and talk loudly of Art,
While Mr. Gus Schwartz, to the Lady in Pink,
Remarks: 'This shebang's on the blink, I don't think.
The Plaza for tea is all right for the Wife,
But me for Bohemyer—it's what I call Life!"

The rubberneck wagons start off with a hoot
"Seeing Bohemia"—popular route.
You can dine on chop-suey which isn't Chinese,
Or hit the Art Centers which Art never sees;
You can drop in on Murray's near-Pompeian state
Or the Café de Lobstera's heathenish gate;
You can loaf for a while in the gaudy Beaux Arts
And see some Real Actors—or maybe a Star;
But if you would go where the Real Artists dine,
I'll hint, fellow tourist, a secret of mine:
Since Art has by Commerce been raised from its worries
You won't find the artists at Lüchow's or Murray's,
But quietly dining like magnates—at Sherry's.

VII

(Fragment entitled "Song," written on top of a Fifth Avenue bus.)

Cousin Hank, of Sodaville,
Just came down to New York way
For to see his Cousin Frank,
Who's aworkin' in a bank,
Doin' very well, they say.

"Howdy, Frank!" says Cousin Hank.
"Hail!" says Frank, "I'm glad you know me.
Do you want to see the Town?"
"That," says Hank, "is why I'm down.
What's some sights that you can show me?"

"Well," says Frank, "now let me see—
There's a show at the Casino—
'Girlie Girlies' is a dream,
'Summer Bachelors' a scream—
Then there's Madame Peacherino——"

"Pshaw!" says Hank; "that ain't my style.
This is what I want to see:
Flatiron Buildin' after dark,
Brooklyn Bridge and Central Park
And that Goddess Liberty."

Frank set forth with some disdain,
Scorning Hank's bucolic handmarks,
Walked perspiring, limp and dank,
Showing jolly Cousin Hank
Gotham's justly famous landmarks.

First they went to Bedloe's Isle
Freedom's Statue for to see.
Hank gazed up with sagging jaw.
"What's 'er height?" he asked in awe.
Frank yawned twice and said: "Search me!"

Next they went to Brooklyn Bridge.
Hank, ecstatic, stood atop.
"What's the name o' that there man
Who constructed this here span?"
Frank responded: "Ask the cop!"

Trinity's historic yard
Next they entered for a view.
"Kindly tell me, cousin dear,
Names of great men buried here."
"Fudge!" said Frank; "I never knew."

When that night they went to dine
Hank took Frank to task like this:
"City folks confuse me so—
Ain't there nothin' that you know
'Bout this great Metropulis?"

"Hank," said Frank, "if you should ask
Questions touching Sport or Stage;
What's the Giants' latest score?
How's the market running? or
What is Marie Dressler's age?

"Facts like these I'd glibly tell,
For at figures I'm a corker;
But this dull, historic lore,
Sights and landmarks—how they bore!"
"Gosh!" said Hank; *"You durned New Yorker!"*

VIII

(Ballad of Happy Destiny, written while studying the masses from a hansom cab.)

Oh, Blackwell's Island sitteth cool
Within East River's muddy pool,
Its gray walls seeming to inquire:
"O City, why should you perspire?
When here's an Island circled round
With Arctic breezes from the Sound,
A Perfect Jail—come on, O Gents,
And join our happy residents!"

(Head waiter, bring me something cold
And I'll to you a tale unfold.)

'Twas Saturday in August's prime.
John Smith, the teamster, sat sublime
In his apartment 4 x 2
In lower Seventh Avenue.
John on his daughter Mary Ann
Bestowed a dime: "Go chase the can
Across the street to Jimmy Budd's
And beat it with the quart of suds."

All by the open window-ledge
Leaned Mrs. Smith across the edge
And Mrs. Nusbaum thus addressed:
"Yes, Maine's a nice, cool place to rest—
Atlantic City's swell, that's sure—
But what's the use when folks is poor?
My John he's such a shiftless yap——"
Quoth John serenely: "Close yer trap!"

The beer came in. John comfort drew
And read the Evening Journal through—
"Tremendous Heat-Wave Strikes the State!!
Thermometer now 98!!"
He drained the pail and muttered "Gee!"
Said Mrs. Smith: "There ought to be
Some place where poor folks could keep cool."
John said: "As usual, ye're a fool."

A phonograph across the street
Out-banged A Hot Time through the heat.
The night closed down like smoke on fire,
The great god Mercury rose higher
And from the Smiths' obscure abode
Infernal noises did explode,
The sound of glassware smiting tin.
Quoth Mike the cop: "Smith's home agin."

So Mike the cop, with sweating brow,
Charged on the Smiths to end the row.
He forced the door—and there he found
That Mrs. Smith her lord had downed,
For, in the fray, she'd chanced to haul
A Roosevelt portrait from the wall,
Through which, with strength of courage bred,
She'd jammed his lordship's bleeding head.

I Would Gladly Give $1000

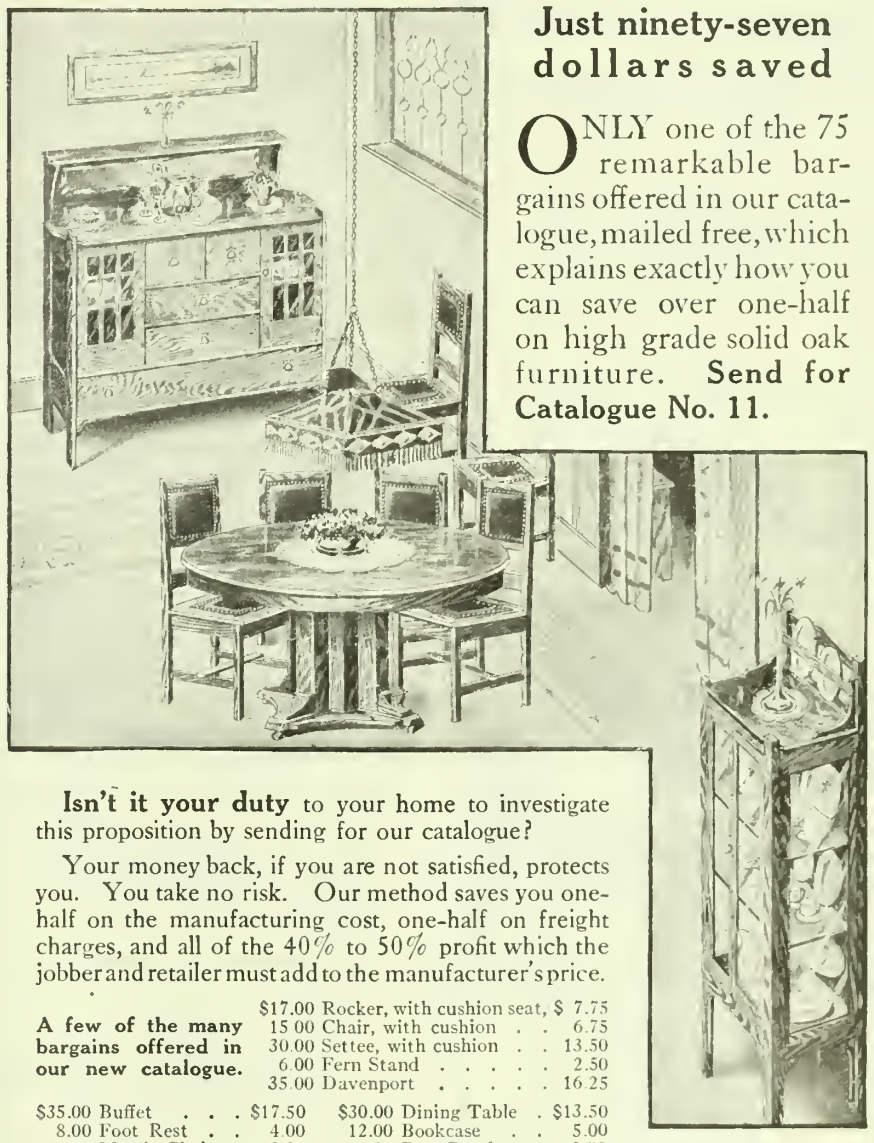
for the correct solution of the following problem.

Why I am actually paying $350.00 for this little space just to state the question.

A few months ago I placed an advertisement in *The Saturday Evening Post* similar to the one below this. I received about 3000 inquiries. Now the *Post* has a circulation of 1,500,000; therefore, I interested one person in every 500. That advertisement made the same remarkable offer as the one following this. Told how anyone can save over half the purchase price on furniture, and guaranteed satisfaction. I know that more than one out of every 500 readers are interested in saving money on beautiful furniture. It's everyone's duty to themselves and family to get the best possible for the least money. That's true, isn't it? Well then what's the answer? Just read the advertisement below carefully and tell me why I can't interest at least one out of every ten.

C. C. BROOKS.

A $173.00 Dining Room Suite for $76.00



Just ninety-seven dollars saved

ONLY one of the 75 remarkable bargains offered in our catalogue, mailed free, which explains exactly how you can save over one-half on high grade solid oak furniture. **Send for Catalogue No. 11.**

Isn't it your duty to your home to investigate this proposition by sending for our catalogue?

Your money back, if you are not satisfied, protects you. You take no risk. Our method saves you one-half on the manufacturing cost, one-half on freight charges, and all of the 40% to 50% profit which the jobber and retailer must add to the manufacturer's price.

A few of the many bargains offered in our new catalogue.

		$17.00 Rocker, with cushion seat,	$ 7.75
		15.00 Chair, with cushion . .	6.75
		30.00 Settee, with cushion . .	13.50
		6.00 Fern Stand	2.50
		35.00 Davenport	16.25
$35.00 Buffet . . .	$17.50	$30.00 Dining Table .	$13.50
8.00 Foot Rest . .	4.00	12.00 Bookcase . .	5.00
25.00 Morris Chair .	12.25	40.00 Den Couch . .	18.00
25.00 Library Table .	11.25	50.00 Davenport . .	22.00
50.00 Dining Table .	19.50	15.00 Porch Swing .	6.75

Ask for furniture catalogue No. 11

Brooks Mfg. Co., 209 Rust Avenue, Saginaw, Michigan

BRIGHTEN UP *Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using* WASHBURNE'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS

75,000,000

SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade O. K. Mark

Made of brass, 3 sizes. In brass boxes of 100. Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER! All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated booklet free.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. No 1B

PATENTS Send sketch or model for FREE SEARCH. Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions wanted

WATSON E. COLEMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C. **FREE**

Which Price Do You Pay? $17.50 or $8.75?

This Morris Chair in Quartered White Oak costs you the high price at any store—you save half or more buying direct from our factory "in sections" ready to fasten. Choice of seven finishes.

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

One Hundred and Fifty other handsome pieces in our new catalog. Write for it today.

$8.75 with cushions.

Come Packt Furniture Co., 914 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

PUMPS WATER WITHOUT COST

If there's a stream on your land install a NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM

Just what is needed on every farm. Write for catalogue A D and estimate.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE COMPANY
140 Nassau St., New York Factory: Chester, Pa

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for name in strap

The Apex *LACE BOOT Patent Colt Stock. Dull Calf if you want. Note the sole.*

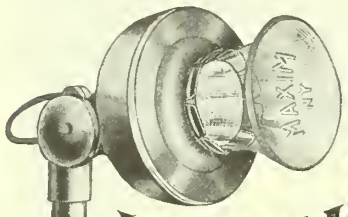
Just Men's Fine Shoes that's all we make—no surprise we make them *right*. Our difficulty is in getting you to try the first pair—no shoe troubles after that; but back to the Florsheim dealer for another pair.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Our booklet "The Shoeman" shows "A style for any taste—a fit for every foot."

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.



HERE IS A

MAXIM
ANTISEPTIC TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE

It has a nickeled brass socket which fits every phone and never works loose. A highly polished glass funnel which snaps in and out the socket, and a medicated air filter which keeps your phone

Constantly Antiseptic
50 Cents, Complete
at all stationers, druggists and electrical supply stores.

"Have you a 'Maxim' Mouthpiece on your Phone"?

None genuine unless "Maxim" appears in glass.

Maxim Specialty Co.

11 Waverly Place, New York — Send for Descriptive Booklet
17 Quincy Street, Chicago — Active Agents Wanted Everywhere

FINE HARDWOOD FLOORS

Most economical, healthful and satisfactory—for old or new houses, different patterns to match furnishings. Outwear carpets. Stocks carried in the leading cities. Plain or Ornamental. Thick or Thin. Write for Book of Designs

THE INTERIOR HARDWOOD CO. Mfr's Indianapolis.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. **How to Obtain a Patent** and **What to Invent** with **list of inventions wanted** and **prizes** offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Scene Two: The Smiths in court arrayed
Their sordid, sticky tale portrayed.
The good wife told how heat, plus beer,
Had driven John completely queer:
How they'd begun, midst hot retorts,
An argument on Health Resorts;
How she had favored Newport's style,
But John had stuck for Coney Isle.

Then spoke the Judge, with specs askew:
"Two months in Blackwell's, both of you!"
John drew his helpmeet to his breast.
"Two months in Blackwell's—Heaven be blessed!
For sixty happy days we'll sport
Within the Poor Man's Health Resort—
Oh, Judge, I beg for me and wife,
Please change the sentence—*make it life!*"

IX

The queenly Fifth Avenue sits in her pride
With the sign "Much Reduced" to her crown plainly tied.
And the shopkeepers sly
Who, in winter and fall,
Charge awfully high
For a clientèle small
Now rig up their windows with bargains to view
As stridently eager as Sixt' Avenoo.

Pretty Miss Gloria
Just from Peoria,
Here for a week at the Waldorf-Astoria,
Flies to the street,
Despising the heat,
Takes in the shops from a taxicab seat.
Leaving poor Pa,
She drags out poor Ma,
Passes each shop with a stifled "Hurrah!"
There's Mlle. Violette's glorious window,
Turbans in shapes that would startle a Hindu—
Aigrettes and dingbats and love-knots methodical.
"Oh, they're too sweet!" cries the maiden rhapsodical.
"Only ten dollars—my head's fairly swimming—
Back in Peoria that wouldn't buy trimming!"
Well, ere the night hits the Waldorf-Astoria,
Long lines of hat-boxes marked "For Miss Gloria"
Startle poor Father, who, back in Peoria,
Wears paper collars
And thinks seven dollars
Rather too steep for a woman's fool toque.
Harshly he cries: "It's a pretty poor joke—
Eighty-six dollars for nine dinky hats—
Cheaper than back in Peoria? Rats!
I tell you, young lady, you're driving me hairless
To keep you in money—you're getting so careless."

So saying, poor Father, the greedy old sinner,
Sits down and spends thirty-eight dollars for dinner.

Upper Fifth Avenue, boarded and gray,
Bears the mute symbol of "Owners Away."
Stocksellers, Astorbilts, Gorgons, and so forth,
Solemnly pull down the blinds as they go forth,
Nail up the windows and fold up the mats,
Leaving the steps to the servants and cats.

Out by the Park where the statue of Sherman
Sits his gold horse in a pose rather German,
Victory swinging her laurel-loop high,
Like a lasso to rope in chauffeurs scorching by,
Thither the sons of the tenements pass,
Laden with blankets, to sleep on the grass:
Overworked mothers and underworked hoboes,
Comatose immigrants snoring like oboes,
Lie in the breeze
Under the trees
While the dim stars through the heat-haze peep down,
Pity surveying the Pitiless Town.
There on the lawn
May they stretch till the dawn,
Praising the mighty Protector of All,
Whence springs security,
Bliss in futurity,
Boss of all foreigners—Tammany Hall!

Dust Every Day With LIQUID VENEER

IT takes away the drudgery of ordinary dusting and cleaning. All dust and dirt gathered up and carried away on the cloth—not stirred up to settle again. At the same time it restores the new, polished appearance of your piano, tables, chairs and woodwork. Hardwood floors should always be cleaned with Liquid Veneer if you want to preserve their beauty.

Sold On Our Guarantee

Buy a bottle of Liquid Veneer of any dealer—give it a fair trial, following directions—then if you are not fully satisfied—take it back to the dealer and he will refund your money. Can we be more fair?

Sample Bottle Free!

If you have never used Liquid Veneer write at once for a sample bottle. It will be sent Free and Prepaid.

Sold by all dealers, 25c, 50c, $1.00 bottles.

Buffalo Specialty Co., 374 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MANY DOLLARS SAVED IN BUILDING

Write for FREE Samples and Booklet Describing

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD AND SHEATHING

Bishopric Wall Board is cheaper and better than Lath and Plaster; also saves time in building.

This practical substitute for lath and plaster is easily nailed to studding. Being applied dry, it is at once ready for paint, paper or burlap. Saves time and labor; is clean, sanitary; guaranteed

Proof against Moisture, Heat, Cold, Sound, Vermin

Bishopric Wall Board is made of kiln-dried dressed lath, IMBEDDED in hot Asphalt Mastic, and surfaced with sized cardboard; is cut at the factory into uniform sheets 4 x 4 ft. sq. and three-eighths of an inch thick. These sheets (delivered in crates) are easily and quickly nailed to studding ready for wall paper, paint or burlap. It is guaranteed.

ITS MANY USES:—Bishopric Wall Board is used for dwellings, pleasure, health resort and factory buildings, new partitions in old buildings, finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages.

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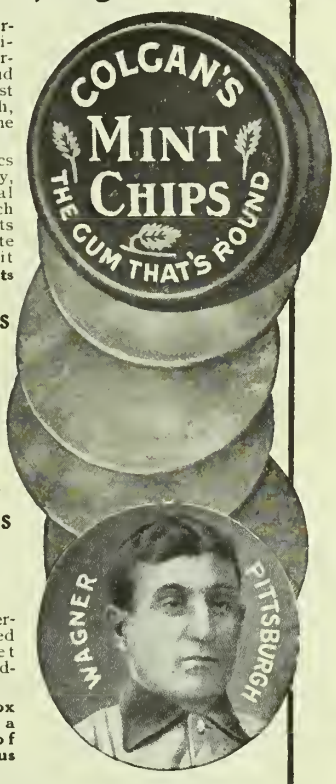

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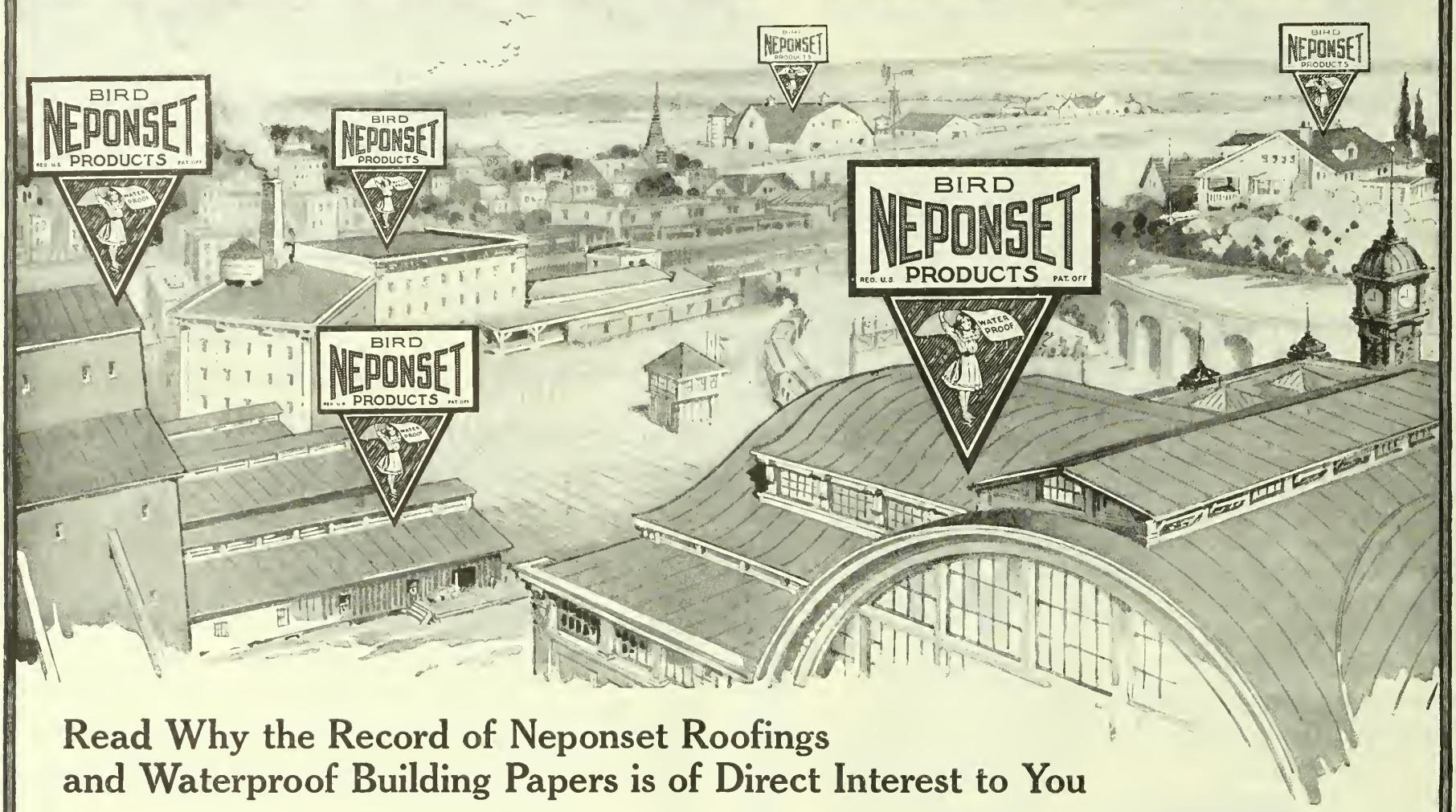

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The Innocence of Father Brown

(Continued from Page 15)

worked mostly in Germany. We've communicated, of course, with the German police. But, oddly enough, there was a twin brother of his, named Louis Becker, with whom we had a great deal to do. In fact, we found it necessary to guillotine him only the other day. Well, it's a rum thing, gentlemen, but when I saw that fellow flat on the lawn I had the greatest jump of my life. If I hadn't seen Louis Becker guillotined with my own eyes I'd have sworn it was Louis Becker lying there in the grass. Then, of course, I remembered his twin brother in Germany, and following ——"

The explanatory Ivan stopped for the excellent reason that nobody was listening to him. The commandant and the doctor were both staring at Father Brown, who had sprung stiffly to his feet and was holding his temples tight like a man in sudden and violent pain.

"Stop! stop! stop!" he cried. "Stop talking a minute, for I see half. Will my brain make the one jump and see all? Heaven help me! I used to be fairly good at thinking. I could paraphrase any page in Aquinas once. Will my head split—or shall it see? I see half—I only see half."

He buried his head in his hands and stood in a sort of rigid torture of thought or prayer; the other three could only go on staring at this last prodigy of their wild twelve hours.

When Father Brown's hands fell they showed a face quite fresh and serious, like a child's. He heaved a huge sigh and said: "Let us get this said and done with as quickly as possible. Look here! This will be the quickest way to convince you all of the truth." He turned to the doctor. "Doctor Simon," he said, "you have a strong headpiece, and I heard you this morning asking the five hardest questions about this business. Well, if you will ask them again I will answer them."

Simon's *pince-nez* dropped from his nose in his doubt and wonder, but he answered at once: "Well, the first question, you know, is why a man should kill another with a clumsy saber at all, when a man can kill with a bodkin."

"A man cannot behead with a bodkin," said Brown calmly, "and, for this murder, beheading was absolutely necessary."

"Why?" asked O'Brien with interest.

"And the next question?" asked Brown.

"Well, why didn't the man cry out or anything?" asked the doctor. "Sabers in gardens are certainly unusual."

"Twigs," said the priest gloomily, and turned to the window which looked on the scene of death. "No one saw the point of the twigs. Why should they lie on that lawn—look at it—so far from any tree? They were not snapped off, they were chopped off. The murderer occupied his enemy with some tricks with the saber, showing how he could cut a branch in mid-air or what not. Then, while his enemy bent down to see the result, a silent slash and the head fell."

"Well," said the doctor slowly, "that seems plausible enough. But my last two questions will stump any one."

The priest still stood, looking critically out of the window, and waited.

"You know how all the garden was sealed up like an air-tight chamber," said the doctor quietly. "Well, how did the strange man get into the garden?"

Without turning around the little priest answered: "There never was any strange man in the garden."

There was a silence, and then a cackle of almost childish laughter relieved the strain. The almost indecent absurdity of Brown's remark moved Ivan to open taunts.

"Oh," he cried, "then we didn't lug a great, fat corpse on to a sofa last night? He hadn't got into the garden, I suppose?"

"Got into the garden?" repeated Brown reflectively. "No, not entirely."

"Hang it all!" cried Simon; "a man gets into a garden, or he doesn't."

"Not necessarily," said the priest with a faint smile. "What is the next question, Doctor?"

"I fancy you're ill," said Doctor Simon sharply, "but I'll ask the next question if you like. How did Brayne get out of the garden?"

"He didn't get out of the garden," said the priest, still looking out of the window.

"Didn't get out of the garden?" exploded Simon.

"Not completely," said Father Brown.

Simon shook his fists in a frenzy of French logic. "A man gets out of a garden, or he doesn't," he cried.

"Not always," said Father Brown.

Doctor Simon sprang to his feet impatiently. "I have no time to spare on such senseless talk," he cried angrily. "If you can't understand a man being on one side of a wall or the other I won't trouble you further."

"Doctor," said the cleric very gently, "we have always got on very pleasantly together. If only for the sake of old friendship, stop and tell me your fifth question."

The impatient Simon sank into a chair by the door and said briefly: "The head and shoulders were cut about in a queer way. It seemed to be done after death."

"Yes," said the motionless priest; "it was done so as to make you assume exactly the one falsehood that you did assume; it was done to make you take for granted that the head belonged to the body."

The borderland of the brain, where all the monsters are made, moved horribly in the Gaelic O'Brien. He felt the chaotic presence of all the horsemen and fish-women that man's unnatural fancy has begotten. A voice older than his first fathers seemed saying in his ear: "Keep out of the monstrous garden where grows the tree with double fruit. Avoid the evil garden where died the man with two heads." Yet, while these shameful symbolic shapes passed across the ancient mirror of his Irish soul, his intellect was quite alert and was watching the old priest as closely and incredulously as all the rest.

Father Brown had turned around at last, and stood against the window with his face in dense shadow; but even in that shadow they could see it was pale as ashes. Nevertheless, he spoke quite sensibly, as if there were no Gaelic souls on earth.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you did not find the strange body of Becker in the garden. You did not find any strange body in the garden. In face of Doctor Simon's rationalism I still affirm that Becker was only partly present. Look here!"—pointing to the black bulk of the mysterious corpse—"you never saw that man in your lives. Did you ever see this man?"

He rapidly rolled away the bald yellow head of the unknown and put in its place the white-maned head beside it. And there, complete, unified, unmistakable, lay Julius K. Brayne, in his plain black clothes, exactly as they had seen him, large and laughing, in the drawing-room.

"The murderer," went on Brown quietly, "hacked off his enemy's head and flung the sword far over the wall. But he was too clever to fling the sword only. He flung the head over the wall also. Then he had only to clap on another head to the corpse and—as he insisted on a private inquest—you all imagined a totally new man."

"Clap on another head!" said O'Brien, staring. "What other head? Heads don't grow on garden bushes, do tney?"

"No," said Father Brown huskily, and looking at his boots, "there is only one place where they grow. They grow in the basket of the guillotine, beside which the chief of police, Aristide Valentin, was standing not an hour before the murder. Oh, my friends, hear me a minute more before you tear me in pieces! Valentin is an honest man, if being mad for an arguable cause is honesty. But did you never see in that cold, gray eye of his that he is mad? He would do anything, anything, to break what he calls the superstition of the cross. He has fought for it and starved for it, and now he has murdered for it. Brayne's crazy millions had hitherto been scattered among so many sects that they did little to alter the balance of things. But Valentin heard a whisper that Brayne, like so many scatter-brained skeptics, was drifting to us, and that was quite a different thing. Brayne would pour supplies into the impoverished Church of France; he would support six Nationalist newspapers like the Guillotine. The battle was already balanced on a point, and the fanatic took flame at the risk. He resolved to destroy the millionaire, and he did it as one would expect the greatest of detectives to commit his only crime. He abstracted the severed head of Becker on some criminological excuse, and took it home in his official box. He had that last argument with Brayne,

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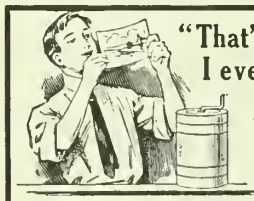

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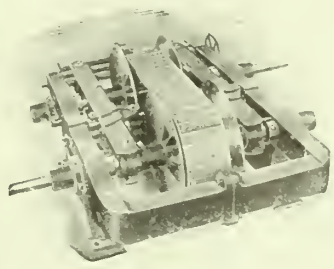

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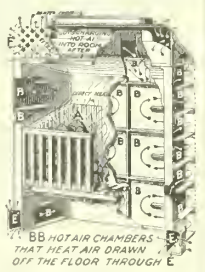

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that Lord Galloway did not hear the end of. When that failed he led him out into the sealed garden, talked to him about swordsmanship, used twigs and a saber for illustration, and ——"

Ivan of the Scar sprang up as if startled out of a trance. The dull rapidity and clearness with which the priest had unfolded the frightful actuality had held them so far with a paralyzed attention, but when Ivan found his voice it was the voice of the convulsed company.

"You filthy lunatic!" he yelled; "and if my master does hate such shovel-hatted liars as you I reckon he's pretty well right. Well, he'll know how to finish you! He'll not leave much of you, my man; and you'll go to him now if I take you by the scruff of the neck."

"Why, I was going there," said Father Brown heavily. "I must ask him to confess and all that. If he does, it is not so very bad, you know, after all."

Driving the unhappy Brown before them like a hostage or human sacrifice, they rushed together toward the back part of the house and tumbled somehow into the sudden stillness of Valentin's study.

The great detective sat at his desk apparently too occupied to hear their turbulent entrance. They paused a moment, and then something in the look of that upright and elegant back made the doctor run forward suddenly. A touch and a glance showed him that there was a small box of pills at Valentin's elbow and that Valentin was dead in his chair, and on the blind face of the suicide was more than the pride of Cato.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of detective stories by Mr. Chesterton. The third will be printed in an early issue.

AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 25)

"I suppose you like my cigars and my brandy and my linen?"

The ghost of a grin touched the man's features.

"Yes, sir," he said with an impudence that captivated Philip.

"All right, my friend; I can stand it as long as you can. . . . And kindly feel in my overcoat for a cigar wrapped in paper. I'll go forward and smoke."

"Sir?"

"The cigar—I put it in my overcoat pocket wrapped in a bit of paper. . . . You—you don't mean to tell me that it's not there!"

Burgess searched the pockets with a perfectly grave face.

"It ain't here; no, sir."

Philip flung himself into the corner of his seat, making no effort to control his laughter.

"Burgess," he managed to say, "the dear old days are returning already. I'll stay here and read; you go forward and smoke that cigar. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

Again, just as he had done every day since leaving camp, he reread Ailsa's letter, settling down in his corner by the dirty, rattling window-pane:

"Everybody writes to you except myself. I know they have told you that it is taking a little longer for me to get well than anybody expected. I was terribly tired. Your father has been so sweet; everybody has been good to me—Celia, poor little Camilla and Stephen. I know that they all write to you; and, somehow, I have been listlessly contented to let them tell you about home matters and wait until my strength returned. But you must not doubt where every waking memory of mine has centered; my thoughts have circled always around that vortex from which, since I first laid eyes on you, they have never strayed.

"Home news is what all good soldiers want; I write for you all I know.

"The city is the same hot, noisy, dirty, dusty, muddy gridiron, changed in no wise except that everywhere one sees invalid soldiers; and there are far too many officers lounging about, presumably on furlough.

"I think Broadway was never so lively, never quite so licentious. Those vivid cafés, saloons, concert halls, have sprung up everywhere; theaters, museums, gardens are in full blast; shops are crowded, hotels, street cars, stages overflowing with careless, noisy, overdressed people. The

"An Invitation to the Dance"

All the waltz kings, all the music monarchs from Strauss to Sousa, from Chopin to Chaminade, are your subjects—

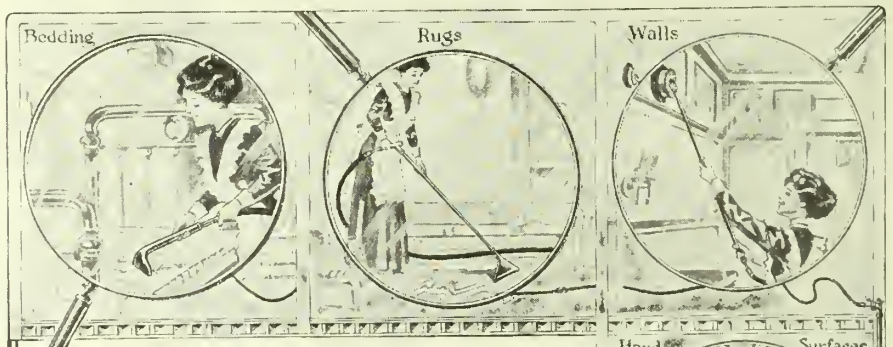
The Baldwin Player-Piano

furnishes fingers of fairy fleetness and the power to accent like an artist. Yet you control the performance; your rhythmic feeling rules.

The Catalogue, describing Baldwin player construction, is complete with player facts. Let us send it. Comparison between the "Baldwin" and other piano-playing inventions emphasizes Baldwin superiority.

Chicago 262 Wabash Ave. | New York 8 E. 34th St. | Indianapolis 18 N. Penn'a St. | Louisville 425 S. Fourth Ave. | Boston 40 Huntington Ave. | St. Louis 1013 Olive St. | San Francisco 310 Sutter St. | Denver 1626 California St.

The Baldwin Company
CINCINNATI



Write for Our Literature

and we will tell you of absolutely the only Vacuum Cleaner that has overcome every fault

The PALM

System of Vacuum Cleaning

WE do not believe it necessary to argue with you about the dangerous diseases lurking in dust, or about the drudgery and the wear and tear on furnishings of housecleaning the old way.

The progressive woman now realizes that an efficient Vacuum Cleaning System is as necessary to keep her home sweet and healthful as a heating system is to keep it warm. But she would rather go back to the broom than *play* at housecleaning with an *inefficient toy* whose only virtue is that it is *portable. Think of a portable heating system!*

You can't afford to *experiment.* You must know exactly what an *efficient* and *Easy to Operate Vacuum Cleaner* is. You must protect yourself by being posted. You can't learn this from an advertisement.

We do mention below a few of the essential points which show the absolute superiority of The PALM. It is well to keep these in mind and also our guarantee of 50 per cent more efficiency for the same amount of power than any other cleaner, and the ease with which The PALM System is installed in the home. But to educate yourself rightly, you must *read up* and *see* the system *work.*

So we suggest that you write today for list of users and for literature which explains all about The PALM System in easily understood language. Then we will tell you who our agent in your territory is so that you can go and *see* The PALM System in operation. For when you know what we know about Vacuum Cleaners your choice must be The PALM System. Write today.

Palm Points
(Clip this for reference)

1. Guaranteed 50% more efficiency for the same power.
2. Operated by electric push button on any floor—no walking down to basement to oil.
3. Reciprocating engine (not rotary) with equalizing chamber. Runs in water at slow speed. Rust and wear impossible.
4. Simple—only two moving parts to engine—no noise.
5. No dry bag strainers, all dust carried off by water—no dust to wear on engine bearings.

PALM VACUUM CLEANER CO.
36 and 40 Bates Street Detroit, Michigan

Palm Patent Notice

The PALM System is the only one of its kind. It is thoroughly protected by several broad basic patents covering all of its exclusive features. Infringements will be speedily prosecuted.

In Walking

The C·M·C Garter holds the sock securely, adjusting itself to every motion without binding the leg.

In Resting

all strain is relieved by the Swivel Catch making the garter so easy you forget you have it on.

C·M·C GARTER

"The Garter Without Objections"

Men Prefer it because it

Will not Tear the Stocking.
Will not Bind the Leg.
Will not Unfasten or Slip.
Each Garter for either Leg.
No cords to Chafe or Break.

25 cents will convince you

The best dealers have them, or sample pair by mail. Send your dealer's name and 25 cents.

Clark Mfg. Co.
246 P Summer Street, Boston, Mass.
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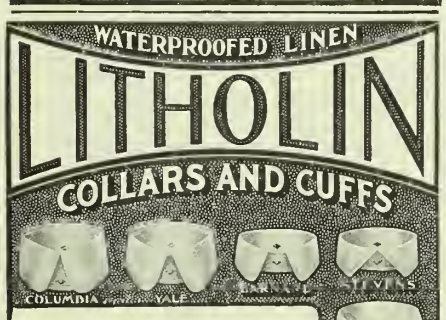

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If you wear **LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs** they keep their shape anywhere and don't wilt or fray. There's no laundering—you just wipe them clean, and they are like new. You save not less than $16 a year. Unlike Celluloid and Rubber, they look like ordinary linen, and are cut in every fashionable style, and in all sizes. Have clean linen all the time, at no cost.

Collars 25c ***Cuffs 50c***

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If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, number wanted, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

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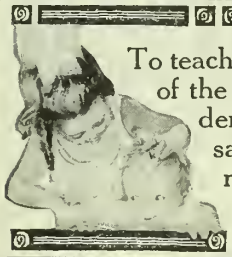
7 Waverly Place, New York



To teach the regular care of the teeth, a *pleasant* dentifrice is necessary. It's a treat, not a task for the children to use—

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

because of its *delicious efficiency.*

The antiseptic, anti-acid cream, that is delicious without the presence of sugar, efficient without "grit," and all that is beneficial without any injurious effect.

Trial tube for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P. 55 John St., N. Y.

city is *en fête;* and somehow when I think of that Dance of Death thundering ceaselessly just south of us, it appalls me to encounter such gayety and irresponsibility in the streets.

"Yet, after all, it may be the safety-valve of a brave people. Those whirling daily in the Dance of Death have, at least, the excitement to sustain them. Here the tension is constant and terrible; and the human mind cannot endure too much tragedy. . . . They say our President fits a witticism to the tragedy of every battlefield; but it may be to preserve his own reason through these infernal years. He has the saddest eyes of any man since the last martyr died.

"England behaves badly. It was her God-given opportunity to stand by us. She has had chance after chance since the last patriot died from lack of food and air in this sad old city of New York. . . . The Prince Consort is kind; his wife is inclined to be what he is. Napoleon is the sinister shape behind the arras; and the Tory Government licks his patent-leather boots. Vile is the attitude of England, vile her threats, her sneers, her wicked contempt of a great people in agony. Her murderous Government, bludgeon in hand, stands snarling at us in Mexico; her ministers glare at us from every war port; her press mocks in infamous caricature our unhappy President; only her poor are with us—the poor of England whom our war is starving. Again and again we have forgiven her. But now, standing on our blood-wet battlefields, can we ever again forgive?

"You have heard from your family and from Celia, so what news I write may be no news. Yet I know how it is with soldiers; they never tire of such repetitions.

"Your father is slowly recovering. But he will never sit his saddle again, dear. Don't expect it; the war is over as far as he is concerned. But never have my eyes beheld such happiness, such gratitude, such adoration as I see in his eyes when your letters come. I think the burden of his conversation is you. I never hear him speak of anything else. Your father walks now, and by the time you are here he will be able to drive on Fifth Avenue and in the new Central Park. But he is not the man who left this city at the head of his regiment. His hair and mustache are white as snow; there are a thousand tiny wrinkles on his hands and features. All that heavy color is gone; only a slight flush remains on his thin face. He is very handsome, Phil. Once, never dreaming of what was true, I thought he resembled you. Do you recollect my saying so once? Even you would recognize the likeness now. He is absorbed, wrapped up in you. . . . I can see now that he always has been. How blind we are! How blind!

"Celia, the darling, has not changed one particle. She is the prettiest thing you ever saw, cheerful, clever, courageous, self-possessed, devoted to Stephen, whose leave has been extended and who plays the rôle of a pale and interesting invalid hero with placid satisfaction to himself, adored and hovered over by Paige and Marye and all their girl friends. But when poor little Camilla, in her deep mourning, appears at the door he clears out the others with a tyranny characteristic of young men; and somehow I'm sorry for his mother and sisters. But it's the inevitable; and Camilla is the sweetest thing.

"Celia hears often from Curt. Poor Major Lent! It seems too hard that Camilla should be left so utterly alone in the world. The Major died as he would have wished. It was at that terrible Stone Bridge—where God was merciful to me when your squadron galloped across.

"He was found seated against a tree, stone dead, one hand stiffened over the Mexican War medal at his throat. Curt says his face was calm, almost smiling. Camilla has his sword and medals.

"Did you know that your friend John Casson was dead? I was with him; I did not know he was a friend of yours. He displayed the same patience, the same desire not to be troublesome that so many badly wounded do.

"Letty asked me to say that a Zouave of the Fifth Regiment, a Mr. Cortlandt, was also killed. So many, many people I knew or had heard of have been killed or have died of disease since the war began. One sees a great many people wearing mourning in the city—crape is so common, on sword-hilts, on arms, veils, gowns, bonnets.

"Letty made the loveliest bride you or I ever beheld. Usually, brides do not look

Send now

$20-SUIT or OVERCOAT $13.50 to your measure

Thousands of men who have learned the economy and superiority of the **Bell Tailors** made-to-measure clothing, await this important announcement:—

The BELL Tailors OF NEW YORK

Our Big, Handsome Fall and Winter Catalogue Is Ready—It's FREE

We are anxious for men who really know and want good tailoring to have our catalogue because we are confident that we can convince them that for style and quality our clothing represents the greatest value in the country.

Our Catalogue contains 64 of the finest suit and overcoat samples. It illustrates the many smart New York styles in which we tailor our made-to-measure clothes We have no Agents, Branches or out-of-town representatives of any kind. We are the largest direct mail order custom tailors in the country—we deal direct with you and save you the Agent's commission—

By Eliminating the Agent We Guarantee $20 Clothes for $13.50

We guarantee them to equal in every way the best suit or over coat you can buy for $20 from any tailoring concern, anywhere—BAR NONE. The suit or overcoat we make for $13.50 is identically the same garment we used to wholesale to Agents for $13.50—it's the same quality our Agents sold for $20. Instead of paying an Agent, we allow you the Agent's commission of $6.50 for your selling the clothes to yourself.

You choose the style you want from our style book—the fabric you like from our samples—take your own measure with the simple outfit we send you. We guarantee to fit you from this measure.

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Our proposition is fair, logical, worthy of your confidence and investigation Our guarantee leaves no room for doubt. *Catch the next mail with a request for our style book and samples. Use this coupon.*

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Please send Catalog and Samples FREE.
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have no substitutes, but many imitations. The genuine Bud is the daintiest morsel ever made in solid chocolate—and more nutritious than any bonbon.

At your dealer's generally; or we will send more than a pound prepaid for $1.00—or trial size for 25c, if you mention your dealer's name.

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No amount of pull

can pull out the "Notair" buttonholes in a **Pennsylvania Knit Coat** or spoil its permanent good shape

Pennsylvania Knit Coats

are knit to fit. The yarn is beautifully soft and stretchy, and of finest quality. You may have your choice of a variety of styles, weaves and colors, with or without muffler collars that fit close up under the chin and keep the weather out, or fold away out of sight when you want a collarless coat.

The "Notair" Buttonholes are worth knowing about

They never tear out, wear out, fray out nor play out, and we guarantee them to wear as long as the garment wears. **Pennsylvania Knit Coats** are the finest, handiest and most sensible outdoor garments for men, women and boys, and they cost you no more than ordinary sweaters.

The best dealers everywhere sell them. This label is sewed on every genuine **Pennsylvania Knit Coat.** Look for it and insist upon getting it.

Pennsylvania Knit Coat — Notair Buttonholes

If you cannot locate the dealer in your town who sells **Pennsylvania Knit Coats,** write to us direct.

We want you to have a copy of our "All About Sweaters" booklet, and will be glad to mail it to you on request.

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LABLACHE
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WOMEN—CONSPICUOUS

for complexions always smooth and velvety, that never lose their youthful attractiveness, that seem to be impervious to exposure, to sun and wind, are users of that great beautifier—**Lablache.** It prevents that oily, shiny appearance, and counteracts the disagreeable effects of perspiration. Lablache is cooling, refreshing and pure.

Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail.
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Cut out the middleman's profit and save yourself at least one-third. Our 25 years' experience enables us to produce rugs that cannot be surpassed for beauty and durability. The variety of patterns, sizes and colors is extensive enough to suit any taste. Delicate harmonizing of colors is a feature of these rugs.

Beaudura Rugs and Carpets

"Direct From Loom to Room"

are most economical. Our method of selling to you direct enables you to do almost half as much again with your money as if you bought of some retail merchant. In addition to this

We Guarantee Absolute Satisfaction Or Refund Every Cent of Your Money

We pay freight on certain amounts to certain parts, and allow you a ten-day trial. Send for our catalog, beautifully illustrated in colors. A postal card will bring it.

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Safety Razor Blades 2½c
RESHARPENED
"Good as New—Many Say Better" 2½ EA.

by the exclusive Keenedge electric process. 30c doz. Send blades today. No need to send money. Pay when blades are returned and found O. K. 100,000 satisfied customers. Send address for easy-mailing wrapper. (16)

KEENEDGE CO.
608 Keenedge Building, Chicago, Ill.

their best; but Letty was the most charming, radiant, bewildering creature—and so absurdly young—as though suddenly she had dropped a few years and was again beginning that girlhood which I sometimes thought she had never had.

"Doctor Benton is a darling. He looks twenty years younger and wears a monocle! They are back from their honeymoon, and are planning to offer their services to the great central hospital in Philadelphia.

"Dear, your letter breaking the news to me that Marye-mead was burned when the cavalry burned Edmund Ruffin's house was no news to me. I saw it on fire. But, Philip, there was a fiercer flame consuming me than ever swept that house. I thank God it is quenched forever and that my heart and soul, refreshed, made new, bear no scars now of that infernal conflagration.

"I sit here at my window and see below me the folds of the dear flag stirring; in my ears, often, is the noise of drums from the dusty avenue where new regiments are passing on into the unknown—no longer the unknown to us—but the saddest of all truths.

"Sometimes Celia comes from the still, leafy seclusion of Fort Greene Place to love me, caress me, gently jeer at me for the hint of melancholy in my gaze, shaming me for a lovesick thing that droops and pines in the absence of all that animates her soul and body with the desire to live.

"She is only partly right; I am very tired, Phil. Not that I am ill. I am well now. It only needs you. She knows it; I have always known it. Your love, and loving you, is all that life means to me. I seem like one enmeshed in sorcery, unable to stir or move or think until you come and break the spell that fetters me.

"I see them all here—Celia fussing with my trousseau, gowns, stockings, slippers, hovering over them with Paige and Marye in murmurous and intimate rapture. They lead me about to shops and in busy thoroughfares; and I see and understand, and I hear my own voice as at an infinite distance, and I am happy in the same indefinite way. But, try as I may, I cannot fix my thoughts on what I am about, on the pretty garments piled around me, on the necessary arrangements to be made, on the future—our future! I cannot even think clearly about that. All that my mind seems able to contain is my love for you, the knowledge that you are coming; that I am to see you, touch you.

"I try to realize that I am to be your wife; the heavenly reality seems vaguely impossible. Yet every moment I am schooling myself to the belief, telling myself that it is to be, repeating the divine words again and again. And all I am capable of understanding is that I love you, and that the world stands still, waiting for you as I wait; and that without you nothing is real and I move in a world of phantoms.

"I have been to the mirror to look at myself. To be certain, I also asked Celia. She says that you will not be disappointed.

"She sat here searching the morning paper for news of her husband's regiment, but found none. What women endure for men no man that ever lives can understand!

"She is perfectly cheerful about it all. And oh, such a rebel! She read aloud to me with amused malice the order from the War Department which does away with regimental bands and substitutes a brigade band.

"'I sca'cely blame them,' she observed; 'I'd be ve'y glad myse'f to hear less of Yankee Doodle and the Star-Spangled Banner. When they let President Davis alone, and when Curt comes home, I've got some ve'y pretty songs fo' him to learn to appreciate.'

"She's downstairs now, seated at the piano, singing very softly to herself some gayly impudent rebel song or other.

"And as I sit here alone, amid the delicate silks and ribbons of my bridal bravery, thinking of how I love you—far away I hear the 'old line's music'—the quaint, quick rhythm of the fifes and drums; and it stirs depths in me where my very soul lies listening—and the tears spring to my eyes. And I try to understand why every separate silver star in the flag is mine to hold, mine to rescue and replace, mine to adore. And I try to understand why all of it is part of the adoration of you and of God who gave you to me—Philip—Philip—my lover, my country, my God—worshiped and adored of men!"

(THE END)

Cut Your Butter Bills Nearly Half

with our wonderful

MAK-MOR
Butter Machine

You can make one pound of butter into two pounds that tastes sweeter and is just as healthful as the butter you used in the making.

Price of machine $3.00 complete. Delivered east of Rocky Mountains. One week's trial allowed on receipt of price. Positively your money back if not satisfactory.

The Cost of Butter

Averages your household now about 34c per pound. If you use our MAK-MOR BUTTER MACHINE butter will average you 19c per pound.
Butter is higher now than it has been at this time of year in the last 45 years—and it is likely to go above 50c per pound this winter.

Average price of butter . 34c
By MAK-MOR Process:
Cost 1 lb. butter 34c
" 1 pt. milk 4c
Producing 2 lbs. for 38c or 19c for 1 lb.
Saving 15c a pound.

Does This Mean Anything for Butter Bills?

Recipe: Place one pint of sweet milk and one pound of butter in the machine, turn the handle two minutes, and take out two pounds of what you will say is about the best butter you have ever tasted. The extra pound has cost only 4 cents, the price of a pint of milk.

NOTE—You can do even better if you want to make your own butter to begin with. Put one quart sour cream into the MAK-MOR MACHINE and short stir will yield almost 1 lb. of butter. Work out the buttermilk and then stir in 1 pt. of sweet milk—result 2 lbs. of delicious butter.

COST—1 Qt. sour cream . . . 25c
1 Pt. sweet milk . . . 4c
29c for 2 lbs. or 14½c per lb.

The receptacle for holding the butter and milk is made of glass and on it is a graduated standard quart and cup scale.

Write Department V, for Booklet—Valuable to Every Household

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Live Agents Write Us for Exclusive Territory

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A few out of the hundreds of light machines a ⅛-h. p. Robbins & Myers Motor will run. (Nothing requiring *less* than ⅛-h.p. included.)

Book Paging Machine
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Small Knitting Machine
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Corner Cutter (Box)
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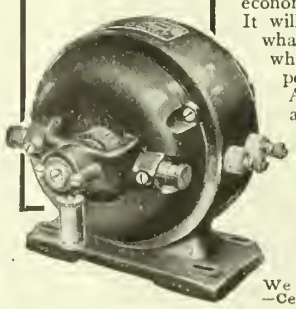
Small Meat Slicer



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Successfully applied to 2,000 classes of work, their field is increasing every day. Because where a requirement cannot be met from our great stock of staple motors, our engineers apply our motors to the special need, no matter how unusual the need.

We thus serve any power user. We guarantee satisfaction.

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are for direct current and range from 1-30 to 15 h.p. They will drive any machine from the smallest to the greatest.

Some Robbins & Myers Motor will simplify your power problems and materially lower your operating cost.

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Ask for Catalog and Bulletins at the same time, showing how difficult power problems have been solved in every line of mechanics. They will prove interesting and profitable reading.

Unless your power requirements are unusual, we can make immediate delivery of the Robbins & Myers Motor best for you, through one of our several hundred reputable dealers.

When you ask for cost comparisons we will send you the name of dealer nearest you. In your own interest, tell us your story today.

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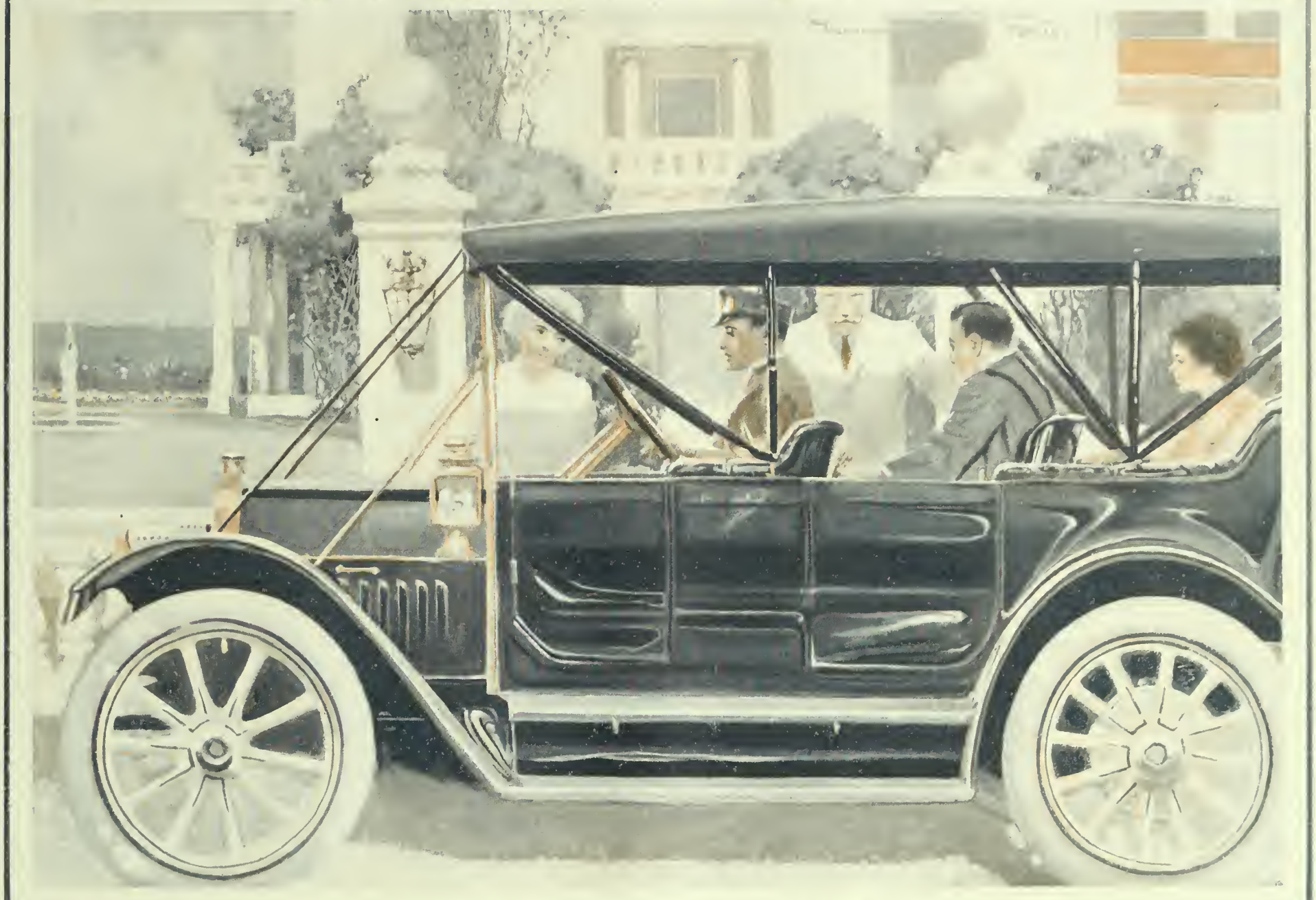

Oldsmobile *"Autocrat"*

4-cylinder, 40 horse-power (A. L. A. M. rating), 7 passenger touring car. Cylinders, "T" head type, 5 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Wheel-base, 124 inches. Straight line drive under normal load. Low center of gravity. Four speed transmission, selective type. Positive feed lubrication insuring perfect oil circulation. Pressure system on gasoline tank. Large wheels with 38 x 4½ inch tires on demountable rims. Standard equipment includes 9 inch headlights, side and tail lamps, Prest-O-Lite gas tank, horn, baggage rack, robe rail, foot rest, removable auxiliary seats, etc., all of the highest quality obtainable.

Oldsmobile 1911

FOUR AND SIX-CYLINDER
40 AND 60 HORSE-POWER
38 AND 42-INCH TIRES
DELIVERIES IN SEPTEMBER

Oldsmobile *"Limited"*

6-cylinder, 60 horse-power (A. L. A. M. rating), 7 passenger touring car. Cylinders, "T" head type, 5 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Wheel-base, 138 inches. Straight line drive under normal load. Low center of gravity. Four speed transmission, selective type. Positive feed lubrication insuring perfect oil circulation. Pressure system on gasoline tank. Large wheels with 42 x 4½ inch tires. Straight line body with high forward doors. In addition to standard equipment, as used on the 4-cylinder cars, the Limited will be equipped with top, windshield and Warner 100 mile speedometer.

A survey of the more important specifications, listed above, reveals the fact that no car, as many years before the public as the Oldsmobile, has developed so surely toward perfection. The silent, powerful, long-stroke motor will be a revelation, even to Oldsmobilists; it turns over literally without sound or vibration while the pulling power is phenomenal. The increase in the size of wheels and tires on the 4-cylinder car provides for easy riding over the roughest roads and practically eliminates tire trouble. Pioneers in the matter of adequate tire equipment, the makers of the Oldsmobile now claim the best-tired cars extant.

The importance of an announcement of improved models depends largely on the past history of the car improved. Keeping to the fore-front of each year's automobile development for over twelve years is Oldsmobile history. . . . Hence, the changes we announce are of particular interest to those acquainted with the refinement of the Oldsmobile from year to year.

Four and six cylinder models also equipped with roadster, 5 passenger and closed bodies.
The Oldsmobile "Special" for 1911 has been previously announced and deliveries are now being made.

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MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

FALL FASHION PANELS TEN CENTS IN STAMPS

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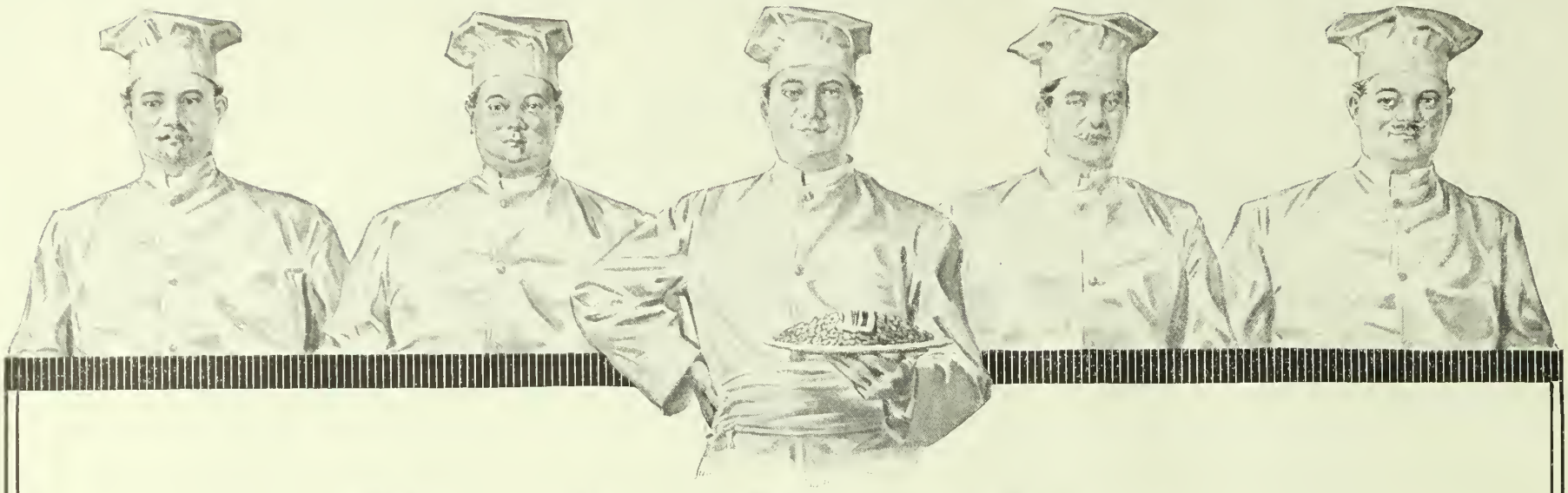

Our Excellent Cooks at Your Service

We have an army of cooks here—excellent cooks—baking the best beans the world ever knew. See what it means to let them bake for you.

Suppose you could bake beans as well as do they—do you think the dish pays for the trouble?

It takes sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking. It requires a hot fire for four hours and a half. It means planning today for the meals of tomorrow.

Compare that with our way—where this army of cooks bakes for a million homes. Their service costs but a trifle because they work for so many.

Their beans come to you—ready to serve in a minute—as fresh as though baked that day. You can keep a dozen cans on the pantry shelf—a dozen meals always waiting.

Then you have a hearty, delicious meal—a meal that everyone likes—ready for any emergency.

Would it not pay to let our cooks do the baking, even though you could bake beans just as well?

But you cannot bake beans as they do. It is utterly impossible in any home oven. Your beans are crisped on the top and half-baked in the middle. They become mushy and broken before they are half-way done.

They are not digestible. They ferment and form gas. They are heavy food for the strongest stomach—simply because you can't apply enough heat.

Our cooks have steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. They bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through.

The bean particles are separated—by the hours of fierce heat—so the digestive juices act instantly.

Yet no beans are crisped and no skins are broken, for the baking is done by live steam. The beans come from the ovens—as all people like them—nut-like, mealy and whole.

And the rich tomato sauce is baked with the beans—forming, with the pork, a delicious blend.

You even lose money by baking at home. The beans are so hard to prepare, so hard to digest, that you don't serve them often.

Van Camp's can be served, in one way or another, almost every day. Bean croquettes for breakfast—bean salad for dinner—pork and beans, hot or cold, for lunch. People never tire of Van Camp's.

And beans are 84 per cent nutriment—richer than sirloin beef. Yet they cost not a third as much.

You will not spend nearly so much for meat when you serve Van Camp's.

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

This dish is our pride—our one claim to supremacy. We have spent 49 years in learning how to prepare it.

We use only Michigan beans, then we pick out by hand just the whitest and plumpest—beans all of one size.

Our sauce is made from whole, solid tomatoes, ripened on the vines. We could buy tomato sauce, ready-made, for one-fifth what it costs to make ours.

Van Camp's now outsell all other brands combined because people have found them best. Let no one convince you that some other brand is anything like Van Camp's.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Indiana**

(93)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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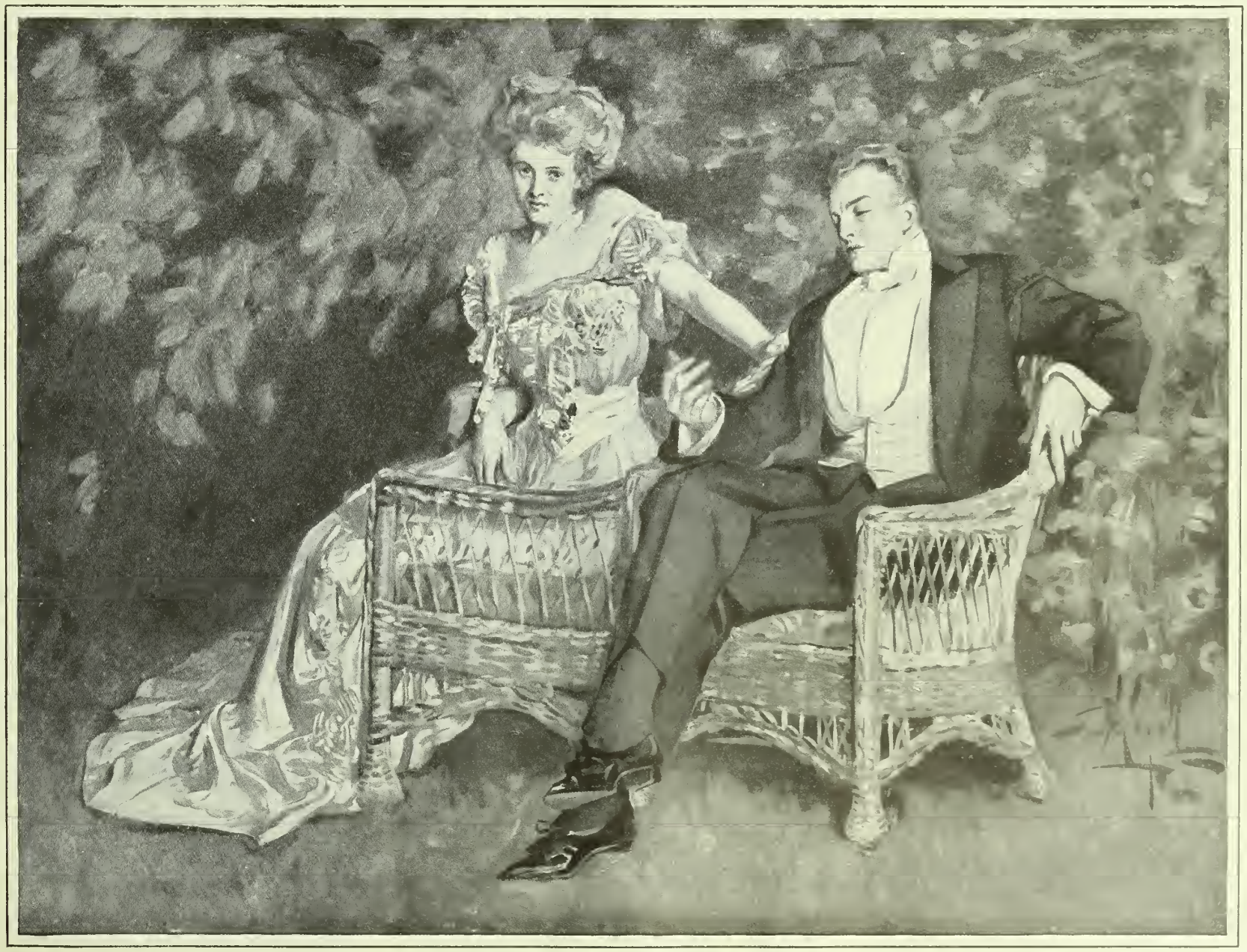
THE PEER'S PROGRESS

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

ACCORDING to the hand books, the principal ornaments of Magdalen College, Oxford, are the tower, the cloisters, the deer-park and the president; but it was generally conceded by the initiated that during the space of three felicitous years all these were eclipsed by the career of Lord Fotheringay. His college and his university alike shone with a reflected glow resembling the borrowed refulgence of the moon so long as this sun cast on them the rays of his glory. He was not at that time considered clever, and though it is probable that so celebrated a sportsman could have obtained several blues if he had chosen, he did not in point of fact attain to this any more than to any academic distinction. But his sayings had to perfection that quality of irresponsible audacity which distinguishes university from all other forms of wit; he was accounted one of the three best horsemen in residence and quite the most reckless; he founded a pigeon-shooting club, and was easily the most destructive member of that institution; he kept a roulette board and lost more handsomely than any man within memory; he was remarkably good-looking; dressed as near perfection as has ever been attained; was sent down four times for rioting on the Homeric scale; drove a motor car faster than any train on the Great Western; and finally and chiefly he had been endowed by Nature with such a singularly engaging manner that his critics were strictly confined to those who did not enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance. Totally unaffected as he was at this time, he would have been more than human had he not left Oxford with a distinct sense that his destiny was not as other men's. Wherein precisely it differed, this agreeable young man was not yet prepared to say; he had not, in fact, devoted more time to the problem than he could possibly help; this commodity being, he considered, more usefully employed in many other ways than in abstract speculation. Still, the opinion was so prevalent that he had, in a general way, the ball at his feet, that he never dreamed of questioning this verdict. He merely waited gayly for the ball to move. Then, b'gad, they would see him chasing it! He began his career in the outer world by a pleasant and profitable winter spent between a charming little flat in St. James, the more eligible cities of the Continent, and a dozen or so country houses situated in the best sporting districts of his native land. With the advent of spring he recognized the increasing amenities of London by devoting



"Doesn't One Have to be Born Brilliant?"

more and more of his time to the service of the state in that metropolis. It is true that he was still without any official connection with the public life of his country, but how can a gentleman better serve its higher interests than by encouraging the manufacture of linen, shoe leather, hair brushes, spring and summer suitings, saddlery and opera hats? This useful function Lord Fotheringay was fulfilling with remarkable zeal and success when his destiny first tapped him on the shoulder.

Upon a fine morning in June a cab stopped beneath his windows and discharged a stout, elderly gentleman of a formidably prosperous aspect. This personage ascended by the lift to the first floor and pressed the bell of his flat. A man-servant appeared and in a negligently superior voice informed him that his lordship had not yet completed his toilet. The elderly gentleman eyed him with disapproval.

"Tell him," he replied, "that Sir Waterbury Twentyman is waiting to see him."

He handed his hat to the man and entered Lord Fotheringay's morning-room like one who was perfectly familiar with the establishment.

"That whippersnapper must be sacked," he muttered; and, picking up the morning paper from the breakfast-table, frowned at its pages for a quarter of an hour. Then the door opened and his frown gave place to an expression wherein affection and rebuke were blended.

"Good morning, Herbert," he said. "You are dressed at last, I am glad to see."

Lord Fotheringay smiled with friendly patronage.

"Morning, Uncle," he replied. "You pretty fit? Come to join me in a bit of breakfast, what?"

His uncle's frown returned.

"I shall be thinking of having my lunch in an hour or so."

"Well, then, make it lunch now. I'll open a bottle of fizz for you."

"I have come to talk to you," said Sir Waterbury.

"Fire away," said his nephew cheerfully. "You don't mind my breakfastin' through it, do you?"

"So long as you attend to me."

"Can't help attending to you," the young man smiled, "you're so deuced impressive. You remind me of a bobby at a crossin'. Up goes his great hand and, by gad, one has simply got to sit there and look at the fellow—no gettin' past him, don't you know?"

Sir Waterbury seemed less flattered by the simile than one might expect. He addressed his nephew with the extremest gravity.

"Herbert," said he, "it is time you began to turn serious."

"Began, by Jove!" exclaimed Herbert. "My dear Uncle, I started the game when I was born, and I've been doin' a bit ever since, I assure you."

"Do you call your present existence an example of a serious life?"

"Ah, what you mean is I ought to finish turning serious. Now, there I don't agree with you. I believe in keepin' something up one's sleeve."

Sir Waterbury eyed him in severe silence. There was probably no uncle in Europe prouder of his nephew. A quarter of a century previously his sister Margaret, daughter of the first Twentyman of whom anybody had ever heard, had covered her relatives with reflected glory by marrying the twenty-second Lord Fotheringay. This engaging lad was the only child of this alliance, and Sir Waterbury a bachelor and exceedingly rich. Four pages of explanation are avoided by this brief statement of the salient facts.

"That's what you believe, is it?" said Sir Waterbury, and continued his silent scrutiny.

Whatever his reason may have said, his eyes could not but approve. Bertie Fotheringay had the clear skin, the frank eyes, the fine features, the smooth, fair hair, the well-shaped figure, slim but muscular, which exactly accorded with his conception of what a young aristocrat should be. And all this was his own nephew! It gave him the keenest sense of pleasure to watch this paragon sipping his coffee and demolishing a dish of bacon even though his breakfast hour was hard on noon. But the old gentleman hardened his heart. He had not come this morning to admire.

"Herbert," he said gravely, "it is time you began to think about your obligations."

"Why not wait till Xmas?" suggested his nephew. "Then one gets 'em all in at once."

"I mean, my boy, your obligations to society, to—er—your rank, to—to your country, and so on, Herbert."

Lord Fotheringay turned and addressed his relative with the kindly intention of making the case clear.

"Look here, my dear Uncle, that notion occurred to me one day. I must have been reading something or other; anyhow, it did occur, so I can't be accused of not thinkin' the thing over. What I mean is this: I put it to myself, 'Why aren't you playing a leadin' part, and so forth, and so on?' And the answer my common-sense instantly made was, 'Because lots of fellows like playing leadin' parts and, well, there—let 'em. I like bein' what I am and, well, then—why not be?' That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"You say it was your common-sense that made that ridiculous answer? I say it was your laziness—your infernal laziness; that's what it was."

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" said Bertie. "This is deuced strong language. Anything goin' wrong in the city?"

"Nothing has gone wrong in the city; but something is very much wrong in St. James."

"They'll finish layin' that pipe tomorrow," said Bertie soothingly. "And, by Jove, you're an alderman; why don't you tell 'em to lay their pipes in Hammersmith or somewhere where no one ever goes?"

"I do not allude to a pipe. I allude to a young man of rank and intelligence, and—er—probably of fortune if he behaves himself—who spends his whole time in hunting and shooting and dancing and dressing. What would become of your country if all your fellow-peers took as little interest in public affairs as you do?"

"It would go to the dogs, I quite admit," said Lord Fotheringay candidly. "But as for giving up hunting and shooting and—and ——"

"I do not ask you to give them up; I only ask you to combine them with your duty."

"H'm," mused Lord Fotheringay, "one must be careful how one mixes one's liquors, don't you know?"

"To begin with, I should be contented with an hour or two a day devoted to some serious pursuit. After that—well, we can see what progress you make."

"I don't like the word 'progress,'" said the peer. "It somehow suggests that the habit will grow. Just look at Sempletown. He was quite a reasonably well-dressed fellow when he was at the Varsity, and, by gad, I met him a couple of days ago in a pair of trousers that hadn't been pressed for a week! And all that's the result of his turnin' secretary to his fossilized father."

"Ah, but, my dear boy," said his uncle, "I don't propose that you should imitate such a very ordinary young man as Lord Sempletown. You have gifts, Herbert—gifts. Everybody at Oxford said you had gifts. Your career will be brilliant—striking—like—er—like Lord Beaconsfield."

"That oughtn't to be so very difficult," said Lord Fotheringay modestly. "I don't mean as to brains and that sort of thing; but as for brilliancy, hang it, he hadn't the start I've had. His father was only a bishop, wasn't he?"

"A bishop," hesitated Sir Waterbury, "was he? Well, anyhow, he wasn't the twenty-second Lord Fotheringay."

"On the other hand, I've had dim suspicions lately that something in the nature of a hunting, scientific-farming, High-Sheriffing sort of man is distinctly more accordin' to my natural bent. 'No fellow gets better value out of town than I, but nothing makes me so positively chuck-my-hat-in-the-air happy as livin' in the country. Whether it's waiting for pheasants to come out or seeds to sprout up, I assure you I have the feeling I'm doin' what Nature intended. What about my stopping at Rising Castle for a bit, just to try the experiment? The tenants are keen as anything I should come, and it wouldn't take such a heap of money to keep the place goin'."

His uncle bent on him a resolute gaze.

"It would take more money than you are going to get for wasting on any such 'experiment.' Do you think I'm going to let you settle down into a common or garden country squire? You've got to do me more credit than that, Herbert! Afterward you can reopen Rising Castle in style if you like. Now, my boy, are you going to start turning serious or not? I don't want to use any undue pressure, Herbert, but I may tell you at once that it will be decidedly to your advantage if you do what I ask you."

Bertie considered the question for at least as long as he had ever pondered any step in his career. At last he said:

"Well, now, look here, Uncle. Under ordinary circumstances I'd toss for it like a shot and stand by the flutter. That's the fairest and most satisfactory way of doin' things, I always think. But I've rather particular reasons for wanting to think this business over. I'll let you know tomorrow what I've decided."

His uncle still looked grave.

"Let me very strongly advise you, Herbert, to come to the decision I enjoin. That is my last word on the subject today. Remember—I strongly advise."

He rose, grasped his nephew's hand and then added:

"By the way, if you are sensible and do what is best in your own interests the first step I shall take is to provide you with a suitable valet."

The young man stared.

"What's the matter with Jenkins—barring never doin' a hand's turn of work when he can help it and sneakin' my wine? I call him rather a good chap, otherwise."

"Ah!" said Sir Waterbury; "so he is lazy and dishonest, eh?"

"Only average, don't you know?"

"Well, I can tell you he is also disrespectful and impertinent, and I have got another man for you."

"What, got one already, do you mean?"

"A treasure, Herbert."

Lord Fotheringay looked more surprised than ever. There was a ring of enthusiasm in his uncle's voice.

"Deuced kind of you," he murmured.

"Goodby," said Sir Waterbury with impressive solemnity.

. . . . . .

About the hour of midnight Lady Pundit stood near the door of her ballroom watching the dancers with a shrewd and tolerant eye. She was a lady of considerable personality, attired in the fashion that she considered would best combine comfort with a decent dash of splendor. She was respected at least as much as she was liked. An elderly gentleman joined her, and together they watched the whirlpool of bright faces and coiled hair, of white linen and laughter, of swaying frocks and flying coat-tails, swirl tumultuously by.

"They don't dance well nowadays," remarked the old gentleman.

"Most of them don't; some of them do," said Lady Pundit with decision. "Look at that couple; they dance very nicely."

"Yes," he admitted; "they do know something about it. Who's the young fellow?"

"Lord Fotheringay."

"Fotheringay? He's a relative of yours, isn't he?"

"His father was my first cousin."

"Ah! Old Fotheringay married a ——"

"Twentyman. Detestable people."

"And what sort of fellow is this young man?"

"Deliciously entertaining."

He looked at the couple critically

"He seems in high spirits and—good-looking fellow—but—how does he entertain you?"

"He is so incredibly irresponsible. In a previous existence he must have danced round a fountain to his flute, and he hasn't changed a bit."

The old gentleman laughed politely and hoped this was what she expected.

"And who's the girl?" he asked.

"My niece, Nancy Wimberley. She is spending a week with me—her first taste of London dissipation."

"One of the Shropshire Wimberleys?"

"Yes. Do you admire her?"

There was a note in Lady Pundit's voice which told him that she herself regarded this young lady with a very affectionate admiration. This time he found no difficulty in agreeing with her.

"Exceedingly graceful—and pretty—nice-looking—nice eyes ——"

"Honest eyes," said Lady Pundit.

"What a charming smile she has."

"It is genuine, also," she said.

The old gentleman sighed as he watched her swing past.

"If I were only not quite so rheumatic!" he exclaimed.

The waltz stopped abruptly on a crashing bar, and the crowd surged out, breathing quickly, at least one laugh to every couple.

"Let's come into the garden," said Lord Fotheringay.

Out of her steady eyes his cousin smiled her answer, and they pushed slowly downstairs, strode faster through a dim-lit room with an open French window at the end, and stepped out under the gently sighing trees. It was a large garden for a London house and very leafy in this month of June. They strolled down a path and stopped at last in a quiet corner where the shadows were profound; and there they found two garden chairs. Lord Fotheringay stretched out his legs and gazed for a moment at the gleam of his shoes; then he looked at Nancy and they both smiled—such unconscious smiles as prove the youth of hearts.

"I say, Nancy," said he, "I've something important to ask you."

"What is it?"

"My Uncle Waterbury has been at me again—seriously this time. He wants me to reform."

"A capital thing for you!" she laughed.

"Yes; but this is a biggish order. Am I to go in for bein' a brilliant person—public man and all the rest of it—do my duty by my country and my rank, and that sort of thing? To be or not to be—that is the question."

"Doesn't one have to be born brilliant?" she asked demurely.

"Not in the very least, I assure you. I've known the most shockin' asses do all sorts of brilliant things—write books, even."

"I didn't know it was so easy to be clever."

"Easy? Well, I don't know about that. It takes a lot of deuced hard work. I'll have to begin bein' serious an hour or two a day hard at it, and all that kind of thing."

She turned and looked straight at him.

"Bertie!" she exclaimed, "you've begun already. I never saw you so solemn in all your life!"

"Well, but it is a sobering kind of thing. If you'd only seen my old uncle frowning at me!"

She made a little grimace.

"Are you quite sure Sir Waterbury is the best adviser possible?"

"People say he has one of the best heads in the city; and he's really awful good to me."

"Then you do owe him something," she admitted frankly.

"You think so? Well, that's one point settled."

She gave a little exclamation of alarm.

"Oh, Bertie, I hope you're not going to decide everything offhand, just because the first person you ask expresses an opinion!"

He looked at her with a kind of self-conscious tenderness.

"You're not the first person, Nancy—that's to say, you are the first person, but it's because I wanted you to be."

Her eyes drooped.

"I wish I could really be of some use. I'm far too inexperienced to help you."

"You've helped me a hundred times, Nancy. You've always been a—an influence, and that kind of thing."

Again he looked Britishly embarrassed.

"I always thought a country life was what you loved best," she said.

He leaned back and stared up at the rustling leaves high overhead. They made a dark pattern, softly swaying against a bank of delicate white clouds illumined by the young moon. The sighing of the trees obscured the hum of the London streets; their foliage hid all sign of lamps and houses and human myriads. Looking up at that glimpse of lightly clouded sky and silver crescent half revealed, framed by the swaying boughs, he felt again the spell of country lanes and ancient manor-gardens. Then he looked down at Nancy and, somehow or other, she seemed indissolubly bound up with berry-laden hedgerows and running hounds and timbered parks on dewy mornings.

(Continued on Page 28)

THE BELGRADE BULL

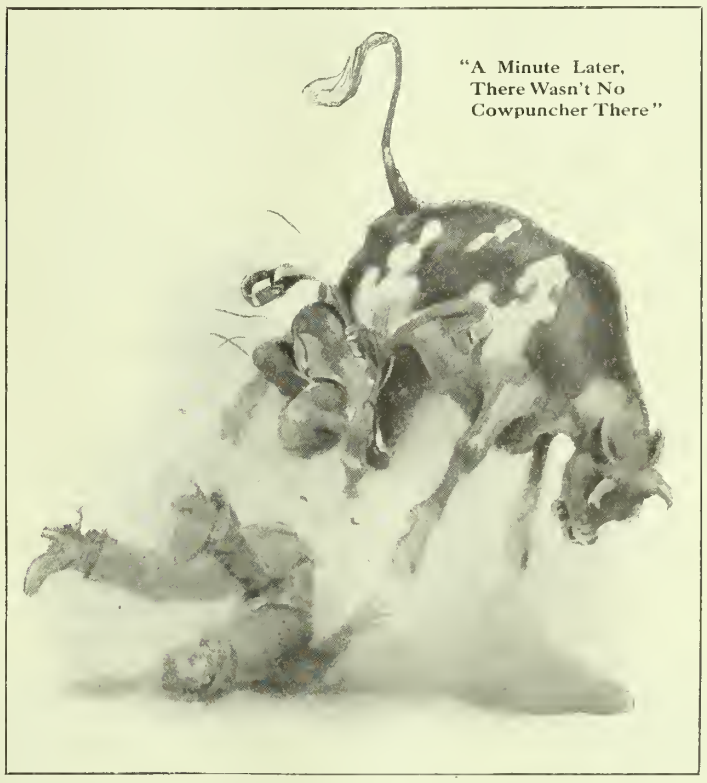
What He Did to Curly and Others—By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"YOU don't need to live here," said the agent of the Sweet Grass Orchard Development Land and Water Company. "You can live anywhere you please—in New York, Paris, London—and only come back here a little while in the fall to get a new satchelful of money when the apples are ripe. All you have to do is to buy five acres of this peerlessly, phenomenally, boundlessly rich soil, paying only forty per cent down, and your notes for the balance in one, two, three and four years—we do all the rest. All you have to do is to spend the money. We make it for you. What difference does it make to you how much the initial cost is if you are making two thousand per cent on your money every year? Tell me that!"

Seized with a sudden vertigo, I caught at the frame of the automobile with the intention of steadying myself while I told him that. The spring on the door yielded to the involuntary touch. I felt a sudden thrust behind me, and an instant later we were both on the inside of the automobile tonneau and whirling off up the valley with the immediate purpose, as I divined, of selecting the five, ten or twenty acres which were going to leave me free to spend the rest of my life in Europe or in fishing, as I pleased.

In the midst of a vague haze of conversation we passed rapidly up the Sweet Grass Valley for some miles. At length there appeared before us a ranch boasting a building or so, in front of which, in the middle of our right-of-way, stood three gangling chickens of the variety commonly known as Plymouth Rock. We landed on them. As the smoke cleared away, only one of the three could be discovered beating its agitated retreat.



"A Minute Later, There Wasn't No Cowpuncher There"

"That's all of 'em, ain't it, Curly?" called out the land agent, banging on his hat. He spoke to the chauffeur, whom hitherto I had not noticed until he had gripped his wheel, turned on the last inch of speed of which the six-cylinder was capable, and plainly headed for the three fowls aforesaid with malice aforethought.

"Only one left," answered the chauffeur, grinning as he half turned his face for an instant. "Bob'll git that one when he comes through with the other car."

"It was a flock of twelve to start with," said the agent proudly. "We've got 'em all but one. Now, what does any man want, monkeying around with chickens in a valley like this, where on five acres of this peerless, phenomenal, boundless soil he can raise apples that, every year of his life, will pay him"—etc., etc.

His voice passed away, as though into the distance. I was looking at the back of the chauffeur, at his tight-curling auburn hair, his high-heeled boots, his fringed gloves and his white hat—all making a uniform not usual in the boulevards of the East. "What are you doing up here, Curly?" I asked of him at length.

"Whoa, Bronc'!" was his sudden response. He cut off the power and threw on the brakes with such promptness that the land agent went on over the dashboard still continuing his speech of apples and dividends, *en passant*, as we say in Chicago.

"The same to you," said Curly, turning about and grinning; for, as the novelist says, it was he. We climbed out of the car and sat down by the roadside, and the seller of lands appeared to interest neither of us further. The taciturnity of earlier days replaced the loquacity of the present. At last Curly picked up a stone from beneath his feet and hurled it vengefully deep into the red varnish of his shining car.

"Oh, I know it—I know it!" said he bitterly. "I ain't got a word to say. Hens! Apples! Sheep! Drivin' a auto car! There ain't been nothin' too low down for me. An' I was a cowpuncher oncet!"

"Sheep, did you say, Curly?" I ventured after a while, and edged away from him. "Did it come to that?"

"Yes," said Curly, flushing angrily. "I graduated from bein' a sheepman down into this. It all comes of gittin' married. No cowpuncher has no business of gittin' married. If he gits as bad gone on his wife as I was gone on the Littlest Girl, and he gits eleven or nine white-headed kids runnin' around under his feet—why, what chancet has he got? Not cowpunchin' with him no more. He just has to grab a chancet-holt with life and go to the mat; that's all. But a shofare! I didn't think it of me!

"Listen," said he, turning presently, with his old whimsical smile. "Listen, an' I will tell you the story of me life."

And so he did proceed to tell one of the many stories of shifting men and changing times; a story which compared the land south of the Spanish peaks with this which lay about us now, and which matched a day gone by with this one, different.

"Seems like the pines ain't quite as green up here as they are in the mountains south," said he, "and I don't think the water's quite as sweet. When the railroad come in down below I headed north, up the trail. What was the use? It's just the same everywhere. They discovered me of late years livin' over on the Bellefoush, aherdin' of peaceful bah-bahs, like any dash-blamed Greaser.

"Couldn't you have robbed trains, or something, Curly?" I suggested vaguely.

"I would of," answered he, "exceptin' there was the Littlest Girl, an' she's so all-fired partic'lar about what a fellow does. They say love is blind. My experience is it's got about four pair o' eyes. But I'll say this much: I never would of took to sheep, and got where I am now, if it hadn't been demonstrated to me that I wasn't no cowpuncher. So here I am now.

"I don't like sheep meat an' I don't like apples. I hate 'em both. What I want is a beefsteak cooked down in a hole in the ground between two other beefsteaks, and some coffee in a tin cup, and the wagon standing there with the tail gate down, an' the boys settin' around. You know. Yes, sir; the cow, he is the best critter in the whole wide world for real folks.

"An' yet," he added after a time, "cows is only all right in their places, just as cowpunchers is. They is some ranks of life where no cow don't belong an' no cowpuncher. My real troubles of life come out of that there state of

affairs. A cowcritter is made to be driv' by a cowpuncher, and not to be rid by no cowpuncher. It was a cowcritter that done laid my proud heart low." Curly threw another rock at the red automobile.

"Well, sir, you know mighty well that down on the old Circle Arrow, in the old days, there wasn't a puncher on the ranch that wouldn't boast he could ride anything that wore hair. We played the bet wide open at both ends, and all we stiperlated was that the critter should have real hair on to it. In which case, all us pore, weak-minded fools allowed that, no matter what his age, color, sex or previous condition, it could be rid by any man who was a real rider, and that without pullin' leather, neither. I was in them days, as you may remember, a straight-up rider. I come north up the trail with that same feelin' of perfessional pride, just natchally honin' and huntin' for something that had hair on it that I couldn't ride. I was right proud and haughty. That was before I become a sheepman or a shofare.

"You've heard of the Belgrade bull, haven't you?" asked Curly suddenly. I nodded. What Western man has not heard of that historic brute, whose history was one long record of dismantled cowpunchers who thought they could ride anything with hair? I began to see something of Curly's story.

"So you were among those present?"

Curly nodded again. "Yep. The trouble with me always was that I was like Macbeth—or was it Oliver Cromwell?—and couldn't fling away ambition. I was out to be crowned the one fair king of the range. Pshaw! they ain't no cowpuncher got anything fit to be called brains in his system. Did I ride the Belgrade bull? Nay, nay; say not so.

"There was maybe one or two fakes of that same name," added Curly reminiscently; "and along about ten or fifteen years ago there was a outfit that used to blow into a good many of the camps with a Durham cowcritter that they allowed could not be rid. Now, Nosey, one of the Montana punchers, I seen him ride that brute, though he had to pull leather hard and hung his legs around the saddle-horn, at that. But the real old Simon-pure, North American, eighteen-carat, gold-filled Belgrade bull was owned by a saloon man named Kid Johnson. He didn't have to own no mine nor ranch, nor nothin'. That one little, ornery, undersized, black-and-white bull—a cross between a Jersey and a Galloway he was—furnished him all the income he needed and all the sport besides. He just run the saloon and gamblin' place as a sort of a incidental amusement. His real means of livelihood was this same critter that he kept out in the corral. The duty of the saloon porter was to git up every mornin' about four or five o'clock and chase that bull around the corral a couple of hours or so. That way he was hard as nails all the time, playful as a kitten—though he didn't look it—and able to jump a ten-foot fence any time he wanted to. Buck? Pitch? No, he didn't buck. He wouldn't do anything as low down and commonplace as that there. They ain't no real name for what he done.

"This here Kid Johnson goes into this little town of Belgrade, up here in Montana, north of here, aleadin' this cowcritter on a string. After he gets his red-eye joint started up and his corral fixed, he hangs out a notice sayin' that cowpunchers and others is plumb welcome, an' can git any kind of game they like. When the word got out that there was a new game, and that this here speckled bull was the king card in Kid Johnson's layout, the cowpunchers from both sides of the place and five hundred miles up and down the range—why, they broke their necks to git in first, to take money away from Kid Johnson. Now it wasn't so much the money they was after, though the Kid didn't turn down any sized bets that come, as it was a matter of perfessional pride; because, right soon, the news got out on the range that this here Belgrade bull had throwed on a average of two to ten cowpunchers every day of the week, not barrin' Sundays, and some of them was the best riders that ever throwed a rope. Business all over the upper-range country just come to a stop. There wasn't no self-respectin' cowcamp that wouldn't head right for Belgrade as soon as they got their beef cuts done. Ranchowners, foremen, punchers, everybody—they come, I say, five or six hundred miles to go against this game just for the sake of the cause. It slowed up the cattle business some bad, but it was fine for Belgrade while it lasted. Every day in Belgrade was circus-day. Say, I don't like to think of the money Kid Johnson's bar taken down every day when the ridin' was good.

"Kid Johnson, he was plumb ca'm all the time. He'd chaw a straw, pleasant as a May mornin', and just open up the game, takin' any and all bets that come along. He had a First National Bank of his own acrost the street, where he put his money. The place of meetin' was the same for all comers—over there in the corral, back of the bank. There never was no referee. Just to show you how deep that Kid Johnson was, he always says to every puncher that comes along: 'Fly to it, my son, an' help yourself. I don't bar no kind of holts whatever—strangle holt, toe holt, or any other sort. You can ride him with or without saddle, just as you please, an' use a center fire or a double cinch, as you prefer. Moreover, I'll leave it to you, when you come to, whether you have rid him or not. You can make up your own judgment about that, all by yourself, without even consultin' the bull any further.'

"Now, this sounds like a wide-open, clean-cut, fair-sportin' proposition, don't it? Looks like any cowpuncher with any sportin' blood at all in his system would have to drop work for a few brief moments, anyhow, an' go over there and ride that Belgrade bull, don't it? Now, most any cowpuncher has got some sportin' blood. That's how come it that this here Kid Johnson's ridin' school in Belgrade took most of the money of the short-grass country out of circulation.

"Now, this here bull would stand over there in the corral, seemin' like he was half asleep—just too tired to finish chawin' the straw which hung down outen the corner of his mouth. His eyes was right watery-lookin', and had a sort of meek and reproachful sort of look about 'em, as who should say, 'Oh, mister, please don't!' Didn't look like he had no more ambition than one of them wooden cows that they sell full of candy at Christmastime in the stores. He was so sad and sort of pensive-lookin' that the first feelin' you had when you saw him was to try to coax him out of feelin' so sorry he was ever born. The low-down, deceitful, dashed-blamed cuss!

"But he had hair on him," Curly went on. "That's the p'int of the matter I am arrivin' at. Some new talent, out of the Wild-West show or offen the range north or south—Texas, California, Wyoming—'ud blow in there, and lean careless agin Kid Johnson's bar, an' wait till the conversation drifted around to ridin'.

"'Stranger,' says the Kid to him casual, after a while, 'folks tell me that you allow that you kin ride airy critter that has hair on to it.'

"'I shore can,' says Mr. Puncher. Maybe up to then he shore has, although the man who says he never was throwed by any horse is a liar.

"Kid Johnson sighs right sad about then, an' says he: 'I've got a plumb ornery little bull over there in the corral that's all covered over with fine, spotted hair, an' if you kin ride him I'll make you a present of airy sum from one to one thousand, coverin' a equal deposit on your part as a guarantee of good faith. All I ask of you is, besides the deposit, that you leave the address where you want the remains shipped to.'

"Now, cowpunchers is all alike. They ain't got no brains. At about this stage of the proceedings all the feller could say was, 'Lead me to it.' On which Kid puts his hand over his mouth to stifle a yawn of ongwee, and he says, 'Jake, go git the key to the corral. Here's another.' Then they adjourns acrost the street back of the bank, where that sad-eyed bull is astandin' with a straw hangin' outen the corner of his mouth, an' his eyes almost filled with tears, just natchally oozing Weltschmertz at every pore, as they say in Santone at a Scheutzenfest. After that there ain't much difference, countin' one cowpuncher with another. I expect maybe that bull has throwed in his time five or six hundred punchers, the best that ever rid the range. In this way the ranks of sheepherders was always kep' full, recruited from fellers who thought, foolish-like, they could ride anything that had hair.

"I had a sort of stiff knee, from a bronc' fallin' on me a little, time I dawned into Belgrade; so I stood around a few days before makin' any break, although I was there for the open and obvious purpose, which I wasn't goin' to disguise, of ridin' that critter, an' after that retirin' from business an' livin' on the competency which was shore hung on to such. I had raised every dollar I could git my hands on, an' borrowed all I could on my cow-horse and outfit. I had a right new Visalia saddle, with about nineteen pounds of silver on to it, an' a seventeen-dollar Spanish bit an' a twenty-eight-dollar bridle. All them, too, I was able, by great skill and perseverance, to put up in the game. I reckon they're in the First National Bank in Belgrade now.

While I'm waitin' for my knee to git in shape I takes observations of the punchers who was goin' against this game from time to time. It didn't usually take very long to settle the matter. The victim comes into the corral, full o' youth and hope. Alongside of him comes Kid Johnson, an' he makes a few brief remarks to this here bull that stands there waitin', straw hangin' outen his mouth. 'Tommy,' says Kid to the bull—Tommy was his name, you know—'I believe I'll have to trouble you just oncet more.' Then he turns to the puncher. 'Does you-all ride with or without?' says he.

"Some rid with a saddle an' some without. Take a couple of cowpunchers, an' they can put on a saddle so it's like it was nailed on. Some didn't even scorn to tie their stirrups fast, which ain't perfessional. Most all of 'em stuck to their spurs, of course, an' most all of 'em, too, forgot all about not pullin' leather.

"Now, you'd think that a cowpuncher with spurs on could take some kind of a hook into the cinch an' manage to ride him on top, or sideways, or someway. But it always come out the same way. Tommy would stand an' groan an' shed tears of anguish while they was cinchin' him up. Then Mr. Puncher climbs on top an' turns loose—partways anyhow—his little old yell of joy. Then says Kid Johnson, casual and languid-like, 'Go to it, Tommy.'

"I never did see that bull jump more than eleven or twelve feet high. He only bucked as much as was needful. He could sunfish, rail-fence, change ends, or execute any other style of gilt-edged pitchin', an' sometimes he'd hide his face clean acrost the corral, with his back humped up in a knot, conversin' with Kid Johnson in the meantime in a language they both seemed to understand. But usual the whole operation didn't last more'n about thirty seconds. The bull'd stand there meek an' patient until the cowpuncher clim' into the saddle. Then, a minute later, there wasn't no cowpuncher there.

"Right often the saddle'd be plumb down underneath that bull instead of on top of him, where the fellers left it when they cinched him up. Me studyin' them things, I come to notice that right on top of that bull's back, when he was normal, there was a white spot about as big as two dollars and a half. Now sometimes, when he got done throwin' the last victim of this here Kid Johnson, I'd look up an' there'd be that spot maybe plumb south of where it ought to be, or maybe east or west.

"The truth about it was that that bull wasn't meant to be rid nohow. He was just like a otter, and he could slip around in his skin or twist his skin either way, plumb around, world without end. As that, of course, took the saddle and the cowpuncher along with it, what chancet had a feller of ridin' it? What Kid Johnson really was playin' was a absolute, air-tight cinch. I knowed in less'n three days, from watchin' that white spot change its latertude and longertude, that the only real way to ride that critter was to spike his hide fast to his ribs or his backbone. I suggested that to Kid Johnson, but he says, 'No, I don't want to be cruel to the bull. You can have all the tools of your perfession—boots, chaps, spurs, quirt and rope—but I bars hammer and nails as not belongin' to a fair

"At the End of Twelve Minutes and a Half He Inquires Casual for a Cigareeto"

punchin' outfit. They might do better fer a fence-builder,' says he, sarcastic.

"Of course, I ought to had more sense, but I'm just like any other puncher, an' the trouble with me is I ain't got any sense. The Kid offers me two drinks or so, an' I get ambitious; an' I allow I can ride that bull anyhow, without no saddle an' without nailin' his hide fast to his frame. I so announces this to Kid Johnson, me bein' all swelled up with the new idee. 'The trouble with you-all,' says I, 'is that you haven't run against real science. Look at me. I'm goin' to ride that bull in the light of pure reason. I'm shore scientific,' says I. 'I've got this here all figured out.'

"Kid he leans against the bar and stifles his languid yawn once more; an' says he, 'My scientific friend, fly to it an' help yourself.' Them words he said to me.

"'Fer how much?' says I.

"'All you like,' says he.

"'All I got?' says I.

"'That suits me,' says he. And then, as I may pause to remark, was when I banked my Visalia.

"'Now,' says the Kid, smilin' to me beneficent, 'my sunny-haired friend, with the kind consents of this here bull of mine, you'll soon be among the malefactors of great wealth.'

"'Since you mention it,' says I, an' I takes up a cinch or so in my belt. 'But I make bold to say to you deliberate, Kid Johnson, that I ain't one of them pore, deluded bein's as sees fit to chase that white spot on that bull's back round an' round his solar system. I'm scientific, I am. I done studied that bull, an' I noticed one thing: while his hide is loose in the middle, it's bound for to be fast at both ends; else, if it wasn't, that bull'd be all tangled up in his computations. Now, I ain't tangled none, an' I announce to you cold that I rides him different from the way these other fellers has.'

"'How is those?' said the Kid, plumb affable yet, but lookin' a little pained.

"'I don't want no saddle,' says I, 'nor even no surcingle. When I was a kid, workin' for old man Wright, I got throwed off of my horse by accident one time and landed on top of a yearlin'. I lit face down, with my heels under his fore legs, an' it didn't take me long to connect up one hand on each side, grippin' his flanks. In this way,' says I, 'I discovered by accident, which is the way most science is discovered, that the way to ride one of these here reversible hides is to connect up fore and aft with a fixed point, where the critter can't turn his hide around. The only reason I don't double the bet with you, Mr. Johnson,' says I, 'is, I ain't got no other stuff to bet.'

"'There's a heap o' ways o' ridin' a bull,' says Kid Johnson then, thoughtful. 'There ain't nobody never tried this. Maybe Tommy an' me have got to meet our downfall at the hands of science. Still,' says he, 'the only reason I don't double the bet is that you ain't got nothin' to double it with. Help yourself,' says he.

"Say, his confidence in Tommy was somethin' scary. It was enough to loco the average feller before he started; but not [your fair-haired friend.

"'Put the "tap" over his eyes till I get set,' says I. 'I don't want no odds of nobody, but let's try out this here scientific experiment fair and square.'

"The Kid was game; so they blinds the bull while I'm gettin' fixed. I sets facin' backwards, with my spurs just inside this here critter's elbows in front. Then at last I remarked, 'Yee-yip!' and a few other things. 'Turn him loose,' says I, an' when they jump back I drops forward on my face an' grabs aholt of his flanks on each side.

"Now Tommy he ain't been used to no such thing like this, an' says he, sort of heartbroken, 'Oh wow, worrggh!' An', man! thereupon he falls to pitchin' as sincere an' industrious as airy bull I ever did see—or any horse, either.

"Say, it's a awful thing to be in a situation where you feel there ain't nothin' permanent ner stable in this human life of ours. Nine times I felt that reversible white spot on Tommy's back singe my vest buttons as it passed around. 'He ain't got no chanct against science,' sings I; an' I remarks, casual-like, a few more exultant notes such as is customary. 'He likes spurs, does he?' says I sarcastic, as I passes by Kid Johnson for the seventh time, with my face to one side of the bull's back an' my nose bloody by this time. 'I'm ridin' him fair, ain't I?' says I when we come around the next time. 'You don't see no cinches here, does you, my friend?' says I at the next revolution; 'ner no leather-pullin'?' 'What I remarks earlier,' says I to the folks at the next oppertunity, 'is, I can ride anything that has hair.'

"I could hear them making bets on me by this time. The corral got plumb full of people an' I could hear yells out on the street where the crowd was runnin' to see the sport. By this time that buckin', bawlin' bull had pretty near jolted the everlastin' soul out of my system. I was just slingin' electricity outen my golden locks every time he lit, an' I didn't know how much longer I was goin' to last. My spurs was holdin' all right forward, but the trouble was with my hands. Seemed like he was lined with eels outside. But nothin' would do me but I must show off, like any fool cowpuncher. Old Tommy he comes down from outen the air somewhere an' lands in front of Kid Johnson an' the rest. 'Has any gent got a cigareeto he can lend me to pass the time with?' says I, in short gasps like. 'I'm weary with this here monotony.'

"'You bet your life, Curly,' says Slim, my partner from the 101 Outfit. 'Ketch it when you come by.' He also emits some cowboy notes for the benefit of Kid Johnson. 'Hold him for me next,' says he. 'Any real puncher can ride that critter just the way he come on the range, without no saddle ner nothin'.'

"Now I had to make good my bluff about the cigareeto; so when we come around next time I reaches out my hand to git the cigareeto from Slim. Ah, well; what is one man's loss is another's opportunity. The bull seen his'n all right. He gives one twist, and the next I knowed they was fannin' me.

"'Did he do it fair?' asks the Kid when I had got conscious enough to hear conversation. I gits up and dusts off my chaps where there ain't any, an' I nods to Jim. 'Take the money, old man,' says I. 'You done it fair. The trouble with me is, I didn't play that scientific string clean through.'

"'There's always some reason why they don't,' says Kid, sighin'.

"Wherefore, my kind friend, at about sunset of a lovely autumn day there might have been seen a solitary horseman, which was me, awendin' his way on foot toward the Bellefoush country, which was shore a long distance off from Belgrade.

"After that," said Curly, chucking another stone into the varnish of the car, "I give up all hopes. There's always some time in any rider's life when he loses nerve. It may be his first fall or his fiftieth. It is more apt to come when a man ain't as young as he was, an' when he's got seventeen or thirteen kids runnin' around. So, the late Curly, why, he joins the caravan of ex-cowpunchers that has not rid the Belgrade bull, an' he starts off fer the simple an' pastoral life of the dip bucket an' the wire pliers, at thirty per each month. What could I do? I didn't have no horse, I didn't have no saddle, nor bridle, nor nothin'. What was worse, I didn't have no reputation. What was worse yet, I had lost my nerve. Kind sir, I had fell.

"It is of such as me that the sheepherders of this world is made out of. An' that all along of a reversible bull. It had been sprung on us as a new game, that's true enough; but we had all said we could ride anything that had hair. Many as the punchers I knowed this bull had throwed, I never knowed one of 'em that squealed or said he didn't do it fair; although in my own case I couldn't help wishin' I hadn't mixed science and cigareetos at just the wrong time. As it was, they told me I'd stayed on him longer than anybody else ever done. An' then, to think that a lowdown Greaser ——"

"Then they did ride him, after all?" I broke in.

Curly nodded. "Of course. They ain't no game that can't be beat, an' it stands to reason that this'n was, some time. Old man Wright told me about it. He owned the sheep-range where I went to work after that—at least, he always said he owned the range, an' was willin' to throw lead to back it. It's him that owns this valley, too, an' he's cuttin' it up into apple lots, now that sheep is no good any more. Oh, dash-blame everything a foot high, anyhow!"

"But about the Greaser?" I interrupted once more.

"Well, now, a Greaser ain't no more fit to be called folks than a bull is fit to be called a ridin' animal," said Curly at length. "It was fit an' proper that this here lowdown, loose, immoral cowcritter should come to grief at last at the hands an' feet of a artless son of Spain that was borned on the Rio Grande. Yep; you go back to Belgrade now, an' you won't find Kid Johnson puttin' money in his First National Bank quite so fast. Even him has to sigh at life, an' say, 'The time has came.'

"This Greaser, name of Juan Jesus Maria Pedro Something-or-other, he drifts in here to Belgrade one day, along of being stranded an' lost from his outfit somewhere up north. He looks most like any other Greaser—sort of brown in color, some bowlegged, an' full of cigareetos as long as he can get 'em. He strolls into Belgrade an' announces that he would like to get back home to the Rio Grande. Nobody pays no attention to him. At last Kid Johnson says to him, scornful: 'Well, dash-blame your hide, just to keep you quiet, if you ride that bull here for ten minutes I'll give you a ticket home an' eatin' money besides. You ain't got nothin' to bet, so what's the use?'

"You see, by this time, ridin' material was gettin' scarce in Belgrade an' the Kid was pinin' for a little excitement.

"'Aw right,' says Juan Jesus Maria Pedro. 'I rida heem. You giva me the teeket; I rida heem, aw right.'

"So they wanders over to the corral where Tommy is standin', sad an' disconsolate, like he is usual. Jesus Maria Juan Pedro stands in front of Tommy for a few moments an' he looks him steady in the face. He shakes his head an' says he, '*Muy malo toro—muy malo.*'

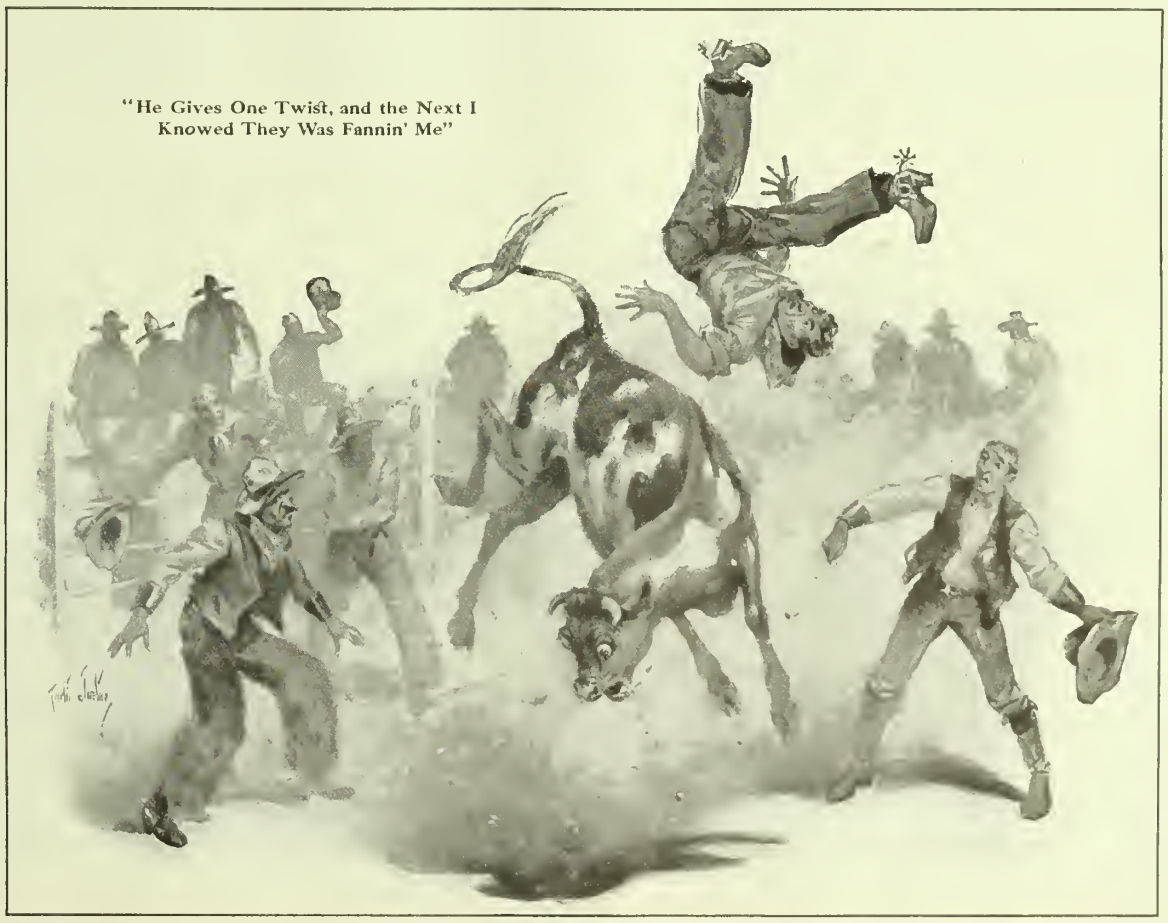
"'What's that he says?' asks the Kid, who owns Tommy.

"The Greaser says that's a 'mighty bad bull,' some one translates. You see, any Greaser savvies bulls aplenty. There ain't no bull-fighter will fight a Jersey bull. The average bull, he fights with his eyes shut when he charges, but a Jersey, he keeps his eyes wide open, an' he'll foller a man all around. I don't know as it makes a lot of difference to a feller who's ridin' a bull whether the bull's got his eyes wide open or shut, but this here Greaser, when he looks at Tommy, allows he's bad medicine. He's game hisself, though.

"'*Bueno!* Aw right. I rida heem anyhow. You giva me feefty dollar an' teeket; I rida heem.'

"'You're on!' says Kid Johnson, languid. An' about the next minute the Greaser was on too.

(Concluded on Page 58)



"He Gives One Twist, and the Next I Knowed They Was Fannin' Me"

All-Season Peach Growing

Meeting the Market at Both Ends—By Forrest Crissey

THE latest fashion in fruit farming is to drive the enterprise in double harness—one of the industrial span dodging stones on New England hillsides, the other treading the red soil of outworn cotton fields "'way down in Dixie."

The purpose of this new horticultural kink is plain to the practical man, to the experienced trader, who knows that the big end of the business game is to get into the market at the right time. "Come first or come last—and avoid the crowds!" was once the fruit grower's idea of the right time to arrive on the market. But the modern, progressive grower of perishable fruits has let out the belt of his ambitions and revised the market maxim to read: "Come first and come last; every season has two ends at which the prizes of top prices are distributed to those who set the alarm clock of climate and soil to strike at the winning hour."

This opportunity to hit the high-water mark of the market twice instead of once offers itself peculiarly to the grower of peaches, which have a wide climatic range. Consequently it was natural that the double-harness idea in fruit farms should have been pioneered by a peach grower—Mr. J. H. Hale, of South Glastonbury, Connecticut. After he had subjugated some of the rockiest hillsides in all New England and made the stony and despised hill-pasture yield him as high as one thousand dollars an acre in a single season, from late peaches, the possibilities of the other end of the market opened upon him. "Why not be first as well as last?" he asked himself—"especially when the front end of the market is often the fattest?"

Experience is the most expensive asset in the fruit grower's inventory. Mr. Hale had paid for his experience up in New England and he decided that he could spread it across Mason and Dixon's Line without any great additional cost. As the harvest season of the far South would be over before the first of his peaches on the Connecticut hillsides began to blush and mellow, what was to hinder? Therefore Mr. Hale hitched up in double harness, and today operates a two-thousand-acre peach plantation in central Georgia in addition to nine hundred acres in New England. And he finds the front shoulder of the market quite as fat and juicy as the hind quarter.

His ascent as a fruit farmer has been from the hand pushcart to the peach trolley car, and finally to the refrigerator fruit train loaded and precooled under his own packing sheds on a special track traversing his plantation. But the pushcart and the trolley-car years of his enterprise were those that made horticultural history, and are the ripest in lessons for prospective and practical orchardists.

Every inch of the way has been a hand-to-hand battle against prejudice, superstition and tradition. When only fourteen years old and working for a neighbor at a monthly hire of twelve dollars and fifty cents, Mr. Hale stumbled upon the inspiration that has made him the foremost peach grower of the whole Atlantic coast, if not of the entire country. It was in the form of an old native seedling peach tree, loaded with sweet wild fruit that melted in his mouth. As he ate he asked himself perhaps the most important question of his life:

"If this stony old hillside will grow such peaches as these, wild and without cultivation, what is to hinder its producing a splendid crop of choice, cultivated peaches?"

Getting a Start

THAT question stuck in his crop and he ground it over and over until he got his own answer—"Nothing!" Then he found out that peaches paid well where they were grown commercially. That settled it. Being "Widow Hale's Youngest," he had to help with the family burden; but he contrived to save enough from his yearly wage of one hundred dollars to buy a hundred of the best young peach trees he could find, and his mother gave him the use of part of a wornout pasture, back from the Connecticut River bottom lands, in which to plant his orchard. The ground was so rough and stony that the neighbors laughed at him. It was a piece of boy foolishness and the widow ought to stop it. But the boy kept on working and saving, and the next year bought a thousand trees, and a year or two later two thousand more.

Picking Peaches

From his work for the neighbor he learned another big lesson. He milked about fourteen cows, night and morning, and peddled the milk in town. A big home garden supplied more truck than the family needed, and the boy sold it quickly by "dressing it up right."

This taught him two things: that there was money in raising garden truck and small fruits, and that the secret of selling these products of the soil was to "have them right, first, and then to show them up right." These two lessons, learned on the milk route, have been worth many thousands of dollars to this successful fruit grower.

If he could sell small fruits and vegetables for his neighbor he could sell them for himself and have all the profits! So he went into the small fruit and garden business. His whole equipment was a shovel, a hoe, a spade and a rickety old pushcart.

However, the little fruit and vegetable garden gave him a foothold of income from which to fight for the big thing of the future—the growing peach orchard on the pasture lot. More than this, it taught him the secret of intensive cultivation, how to fight weeds and pests and plagues and get crops when others failed. There is nothing like an early education at the end of a hoe handle to make a captain of the fruit-growing industry.

When he set out his raspberry plants neighbors hung grinningly over the fence, and then passed on to the corners to discuss the folly of Widow Hale's Youngest in working a briar patch when he might be cultivating tobacco on the bottom lands as his father and grandfather had done before him. But though he managed to make things grow in the garden, he succeeded in making the mortgage on the farm grow like a weed. And that mortgage was held by the Church Society. He had made some costly mistakes and he had been constantly enlarging his plant. Both mistakes and expansion ate up money—and he had been as full of troubles as a Triumph peach is full of juice. One year after another his peach trees failed to reward his faith with a crop—in spite of the fact that, from the time he had bought his first trees, he had put all his spending money into traveling to the homes of the leading horticulturists to pick up crumbs of personal instruction.

The seventh year after his first planting the prospects of his orchard were brilliant—when suddenly an untimely frost descended and wiped his crop out in a night. But the frost struck deeper than the peach pits; it reached into the councils of the church which held the mortgage. A meeting was called the next summer at which the hard-headed deacons decided that although the interest had always been promptly paid, the "tomfoolery" of the Widow's Youngest endangered the security of the loan, and that unless additional security could be given the loan must be called in.

How Mr. Hale Shocked His Neighbors

"I CAN'T give you more security," said the young peach grower. "Your mortgage covers everything we've got in the world." That was all the comfort he would give them. But he knew that he had until the following October to make the turn. And he also knew that a big crop of peaches had set on his trees which promised to fulfill all his persistent faith. Somehow he couldn't bring himself to believe that failure would be his fate this time.

He had one more fight, however—and a hard one—with the Powers of Tradition before the final showdown. After the summer drop of imperfect fruit he went through his orchard and saw that his trees were still loaded, the peaches crowding each other upon the branches. Then and there he decided upon the bold stroke of thinning out the crop. He had never heard of any grower who practiced thinning, but he believed that it would give him more fine, big peaches and fewer small ones—and therefore more money for the crop—than if he were to let all the fruit come to maturity on the crowded branches.

One of Mr. Hale's Orchards at Fort Valley, Ga

He took the hired boy into the orchard and showed him how to do the thinning. The boy rebelled but had to obey. Soon a neighbor, who had been especially kind to the widow and her children, appeared in great excitement.

"That boy is pulling off peaches by the bushel, by the hundreds!" he cried; "and he says that you are making him do it."

"I am," was the reply. "The trees have just so much stuff to put into peaches, and no more. If they have fewer peaches to put it into the fruit will be bigger and better and bring a lot more money."

"Stop him!" groaned the neighbor. "Now that the good Lord has

given you a crop after all these years, take what He gives you. Son, it's a wicked sin and a shame to do this thing!"

But the boy stood firm. Finally they went into the orchard and its young owner said:

"Uncle Kinney, you've been good to us and I'm going to give you all the fruit on this row for your own. Not a peach shall be touched. But we're going to thin the rest of the orchard."

The neighbor at last consented to accept one tree, which was left with its original load of fruit. When harvest came, in the happiest September of Mr. Hale's life, he took his neighbor into the orchard again and showed him the results of the "sinful waste" of thinning. The peaches upon the one tree that had been left untouched were about an inch and a half in diameter, while most of the fruit on the other trees was about three times as large.

And what about the mortgage? Before the harvest had progressed far the young orchardist looked at his bank account and then wrote a check for twenty-one hundred dollars in favor of the church. And when, in return, he received the mortgage, he experienced the one big thrill of his life. That year his crop brought him more than nine thousand dollars from ten acres, and after he had paid all his debts he still had a good sum with which to branch out.

But his first triumph involved departures in the marketing end of his business too significant to be passed over without mention. He found that the peaches then coming from Maryland, Delaware and other places were packed with the finest fruit at the top of the hasket and inferior fruit below. This was the shifty and accepted fashion of the day. Young Hale reasoned that this was not good business; that buyers liked to get what they paid for; that there were plenty of people who were willing to pay a fancy price for fancy peaches "from top to bottom," instead of being ohliged to pay a compromise price in order to get a top layer of fancy fruit. Also that there were others who would prefer second-grade peaches at a moderate price, without being obliged to pay a fine price for the fancy layer at the top; and that there were still others who would take third-grade peaches at a third-grade price. So he decided to sell his peaches in separate grades instead of all grades mixed in the same packages.

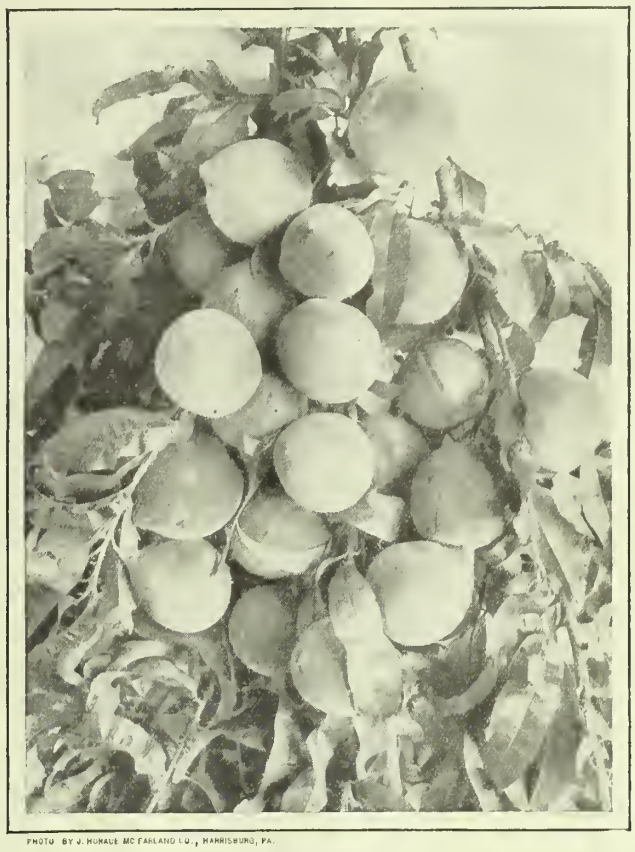


PHOTO BY J. HORACE MC FARLAND CO., HARRISBURG, PA.

A Cluster of Big Ones

An Experiment in Grading Peaches

TO GET the full benefit of this innovation he put a red label on the packages containing his finest selected fruit, a white label on those filled with second-grade peaches and a blue label on the "thirds." Each label told in plain words the grade of fruit in the box and informed the buyer: "You see Top, you see all." Then, to clinch the departure, he packed the fruit with his name and guaranty. This has given him the name of Red-Label Hale.

This was a new thing in peach packing, and he decided that the way to introduce it was to get in personal touch with the retailers and tell them all about it. He rented an old store in Hartford and hung out a sign reading: "Headquarters for Hale's Peaches. Peaches Ripened on the Trees." Having established himself as his own commission man he was then ready to visit the trade in all of the principal cities and towns within one hundred miles of South Glastonbury. He called upon all the leading grocers and fruit dealers and said to each:

"You may have the exclusive agency for my peaches in your place." But when he told them how the fruit would be graded and packed most of them smiled and shook their heads. It had never been done before and they would have to see before believing. When his proposition was declined he went to another merchant, of lesser reputation, and made a deal. Then he went home with his little bunch of small initial orders and began to fill them. Within twenty-four hours from the arrival of his first shipments his telephone was the busiest in the exchange and the burden of his messages was "Double my order for tomorrow." This was the song of the wire day after day. Then followed letters from the leading retail dealers. They had seen the peaches, the new grading and packing was all right and they wanted fruit.

"You declined my proposition," was the answer they received. "Your competitor accepted; I am going to stick by him."

This was the method by which a green hand sold a first crop of peaches from ten acres for nine thousand dollars—straight from the shoulder, from grower to retailer. It built up a trade that stuck and that sold other and larger crops without half the effort involved in the first venture. And it was followed until the young orchardist became so large a grower that he was forced into wholesale channels. When he was obliged to let his output pass through the hands of commission men he picked his men with as much care as he would a new variety of peach. And he did it by personal contact. He picked men who "sized up" as straight and honest. Being a shrewd judge of human nature, he declares that he has found but one crooked stick in all the men he has trusted to handle his output.

If he fancied that he fully passed through the fires of probation with the triumphal marketing of the first big crop of peaches he was soon disillusioned on that score. "The peach business," Mr. Hale declares, "is mostly probation, and the grower's complete salvation is never sure until he is retired from the business at the end of a bumper crop sold at high prices. Always the grower must be on the alert for new emergencies, ready to throw tradition to the winds and apply new remedies with promptness and 'peach sense'—and if he has not a reasonable equipment of the latter he would better stay out of the business." Set rules and rutted system in peach culture are first aids to failure. An open mind and the capacity to make quick judgments and carry them quickly into practice are cardinal qualities in a peach grower. Something new is always found to happen in this calling—and generally it happens with surprising suddenness. If the emergency is met it is hy quick and resourceful action—for which the rules are seldom laid down in the books.

One year, after a splendid crop had set, hrown rot appeared and leading pomologists advised the use of Bordeaux mixture, then just coming into use. Shortly after it had heen applied the leaves began to drop from the trees. The entire destruction of the big crop was threatened, for "no leaves, no peaches!" Quick action along an unbroken trail was evidently the only way out of the dark situation. The old leaves were doomed, for the ground was literally covered with them. Could new ones he grown in time to save the crop? Horticultural literature contained no record that gave him a hint of comfort. But it was worth trying! He knew, of course, that nitrate of soda and nitrate of potash were powerful stimulants of leaf growth, so he wired to New York for enough of this leaf food to give his entire orchard a grand banquet—at a cost of ninety dollars a ton. It arrived at Hartford Sunday morning and found a small army of men and teams waiting to receive it. There was a thin attendance at church that Sabhath morning, for nearly every neighbor had been pressed into the service. Before the feast was completely spread the darkness brought a grateful shower that helped rapidly to dissolve the nitrates.

Then Mr. Hale waited and watched. By Thursday new leaf shoots appeared generously and by the following Sunday the little peaches had stopped puckering and were beginning to stiffen up. The crop was saved and it was a good one. Black defeat and sweeping disaster were completely averted by plenty of "peach sense," quick decision and prompt action.

Bargain Day in the Orchard

MARKETING as well as growing hrings its acute and sudden emergencies, which must be dealt with instantly. One season, when the finest peaches of the crop were being picked, a heavy southwest storm put in an appearance—with several thousand baskets ready to be harvested. The night storm was furious and the morning showed the orchard ground covered with peaches that had the grimy appearance of potatoes—which had been worth a dollar a basket the day before! The Italians were sent out to pick up the mired and storm-beaten peaches. Meantime the office force was busy telephoning to retail dealers, fruit pedlers and private families within a radius of fifteen miles from the orchard. All were told that this was the greatest bargain day in the history of the orchard. In the afternoon wagons began to arrive by the score. At first, single baskets sold at twenty-five cents, but before

Connecticut Land That Will be Cleared and Planted to Peaches Next Year

An Apple Orchard of Twelve-Year-Old Trees, at Seymour, Connecticut

night a seven-hundred lot brought sixty cents a basket—and the grower had twelve hundred dollars cash in his safe. Once more he had turned the trick that changed a calamity into a fair success.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of city men are saying to themselves: "I will pick up a little New England farm while the land is still cheap, plant it to orchards, spend my summer vacations there and develop it gradually. The trees will be growing while I am working. Then, when they come into bearing, I'll quit the city and go to the orchards." Mr. Hale was asked if this plan is reasonably practicable.

"Yes," he answered, "if the man is practical and lives near enough to the farm to go to it as occasion requires. But the best way for a man who cannot be on the spot and give all his time to developing an orchard is to give a working interest in the orchard to a practical man who hasn't the capital to start for himself. Give the right sort of a man a good big stake to work for and he'll work while you're away. That is the plan I'm following on my scattered New England orchards of nine hundred and twenty acres containing about fifty thousand trees. The home place is the one exception to this rule. This is the way I found a partner who is a wonder. For twenty years I have been hiring Italians. They come from every big hotel and café in New York. One day the best man I had left, but brought me a friend originally from the north of Italy."

How to Pick Peach Orchard Partners

"IT WAS exchanging a good man for a better. After he had worked two years he brought his wife over from Italy and was made foreman. He had his house, garden, milk, and ten dollars a week. That anchored him. Years later, when we were preparing land that was mostly rocks and stumps and required the use of dynamite about every third tree, he insisted that I should plant peaches with the apple trees. 'I maka dem grow!' he assured me. It looked to me like too tough a job to tackle. Then he came back at me to give him some business of his own. Again I turned him off. When he had gone, a good adviser of mine said: 'Better take Pero up. You know that he doesn't touch a thing that fails to grow.' It was the truth—and I called him back and made a contract with him by which he should take charge of the work, I furnish the development money, and when the orchard paid for all that had been put into it, and ten per cent, I would give him a deed to a full half interest in the property. He has made the peach trees, which I was afraid to put out, grow and fruit almost to the point of perfection. Pero is the original Hillside Wizard, when it comes to getting peaches from between stones and he'll have his deed to half that farm in a quarter of the time I expected. Pero never takes his eye off the big prize. Besides, he loves his work. In a few years he will be a rich man, even by American standards.

"But not all good fruit-farm partners are Italians. Some are Irish. When nursery stock was a big end of my business I received a letter from a young man at Seymour, Connecticut, saying that he was a mechanic, had read certain articles of mine on peach growing, and wished to know if I thought he could accomplish anything in that line by working before and after shop hours. I answered that he could if he worked early and late. He bought two hundred trees and planted them. Later he wrote asking some keen and pointed questions that showed he had 'peach sense.' Next year came another letter saying he had done so well that he wanted to branch out and plant one thousand trees, but couldn't pay for them until July 1. I sent him the trees.

"In June came a nervous letter from the young Irishman explaining that he couldn't get the money until July 6. He was certainly worried because he couldn't come to time right on the dot. I wrote him that his letter pleased me so much that I wasn't particular if he never paid for the trees. He bought more trees, and some two or three years later he wrote that there was trouble in his orchard and, if possible, would I come to Seymour and see the trees? In his letter was ten dollars for my expenses. Before that I had made many advice trips but I always paid my own expenses in advance. I wanted to see the sort of mechanic that would send me more than half a week's wage along with a cry from Macedonia, so I went and gave back the money along with some tree advice. That year he had his first crop and realized three thousand dollars from two thousand trees. On the heels of his first success came an offer from a man who wished to furnish capital for a much larger orchard. I saw that Coleman wanted to break away from the shop. So I bought the rocky farm on which he had his eye fixed and made a contract with him on the same terms as the Pero contract. One field in that farm was so thick with stones that a man could literally walk across it, from end to end, and not set foot on soil. We planted it to dynamite and peach trees—and the finest peaches in color and flavor I have ever seen came out of that lot. Mike Coleman now lives in probably the best farmhouse in the county. In a few years he can spend his winters in California or Florida and tour Europe in a motor without living beyond his means, if he wishes. He has moved stones as big as stoves and put peach trees in the holes. Some of the orchards under his care have averaged eight hundred dollars an acre on the crop and many special acres have brought one thousand dollars in a season. And it would be hard to find a stonier or a more perpendicular farm in southern New England than the Seymour farm.

"So, I say, pick your partner from the bottom, tight to the soil, if you want to develop a fruit farm—one who has already made good either as a hired hand or in a small way by himself. There are other Peros, other Mike Colemans, still unpicked. And they and the men who give them their chance are going to do a heap toward overturning agricultural New England. Mr. John Baird, the superintendent of the Georgia plantation, spent his boyhood and youth in a big tree nursery."

No matter how much he may take from his peach crop, Mr. Hale insists that the main business of his New England land is the growing of apple orchards, and that in a few years peaches will be only an incidental in his output.

"Peaches," he declares, "make a quick money crop, coming into bearing in about three years. But they rarely bear profitably in the North after they are twelve or fifteen years of age. Apple trees, on the other hand, do not come into strong bearing until about the twelfth year after planting. But when they are properly grown and scientifically cared for their period of production is practically unlimited. Such a tree, in the ordinary course of events, will undoubtedly yield abundantly for a hundred years. This means that an apple orchard, which is and has been cared for properly and according to the standard scientific methods of modern horticulture, is a wonderful wealth-producer and about the best kind of life insurance a man can have. This applies to the northeastern part of the United States—in the West an apple tree that bears for twenty years is doing remarkably well."

This is the reason why practically every peach orchard on the Hale farms in New England is really an apple orchard with peach fillers for "quick money." The apple trees are planted thirty-six feet apart each way and are interspersed with peach trees eighteen feet apart. This gives three peach trees to each apple tree. All of the cultivation and much of the fertilizing given the peach trees is of equal service to the apple trees. Spraying and pruning are the main direct costs incurred by the apple trees. Sometimes there is a little special fertilization. While the peach trees are bearing, the apple trees are held back by repressive summer pruning. When, in a combination orchard, the peach trees are cut out, about the fifteenth year, a sudden transformation takes place in the apple trees; they go forward by leaps and bounds and almost literally burst into bearing. Such a "liberated" apple orchard on Mr. Hale's Seymour place averaged about a barrel of fine fruit to the tree the season after the elimination of the peach trees. And this apple orchard was only twelve years old. In two or three years after the handicap is removed the production is expected to be about six barrels to the tree, increasing for some twenty years.

"Every tree in any New England apple orchard that has been faithfully and scientifically cared for from the moment of its planting is worth one dollar a year for each year of its growth," says Mr. Hale. "It may be worth more, but it's worth that! My liberated orchard has forty trees to the acre and is twelve years old. At this basis of valuation it is worth today four hundred and eighty dollars an acre. It could not be bought for that, however. The peach trees grown on that ground have paid for the land, the maintenance, the improvements, the interest, and then, at the end of their service, have presented me, free of cost, with an apple orchard worth four hundred and eighty dollars an acre."

Because of their keeping qualities and their popularity Mr. Hale is setting in operation a new plan of marketing apples. With a more perishable fruit, or one not in constant and universal demand, the scheme would not be practical. Nearness to large markets is also an element in the success of this plan.

"I hold that the way for an Eastern grower to sell his apples is direct to the consumer," says Mr. Hale. "This is especially true of the finest and the second-best grade of apples. But the man who thinks that he can build up a direct-to-consumer business in apples on any other basis than that of the most rigid grading is going to get left. There's where a lot of shifty growers are going to fall down. Otherwise the plan is safe and sound and will carry. Once you sell a man a barrel of prime New England apples, honestly graded and packed from top to bottom, you have made him a life customer so long as he is able to buy apples and so long as you send him apples up to the grade he orders. People are funny about apples. The city man likes to pass the apples to his friends and say: 'Those are the real thing! I get 'em straight from the orchard—every year from the same man. He doesn't go into the market—just sells to private customers who want the best. The whole barrelful is like those.' Then, between bites, the friend asks for the name and address of the orchard man, and the man who gets his apples 'straight from the orchard' is as flattered as if you praised his private brand of cigars."

Selling Apples by Mail

"THIS is the way the business pushes itself. The grower who wishes to build up a mail-order trade direct with consumers will put a few neatly printed circulars telling about his apples and his orchard into each box or barrel that he sends out. On each bit of apple literature will be a red line suggesting that the circulars are for the convenience of the buyer, to be handed to his friends who may wish to know where the apples were grown. This will help the business to push itself. Again, there are many high-class publications in which the grower, reaching out for a direct mail-order business, may profitably advertise. These are the lines along which I am organizing my own apple business, which is just coming on in a large commercial way. I do not anticipate much difficulty on the score of losses from shipments to unreliable customers. The dragnet of credit information in these days is very extensive and thorough in its sweep. This makes a fair basis to begin with. Of course there will be some losses at the start, but they will quickly teach any wide-awake grower the tricks that will be put up against him and how to circumvent them. His greatest danger lies right in himself. If he is too careless or too shifty to grade his apples according to a rigid standard his mail-order business is doomed.

"My own apples for the direct-to-consumer trade are sorted into three grades, the same as my peaches, each grade with its distinctive color label. The purpose of this color scheme is to emphasize the difference in the grades, to impress every person who sees a package with the fact that a red label, for instance, means the choicest fruit grown in the orchard; that a white label means good fruit, but not extremely fancy; that the blue label means serviceable fruit at a low price; that every label means that all the fruit in the package is just as good as the top layer.

"Practically every one of my New England farms has plenty of timber and either freely flowing springs or good clear ponds. Instead of selling off the timber at a low price I have looked forward to the apple business. Shortly I will set up

(Continued on Page 68)

PHOTO BY J. HORACE MCFARLAND CO., HARRISBURG, PA.

A Bumper Crop in One of Mr. Hale's Georgia Orchards

Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

The Barnacle Library—By Robert Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

LORD STRANLEIGH of Wychwood rarely allowed any expression of annoyance to escape him, but one morning at breakfast, on opening his favorite daily paper, an item that caught his eye caused him so far to forget himself that he gave utterance to the phrase: "Dash it all!"

It says much for the training of Ponderby, who was waiting upon him, that this excellent servant never moved a muscle on hearing the unaccustomed exclamation. Whatever astonishment Ponderby felt was very effectually concealed. Stranleigh said to him, more peremptorily than usual:

"I wish, Ponderby, you would be so obliging as to telegraph my agent, Wilson, asking him to take the first London train and call on me here before luncheon."

"Very good, my lord," replied Ponderby, departing on his mission.

After his master had finished breakfast Ponderby turned to the newspaper page that had aroused this unwonted exhibition of feeling and had little difficulty in finding the item which he knew had displeased his lordship. The paragraph ran as follows:

Mr. Peter Barnacle has promised to build a library in Stranleigh Village if the inhabitants will provide a site for the building. As all property in the vicinity belongs to Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood, there is little doubt that a beautiful plot of land will be offered by his lordship, so that advantage may be taken of this munificence.

Ponderby read the paragraph twice with slightly puckered brows, as if failing to understand why the extract should have caused annoyance. It seemed very good indeed of Mr. Barnacle to provide for the mental enjoyment of that delightful old English village; but, instead of being thankful, Lord Stranleigh had gone to the extreme of saying, "Dash it all!" As Ponderby carefully folded up the newspaper and put it away, he murmured to himself:

"I wish I 'ad his money." But whether this referred to Mr. Barnacle or Lord Stranleigh we shall never know, for Ponderby rarely confided in any one.

The young nobleman returned home at eleven o'clock, and half an hour later Wilson, the agent, put in an appearance. Wilson was a very brisk, businesslike man, with a hard face, a lowering brow, and lips which had a touch of tyranny about them. Although obsequious enough to Stranleigh, he was very domineering to those over whom he exerted power, and was generally disliked by villagers and tenants. It was his boast that he stood no nonsense from that class of people, and his attitude was one of protection so far as Stranleigh was concerned, not concealing the fact that but for him his lordship would be robbed right and left. If one of the tenants ventured to appeal to Stranleigh direct, under a sense of oppression, that tenant was almost certain to meet misfortune in his future career, although it was rarely possible to trace calamity to Wilson himself.

Lord Stranleigh was perhaps too easy on these occasions, for whoever came to him with a hard-luck story was quite certain to have his complaint promptly and favorably attended to; but, as Wilson became better known, these appeals to Cæsar were less and less frequent. Although Stranleigh himself felt an instinctive distaste for Wilson's society, and more than once had found reason to reprove him for his lack of sympathy with the tenants, and on occasion had even determined to dismiss him, he recognized his good business qualities. Besides that, he shrank from displacing any man in the Stranleigh service, except on irrefragable proofs of dishonesty or unfairness; so Wilson stayed on year by year.

"Good morning, Wilson. I telegraphed to you because of an item in today's paper. Is it true that Mr. Barnacle has offered a library to Stranleigh Village?"

"Yes, my lord; I believe it is."

"You believe! Aren't you sure?"

"Yes, my lord; I am sure."

"Then why did you not write to me about it?"

"I didn't know that it would interest your lordship."

"Anything pertaining to the estate interests me, and I dislike reading in the newspapers information about my own affairs that should already be in my possession. Is it not a fact that there is a well-selected library now housed in the Village Hall, the books of which are at the free disposal of all inhabitants?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Did the villagers apply to Mr. Barnacle themselves?"

"I believe they did, my lord. A public meeting was held some months ago, at which it was stated that the books at the Village Hall had all been read over and over again, and it was unanimously voted that application

Stranleigh Did Not Enter

should be made to Mr. Barnacle. After some investigation that gentleman agreed to build and equip a library."

"I see. Did any one propose application to me?"

"I think not, my lord."

"Do you know why?"

"Well, I suppose they did not wish to trouble your lordship, as you had already done a great deal for the village."

"That's all very well, Wilson, but I think you should have looked after my affairs a little more closely than you have done, and I ought to have been approached as lord of the manor before an appeal was made to a stranger."

"It never occurred to me that Mr. Barnacle would consent, because Stranleigh Village is rather an unimportant hamlet. Still, your lordship has now an opportunity of assisting. It is proposed that a delegation wait upon you for the purpose of obtaining a site, which is one of Mr. Barnacle's provisos. It is suggested that you donate that plot of grassland at the head of High Street, under the hill where the road turns to the left."

"I see; which means that there will be built a blatant, red-brick, red-tiled piece of architectural modernity dominating High Street, and completely out of keeping with the rest of the village. Suppose, then, I refuse the request?"

Wilson shrugged his shoulders.

"In that case, my lord, you will effectually put an end to the project."

"Quite so, Wilson. I hope you now see in what a predicament you have placed me. If I give the ground I shall spoil the village; and if I refuse all the newspapers in the country will hold me up to scorn as the tyrannical landlord, quite callous regarding the culture of the people. I shall be charged with keeping them in ignorance, so that they may vote in consonance with my own ignorance."

"Adverse comment may be easily prevented, my lord."

"It could have been prevented easily if you had taken this movement in time, but I am not going to interfere with the liberty of the British Press. I believe we have some rather strenuous Socialists in Stranleigh Village."

"Yes, my lord, we have. There are at least half a dozen who should have been packed off from the place months ago. I can do it yet if you give me permission."

"Oh, bless you, no! I am rather by way of being a Socialist myself; indeed, I have allowed free use of the Village Hall, and I supply the reading-room with all the Socialistic journals I can find. Were the Socialists, as I suspect, leaders in this new plan?"

"They have taken a very active part in it, my lord."

"Very well, Wilson. You will return to Stranleigh Village and convene the inhabitants thereof in the Public Hall. Apologize to them for my neglect in allowing the present library to become out of date, and tell them I am in full sympathy with their desire for improvement. By the way, do you know how much Mr. Barnacle intended to spend on this building?"

"I am not sure, my lord, but I think something like three thousand pounds."

"Well, that is very good of him; so I beg you to have drafted a most cordial letter of thanks, declining the donation. This should be signed by yourself and by all the villagers. You may then announce that I will allot five thousand pounds for the building, because I wish to approve the plans and be assured that the library is in keeping with the rest of the village as nearly as modern construction can compare with the excellent architecture of two or three centuries ago. I will donate the piece of land you suggest, and provide an amply supply of books, both ancient and modern.

"The ancient books will be largely of my own selection, but I request you to write to every publisher in London for his catalog, and these catalogs I wish placed on a table in the reading-room of the Village Hall. As it is the villagers themselves who complain of lack of modernity in our present selection, ask them to be good enough to examine these lists, and let each place his initials before whatever book he wishes. All these volumes I will buy and send down to you. I shall also set aside and invest a capital sum of money, the interest of which will keep this library going forever—the income being sufficient to pay for all work, repairs, and new volumes as they are issued."

Wilson hesitated.

"I think, my lord, we run some risk of offending Mr. Barnacle, who has been very generous in this matter. If you allow him to go on with this project I shall see to it that the next proposal made by the villagers is submitted directly to you."

"I am quite sure Mr. Barnacle will take no offense if you write him a courteous and tactful letter. Everything depends on that, Wilson. Tell him that he has spurred me to action, and thank him on my behalf for doing so. It is the outsider who sees most of the game, and I am very grateful to him for pointing out a way which apparently I should have taken long ago.

"Meanwhile, set about obtaining plans from some of our best architects, not neglecting to give the younger men a chance. I think I would rather not have a competition. I will suggest some names and you can add others. Photographs of Stranleigh Village might be taken and sent out with your request for plans. Secure at first a series of sketches, for all of which you will pay. I shall make a selection from these sketches, and then you may ask the architects to visit Stranleigh Village at my expense, examine the site and estimate its capabilities, afterward supplying detailed plans and elevations, and naming their own fees for this work."

Wilson protested that such terms were unduly generous—quite unnecessarily so, he maintained—but Stranleigh replied dryly that all he asked of Wilson was that he should carry out the scheme as outlined, seeing that every one working in connection with it was duly recompensed. Wilson, overruled, begged his lordship's pardon if he displayed too much zeal, giving as an excuse the plea that he thought continually of his lordship's interests, there being, it seemed, so many outsiders who wished to take advantage.

"That's all right," said his lordship airily. 'The advantage-takers are in reality the rich man's best friends, for they continually strive to make possible his entrance to the Kingdom of Heaven. What is a rich man for if not to be taken advantage of? Although the wealthy may not be appreciated in Paradise, they get more than their share of attention in this world, and thus we strike a balance. However, Wilson, let us, as practical men, adhere to this mundane sphere and leave Paradise alone for the present.

"Frankly, I dislike having my hand forced, as is the case with this library, and I consider you have neglected

your duty in allowing an unnecessary agitation to reach a point of finality without acquainting me. Stranleigh Village, with its small population, needs a new library just as much as our farm carts need three wheels each. Still, there's no use in growling over spilt milk. Make out a deed of gift transferring the plot of land to whatever authority takes charge of the new institution, but insert a proviso that, should the plot of land be used for any other purpose than that which we have in view, it reverts once more to the estate. You may draw on me to the extent of five thousand pounds, but if the cost of the building exceeds that sum let me know, and I will supply the deficit."

With this, Wilson took his departure and Stranleigh speedily forgot all about the matter.

It would be ridiculous to assert that a young athlete like Stranleigh lacked the physique to pursue the London Season to its bitter end. Although there was certainly an air of great indifference in his manner, he was quite free from that intellectual languor which causes a man to look down upon what is termed "the frivolity of society." He always regretted his own lack of cleverness, and admitted shamefacedly that many features of the London Season he thoroughly enjoyed, such as polo at Ranelagh, cricket at Lord's, and most of the races. Besides, he knew that London expects every man to do his duty in a country where the women outnumber the men; so Stranleigh, in addition to being an occasional host, was an indefatigable guest.

"Why the Seventy-Five Pounds?" He Asked

The beginning of May saw him enter the London Season with the very best intentions, determined not to weary in well-doing till July was ended. He plunged manfully into the social maelstrom, no one more eager to please, or—what is especially valued in London society—no one so easily pleased. Nevertheless, just as the London Season was at its height Stranleigh began to see visions. Sometimes these dreams would picture to him a rock-environed, seacoast bay, with a little fishing village on its margin; but more often the mirage represented a secluded spot in the forest of Stranleigh Park, where, in a green glade, crystal waters came tumbling over rocks and, running rapidly and merrily through woods and meadows, formed one of the choicest trout streams that a fisherman could wish to cast a line upon.

Young Blake, the secretary, always made allowance for these visions and prepared for them. Toward the middle of each June Blake's communications with the world of fashion changed purport, from "Lord Stranleigh is delighted to accept" to "The Earl of Stranleigh regrets he is unable"; and thus he was prepared for the inevitable annual question:

"I say, Blake, how many invitations have I accepted for next week?"

"None, my lord."

"Good. Nothing to prevent me from running down to Stranleigh Park?"

"Nothing, my lord."

"All right; I'll spend the week-end there, at least."

Blake always smiled at this.

"You needn't grin, Mr. Blake. I'm not actuated by sentiment, as you appear to think: a visit to the ancestral home; one's cherished birthplace, and all that sort of thing. No; I can enjoy there what is quite impossible in London: an old and very disreputable suit of knickerbockers, so dilapidated that if used outside the limits of Stranleigh Park I should run a risk of being arrested as a vagrant. Once at Stranleigh Park I may not return to London at once. Blake, you're grinning again! It's a bad habit. Avoid it. Truth is, I've got some new fishing tackle that I wish to test. I love an old stream, old clothes and new tackle. Besides, by the lassitude that's coming over Ponderby I know he wishes to visit his relatives, though he will sacrifice himself as long as I stay in London. It seems ludicrous to think of Ponderby having relatives, but we must take his word for it; so on my behalf strike a sort of social balance-sheet and close the books. See that no letters are sent on. Get off yourself. Where are you going this year—Switzerland, the Pyrenees, or does high living prescribe Marienbad?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter about me, my lord."

"Of course not; but where?"

"Well, a friend of mine has a nice little yacht and we were thinking of the Norwegian fiords."

"The yacht isn't fitted with wireless, is it?"

"No, my lord; quite a modest sailing craft that we work ourselves."

"Excellent. Couldn't be better. No possibility of our communicating with one another. Good luck to you."

The same afternoon the young nobleman arrived by train at Stranleigh station, a good four miles from the village of that name. There was no one to meet him, for he had come unannounced and without impedimenta. Striking across country, and walking through forest and field, mostly over his own property, he at last saw Stranleigh manor-house nestling in the upper part of a well-wooded valley, sheltered from the wind on three sides.

Stranleigh had tramped over the hills and now stood for a few minutes enjoying the view from the highest part of his estate. Half a mile farther down the valley, along the banks of the stream, lay the village, quaint with its gray-stone, ivy-covered walls and thatched roofs. Above it rose the gray, square Norman tower of the old church. From the end of High Street, up through the trees, came an unaccustomed note of color which, except for its steadiness, looked like the blurred suggestion of a fire. Stranleigh knitted his brow, wondering what it was; then, walking down the path toward the house, the view became more distinct, and he saw a two-story building of very red brick, roofed with equally red tiles. Then, suddenly, he remembered the new public library and realized that his own money had placed there this violent contrast to the subdued hue of the ancient village.

"I wish I had built it of stone," he said with a sigh. "By Jove, I'll do it yet, or else cover it with plaster!"

He entered his house, went to his room, and arrayed himself in the disreputable knickerbockers and ancient Norfolk jacket of tweed. Under the collar of his gray flannel shirt he tied a frayed scarlet cravat, then surveyed his full-length reflection in the pier-glass with an expression of satisfaction. The best-dressed man in London was now an excellent representation of a tramp.

"My tailor would have a fit if he could see me, and I should have to explain that this anarchist necktie is to place me *en rapport* with the new library."

Passing down the carriage drive which wound among the trees partially hiding the house from the King's highway, he entered the main street of the village at its lower end and there received, like a slap in the face, the full effect of the brilliant edifice, apparently built to cross the road at the upper end.

As Stranleigh gazed up the street with stern disapproval on his face he murmured to himself: "I am either confoundedly stupid or Fate has turned against me. I spend five thousand pounds to help on the culture of the neighborhood and merely succeed in spoiling the prettiest village in England. That blatant building must be replaced."

At this point he was accosted by the oldest inhabitant, Samuel Nubbins, whose bent, shrunken figure was supported by a thick stick.

"Welcome 'ome, my lord," said Nubbins cordially; and as the ancient used the title in every sentence he spoke, it will be omitted in recording his conversation.

"Good evening, Mr. Nubbins; how are you? You seem to be the only one of us who never grows older."

"I be main old, and I've lived to see great improvements in my time, please God. I never expected to live long enough to see so grand a house as that put up in Stranleigh Village."

"Neither did I," replied the young man grimly.

"It be wonderful what rich men do for us in these days," continued Nubbins.

"It is, indeed. I understand you asked for the library."

"Yes; but the idea would never have come to me. I be too old and stupid."

"You do yourself an injustice, Mr. Nubbins. You are old, and very, very wise, and I rejoice to hear that the scheme originated with some one else. Who was that brilliant person?"

"We had public meetings; two or three on 'em. All was in favor."

"I dare say," said Stranleigh. "I've yet to hear of a public meeting that's not in favor of getting something for nothing. But who was the moving spirit?"

"Why, Bill Perkins had more to do with it than any one else, and people are not so hard on Bill as they used to be, 'cause he stood up for our good."

"What!—Bill Perkins, the poacher?"

"Well, they do say he poached now and then; but it's never been proved."

"No; I admire Bill's dexterity in setting traps so successfully and never getting into one himself, but William as an advocate of literature rather amazes me. He'll be proposing to go to Oxford next."

"I dare say he's been there. He's a great traveler, is Bill, and when things get a bit hot in one neighborhood ——"

Old Nubbins checked himself, finding he was verging on slander. The character of the estimable Perkins seemed to have improved. Nubbins changed the subject abruptly.

"At the last meeting we passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Peter Barnacle for his great kindness to us. They do say he have a pot of money."

"Then it is Mr. Barnacle who has been so generous about the library?"

"Oh, yes," replied Samuel, surprised that such important doings in Stranleigh Village should be unknown in London. "We've had brisk times with them workmen here, and there wasn't a room to let in the place; all taken up. They opened a branch of a bank at the post-office, and a clerk came down from county town every Friday to pay off the men; but they're all gone now, worse luck! Rare times we did have."

"Then the library is finished?"

"Yes. 'Twill be opened next Wednesday."

"Really!"

"Why, haven't you seen the bills? They're posted all over the place. Mr. Peter Barnacle is to make a speech, and your own factor, Mr. Wilson, will introduce him; and there's Bill Perkins' name in big letters."

"You astonish me. Is Bill to be there?"

"Yes; his name is printed out, 'Mr. William Perkins,' and he's going to give an address on what books have done for him."

"Ah! And what have books done for him?"

"I suppose Bill means to tell us that on Wednesday. A good speaker is Bill, and fond o' reading, they say, along of being alone by himself ——"

"On other people's property?" suggested Stranleigh.

"He's on your property now," said the conscientious Nubbins.

"I can well believe it."

"But he's within his rights, for Mr. Wilson—he made a gamekeeper of him."

"The deuce you say! Set a thief to catch a thief, eh? I am learning a good deal since I left London this morning."

"Ah, they must be ignorant folk up in London!"

"They are, Mr. Nubbins. Good evening to you. Thank you for your conversation, which I have enjoyed very much."

Nubbins beamed with gratification as he hobbled away, and Stranleigh walked up the street to the new library building. He was astonished to see, carved in a stone over the door:

THE BARNACLE LIBRARY
ERECTED 1910

The windows and doors of the red structure were all open as if to allow the plaster to dry, but Stranleigh did not enter. He strolled down the road to the post-office and sent away several telegrams to London. This done, he continued his walk to the gates of the park; but, instead of going uphill to the manor-house, he deflected his course until he came to the residence occupied by Wilson, where he knocked at the door.

A deferential servant showed him into the drawing-room, and presently Mrs. Wilson appeared, an anxious-looking middle-aged woman, not long recovered from a serious illness, if one might judge from the pallor of her countenance. She was undoubtedly much perturbed at thus unexpectedly meeting Lord Stranleigh, and it was with difficulty she could repress her agitation.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wilson. I came down from London today and just dropped in to see your husband."

"I am sorry he is not at home, my lord."

"Ah, well," said Stranleigh, rising. "It doesn't matter. Do you expect him back tonight?"

"No, my lord; he will not return till Wednesday morning." Then, seeing Stranleigh's look of astonishment, she added, "Mr. Wilson has had much to do with the new library, and I understood it was with your permission."

"Oh, quite with my permission, Mrs. Wilson, and really his absence makes no difference. I suppose you have his address, where I could telegraph him?"

"He did not leave an address. All I know is that he went to Manchester and will return on Wednesday morning with Mr. Peter Barnacle, for he has ordered the carriage to meet them at Stranleigh station. They are to inspect the library privately, then come here for lunch, and in the afternoon the public opening takes place."

"I see. A most excellent arrangement."

"Perhaps, my lord, you would honor us by lunching here with Mr. Barnacle?"

Stranleigh glanced with a smile at his knickerbockers.

"I am no fit guest, Mrs. Wilson, for any well-ordered household. I have fled from London to avoid formal luncheons and dinners, and especially to evade model, respectable people like Mr. Barnacle. My lunch on Wednesday will be a sandwich or two in the woods."

The young man did not fail to observe that an expression of relief passed over the haggard countenance of Mrs. Wilson. Hesitatingly she asked a question:

"Have you—have you come from London to attend the opening of the library on Wednesday?"

"No; I knew nothing of it. I came, as I intimated, to loaf around the fields and woods."

"Then you will not be at the opening?"

"Oh, I intend to be there, certainly; but incog. I am slightly interested in hearing Mr. Barnacle's speech and feverishly eager to learn what books have done for Bill Perkins. I shall slip into the new building and take a seat at the back, so shabbily clothed that if any one recognizes me he will not acknowledge the acquaintanceship."

This announcement was evidently not so welcome as his refusal of the invitation to lunch. It was plain that Mrs. Wilson was in an agony of apprehension, and Stranleigh, noticing this, pretended to see nothing and went on in his most nonchalant fashion.

"You will tell Mr. Wilson that I called, but add that it was about nothing in particular. I merely wished to let him know I should be here for a week or two. Please make it perfectly clear that his absence is of no consequence whatever. Beg him not to neglect his distinguished guest merely because I am here, and tell him that if there is anything I can do to further the festivities he must let me know. Good night, Mrs. Wilson. I fear I am keeping my dinner waiting up at the manor and thus causing my good housekeeper unnecessary anxiety. Good night."

She gave him a limp hand and the young man left with cheerful jauntiness, as if he suspected nothing wrong.

Up at the manor-house the table had been laid, by his instructions, not in the large dining-room but in the much smaller, snug study that he was rather fond of. Already one telegram had arrived and was lying beside his plate. He tore open the envelope and read:

"Amount requisitioned by Wilson for library on Thursday, February 28, was five thousand pounds; this being approved by your check for that amount posted to Wilson Tuesday, March 1, and deposited by him in Cutler's Bank, Manchester, on Thursday, March 3."

After he had eaten dinner, two other telegrams arrived, which showed one advantage of being the great man of the place, for the village telegraph office had been kept open, and these messages dispatched to the manor-house after the closing hours ordained by the British Government. The telegrams showed that certain official machinery had been set in motion in response to requests made by the Earl of Stranleigh.

There was a discreet knock at the study door.

"Can you see Mrs. Wilson, my lord?"

"Certainly; show the lady in."

Mrs. Wilson was deeply distressed and the endeavor to conceal her agitation was only partially successful.

"I am very much worried, my lord, and that must be my apology for intruding upon you."

"It is no intrusion at all, Mrs. Wilson. I am glad to see you again. I am accustomed to plenty of company and the old manor-house is lonelier than I expected. Please take this armchair: I can guarantee its comfort. Now tell me what is troubling you."

"I know nothing very definite," she said, "and perhaps my husband could make everything clear, but he never confides in me now and I am filled with fear. He has acted rather strangely for the past three months, being excited and irritable; not to be questioned."

"That is only natural. This is a large estate, and its administration involves a great deal of work; then for the last three months additional labor has been placed on his shoulders in overseeing the new library."

The woman gave a gasp, then said:

"May I ask you a question or two, my lord? It is none of my business, of course, and if it is inexpedient for me to know you need not reply."

"I shall answer anything you ask."

"A large check came to my husband about three months ago. I did not see the check itself, but I found the letter that accompanied it and saw it should have been deposited in our county bank. I have reason to believe it was deposited in Manchester, although I don't know where."

"Oh, that's all right. It was placed in Cutler's Bank, Manchester, on March 3."

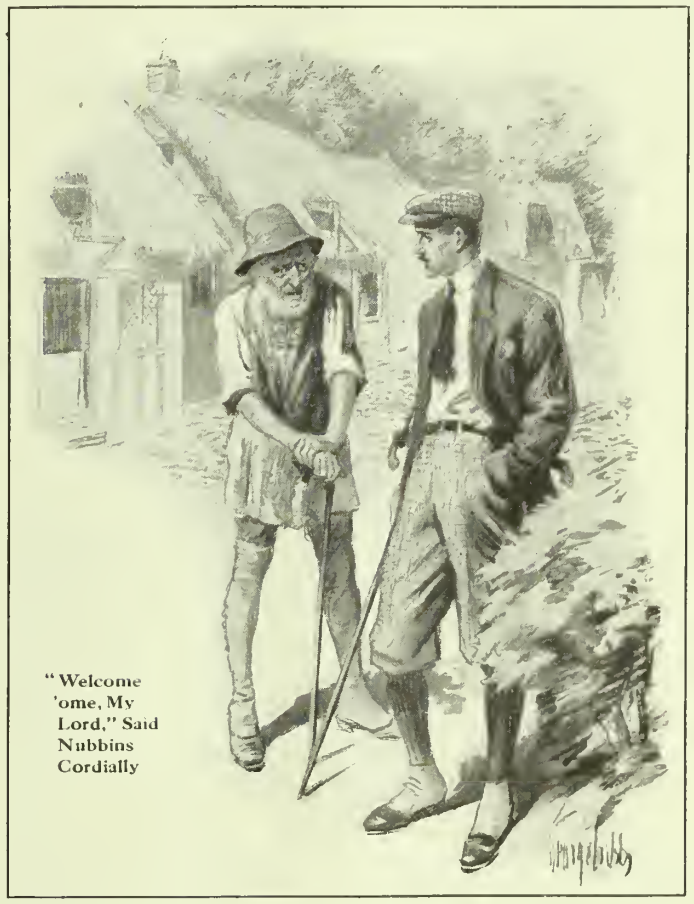
"You knew of that, then?"

"Yes."

"The letter said the money was for the library, but I distinctly understood that Mr. Barnacle paid for the new building."

"Well, you see, Mrs. Wilson, it's a sort of coöperative affair. I gave the land, Barnacle puts up the building and then I'm going to present the bulk of the books. Now it is quite natural that money to put up a library should be deposited in a Manchester bank, because Manchester contains one of the most beautiful libraries in the world, built and equipped by private generosity. You evidently think there is something amiss. Even if that should be so, I give you my word I shall take no action in the matter; so you see, there is nothing to fear.

"I noticed this evening that you seemed uneasy when I spoke of attending the function on Wednesday, and so I resolved not to go. When the festivities are finished tell your husband I called, and ask him to pay me a visit at this hour on Wednesday night, as I wish to consult him about several matters relating to the estate."



"Welcome 'ome, My Lord," Said Nubbins Cordially

The careworn woman departed after embarrassing him with her thanks. Stranleigh sat down again, deep in thought.

"Of course," he said to himself, "Wilson stole the five thousand and her warning will give him time to bolt. He can be over in France, or off to America, before a slack man like me raises a hue and cry. He'll desert her, but I will grant her a pension, and that may be some consolation."

Imagine Stranleigh's astonishment when, at nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, he learned that Mr. Wilson wished to see him. On being shown into the study the agent bade his master a curt good evening, but made no offer to shake hands. Without being invited, he helped himself to a chair, which he drew up to the table.

When he was announced, Stranleigh expected to meet an exaggeration of that cringing manner that always distinguished Wilson's approach when he knew he had done wrong, but in this again he was disappointed. The factor wore an air of bravado, not to say truculence and defiance.

"My wife says you want to see me. What for?"

"Oh, merely a little matter of curiosity on my part, Wilson," replied Stranleigh with nonchalance. "Whose money did you steal—Barnacle's or mine?"

"That's a stupid question to ask," commented Wilson.

"You deny the theft, then?"

"I wasn't thinking of the theft; I was thinking of the question. Nobody but an ass would ask it."

"Why?"

"Because Barnacle ventured three thousand pounds while you risked five thousand; therefore, as I couldn't steal both sums, I naturally secured the larger. Any fool could have told you that."

"I see. Then I'm the victim?"

"Certainly."

"Well, for cool cheek, I think that beats the record!"

"No; it is only your muddle-headedness that beats the record. With the complacency of a conceited, selfish simpleton you forced a business man like myself into an impossible position. After things had gone so far I couldn't write to Barnacle and tell him the deal was off. I knew that any appeal to you would be futile, because reasoning doesn't appeal to a brain the caliber of yours."

"I quite understand. I think the phrase 'driveling idiot' would comprise all the epithets you have hurled at me, so we'll let it go at that. Cut the cackle, and come to the 'osses. Common-sense having no effect on this idiot, what did you do?"

"I allowed the old fool to build the library and put aside the money of the young fool until this was done, and I could safely return it to him."

"Return it!" cried Stranleigh in amazement.

"What else?" Wilson drew a notebook from his inside pocket, extracted a check and tossed the document over to Stranleigh, who opened it in dazed fashion and saw it was payable to his order for five thousand and seventy-five pounds.

"Why the seventy-five pounds?" he asked.

"Interest for three months at six per cent. In most of your investments you get only four."

"In handing me a check, which doubtless will be returned dishonored, you hoped to gain time, and so, as we used to say at school, make a bunk for it to the Continent. You are putting yourself to needless trouble, Wilson. I had already determined to take no action in the matter."

"You are very good," sneered Wilson. "Truth to tell, I thought of doing as you suggest, but what with the telegraph and improved communication all over the world I concluded it wasn't worth the risk. It would have been a joke to pull out my four hundred and fifty thousand from Cutler's Bank before this check was presented; but, as it is, I'm buying a small estate next to your own and investing the rest of the money in reliable securities which will give me an income even larger than I need. I'm fond of this part of the world and love the simplicity of country life as compared with the guile and chicanery of the city."

Lord Stranleigh laughed heartily.

"Virtuous man!" he cried. "How did you make all that money?"

"Rubber!" replied Wilson. "Your five thousand pounds was changed into twenty-five thousand before the first week; sold and reinvested; and I continued the game up almost to the present moment. Now I'm going to settle down and devote my spare time to the invention and construction of a spring wheel that will render rubber tires useless for automobiles."

Again Stranleigh laughed.

"Speaking of the guilefulness of cities," he said, "I have secured a two-thirds majority on the board controlling the lovely scarlet building you have just opened. The first act will be to open a sort of industrial school in the new edifice, and thus the land on which it stands will revert to me. Meanwhile, I shall build, with the good graystone of our quarries, a library whose architecture will be in keeping with the village and the old church. I shall erect it facing High Street and its grounds shall run down to the little rivulet, for I think the murmur of water is a pleasant sound to accompany the reading of a book. I shall then tear down and cart away your red brick abomination. I'll pay back to Barnacle his three thousand pounds, with interest at ten per cent."

"All right," said Wilson, rising. "I cared nothing for the library from the beginning, except as a chance for making money. Meanwhile, here's another document to complete our transaction," and with that he handed Stranleigh his written resignation.

"Accepted," said Stranleigh, laughing. "When you go out through the front door mind the step. Good night."

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Barr's new Stranleigh stories. The fourth will appear in an early number.

THE HOME LIFE OF HAYES

Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook

DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE WHITE HOUSE

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

PRESIDENT HAYES was inaugurated on March 5, 1877, because in that year the fourth of March fell on Sunday. He had taken the oath of office on the previous Saturday, March 3, for the reason that Grant's term would expire on Sunday, and it would not do to have the United States without any President for the ensuing twenty-four hours.

The oath was administered to Mr. Hayes by Chief Justice Waite on Saturday, the ceremony taking place in the Blue Room of the White House, and at half past seven that evening was announced the dinner given in honor of the incoming President by General Grant, the outgoing President. The guests, all told, numbered thirty-six persons, and, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, included Senator Sherman and the members of Grant's Cabinet. This, of course, was the last state dinner given by Grant, and in its arrangement he had taken the deep personal interest that he always took when acting as host to any one. The wines served with the different courses had been carefully selected by General Grant and marked by him on the menu, so that there could be no mistake. A copy of that menu lies before me on my desk, and is as follows:

Menu of Grant's Dinner of Welcome to President Hayes; Given at the White House, March 3, 1877, the day Hayes took the oath of office.

Consommé Imperiale Bisque d'Ecrevisses	Sherry
Woodcock Patties Salmon	White Wine
Fillet of Beef Crawfish Pudding Breast of Pheasant Goose Livers Roman Punch Artichokes Turkey	Champagne
Canvasback Duck Warm Sweet Dish	Red Wine

The setting of the great room in which the banquet was held was truly magnificent. The lighting was brilliant; flowers were everywhere; on the table were set many elaborate and beautiful "fancy pieces," as we termed them, and here and there in artistic arrangement were rare fruits and sweetmeats of various kinds.

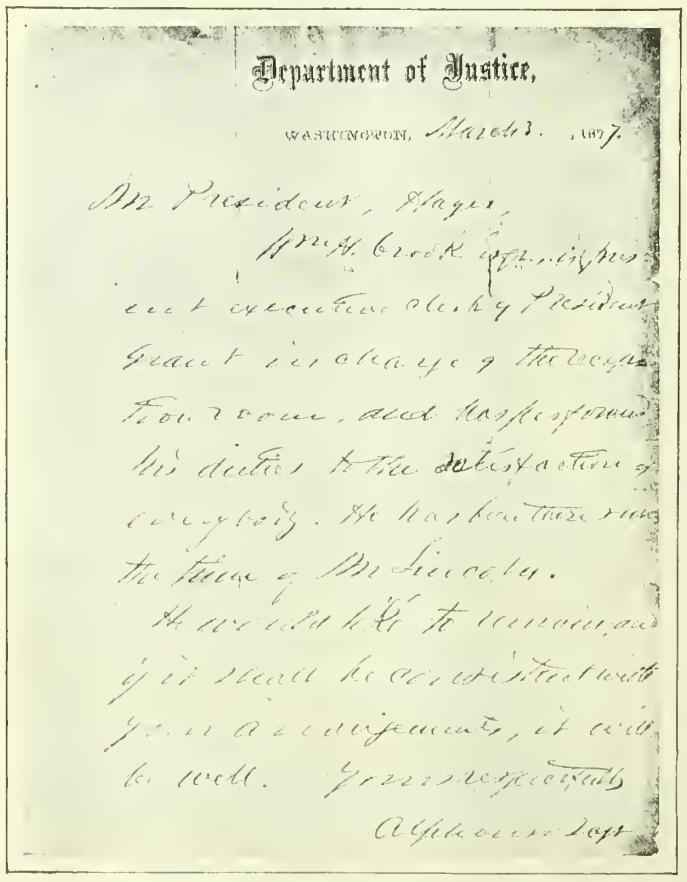
A Good-Natured President

I HAD never met Mr. Hayes before he became President, and though that was only thirty-three years ago, perhaps some of my younger readers whose memories do not extend that far back may like to know that he was a man of medium height, substantially built, although not of portly habit. He was of erect, soldierly appearance, quick of step, somewhat florid of complexion, and wore a full beard of reddish tinge which was already turning gray. Rutherford B. Hayes was one of the most lovable men, one of the "best-natured" men that ever lived in the White House. He was easily approached by any one who had even an excuse for meeting him; of a rather humorous, light-hearted temperament, and of a disposition that was truly happy.

Of course, those of us employed in the Executive Mansion at the time had no definite idea as to what would be the personality of the new President. We were all rather anxious, for upon the personality of the President must depend very largely the routine of the entire force—whether the work goes along smoothly, methodically, easily or otherwise. I had my first definite information as to President Hayes' kindliness of heart on March 6, the day after his inauguration. It had happened that on December 20, 1870, President Grant appointed me an "Executive Clerk to the President of the United States," my term to date from December 1 of that year. And one of the last papers that Grant signed as President, dated March 3, 1877, the day before he left office, was an order wherein he designated me "Disbursing Agent for the disbursement of the salary and contingent funds of the Executive Mansion."

This promotion to be disbursing officer at the White House was none the less welcome to me because it came on the day of Grant's retirement.

At that moment I had no information as to whether the new President would continue me in that capacity or in any other employment; still it was a matter of deep and grateful appreciation on my part to realize that Grant, under whom I had served eight years, thought enough of me to make the appointment, which, of course, was one of much responsibility. The new President assured me, however, the day he took the oath of office, that there would be no change. Three days later, on March 6, he renewed my appointment, although there was no reason why he should have taken the trouble to do so, for under a ruling of the Treasury Department Grant's appointment would have continued until my resignation was asked for or handed in voluntarily. President Hayes liked to do that sort of thing—he liked to make his "office family" feel that he had a personal interest in their welfare; and so, in the midst of all the rush and hurry of his first three days of the presidency, he actually took time to have the order of appointment made out, signed and delivered. From that day to this I have continued in the position of disbursing officer.


Department of Justice,

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1877.

Written by President Taft's Father, Alphonso Taft, Who at the Time Was Grant's Attorney General, and Who Previously Had Been Secretary of War. (March 8, 1876, to March 22, 1876.)

Mr. Hayes and His Family

IT WAS not long after the new President and his family arrived in the White Houset hat every one felt a new atmosphere. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and the following children: Webb Hayes, a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two years, who attended to his father's personal business affairs. It will be remembered that before coming to the White House Mr. Hayes had been a practicing lawyer in Ohio, that he had served in Congress, and had been governor of Ohio. Being a careful, conscientious, able man, he was well-to-do in worldly goods, although by no means wealthy. And in order that his time should not be taken up by private business, when all his thought and effort belonged to the people of the United States, President Hayes turned over his private affairs to the keeping of Webb. During the time of Mr. Hayes' occupancy of the White House his eldest son, Burchard, was a lawyer practicing his profession in Ohio, and though he made occasional trips to Washington he did not reside in the White House.

The third son, Rutherford P. Hayes, was in college during most of each year, although he was glad to spend vacation seasons with his parents in Washington.

The fourth child was little Fanny, about eleven or twelve years old as I recall her; and the "baby" of the family was Scott, a boy of about nine years, who was as full of innocent mischief as any boy on top of this green earth; and he was a great favorite with every one at the office.

I have mentioned the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes brought with them to the White House an atmosphere somewhat different from that to which we had been accustomed. Almost all of the Presidents, during my experience of forty-five years, have attended church here or there in the city, and in that sense have shown their acceptance of religious teachings. But Mr. and Mrs. Hayes actually lived their religion day by day, all through the week as well as on Sunday. By this I do not mean that they discussed religion or theological questions with those who came to the Executive Mansion, or in any other way obtruded their religious beliefs. But what they stood for in their religious life, they stood for hard and fast. It will be remembered, of course, that Mrs. Hayes was one of the most influential members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union; and, contrary to all precedent, she was determined that

wines and other alcoholic beverages should not be served at the White House while she was there. The only time this rule was broken, as is well known, occurred when two Grand Dukes of Russia—Alexis and Constantine—were officially entertained there. This was the first and last time, I believe, that such a thing happened while President Hayes was in the White House.

The President and his wife, and usually some of the children, regularly attended service in the Old Foundry Methodist Episcopal Church, which stood at Fourteenth and G Streets. The "Old Foundry," as it was locally known, has long since been superseded by the tall, imposing office structure known as the Colorado Building; and its origin was due to an incident that happened during the War of 1812. At that period in our history many of the cannon were cast for the United States Government at a foundry owned by a man named Foxall, whose works were located outside of the city on the road leading to Tennallytown. Upon the safety of his foundry depended not merely his own personal fortunes, to a great extent, but perhaps even the fortunes of the Federal Government; for in those days foundries in which cannon could be cast were few and far between. Realizing the seriousness of the situation when the British descended on Washington, old Mr. Foxall prayed and prayed almost unceasingly that God would save his foundry from the enemy's depredations. And remembering, doubtless, some of the ancient Hebrews, the old man made a solemn promise that if the Lord God Almighty would prevent the British troops from discovering and seizing and destroying his property he in return would perform for the Lord a special service of some sort, and as great a service as he was able to carry through successfully.

The British descended on the National Capital, but they did not destroy the Foxall foundry, and as soon thereafter as he could do so Mr. Foxall purchased a piece of land and presented it as a site for the Old Foundry Church. The location of the church was only two or three blocks distant from the entrance to the White House grounds, and thither President Hayes used to go on Sunday mornings, almost invariably accompanied by his wife.

It was Mrs. Hayes' custom to go into the Red Room in the early evening after dinner, and sit down at the piano, gathering her children around her; and there they would make a beautiful picture of family life, singing hymns usually, but sometimes, during the week, sweet, old-fashioned, tender songs other than sacred music. The President almost always was with his wife and children during this brief hour of music, and it was his custom to go with them immediately afterward into the old circular Library over the Blue Room, where family prayers were regularly said just before the smaller children went to bed. The old Library, by the way, was used by the Hayes family as a living-room, just as it had been used during the Administration of General Grant for the same purpose. There the father and the mother and their boys and girls gathered for games and stories, or to sit down quietly and read; and there the children often studied their lessons for the next day's school.

An Unpretentious Social Life

PRESIDENT HAYES was not so closely confined to his office as some of the later Presidents have been. After breakfast he would make it a point to spend half an hour with his family, instead of rushing off to business as is the habit of so many American fathers who are engrossed in professional or commercial pursuits. There was a delightful air of leisurely living in the White House during the Hayes

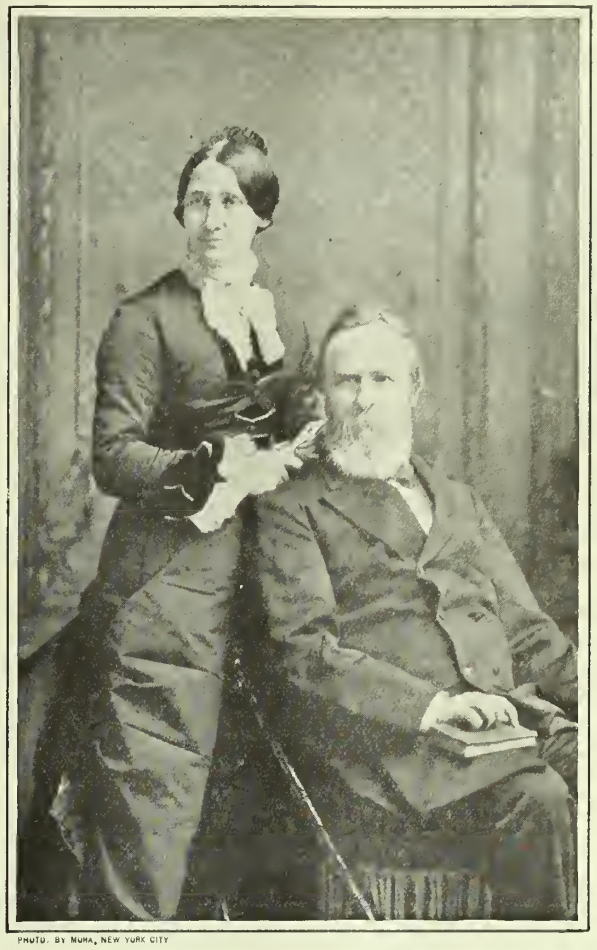


PHOTO. BY MUMA, NEW YORK CITY

President and Mrs. Hayes

Administration, and when it came time for the President to go to his office Mrs. Hayes frequently walked with him, chatting as they passed along through the corridor and turning only when the office door was reached. Then, while the President was disposing of his mail—always the first duty of the day—and later on, from eleven until twelve, receiving Senators and members of the House of Representatives, Mrs. Hayes would be busy with her housekeeping and her children. Luncheon was served at one o'clock, and was as simple and homelike as could be imagined.

The social life of the White House during the Hayes Administration—the formal receptions and state dinners—was as elaborate as during Grant's terms; and the family life was just as simple and homelike as it was while the Grant family occupied the Executive Mansion. In pleasant weather it was the habit of President Hayes and his wife to take advantage of favorable opportunities when they could stroll together through the grounds, especially to the south of the White House, where they would be sure of some measure of privacy; and they used to walk over the green turf, under the trees and around the fountain, admiring the shrubbery, pausing to talk about the buds and blossoms, and enjoying the breath of Nature with a zest that was positive.

It was during Mr. Hayes' term that a croquet ground was laid out on the lawn just beyond the south portico of the Executive Mansion. There the children and their friends could frequently be seen, and there also, at certain times—especially when the President's family was out of the city—a number of the clerks on the White House staff used to spend an hour, now and then, in the cool fresh air, over hard-fought games with mallet and ball. This freedom on the part of the younger men whom Mr. Hayes affectionately included in his "office family" was a delightful experience for them, and I doubt if public business suffered in any way because those hardworking young fellows were permitted once in a while to lay down their pens and go out to the croquet grounds for a little while. But that custom has long since gone by, and in more recent times the idea that clerks would seriously think of playing croquet or tennis, or anything else, on the White House grounds during business hours would cause consternation in the office. For a good many years now the business of the Executive Office has been run strictly on business principles, as in any private industrial or commercial establishment, and it is not to be expected that the old-time leisurely manner of conducting its affairs is ever likely to return.

Mrs. Hayes was exceedingly fond of flowers and all forms of plant life. She knew a great deal about this side of Nature, and she spent much time and thought in the conservatory, where she could often be seen at practical work among her plants, trowel or pruning-knife in hand, teaching Fanny and little Scott how to care for the plants. She was a very busy woman during her life in the White House, and I think she enjoyed it thoroughly, as a novel experience, notwithstanding the fact that while there she was denied the privacy of her old home life. Many delegations of women engaged in work for the uplift of humanity called upon her, especially those interested in the cause of temperance, and these she always seemed glad to receive. It could hardly be otherwise when one remembers her own deep interest in all such matters, and the prominent and influential part she played in such national movements. As a rule she did not attend public meetings, excepting those held in aid of good causes at church; but at these she could frequently be seen. In July, 1889, after her death, a great memorial service was held in honor of Mrs. Hayes at the Old Foundry Church by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The services were presided over by Mrs. S. D. LaFetra, and included addresses from a number of persons concerning Mrs. Hayes and her work, together with the singing of her favorite hymns. It was my privilege on that occasion to speak of Mrs. Hayes as I had known and seen her almost daily for four years in the White House.

The Careful Rearing of the Hayes Children

IT HAS often been said that when parents are strictly opposed to the use of tobacco or alcoholic beverages, or to dancing or card-playing, their children, or some of their children, frequently swing to the other extreme of the pendulum on reaching mature life and become victims of dissipation in one direction or other. Perhaps this may be so when parents are unreasoning fanatics; but such Mr. and Mrs. Hayes emphatically were not. They taught their children the uselessness, as they saw it, of spending money for tobacco, and pointed out to them the danger that if they drank alcoholic beverages they might not be able to escape disastrous consequences. They instructed their children wisely and with sweet reasonableness in these and other matters, and thus safeguarded them from the dangers that almost all young men and many young women face as they go through life. The result of this loving care proved its worth. Mrs. Hayes' daughter and all of her four sons are today healthy, happy, and eminently successful in their responsible stations in life. Not one of the boys ever uses liquor or tobacco in any form, and I do not believe that they ever will. And, of course, the same thing may be said of their only daughter.

(Continued on Page 73)

WHEN THE WORLD WAS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

HE WAS a very quiet, self-possessed sort of man, sitting a moment on top of the wall to sound the damp darkness for warnings of the dangers it might conceal. But the plummet of his hearing brought nothing to him save the moaning of wind through invisible trees and the rustling of leaves on swaying branches. A heavy fog drifted and drove before the wind, and though he could not see this fog the wet of it blew upon his face, and the wall on which he sat was wet.

Without noise he had climbed to the top of the wall from the outside, and without noise he dropped to the ground on the inside. From his pocket he drew an electric light-stick, but he did not use it. Dark as the way was, he was not anxious for light. Carrying the light-stick in his hand, his finger on the button, he advanced through the darkness. The ground was velvety and springy to his feet, being carpeted with dead pine-needles and leaves and mould which evidently had been undisturbed for years. Leaves and branches brushed against his body, but so dark was it that he could not avoid them. Soon he walked with his hand stretched out gropingly before him, and more than once the hand fetched up against the solid trunks of massive trees.

All about him he knew were these trees; he sensed the loom of them everywhere; and he experienced a strange feeling of microscopic smallness in the midst of great bulks leaning toward him to crush him. Beyond, he knew, was the house, and he expected to find some trail or winding path that would lead easily to it.

Once he found himself trapped. On every side he groped against trees and branches, or blundered into thickets of underbrush, until there seemed no way out. Then he turned on the light circumspectly, directing its rays to the ground at his feet. Slowly and carefully he moved it about him, the white brightness showing in sharp detail all the obstacles to his progress. He saw an opening between huge-trunked trees, and advanced through it, putting out the light and treading on dry footing as yet protected from the drip of the fog by the dense foliage overhead. His sense of direction was good, and he knew he was going toward the house.

And then the thing happened—the thing unthinkable and unexpected. His descending foot came down upon something that was soft and alive and that arose with a snort under the weight of his body. He sprang clear and crouched for another spring, anywhere, tense and expectant, keyed for the onslaught of the unknown. He waited a moment, wondering what manner of animal it was that had arisen from under his foot and that now made no sound or movement and that must be crouching and waiting just as tensely and expectantly as he. The strain became unbearable. Holding the light-stick before him, he pressed the button, saw and screamed aloud in terror. He was prepared for anything, from a frightened calf or fawn to a belligerent lion, but he was not prepared for what he saw. In that instant his tiny searchlight, sharp and white, had shown him what a thousand years would not enable him to forget—a man, huge and blond, yellow-haired and yellow-bearded, naked except for soft-tanned moccasins and what seemed a goatskin about his middle. Arms and legs were bare, as were his shoulders and most of his chest. The skin was smooth and hairless, but browned by sun and wind, while under it heavy muscles were knotted like fat snakes.

Still, this alone, unexpected as it well was, was not what had made the man scream out. What had caused his terror was the unspeakable ferocity of the face, the wild-animal glare of the blue eyes scarcely dazzled by the light, the pine-needles matted and clinging in the beard and hair, and the whole formidable body crouched and in the act of springing at him. Practically in the instant he saw all this, and while his scream still rang the thing leaped, he flung his light-stick full at it, and threw himself to the ground. He felt its shins and feet strike against his ribs, and he bounded up and away while the thing itself hurled onward in a heavy, crashing fall into the underbrush.

As the noise of the fall ceased, the man stopped and on hands and knees waited. He could hear the thing moving about, searching for him, and he was afraid to advertise his location by attempting further flight. He knew that inevitably he would crackle the underbrush and be pursued. Once he drew out his revolver, then changed his mind. He had recovered his composure and hoped to get away without noise. Several times he heard the thing beating up the thickets for him, and there were moments when it, too, remained still and listened. This gave an idea to the man. One of his hands was resting on a chunk of dead wood. Carefully, first feeling about him in the darkness to know that the full swing of his arm was clear, he raised the chunk of wood and threw it. It was not a large piece, and it went far, landing noisily in a bush. He heard the thing bound into the bush, and at the same time himself crawled steadily away. And on hands and knees, slowly and cautiously, he crawled on till his knees were wet on the soggy mould. When he listened he heard naught but the moaning wind and the drip-drip of the fog from the branches. Never abating his caution, he stood erect and went on to the stone wall, over which he climbed and dropped down to the road outside.

Feeling his way in a clump of bushes, he drew out a bicycle and prepared to mount. He was in the act of driving the gear around with his foot for the purpose of getting the opposite pedal in position when he heard the thud of a heavy body that landed lightly and evidently on its feet. He did not wait for more, but ran, with hands on the handles of his bicycle, until he was able to vault astride the saddle, catch the pedals and start a spurt. Behind he could hear the quick thud-thud of feet on the dust of the road, but he drew away from it and lost it.

Unfortunately, he had started away from the direction of town and was heading higher up into the hills. He knew that on this particular road there were no cross roads. The only way back was past that terror, and he could not steel himself to face it. At the end of half an hour, finding himself on an ever-increasing grade, he dismounted. For still greater safety, leaving the wheel by the roadside, he climbed through a fence into what he decided was a hillside pasture, spread a newspaper on the ground and sat down.

"Gosh!" he said aloud, mopping the sweat and fog from his face.

And "Gosh!" he said once again, while rolling a cigarette and as he pondered the problem of getting back.

But he made no attempt to go back. He was resolved not to face that road in the dark and, with head bowed on knees, he dozed, waiting for daylight.

How long afterward he did not know, he was awakened by the yapping bark of a young coyote. As he looked about and located it, on the brow of the hill behind him, he noted the change that had come over the face of the night. The fog was gone; the stars and moon were out; even the wind had died down. It had transformed into a balmy California summer night.

He tried to doze again, but the yap of the coyote disturbed him. Half asleep, he heard a wild and eery chant. Looking about him, he noticed that the coyote had ceased its noise and was running away along the crest of the hill, and behind it in full pursuit, no longer chanting, ran the naked creature he had encountered in the garden. It was a young coyote, and it was being overtaken when the chase passed from view. The man trembled as with a chill as he started to his feet, clambered over the fence and mounted his wheel. But it was his chance and he knew it. The terror was no longer between him and Mill Valley.

The Time Came When She Accepted Him for Better or Worse

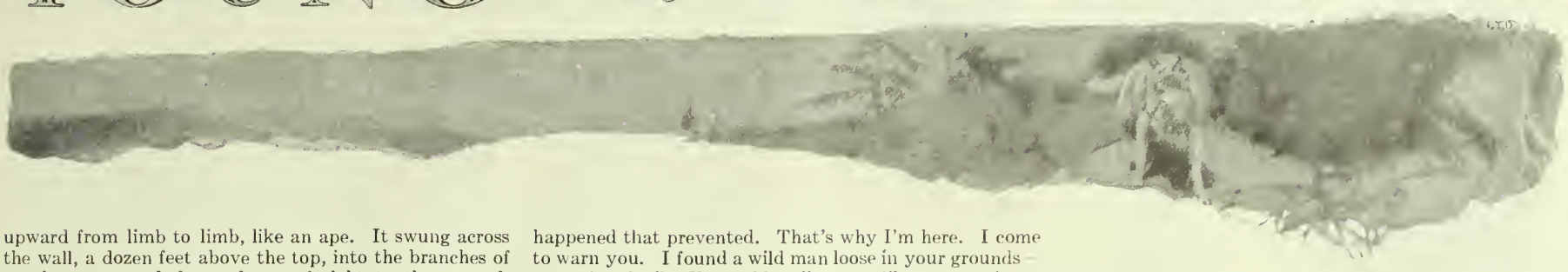
He sped at a break-neck rate down the hill, but in the turn at the bottom, in the deep shadows, he encountered a chuck-hole and pitched headlong over the handle-bar.

"It's sure not my night," he muttered as he examined the broken fork of the machine.

Shouldering the useless wheel, he trudged on. In time he came to the stone wall and, half disbelieving his experience, he sought in the road for tracks and found them—moccasin tracks, large ones, deep-bitten into the dust at the toes. It was while bending over them, examining, that again he heard the eery chant. He had seen the thing pursue the coyote, and he knew he had no chance on a straight run. He did not attempt it, contenting himself with hiding in the shadows on the off side of the road.

And again he saw the thing that was like a naked man, running swiftly and lightly and singing as it ran. Opposite him it paused, and his heart stood still. But instead of coming toward his hiding-place it leaped into the air, caught the branch of a roadside tree and swung swiftly

YOUNG—By JACK LONDON



upward from limb to limb, like an ape. It swung across the wall, a dozen feet above the top, into the branches of another tree, and dropped out of sight to the ground. The man waited a few wondering minutes, then started on.

II

DAVE SLOTTER leaned belligerently against the desk that barred the way to the private office of James Ward, senior partner of the firm of Ward, Knowles & Co. Dave was angry. Every one in the outer office had looked him over suspiciously, and the man who faced him was excessively suspicious.

"You just tell Mr. Ward it's important," he urged.

"I tell you he is dictating and cannot be disturbed," was the answer. "Come tomorrow."

"Tomorrow will be too late. You just trot along and tell Mr. Ward it's a matter of life and death."

The secretary hesitated, and Dave seized the advantage.

"You just tell him I was across the bay in Mill Valley last night, and that I want to put him wise to something."

"What name?" was the query.

"Never mind the name. He don't know me."

When Dave was shown into the private office he was still in the belligerent frame of mind, but when he saw a large, fair man whirl in a revolving chair from dictating to a stenographer to face him Dave's demeanor abruptly changed. He did not know why it changed, and he was secretly made angry with himself.

"You are Mr. Ward?" Dave asked with a fatuousness that still further irritated him. He had never intended it at all.

"Yes," came the answer. "And who are you?"

"Harry Bancroft," Dave lied. "You don't know me, and my name don't matter."

"You sent in word that you were in Mill Valley last night?"

"You live there, don't you?" Dave countered, looking suspiciously at the stenographer.

"Yes. What do you want to see me about? I am very busy."

"I'd like to see you alone, sir."

Mr. Ward gave him a quick, penetrating look, hesitated, then made up his mind.

"That will do for a few minutes, Miss Potter."

The girl arose, gathered her notes together and passed out. Dave looked at Mr. James Ward wonderingly until that gentleman broke his train of inchoate thought.

"Well?"

"I was over in Mill Valley last night," Dave began confusedly.

"I've heard that before. What do you want?"

And Dave proceeded in the face of a growing conviction that was unbelievable.

"I was at your house, or in the grounds, I mean."

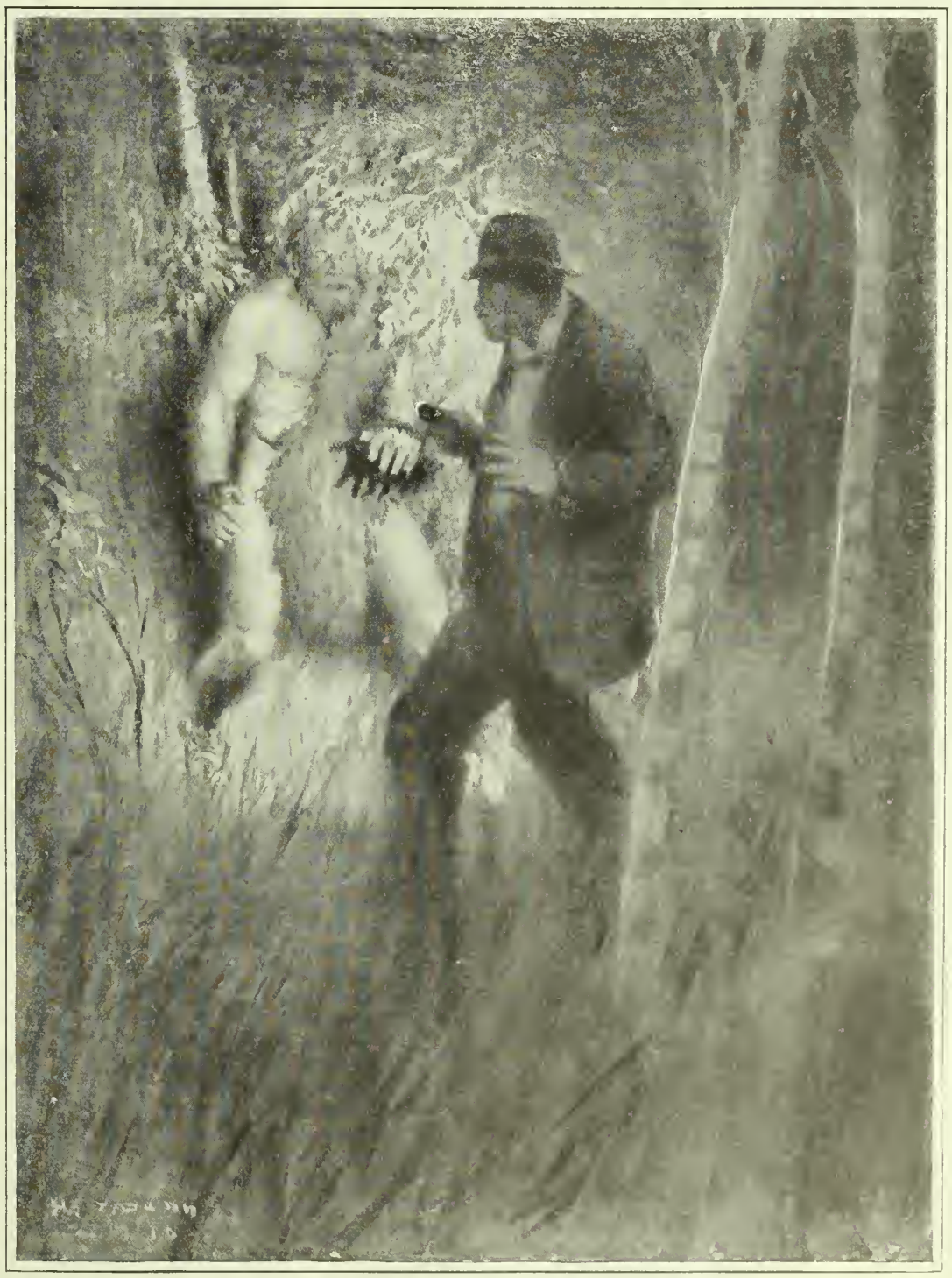
"What were you doing there?"

"I came to break in," Dave answered in all frankness. "I heard you lived all alone with a Chinaman for cook, and it looked good to me. Only I didn't break in. Something happened that prevented. That's why I'm here. I come to warn you. I found a wild man loose in your grounds—a regular devil. He could pull a guy like me to pieces. He gave me the run of my life. He don't wear any clothes to speak of, he climbs trees like a monkey and he runs like a deer. I saw him chasing a coyote, and the last I saw of it he was gaining on it."

Dave paused and looked for the effect that would follow his words. But no effect came. James Ward was quietly curious, and that was all.

"Very remarkable, very remarkable," he murmured. "A wild man, you say? Why have you come to tell me?"

"To warn you of your danger. I'm something of a hard proposition myself, but I don't believe in killing people . . . that is, unnecessarily. I realized that you was in danger. I thought I'd warn you. Honest, that's the game. Of course, if you wanted to give me anything for my trouble I'd take it. That was in my mind too. But I don't care whether you give me anything or not. I've warned you anyway, and done my duty."



He Pressed the Button, Saw and Screamed Aloud in Terror

Mr. Ward meditated and drummed on the surface of his desk. Dave noticed they were large, powerful hands, withal well cared for despite their dark sunburn. Also, he noted what had already caught his eye—a tiny strip of flesh-colored courtplaster on the forehead over one eye. And still the thought that forced itself into his mind was unbelievable.

Mr. Ward took a wallet from his inside coat pocket, drew out a greenback and passed it to Dave, who noted as he pocketed it that it was for twenty dollars.

"Thank you," said Mr. Ward, indicating that the interview was at an end. "I shall have the matter investigated. A wild man running loose *is* dangerous."

But so quiet a man was Mr. Ward that Dave's courage returned. Besides, a new theory had suggested itself. The wild man was evidently Mr. Ward's brother, a lunatic privately confined. Dave had heard of such things. Perhaps Mr. Ward wanted it kept quiet. That was why he had given him the twenty dollars.

"Say," Dave began, "now I come to think of it that wild man looked a lot like you——"

That was as far as Dave got, for at that moment he witnessed a transformation and found himself gazing into the same unspeakably ferocious blue eyes of the night before, at the same clutching, talon-like hands, and at the same formidable bulk in the act of springing upon him. But this time Dave had no light-stick to throw, and he was caught by the biceps of both arms in a grip so terrific that it made him groan with pain. He saw the large white teeth exposed, for all the world as a dog's about to bite. Mr. Ward's beard brushed his face as the teeth went in for the grip on his throat. But the bite was not given. Instead, Dave felt the other's body stiffen as with an iron restraint, and then he was flung aside without effort, but with such force that only the wall stopped his momentum and dropped him gasping to the floor.

"What do you mean by coming here and trying to blackmail me?" Mr. Ward was snarling at him. "Here, give me back that money."

Dave passed the bill back without a word.

"I thought you came here with good intentions. I know you now. Let me see and hear no more of you or I'll put you in prison where you belong. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Dave gasped.

"Then go."

And Dave went without further word, both his biceps aching intolerably from the bruise of that tremendous grip. As his hand rested on the doorknob he was stopped.

"You were lucky," Mr. Ward was saying, and Dave noted that his face and eyes were cruel and gloating and proud. "You were lucky. Had I

Continued on Page 45

The Rank and File of Lawyers

Transcribed by Walter E. Weyl

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

I Had Discovered Gems of Forensic Eloquence

THE only one who believes that I am a successful lawyer is my mother.

My mother sees no change. To her I am still the hopeful legal fledgling of twenty-five years ago. She does not realize that I am bald, forty-eight, and about to be a grandfather.

Every August I visit her in our old Catskill home. The gray has invaded her hair and she does not stand straight as in those other days. She is growing old. Still she asks wistfully about my prospects—the prospects of a briefless lawyer of forty-eight.

The village also closes an eye. Each year our local weekly heralds me as "the prominent metropolitan attorney." The Argus has changed hands six times in twenty years, but each new editor inherits the phrase, "the prominent metropolitan attorney." It is an asset, like the printer's ink and the fonts of type.

I am not a "prominent metropolitan attorney." Not one in a hundred New York lawyers knows me by sight. My name does not appear in the newspapers, in biographies of legal luminaries, or even in the files of the Legal Intelligencer. I am not a prosperous lawyer. My largest income for any one year was thirty-eight hundred dollars—about fifteen years ago. For ten years I have averaged seventeen hundred dollars annually; for five years I have been on a thirty-dollar salary.

It is no one's fault—except mine. I have simply not caught on. I am like many business men who do not succeed, but who do not ask commiseration on that account. After all, a profession is a business—and I am a poor business man. I am no exception. We are prone to think of the rank and file of lawyers as though all were leaders of the bar. We remember the lawyers who became President, Governor, Supreme Court Justice or millionaire. Most lawyers, however, do not make large incomes. We hear of the one-hundred-thousand-dollar or the half-million-dollar fee, and we forget that the majority of lawyers merely make a living. A living is a very good thing to make.

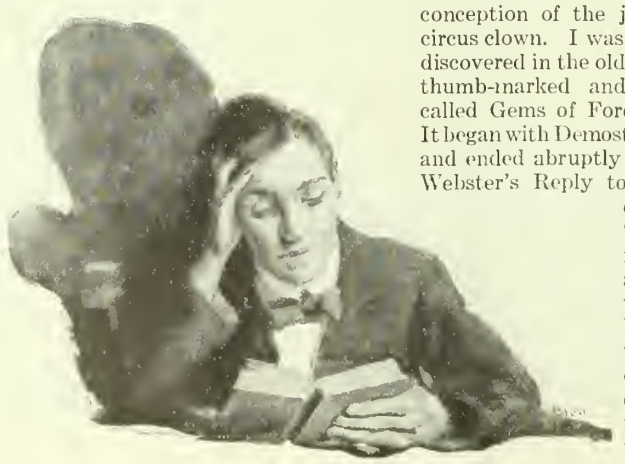
Where All the Business Goes

I HAVE been talking to some legal friends about the average earnings of lawyers. It is hard to strike an average for a class so large and heterogeneous. It is like the average earnings of Republicans, Methodists or men with double chins. On the whole, my friends seem to think that in the big cities more lawyers make under than over fifteen hundred dollars, and in the smaller places more lawyers make under than over one thousand dollars.

A few generations ago, when the railroads were just coming in, and matches were a novelty, and people were excited about the annexation of Texas, a thousand dollars a year was a satisfactory income for a lawyer. There was an Illinois attorney named Lincoln who rarely made that much. Lincoln was not above a five-dollar case, and it is not on record that he ever floated a trust.

In those days lawyers had different standards of living and the law was on a different basis. Lincoln did not spend much on office expenses; he did not need a stenographer; he could save on telephone service, and instead of using vertical files he kept his correspondence in his high hat; he rode with the judge on the circuit and shared a bed with the attorney on the other side.

The lawyer of that day lived in a simple community.



I Studied Blackstone at Night

Today, in our great cities, it costs a lawyer more to live and more to do business. For better or worse, he is obliged to maintain a certain standard and give his children an education. My New York flat of six rooms costs me three times as much as my father's eight-room house in the Catskills cost him. It cost me three times as much to bring up my two daughters as it cost my father to bring up his seven children.

I do not hold a brief for lawyers. I do not want to see more lawsuits. There is enough legal business in the country today. Fees are larger and more numerous than ever before, although, I think, people are less litigious. As society and business become more complex, however, and men meet on more planes, there is always more work for the lawyer. Today there are some twenty-five million life-insurance policies, and this means hundreds of thousands of lawsuits. The telephone business is new, the automobile business is new, and both mean lawsuits. The increasing number of patents means an increasing number of infringements. We have begun to go to law over the right to fly. However carefully we avoid the courts, the more our business grows in volume and diversity the more work there will be for the lawyer to do.

My feeling toward the lawyer who just scrapes along is like that of the little girl who cried over the picture of the lions and the Christian martyrs. Her sympathies went out not to the men and women who were being devoured but to one thin, little lion in the background who was not getting his share. There are many thin legal lions who do not get their share of the martyrs thrown into the arena of litigation.

What has happened in the law is what has happened in business—for law always was, is, and always will be, a business. Law is becoming concentrated. It is being conducted on a big scale. It is becoming systematized, organized, and to a certain extent monopolized. Big lawyers' firms acquire big reputations and wide newspaper notoriety; title and trust companies do on a large scale a business which was formerly done on a small scale by many little lawyers. There are more clients in the community as there are more voters, but it is more difficult for the clients to know you. We lawyers cannot advertise; we cannot push our claims competitively—although we are in a competitive business. We are supposed to wait. If there is one thing in this swift-moving, newspaper-reading world which is harder than the hardest work it is to wait—to wait without work.

He Had No Illusions About Marshall, Story and Kent

In America the struggle for clients, although largely conducted under the rules of professional etiquette, is fiercer than elsewhere. I once read that the profession of law in England is like a pleasant inclosed park, admission to which costs a thousand pounds. The law in America resembles rather an open place to which any one may come and in which any one may stay—if he can. We have far too many lawyers, far too many untrained or badly trained lawyers. Every year there are more. New thousands of young lawyers press continually into an overcrowded profession.

When I first made up my mind to go into the law I did not think of it as a business at all. My theory of the law was as unreal as the country boy's conception of the joyous, care-free circus clown. I was fourteen. I had discovered in the old village library a thumb-marked and tattered book called Gems of Forensic Eloquence. It began with Demosthenes and Cicero and ended abruptly in the middle of Webster's Reply to Hayne. I declaimed these "gems" to my mother, and although my voice was at the breaking age, and the sonorous perorations often ended in a childish treble, my mother and I agreed that the American Demosthenes had arrived. I blush to admit, even now when I am bald and about to be a grandfather, that I put pebbles in my mouth as did the great Greek stutterer. I thought of my future legal career as one long oration to a rapt jury.

My father was a downright man, with strong prejudices. Years before I was born he had lost some money through the chicanery of a village attorney, and he despised lawyers in general and particular. He opposed my ambitions as vehemently as though I had determined to become a pirate or polygamist. He wanted me to stay on the farm and be "an honest man."

At fifteen I began to work for the village liveryman. In the summer I drove the city boarders through our fresh green woods up to the mountain peak, whence I instinctively looked south to where lay the hidden city of New York. In winter I cut wood. I studied Blackstone at night. I did not have the historical perspective to understand feudal origins and I could not get books to explain things which were dark, but my six years of groping at least gave me the basis of a future understanding. It was hard work for an ill-educated lad, but I had my dream of a brilliant, oratorical, legal career. Meanwhile, dime by dime, I saved up the small capital of two hundred and ninety dollars.

A Lawyer at Last

THEN I went to New York and enrolled in a law school. It was one of those get-wise-quick establishments where lawyers are made by machine-process. The very day I arrived I was carefully informed about the bar examinations, the gate to which the straight and narrow road of legal study inevitably leads. We did not have the modern case system; we did not spend time upon the philosophy of law or upon general principles. We thought only of bar examinations.

During those two years I lived on three and a half dollars a week. My room, a little cell on the fifth floor of an East Side building, cost me a dollar a week. My three meals cost me twenty-four cents (on Sunday thirty-four cents). Washing was thirty cents a week, and clothing, oil, amusements and all else came to eight dollars a term, or forty cents a week. Postage cost me six cents—a weekly letter to my mother and two letters a week to Helen. Even with the thriftiest management I should not have held out but for my mother's aid. There were always a few dimes in the broken sugar-bowl, and if the hens were particularly industrious there was usually a silver remittance in the weekly letter from home. With this help, a good constitution and an abiding faith in my dream I got through; and after passing my bar examinations I had enough money for my ticket home, and thirty-one cents over. I was a full-fledged lawyer. My foot was on the first rung.

Even then, after two years in the great city, I did not know the actual conditions or the tendencies already at work on the lawyers of 1885. I did not realize that I had almost eighty thousand competitors. I did not know that the practice of law was already beginning to be systematized, specialized, put on a factory basis. I hoped to become a general lawyer, practicing all branches but reserving the best of my strength for grave constitutional problems. I was sure of a useful and honorable career and a happy competence.

The money side of the law above mere living expenses seemed the least important. I thought of law as a profession to which the lawyer remained always a debtor. Limited as was my education, I had conceived of the law as a wonderful logical system, founded on the highest human wisdom, adjusting itself to supreme human needs: as a thing, like the universe, slowly evolving, miraculous in its infinite variety, yet subordinated throughout to one great unifying principle. I was filled with ecstasy by the cogent reasonings, the broad intellectual appeals, the subtle acuity and common-sense of the towering jurists. Perhaps, after a lifetime of labor, I might become—on a small scale—a Mansfield, a Marshall, a Kent, a Story, a Webster, a Cooley; a just judge expounding constitutional principles, or a tribune of the people interpreting our vast legal system of precedents in the light of our

inalienable rights and our conquered freedom. This—not money—was my ambition. Of this, through the long summer afternoons spent with my mother on the mountain roads, I talked and talked and talked.

I did not wish to begin law absolutely penniless; so, in the fall, I took a position as tutor to a backward young boy, the son of a great coffee merchant, named Gunton.

In the evenings, after my pupil was in bed, the coffee merchant, a very fat and excessively voluble man, used to talk to me about my prospects and more especially about his. One evening, after telling me of certain plantations recently acquired in Sao Paulo, Brazil, he suddenly offered me the position of manager.

"Three thousand dollars, gold, the first year," he said. "Five thousand, or get out, the next. All expenses. Half a dozen lazy servants to wait on you."

But the Foreman of the Jury, a Butcher, Was Ever So Much Better Dressed

I was overcome with surprise. Brazil, hitherto a vague yellow blotch upon the map, suddenly became a subtropical Paradise. I pictured myself lord of far-reaching coffee plantations with thousands of toiling Brazilian natives and I know not what other impossible rosy accessories at my command.

But then, there were John Marshall and Daniel Webster and Judge Story. What were a thousand coffee plantations to the Dartmouth College decision or Lincoln's close-knit argument against Douglas? I thought it over for a week. I discussed it in hourly letters with Helen. Then I gave my answer—a refusal.

"Why?" asked the coffee merchant.

There was a Fourth-of-July inflection in my reply.

"I prefer a lawyer's life," I said.

"Why?" asked the coffee merchant again.

"Because," I hesitated, "I prefer my country's service."

The coffee merchant burst into a guffaw.

"My dear young friend," he roared—it sounded like "My dear young simpleton"—"devote yourself to your country's service and you'll grub for money all the rest of your life."

"At least, sir," I answered, "I shall not make a boast of money-grubbing."

I expected a curt dismissal, but, instead, my coffee merchant continued to shake with laughter, viewing me through his tear-dimmed eyes as the Brobdingnagians surveyed the petty, threatening Gulliver.

"Have it your own way," he said at last. "I offered in good spirit and you have made your choice."

He was right. I had made my choice.

Upon reaching New York in the spring I secured a clerkship with a firm of great lawyers at a salary of eight dollars a week. It was not a bad beginning, since young lawyers are willing to pay for their early training. As a single man I could scrape along on eight dollars.

The Advice of Schoolcraft

THE experience which I accumulated in this office was salutary if not wide. I did not fit myself for a Supreme Court judgeship and I was not called upon to solve intricate legal problems, but I began to get my bearings. Our firm was in the wholesale and retail branches of the business. We took anything, from a small partnership squabble to the floating of a big corporation.

There were twenty salaried clerks in the office, and the work was subdivided among them as in a factory. All was system. We had time kept on our comings and goings, and made daily reports of the hours spent on each work. The clients received bills prepared by the firm's auditor on the basis of these reports. We clerks never saw the clients. We did the routine work assigned each morning by the chief clerk.

I did not enjoy the work. The clerks were friendly, but most of them lacked ambition, and there was much envy and mutual jealousy. For months the clerks made fun of the new partner. He was a blond, shrinking young lawyer, with a bulging, forensic forehead and a weak chin. He knew no more law than the most ignorant of us clerks, but—he was the only son of a bank president. His family connections meant sixty thousand dollars a year in legal business.

The longer I stayed in the big law factory the more hopeless the outlook appeared. I wanted to get married. Helen was to give up her school-teaching as soon as I had established myself. I noticed that the clerks were not true apprentices, who were graduating into independent lawyers, but that many of them, while earning good wages, were falling into a rut, were doing the same thing day after day, were learning nothing new, and were gradually losing the desire and the courage to strike out for themselves.

Elias Schoolcraft was an exception. Elias was a tall, rosy-cheeked Vermonter who had gone through the law school with me, having come to New York without friends and without money, but determined to make his way. He had no illusions about Marshall, Story and Kent. He was in law to succeed.

He came early one morning to the firm's library to look up a point in a negligence case, and found me poring over an old volume of Coke on Littleton. He picked up the book, glanced at it contemptuously, returned it to me and began daintily to dust his fingers with a cambric handkerchief.

"See here, Patrick Henry," he finally said—I had once foolishly confided my ambitions to him—"I wouldn't stodge myself on that old ruck. If you want to succeed, after you get out of here, I'll give you a recipe—free, gratis, for nothing."

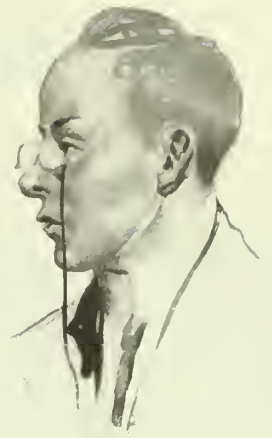
"Well," I said, marking my place with an impatient finger, "let's have your recipe."

"Make friends, get business and hire a lawyer."

"I hope to know a little law myself," I answered somewhat testily.

"Then keep it to yourself," rejoined Elias. "Don't get the idea, old man, that I think you're an N. G. lawyer; but you're on the wrong track. The fellow who wrote that old book you're reading is deader than Pharaoh, and even when he was alive, or thought he was, he couldn't have told the Standard Oil Company from a decent, self-respecting tenure in burgage. You might as well study chess and compete for ten-dollar prizes, or learn Italian and Irish and give lessons at fifty cents per. There are thousands of lawyers at the cheap lunch-counters who miss it just that way. They know the law from Brother Justinian down to Tom Platt, and can talk a jury of twelve good men blue in the face; but if a business man comes into the office and says, 'Can I do this? Yes or No? Quick!' they don't know and don't dare bluff. What a wideawake, nickel-plate lawyer needs is business sense and enough law to know how to draw up a bill of sale. He doesn't need all this furniture."

I Talked and Talked and Talked



Like Necessity, He Knew No Law

With which he pointed contemptuously to the solid-leather phalanx of New York Reports.

"I think I understand," I said. "You need not read everything if you know where to find what you want."

"Or," suggested Schoolcraft, "where to find a cheap man who will know where to find what you want."

I gazed at this iconoclast in horror.

"A man like you," I said, "ought to be in business."

"I am," replied Elias Schoolcraft.

One thing I got from Schoolcraft—the courage to leave the office and strike out for myself. I had a hard year of it, but gradually I began to work up a small practice, and after three years I was retained by one client, a pump manufacturer, whose business was worth fifteen hundred a year. At last I was in a position to marry. I may say, parenthetically, that my marriage has been my only success in life.

The worst thing about a lawyer's income is its insecurity. You may double your income one year and halve it the next. You never know, and your wife never knows, how much there will be in the bank three months ahead. You are sure that your bill for office rent will come in on the day, but whether a check from a client will come is dubious and hypothetical. The year I married, although I found new clients, my income dropped from thirty-one hundred dollars to under two thousand, for my pump manufacturer's niece married a lawyer, and it was thought fair to give the young man a chance.

A Client Turned Away

I REMEMBER one winter—it was when little Helen was three years old and Agnes was a baby—I was in such sore straits that I almost wished that I were a bookkeeper or a school-teacher, or in any occupation which would insure me a check at the end of the month. Business had been dull; I had a few outstanding accounts—good, but for the time being uncollectible. I had exhausted my savings, had borrowed upon my life insurance, and we had run up bills for which I was being dunned. I was sleeping badly and was nervous.

It was at this very moment that I was approached by a man who wanted me to engineer a bankruptcy which, though it might have been done under legal forms—we did not then have our federal bankruptcy law—was confessedly an attempt to defraud creditors.

"I can't do it," I said, after I had gone over the plans. "And, pardon me, I don't see how you can."

The intending bankrupt—he was an undersized, pallid man, with a shock of red hair—set his teeth and spoke very slowly, emphasizing each word.

"I've got consumption," he explained. "I'll die within the year—without insurance. It's my wife and my little ones—or my creditors. In the last ditch it's every man for his own."

The words ran through my brain as though the pallid man had voiced my secret-most thoughts: "In the last ditch it's every man for his own." After all, the law was at fault in allowing all these loopholes which put the scrupulous at a disadvantage. The operation was not technically illegal. If I sent the man away he would go next door, and the cause of justice would be in nowise bettered. Nevertheless——

My eyes fell on Helen's photograph on my desk.

"No," I said to the client. "No." We stood watching each other while I tried to find words in which to advise him against his proposed fraud. "I really think——" I began. And then I ended impotently: "Goodby. I hope your health will improve."

This was the only time that a clearly fraudulent plan was ever presented to me, although clients have come to me with proposals which I have instinctively refused because I felt rather than saw that their position was unjust. I have tried rather hard not to take cases as a lawyer which I should not engage in as a client. I have never believed, and thousands of other attorneys do not believe, that a lawyer is a mere gladiator, a mercenary who fights irrespective of the merits of the case.

As the years rolled on, as the children grew up, as expenses increased, I found that, with my low

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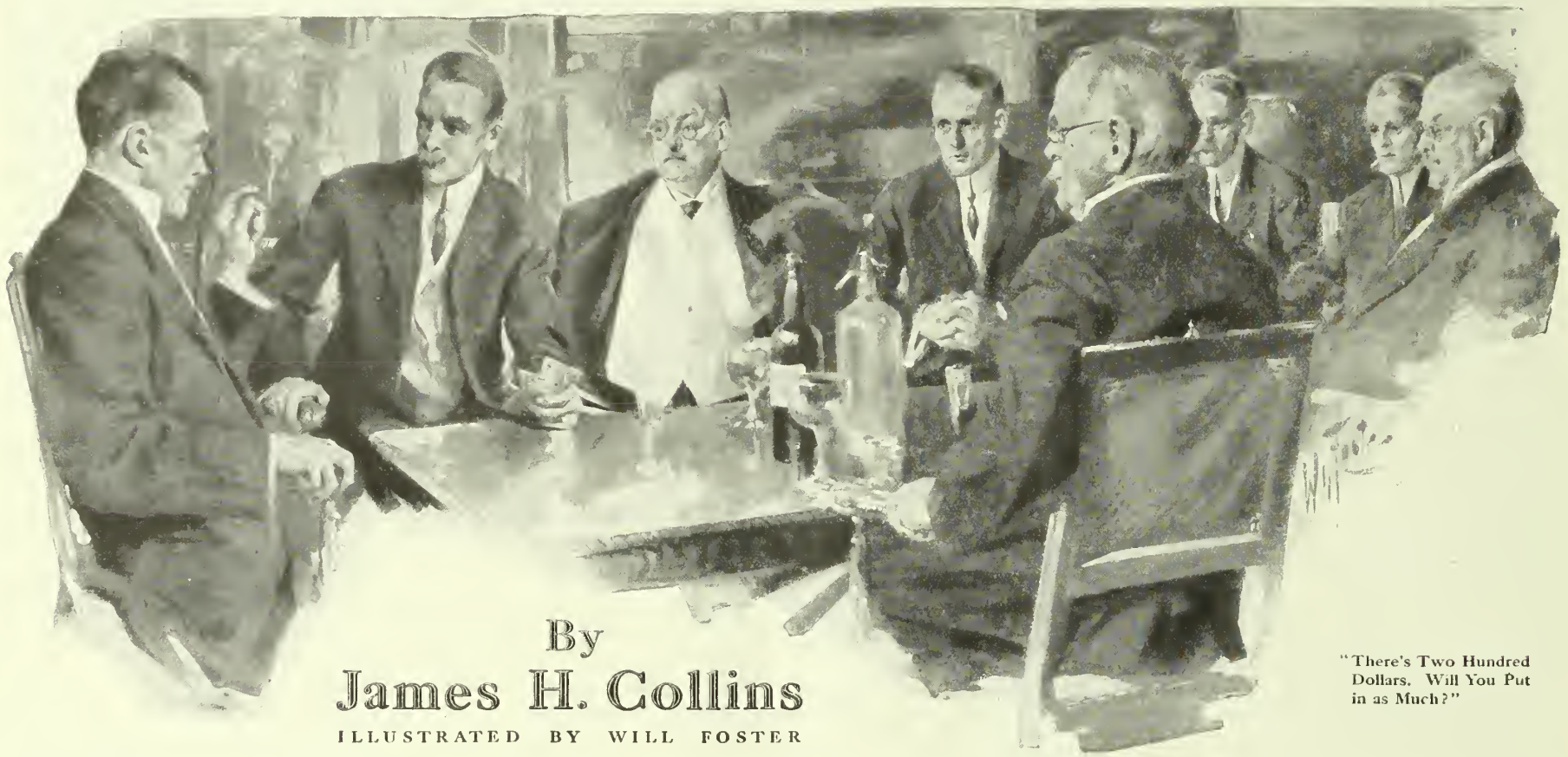
Your Relentless Competitors

WORKING WITH THEM FOR THE GOOD OF THE ORDER



"There's Two Hundred Dollars. Will You Put in as Much?"

By
James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

THE making of advertising novelties is an important American industry which exists on ideas both in selling and production.

A retail shoe dealer, for instance, has a neighborhood business in a large city, profitable enough, yet conducted on a scale that will not permit costly newspaper advertising. A novelty salesman shows him how to make money by a special sale of children's shoes the week before schools open. With each pair of school shoes the dealer will give a stout schoolbag, a book-strap or some serviceable article. These gifts draw trade because they mean a money-saving in a family of three or four youngsters.

Perhaps several shoemen in the same city hold special school sales of this sort, each with a different gift from a different maker. Obviously there is an advantage in having new, practical ideas. Then, in making such trinkets to sell at the five or ten cents the shoemen can afford to pay, and putting their advertisements upon them somewhere, there must be fresh ideas in materials and processes. It is said that the advertising novelty men will run anything through a printing press, from paper and leather to sheet metal, wooden planks or toothpicks, and that they will print as readily upon a round or oval surface as a flat one.

With many concerns in this rapidly growing industry, and so much depending upon ideas, secrecy is more or less an asset. For years the novelty men, like manufacturers in many other lines, kept their business projects to themselves, and met other houses only in competition. Therefore, when a far-seeing manufacturer suggested, several years ago, that the makers of advertising novelties form a national association for mutual advantage the proposal was received with considerable hostility. The attitude of one successful novelty manufacturer was typical.

When Competitors Pull Together

FROM the beginning he had made a point not merely of keeping his business under his own hat but also of saying that he didn't want to know any of his competitors personally. From time to time he found it expedient to help himself to their best ideas. Some of them probably were very decent fellows. If he knew them, he might hesitate to take what he found lying around loose, and that would hamper him in the development of his business.

"Join an association of my competitors?" he protested. "Not on your life! Why, that is just a scheme to get me to tell my secrets."

Months of discussion went on before this project had advanced far enough to call a preliminary meeting. But there was an encouraging attendance of the leading men in the industry, because each of them thought there might be a chance to pick up something useful from the others, while keeping his own business strictly to himself. This particular manufacturer attended in that spirit, he says. When he sat down among competitors whom he had been fighting for fifteen years, however, he found them unlike the mental pictures he had drawn. One of his most aggressive trade rivals, who had taken away business again and again, proved to be a big bashful man who blushed and broke down when called upon to stand up and express his views. The first conference was dominated by a bullet-headed little manufacturer who had never been looked upon as anybody in the trade. Not a great deal of set speaking was done at this meeting, but everybody there got acquainted with one another by twos and threes, in corners. Instead of maneuvering for confidential information, though, each found that all were discussing broad trade questions, such as the standardization of materials, holding sellers to specifications, regulation of abuses and dishonesty that cast discredit on the industry, and so forth. Within a few weeks the association was formally organized and committees appointed to take up such matters. Before it had been in existence long the tariff revision began at Washington, and because these manufacturers had an organization and a common fund they were able to send representatives before Congress with information that prevented a prohibitive duty on some of their raw materials. Today this association is strong, its members enthusiastic, and the manufacturer who made it a policy never to get acquainted with competitors is one of its active officers. This association is typical of a kind of business organization that is becoming common in the United States.

The trade guilds of the Middle Ages were formed to monopolize business, in the belief that there was only so much demand anyway, and that it should be regulated, and individual enterprise stifled.

But the present-day trade guild, organized like these novelty manufacturers, leaves members free to exert individual enterprise, recognizing that this is the energy which makes the whole industry go ahead, increasing demand for goods and raising the tone of demand. No special favors would be shown a member in open competition for business, nor any restrictions put upon him. Yet, through such an association all the people interested in an industry are brought together, learn that competitors have neither horns nor hoofs, and carry on broad trade measures which make conditions in the market better for everybody.

The rapid growth of our automobile industry is due very largely to standardization of materials and other work for mutual benefit carried on by the manufacturers. All their efforts are directed to advancing the motor-car business along general lines, and each manufacturer, it is stated, is left to sell his own output at his own prices.

In contrast, there is the English automobile industry, where all the manufacturers are said to keep themselves strictly to themselves. From time to time an attempt is made to get together in conference, but the one topic discussed, usually, is that of price control, and nothing ever comes of it. English cars are not generally standardized as to materials, while the lengths to which manufacturers will go in carrying out the individual preferences of purchasers has led to a more or less chaotic condition in design. Over there the "technical adviser" is a prominent figure in the industry—an expert who acts for the purchaser of an automobile, specifying points in design which are built only into that single car. The experience of all the makers in building cars is not put into a common fund, as is largely the case with us, and used to determine standards which will assure the best results and lower cost. So today the English makers, while building perfectly good automobiles, are looking a little anxiously to our increasing output, in fear that our surplus will be marketed in their territory. It is conceded that the prices attained by American standardization would make this competition dangerous.

Practically the same handicap is felt by the English manufacturers of electrical apparatus, for the German makers in this industry, by association and mutual financing through their own system of banks, have gained marked advantages over the conscientious Britons who cling to special designs to suit each purchaser, and stand aloof from each other in the matter of sharing general trade information.

Attempts to Standardize Heating Apparatus

IN THE American heating business there are various types of apparatus—stoves, hot-air furnaces, steam and hot-water systems. Within the past decade the hot-air furnace has fallen quite a bit behind the running, and lately a number of manufacturers have come together in a league to deal with growing trade difficulties. It has been found that these difficulties can be traced almost wholly to unwise competition. For one thing, the manufacturers of hot-air apparatus have clung to pet systems, marketing furnaces on ratings of capacity sometimes excessive. Again, the installation of hot-air apparatus has been done chiefly through competitive bidding of contractors, each following his own ideas as to the size of furnace needed to heat a given building, and his own arrangement of riser ducts and pipes. As the contract usually goes to the lowest bidder, the installation has often been unsatisfactory. In time, these unsatisfactory installations have created prejudice which no amount of satisfactory hot-air heating would overcome. The manufacturers' league is now

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THE PILOT-FISH

By Henry C. Rowland
ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

III

CLOSE aboard the Daffodil, Wood was about to lift his voice in a hail when there came to his ears the sounds of one declaiming in a rich and resonant bass. Having observed the departure of the Finn about half an hour earlier, Wood decided that Mr. Applebo must be refreshing his solitude by the recital of some of his own verse. It was therefore with no more consciousness of eavesdropping than has one who pauses to listen to the practicing of a musician that Wood rested on his oars, when he was somewhat startled by the following interrogation:

Tell me, belovèd, since your eyes
Hold all the azure of the skies,
Why, then, when night their brightness mars,
Those lustrous depths hold all the stars?
But when the day's once more begun
I look, and lo!—there shines the sun.
And when it sets, alack, too soon,
In each deep orb I find the moon.

The answer is, Hermione,
All Heaven's in those eyes, for me.

Before Wood could sufficiently recover from the astonishment produced by this innocent query and its answer, the same voice continued in prose, apparently in criticism of the effort and as follows:

"Shucks! How do I know her eyes are azure? I never saw them. They might be cadmium or cobalt or madder lake, for all me."

A pause; then: "When night their brightness mars—mars—oh, hell! what does it mar it with—a handful of mud?" Another pause; then: "Mars is rotten—let's see—mars, cars, spars, tars, chars, bars—augh! what the deuce!—oh, let it go! it's no worse than the rest. In each deep orb . . . fudge! I wonder how many thousand millions of bum poets have said that—oh, dammit—dammit—dammitttt!"

There came the sound of paper violently torn. Wood, smothering his laughter at this unofficial peep into the soul of the poet, raised his voice.

"Aboard the Daffodil!"

There was no answer. Wood tried again.

"Aboard the Daffy—Daffodilly—I say—— Harold!"

Followed an instant of silence, then a tawny, leonine head was pushed up through the hatch.

"Hello, Harold!" said Wood.

The poet blinked a pair of clear, amber-colored eyes. His mane of ruddy-yellow hair was tousled and his expression was that of a person surprised in a yawn.

"Hello, Huntington!" he drawled in a very deep and husky bass. The yellow eyes blinked once or twice at the dingey. "You're off the Shark?"

"Jusso, Mr. Pilot-fish. May I come aboard?"

"Pray do. I am in the act of brewing tea. Sorry I haven't anything more robust to offer you. I cannot keep spirits, as my crew is a Finn with second sight and an alcoholic affinity. He can spot a whisky-bottle through a teak locker; then he forces the lock and drinks all there is without reference to the next man. If there were a gallon he would drink it all."

"And then what?" asked Wood.

"Then I chain him to the mainmast so that he will not start to swim back to Finland. However, my tea is very good. So are the macaroons . . . after you scrape off the green mould. The weather has been warm and humid, and I cannot get fresh ones here. I have wired to Boston for a supply. But come aboard."

He reached over the side for the painter of the dingey and caught a clove-hitch one-handedly and with a deftness that did not suggest the amateur. Huntington stepped aboard and looked about with interest.

"A handy little boat," he said.

"Yes. She was designed for a Block Island swordfisher. I bought her on the stocks before they had touched her inside. These boats' plans are all got out by the yacht architects. She is not dull."

"No motor?"

"No. They smell, and the grease would soil my manuscripts. Besides, the beat of the engine would get into my head and spoil my meter. Think of trying to write didactic hexameter with an accursed motor pounding away: 'Juba-this, Juba-that.' Come below. Our tannin is distilled."

In the cozy cabin, singular for its extreme bareness and universal yellow color-scheme, Wood seated himself upon the edge of the bunk and watched the poet as he poured the tea. Mr. Applebo was in his customary service rig of faded yellow shirt, white duck trousers and leather sandals. His long, wavy hair, naturally of a reddish yellow, was sun-bleached to the lusterless tone of oakum and hung in heavy clusters that almost hid his ears. The lithe, beautifully muscled figure was flawless, so far as one could see; big-boned, brawny, deep-chested, yet with the suggestion of lightness and grace that one associates with statues of Hermes. His skin, wherever visible, was of the quality of satin, the color of old gold; and his hands, while hardened from physical work and the handling of wet ropes, were exquisitely shaped, the fingers straight and strong and well spaced.

Most striking of all was the poet's face, and it was here that one paused in doubt before rendering a verdict upon Mr. Applebo's physical attractiveness. In feature and expression there seemed to be no standard with which to compare the man's singular type . . . or at least no human standard.

Many faces find their caricatures in the lower animals; one sees people who resemble, or at least suggest, the sheep, monkey, bulldog, camel, and so forth. Applebo's face suggested a sleepy lion. There was the same tawny color, the blinking amber eyes focused on some far-distant point, the straight, broad nose, with a mouth that was slightly lifted in the middle, cheeks cut away and showing a prominent malar bone—certainly the general resemblance was rather toward the cat *carnivora* than toward anything human.

So far as expression went, Wood could discover absolutely nothing. There was about the poet an atmosphere of languor, either real or assumed, and one felt that if this sloth could be torn aside the true man—or animal—beneath might stand revealed.

"What do you do on this boat?" asked Wood.

"I dream dreams—and laugh at them. I weave long and fascinating romances of which I am the glorious hero—and laugh at them. Also, I write many winged words."

"And laugh at them?"

"No. Other people do that."

Applebo's Face Suggested a Sleepy Lion

"I have been sent over here," said Wood, "to order you to report for luncheon aboard the Shark. They are getting tired of you as merely a parlor game."

Applebo looked a little scared.

"Thanks, awfully," he said, less dreamily; "but I cannot go. My extremely delicate sense of social ethics prevents."

"Rot!"

"Really. My extreme sensitiveness. You can't tag strangers about until they ask you to luncheon; nor, having been so weak as to yield to the temptation and accept, could you continue to tag. Then I should be all adrift and not know which way to sail."

"Harold," said Wood, "please go and sing that to the sirens. I am wise to your ingenious sophistries. You are in love with a lady, O poet! That, and not a lacking initiative, is the reason of your singular fidelity to yon tub."

Applebo raised his tawny head and blinked once or twice at his guest. Then, in the same dreamy way, he lowered his full cup from his lips. Nothing was more remote from his manner than any hint of agitation; wherefore it struck Wood as odd that he should have let the cup turn in his hand and spill the scalding tea on the dorsum of his bare foot.

"Damn!" quoth the poet, like any earth-born, and grabbed at his foot. The teacup struck the edge of the spirit stove and broke, leaving the porcelain ring of the handle on Applebo's finger. Forgetting his foot he looked at it and blinked.

"There!" said he. "That is the second time that this has happened. A ring upon my finger the minute that my true motive is questioned. I do not like that."

"You ought to," observed Wood, "since you are in love with her."

"Not necessarily. My intentions are honorable, but not matrimonial; and a ring is not the symbol of love but of marriage."

"Cynic."

"No, poet. Love, to the poet, is part of his material. It is the most important of his implements of craft. His motive force. I love, but I ask nothing in return—beyond being permitted to love from afar. But not too far. A poet must be in the general neighborhood of his inspiration."

"Stop!"

"Worldling! No doubt you are in love with her yourself." The voice of the poet held the tone of one being roused from a beauty sleep. "I hope that you are, and that she returns your passion. So much the better. A hopeless love is always productive of the purest verse. The Italian poets understood this. It is all that I needed."

"If I listen to you any longer you will have to chain me to the mainmast with the Finn. Why did you pick out Hermione?"

The eyes of the poet shot him a yellow gleam.

"What makes you think that it is Hermione?"

"You were yapping her name as I came alongside. Never mind; I will not betray you. But I wish that you would let me tell them that it is hopeless passion and not feeble-mindedness that leads you on in the wake of the Shark. They would be so pleased."

"Tell them, if you like. It does not matter, since we are destined never to meet. But don't tell which one I am in love with. The others might tease her. All women are cats."

"A loverlike opinion."

"I am very fond of cats. They are my index—just as yellow is my color. I am really very much in love with Hermione."

"When did you see her?"

"Last winter. It was her superb walk that vanquished me. I have never seen her, bow-on. Last winter, on my way down Fifth Avenue every morning to breakfast at the club, I often overhauled her. But I never passed. She drifted along like a marsh lily gathered by the flood."

"But she might enjoy meeting you."

Applebo shook his head. "I am wedded to my Muse. She will not brook a rival. Should Hermione enter my life I should never write another poem. You see, I should be merely living one. Have a macaroon? There is very little mould on this one."

Wood glanced at him with suspicion, but Applebo's face would have made that of the

Sphynx look open and confiding. A big yellow tomcat he appeared as he sat there, great shoulders hunched forward, back bent, blinking at his guest. He finished a macaroon and licked the crumbs from his lips, and looked even cattier. It would not have surprised his guest had he begun to purr.

"Where did you learn so much seamanship?" asked Wood. "Captain Bell says that the way you find your way around is uncanny."

Applebo waved his hand and shrugged.

"A mere instinct. One might almost say a lower attribute, and shared with birds, mammals and fishes."

"Do you write poems of the sea?"

"Sometimes, but the subject does not interest me. A great, empty desolate waste of wet. No; why write poems of the sea when there are so many lovable things: old gardens and dear old people; little children and lovely women?—the last always in the abstract." His amber eyes glowed.

Wood stared at him keenly, but Applebo appeared oblivious. Wood rose to his feet. "It is almost two bells," said he. "I must be getting back. Sorry you will not come."

"Thank you, dear boy. Please make all of my excuses. Tell them what you like—only mention no names. Express my deep appreciation of their goodness and thank them in my name for permitting me to rot around in their wake. Good-by. God bless you!"

In a very pensive mood Wood pulled back to the Shark, where his lack of success was received somewhat caustically by Cécile. But at the luncheon-table Wood had his revenge.

"It is just as I thought," said he. "Applebo's plea that he follows the Shark about to save himself the wear and tear of deciding where to go is all a bluff."

Had he been looking at Hermione as he made this statement, Wood might have seen something in her face that would have given him food for thought. But he was looking at Cécile, not without a certain touch of malice. Since the coquette had rather cruelly thrown him over after having given him reason to believe that she was not indifferent to him, Wood had done a good deal of thinking, finally arriving at the conclusion that all had happened for the best, and that a girl who could find it in her heart to do this sort of thing was not the girl that any man should want to marry. He no longer loved Cécile and was therefore no longer blind to her faults. Conspicuous among these was a tremendous appreciation of her own charms, and Wood felt instinctively that, on learning of Applebo's confession, Cécile would immediately appropriate this devotion to herself. Wood bore no rancor for her treatment of himself, but he would scarcely have been human had he not found a certain cynical enjoyment in the situation.

"I am not at liberty to mention any names," said he; "but, when I directly accused him of being secretly in love with some lady aboard the Shark, Applebo acknowledged that this was the fact."

Hermione's blue eyes opened very wide and a sudden rich color flooded her face. Captain Bell and Wood were, however, looking at Cécile. Paula, the second sister, was lunching with friends ashore.

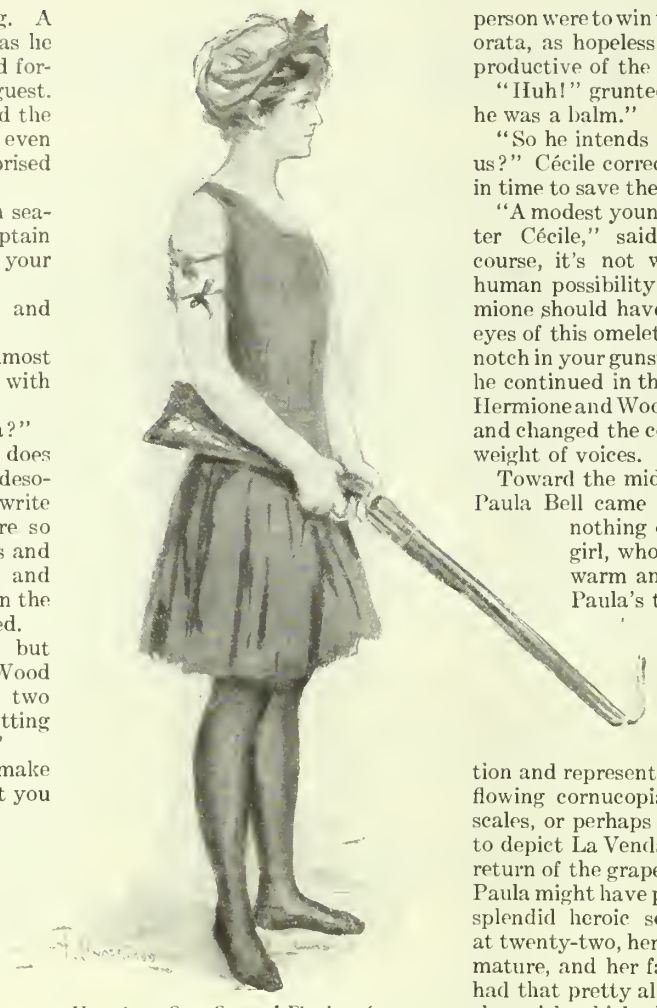
Cécile's black, curving lashes swept down and she looked at her plate and laughed, while a delicate color tinged her soft cheeks. Secretly, she had suspected for a long time precisely what Wood had just stated, and the news brought to her that flush of triumph that attended every new and interesting conquest.

Captain Bell surveyed his eldest daughter with disgust.

"My word!" he snapped; "has it come to a point where they follow her around in boats?"

Wood glanced at Hermione with the slightest suspicion of a wink. She colored and laughed. Hermione and Cécile had but little in common, and aside from a certain amount of sisterly affection were rather indifferent to each other. Cécile disapproved of Hermione's frank, impetuous manner, and Hermione detested her sister's cold-blooded coquetries. Both of the girls adored their sister Paula.

"Applebo's is a somewhat peculiar devotion," Wood observed; "but that is to be expected, considering Applebo. He asks only to worship from afar. It appears that his sentiment is useful as a source of inspiration: 'motive force,' as he expressed it. He even went so far as to say that it would profit him even more if some other person were to win the heart of his inamorata, as hopeless passion was always productive of the best poetic results."



Hermione Saw Several Flocks of Plover and Big Snipe

"Huh!" grunted Bell. "I told you he was a balm."

"So he intends never to meet me—us?" Cécile corrected herself, but not in time to save the laugh.

"A modest young person, my daughter Cécile," said Bell dryly. "Of course, it's not within the scope of human possibility that Paula or Hermione should have found favor in the eyes of this omelet-head. Cut another notch in your gunstock, my dear." And he continued in this ironic strain until Hermione and Wood took pity on Cécile and changed the conversation by sheer weight of voices.

Toward the middle of the afternoon Paula Bell came aboard. There was nothing of the sea about this girl, who was wholly of the warm and comforting earth. Paula's type was such as one sees in the sculptured figures of French public buildings, lending themselves to emblematic decoration and representing Ceres, with overflowing cornucopia, Justitia with her scales, or perhaps an opulent creature to depict La Vendange, the vintage, or return of the grape. In face and figure Paula might have posed for one of those splendid heroic sculptures. Already, at twenty-two, her form was gracefully mature, and her face, pure of feature, had that pretty alluringness of expression with which the French sculptors know so well how to sweeten and vitalize the classic Greek. We Anglo-Saxons, on the contrary, seeking to copy directly from the ancient, are too apt to get as a result the well-known frozen-faced females who suggest rather George Washington, a suffragette, or an idealized William Jennings Bryan, than the desired Mother of the Earth.

"What do you think!" cried Paula. "I met the Pilot-fish face to face."

"You did?" cried Hermione. "What did he do?"

"Nothing. It was in the post-office. He stood with his eyes fixed on infinity while the clerk sorted his mail. He is very striking in appearance and as graceful as a panther. People turn to look at him."

"How was he dressed?" asked Cécile.

"Beautifully, but not the least hint of the nautical. White serge suit, straw-colored pongee shirt, with a dark, smoky-orange-color tie, and yellow buckskin shoes. His hair is long and beautifully *ondulé;* such a *chevelure* is wasted on most men, but not on the Pilot-fish. I wonder if he sleeps with it in papers?"

"No," said Wood. "It has always been like that. Freshman year the Sophs tried to cut it for him. The Infirmary did a big business for a week. His bullpup and parrot got in the game and bit one man and gouged the ear of another. The next night the Sophs went back in force to do the job or die. Harold waited until they got inside, then locked the door, threw the key under the bed and pulled aside the curtains of an alcove. There was a forbidding-looking keg with 'powder' stencilled on the side in big red letters, and a fuse in the top. Before anybody could stop him Harold let out a fearful yell and lit the fuse. It began to sputter and the Sophs lost interest in Harold's hair. You see, he was known to be such a wild freak that there was no telling what he might not do; so out they went, taking the door with them and piling up in a heap in the corridor, which was narrow. The fuse reached the bunghole, when there came a sort of mild explosion. One man fainted. When the smoke cleared away there was Harold drawing beer out of the other end of the keg. They let him keep his hair."

Cécile did not join in the laughter of the others.

"Then he is a sort of clown?" she asked, a little sharply.

Wood shook his head. "Not a bit. It seems to me that the others were the ones to perform."

Cécile made no answer. To herself she was registering a little vow that she would put the leonine Mr. Applebo through his tricks, and that before she was many days older.

There was to be a little dinner party aboard the Shark that night, and Captain Bell, the most recent of whose fads was the culinary art, had spent his morning in the galley preparing certain dishes with which to "surprise" his guests. This innocent pastime of their father had been encouraged by the girls; as Hermione said, "It keeps him out of mischief." Nobody ever thought of eating what he cooked, while the heat of the galley, acting as a Turkish bath, was good for his asthma.

In the present instance, however, this beneficial occupation was destined directly to affect the future relations of several people, notably those of Mr. Harold Applebo.

During the soup course Captain Bell ventured to expand on the higher attributes of the culinary art.

"A cook," he observed, didactically, "is far above the menial class. He is an artist, and entitled to the same respectful consideration that might be shown a sculptor, painter, poet or musician. More, in fact, because a cook ministers not only to our esthetic sense and intellectual demands but to the physical as well. In substantiation of these statements, I am about to offer you an entrée made this morning with my own hands—ah ——"

The peroration was cut short by the entrance of the steward bearing the gastronomic chef-d'œuvre, which was in the form of a vol-au-vent, or chicken pie. At first glance the dish appeared to be highly successful. The crust was brown and flaky and seemed to promise succulent delicacies within. After the first anxious look, Captain Bell sank back into his chair with the benevolent expression of one about to confer a rare treat upon his friends.

The steward, struggling manfully with his grin, presented the dish to Cécile, who proceeded to attack it with a blunt knife. The crust sagged like the head of a slack drum, but refused to give up its dead. Cécile exerted a little more pressure. The crust held valiantly while certain unhallowed gurglings came from beneath. Everybody was watching Cécile with that painful anxiety peculiar to such moments. Bell began to fidget.

"Cut into it!" he snapped. "The chicken ain't goin' to bite you!"

The popular tension found relief in a laugh at this witticism. Bell glared and the ill-timed mirth subsided. Cécile threw her solid weight upon the knife. It bent and a tiny jet of juice found its exit, hitting Mr. Poole in the eye. He wiped it furtively and the others pretended not to have observed the accident.

"Briggs, give me a pointed knife," said Cécile.

"Of course," growled Bell. "Always serve a pointed knife with pastry."

The perspiring Briggs fetched the desired weapon. Thus armed, Cécile successfully attacked the crust which she flayed back as one might skin an animal. She helped herself daintily and the dish was passed to Wood, all eyes watching him as though he were about to draw in any other lottery.

Politic youth that he was, Wood helped himself generously, when there rolled out of the gravy upon his plate a small kitchen saltcellar.

"Hell!" snapped the host; "so that's where it went. I hunted half an hour for that d—d thing."

"Papa!" protested Cécile. Nobody else could speak and the faces around the board were crimson. Their host was known by his guests to take himself very seriously.

Wood tried again, this time exhuming what appeared to be a misshapen piece of rubber, but which a clever comparative anatomist might have recognized as the sacrum of a fowl with its muscular attachments.

"It smells delicious," said the young man. He tried to cut the relic, which slipped from beneath his knife and bounded across the saloon. Wood's face expressed polite disappointment at the loss. The suffering steward, unable to look at him, hurried on with the dish, passing it next to Hermione, who ripped off a ragged piece of the "crust," which she proceeded to cover with a substance much resembling asphalt.

Mr. Poole, Wood's host on the Arcturus, came next. The face of this gentleman was painfully congested and his hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold the spoon. Bell watched him narrowly. It was at moments such as these that he was apt to form his friendships and enmities.

Hermione saw that Poole was not up to the ordeal and came generously to the rescue.

"Be careful!" said she. "Papa lost his watch a few days ago and he would never forgive you if you were to break it."

Even Captain Bell had to join in the roar that followed. But there was a fighting gleam in his eye that boded ill for somebody.

"That's right, laugh!" roared Bell. "Funny, ain't it? You girls know d—d well that this is the first dish o' mine that's gone wrong since—since ——"

"Since the casserole blew up and we had to raise the cook's wages," said Hermione.

"It's all the fault of that d—d Pilot-fish and his swab-headed, swivel-eyed Finn," stormed Bell, oblivious to all attempts at restraint. "How in h—l am I goin' to cook a dish requirin' care and watchfulness with all hands, cook, scullion ——"

"And yourself!"

"And myself, then—breaking for the rail every time some square-head for'ard sights a fishin' boat? That's the way the saltcellar got lost. I set it down on the crust for a second to take a look and it got drawn in, like——"

"Like it might have in any other quicksand," supplied Hermione.

No fear or respect for the host could drown the roar that followed, stifled echoes of which appeared to come from the pantry whither the steward had fled. Bell was, however, furious.

"Steward!" he bawled. The unhappy man appeared, saddened, to judge by the funereal expression of his face and the tears still brimming in his eyes.

"Take this dish forward," said Bell with great dignity, "and present it with my compliments tc Captain Heldstrom and the mate."

"How about the corroded top of that saltcellar, papa?" asked Paula. "Might not that be poisonous?"

"It doesn't need the saltcellar . . ." Hermione whispered to the writhing Mr. Poole.

"That may be so—that may be so," Bell assented. "It's a wonder none of the rest of you had the wit to think of it. Steward!"

"Sir?"

"Carry the d—d thing up and heave it overboard." Bell glared savagely about him. "There's a whole morning's work and two fine chickens—no, three ——"

"Three?"

"Yes. The first one I accidentally dropped overboard while looking for the Pilot-fish. Curse the Pilot-fish, I say, curse him! It's all his fault. He has got this whole ship's company going all ways at once, like a school o' gallied whales. I'll fix him. I'll lead him a chase. I'll wear him out, confound him, or know the reason why. Wants to follow us, does he? Right-o. I'll keep him on the trot till his tongue hangs out."

"How?" asked Cécile.

"By keepin' him on the move. We'll lead him a chase from Cape Race to Key West and never give him a chance to eat. Who wants to bet me that he'll be with us at the end of a fortnight? Come with us, Wood; you've got nothin' to do, and I'll show you some fun—a sort of *chasse à courre*. Will you come?"

"Oh, do, Huntington!" Paula cried. Wood glanced at Cécile.

"Do come, if it would amuse you," said she.

"Who wants to bet me that this chump will still be in the hunt two weeks from now?" cried Bell. "What, no takers?"

"I'll go you; even money for a month's allowance," said Hermione.

"Done with you!" shouted Captain Bell.

IV

HERMIONE, that strenuous nymph, was in the habit of rising early for a row in her little skiff, finishing up with a plunge. After that, bed again, where she devoured bacon and eggs, coffee, and perhaps kippers or haddock.

Sometimes Paula accompanied her, but never Cécile. This luxurious beauty had no taste for cold and sticky Maine seawater. She liked hers warm and fresh in a tub at about ten. As for Captain Bell, he never appeared on deck when in port until after *déjeuner*, which was served at twelve. None of the family got to bed before midnight, usually playing bridge until all hours. When there were no guests Hermione and Cécile always played against Paula and their father. This may have been the reason why the eldest and youngest sister were not particularly devoted chums.

The morning after the dinner episode of the saltcellar, Hermione was up as usual at about six. For these matutinal excursions she always wore her bathing-suit, a simple but exceedingly becoming costume of cucumber green trimmed with maroon and an apology for a skirt that reached to a little above her pretty knees. Her hair was snugly coifed in a dark crimson kerchief, and taking her, as sailors say, full and by, Hermione was well worth getting up at sunrise to see. As a general thing ladies are not supposed to appear on the deck of a yacht before eight bells; but the Shark was more of a home than a yacht. Captain Heldstrom was always up, and Hermione was under his strict injunction never to go where she could not be sighted from the schooner.

Usually the girl contented herself with pulling about the harbor, taking her plunge alongside on her return. Sometimes, however, when lying in some wild and picturesque place, she would land on the beach to explore or perhaps have a try for snipe with her little sixteen-bore. Often she gathered wildflowers for the breakfast-table; and, taking it altogether, these early morning rambles were the best parts of Hermione's days.

On this particular occasion she decided for a stroll along the shore on the eastern side of the bay, and as the place looked like snipe she took her gun and a gamebag containing a few cartridges. As she went on deck the quartermaster told her that Captain Heldstrom had gone ashore on some business of the vessel, for Captain Bell had announced that the Shark was in for a couple of weeks of continually being under way, and it was generally understood that this was a sporting attempt to shake off the Pilot-fish. In fact, bets as to the success of the undertaking were already in process of registry.

Oleson helped her into her skiff and Hermione pulled away in the direction of the beach, reflecting naughtily to herself that since Heldstrom was ashore she might take advantage of that fact to have a look at the salt marsh on the other side of a strip of dwarf pines growing almost to the water's edge. The night before she had observed flocks of snipe and plover circling this marsh, also a bunch of curlew, and being a very good shot she did not see what was to prevent her from getting a few birds. True, the whole place was preserved by the Shoal Harbor Gun and Fish Club, of which her father was not a member, but to Hermione this fact merely added zest to her expedition.

There Was the Keeper Rolling Over and Over Grotesquely as a Shot Rabbit

Halfway to the beach she passed within about two hundred yards of the Daffodil, at which she looked curiously. Nobody was in sight and the dingey was hanging out astern.

"Lazy beast!" thought Hermione, with the contempt of the early riser for the sloths who are still in bed.

She fetched up at the beach, a good mile from the Shark, and leaped ashore, grapnel in one hand and her little double-barreled gun in the other. The tide was well out, and on reaching a point whence she could look over into the lagoon, with its encircling strip of marsh, Hermione saw several flocks of plover and big snipe weaving here and there like motes of dust eddying in the breeze, while their clear whistlings reached her, sharp and sweet in the morning air.

She passed quickly over the crest of the beach and hurried toward a point about a quarter of a mile distant, where the pine scrub grew down to skirt the sedge. As the tide was far out Hermione judged that in all probability the sedge was full of feeding birds, so she loaded her gun and started in to beat out the rim of the marsh.

Scarcely had she gone fifty feet when up sprang a big yellow-leg snipe, rising straight in the air as though propelled less by its wings than the spring from the long, powerful legs. He was not to be missed under the conditions. Hermione's gun flew to her shoulder, her quick eye glanced along the shining barrel, and making quite sure she fired. The very center of the charge found the unfortunate bird and down it dropped, straight as a plummet.

Another rose to the left. Hermione fired and missed. The two reports had aroused the marsh, however, and the air was filled with flying birds and was musical with their shrill, startled calls. A bunch of splendid golden plover, rising from the other side of the lagoon, started to circle the place, and Hermione, her breath coming quickly and her eyes like sapphires, drew back into the shelter of the pines. Straight toward her came the plover; then, within easy range, Hermione stepped suddenly from her blind and threw up her gun. The birds immediately bunched, as she knew they would, and for a moment appeared to pause undecided in their flight. Picking a plover in the center of the bunch Hermione fired, and as the flock swerved she fired again. It was a splendid opportunity, and for a moment Hermione held her breath at the results of her shot. Plover seemed literally to rain from the sky. Some were quite dead, others merely winged, and as they fell high up where the grass was short Hermione was very busy for a few moments, loading and beating about for the wounded.

One bird escaped into the tall grass. It seemed useless to look for him, so, with her gamebag bulging with the prizes already secured, Hermione decided that, since she had been making a good deal of a fusillade and the place was after all a preserve, it might be just as well modestly and hastily to withdraw. Also, to tell the truth, the sight of the beautiful dead birds, their glorious plumage stained and blood-soaked, rather sickened her. It was quite one thing to shoot at a flying bird and another to pursue him with relentless ferocity when a wounded fugitive upon the ground, finally to secure his mangled and bloody corpse. Hermione found herself suddenly disgusted with sport. The thought of the wounded little plover hiding in the sedge, perhaps dying slowly of its hurts, gave her a very uncomfortable sensation in her throat. For the instant she felt a hot desire to fling her gun into the marsh and hunt no more.

"I'm finished," she said aloud. "Hereafter I stick to the clay-pigeon trap on the Shark's quarter-deck. This is a nasty business."

Filled with remorse, she took one of the plovers from her gamebag and stood for a moment looking at it as it lay in her hand. The tears sprang suddenly to her eyes. Here was a little creature which a moment before had been so joyously full of life now a sad, blood-stained martyr to the lust of killing. Hermione stamped her sandaled foot.

"It's downright wicked!" she cried aloud.

"Yeah!" came a harsh, nasal voice from directly behind her; "it air daownright wicked—to shoot on posted graound."

Sadly startled, Hermione swung about and beheld a tall, bleak, forbidding figure, with a harsh Yankee face, quite lacking in the dry, semihumorous quality that is

(Continued on Page 61)

THE J'INER

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

Ole Reliable J'ines the Army, the Jail and the Cotton Pickers

IT WAS a steamy, dusty day in Vicksburg; the sun glared through a frowning sky that promised a deluge; puffs of wind came fretfully, picked up the dust and spread it out again. Mules panted beneath their headshades, men's collars wilted, and flies stuck close. The stifled scream of a fife fought with the choking rattle of a snare-drum in a cloud of dust that moved slowly down Crawford Street.

"Huh! Gran' Army Republicans!" remarked a sweaty drayman; "'tain't no funeral, 'tain't nuthin'; jes turnin' out to be turnin' out."

Behind the dust-cloud marched a long column of negroes two by two—a wavering, straggling line of dusty blue. Most of the men were black, with gray dust on their faces and racing rivulets of sweat. From black they mitigated into assorted browns and yellows—with rivulets. Some leaned forward as they marched, some reared back; some wobbled both ways. They all wore some fractional part of a uniform—a cap, a coat, a belt with U. S. in the middle, or a sporadic pair of white gloves.

At the head of the procession trudged a lump of boys and men, negroes, and all the same color—dust; human beings, en masse, with grimy individuals flitting around the edge. Behind this formless head writhed the ash-blue serpent.

Where men and dirt and noise were thickest a drummer and a fifer suffered proudly. Touching elbows with the fifer strode Ole Reliable, keeping step with the fife, then marking paces by the drum—which failed to agree.

It was a sad and happy moment; the parade had broken out unexpectedly. Ole Reliable couldn't find his gold-headed cane, but he kept his eyes on the musicians and tried to forget. He marched and choked and mopped his face. He was with the procession, but not of it; a rank outsider trailing among the rabble. Every step he took advertised the humiliating fact that he was not a member. He was not in it. He had no blue cap, no belt, no sword. Across his breast, like most of the others, he wore a string of badges—particularly a star-shaped affair suspended by red, white and blue ribbons.

When they wheeled into Washington Street their stumpy little commander emerged from the smoke of battle and drew his sword. "Line up, dere; goin' down Washington Street like a drove o' mules? Jim, can't you keep step no better'n dat?" This was the commander's day of glory—in private life he whitewashed fences.

Every head went up in the air; they stiffened and walked proudly.

Ole Reliable stopped; the lump passed him like a mud eddy circling around a boulder. Zack's lip curled at the commander with his glittering sword. "Huh! Ole baboon—takes dat sode fer a whitewash brush. Ef I couldn't do no better'n dat I'd quit." He stood at the edge of the sidewalk; two by two, two by two, they passed. Zack nodded familiarly and called them by name; those who were in it were not so punctilious. Some of them did not see him at all.

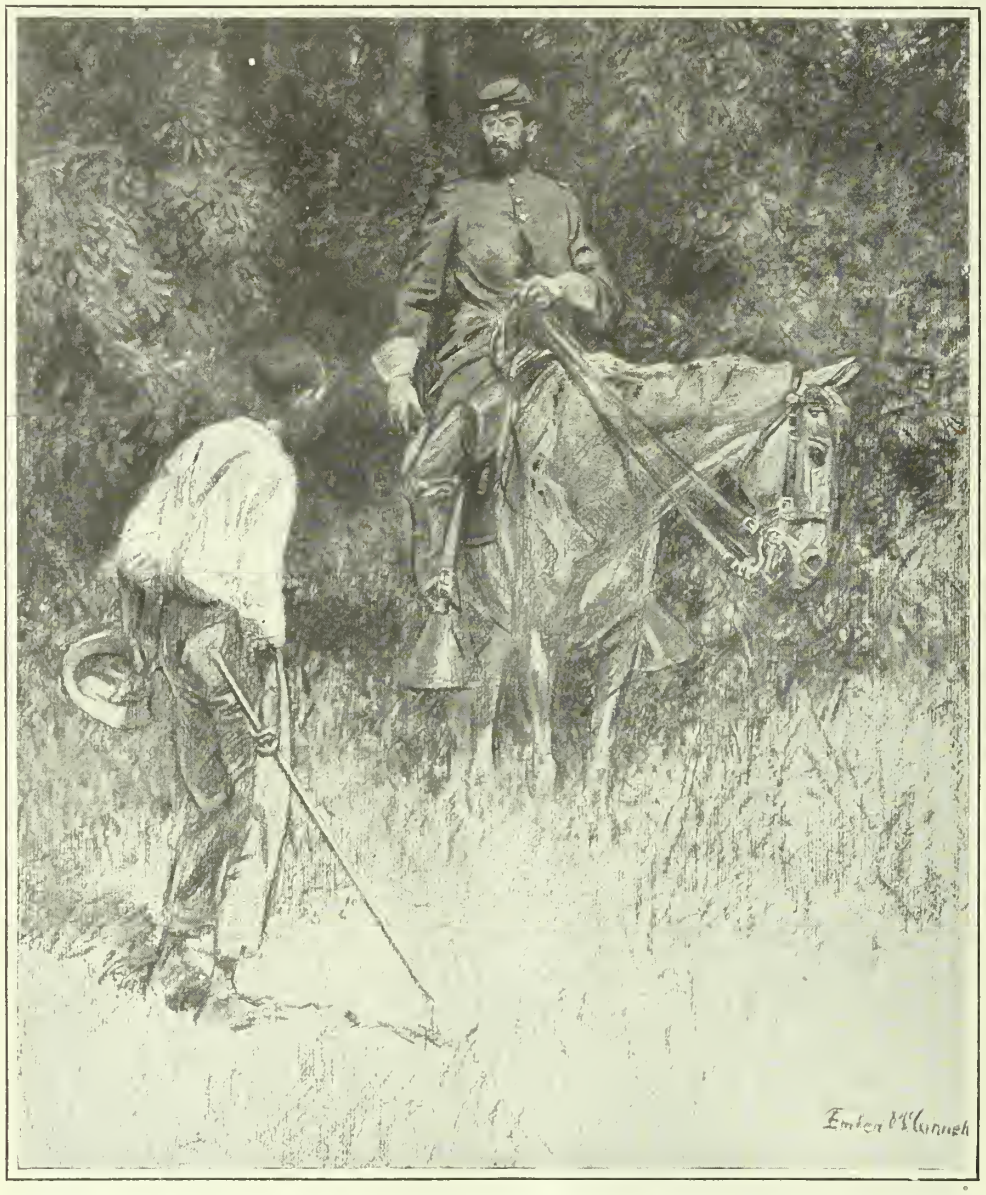
"Huh!" he grumbled; "bet d'ain't nary one of 'em got on any socks."

Ragtag and bobtail went by, and Ole Reliable brooded upon his hard luck. Why hadn't he joined the Lodge? 'Twarn't like a parade if he wasn't on a horse or in a carriage with a red collar or a shining axe. He stumbled to the edge of the curb.

"Corp'ral," remarked a voice at his elbow, "what make you drop out?"

Zack heard with his ears, but his mind did not register; heart and soul he followed the drum. Then some one touched him on the arm.

"Corp'ral, what for did you drop out?"



"'Boy,' He Sez to Me, 'You Look Hongry.' 'I is,' Sez I"

Zack turned. A slimmish, yellowish young negro with weakish eyes and glasses was blinking at him.

"What bizness is dat o' your'n, Joe Carey? I jes got tired; it's too hot, an'—an' 'sides dat, I ain't in dat peerade—not reg'lar."

"How come you never is j'ined? You belongs to everything else."

"I'm de Noble Gardeen o' Abraham, Ven'ble Warden o' Beersheba——" Zack would have gone through the alphabetical list of his entitlements if Joe Carey hadn't pointed to that star-shaped badge. "What's that?"

"Dat's when de President come through. President's pickcher got lost out an' I put dat lady in his place."

"What's that other one?"

"Come outer yeast-powder can. Look here, Joe Carey, what you want wid me?"

Carey blinked toward the disappearing procession. "You oughter j'ine 'em."

Joe Carey spoke with authority, being Supreme Councilor of several benefit associations and Government pension claim agent besides.

Zack moved up close. "How does you j'ine? Dem niggers what's in it don't never ax nobody."

"Of course they don't; nobody can do that except the Field Secretary and"—he whispered clearly into Ole Reliable's ear—"Sh! he's at my office right now and wants to see you. Hold up; don't start off that way. Walk slow, like you wasn't goin' nowhere in particular—'bout half a block behin' me."

With this seductive word to the wise, Joe Carey sauntered along the street among a settling swarm of negroes who buzzed like bees reorganizing their hive. Ole Reliable followed cautiously, speaking to nobody, because he realized the necessity for secrecy in all matters pertaining to the Lodge.

They got beyond the "big-bug" stores, and came to those that Zack knew best cheap negro shops, second-hand shoes, and the Hot Cat Eating House.

Joe Carey did not even pause to admire his new sign, painted underneath a pair of United States flags:

J. B. CAREY
Notary Public and Pension Agent

Being well known in this neighborhood Zack ducked through the doorway and scrambled up the stairs. It was a long, narrow hall, cobwebbed and innocent of dusting brush or broom. At the far end Zack saw a swingtailed coat disappear into Joe Carey's office. Immediately thereafter he poked his own face around the doorjamb, but not in time to hear Joe Carey say, "Got him all right; he's comin'."

Joe Carey hadn't had time to sit down; the comfortable man in the easy chair looked as if he would never have time to get up; but he did. Joe Carey presented Mr. Zack Foster to Secretary Grantley Swint.

Swint gave him the glad hand and lather-tongue. Zack took in the white vest, side whiskers and shoes that dust couldn't touch; the balance was just a brown-skinned negro. Even in that joyous moment Zack observed that the man's eyes were gray, with plenty of white at the corners. White-eyed horses will run away—and Zack generally mistrusted a white-eyed negro; but he forgot.

Grantley Swint had a benevolent way of sitting with fingers locked around his white rotundity, twiddling his thumbs and gazing over his spectacles. Zack had once seen a bishop—and the association of ideas made him forget those balky eyes.

A ponderous wink led Zack into the sanctum sanctorum of Swint's confidence. "My friend, we was speakin' 'bout you joinin' the Lodge. Our members is unanimous. You walk so straight and hol' yo' head so high dey say you'd look good for a commander. Course dey couldn't say nuthin' to you until I come along."

Zack pulled his coat together, stiffened himself and adjusted his badge. "Of co'se not; of co'se not. Dat's what spiles Lodge bizness; so many niggers meddlin' wid it. Gits all over town."

Grantley Swint pulled in his chin until the tiers of fat overlapped his collar, twiddled his thumbs and cleared his throat apologetically. "Mr. Carey, I hates to hurt yo' feelin's, but would you mind steppin' outside? Me an' this gent'man is 'bout to indulge in a civil conversation."

"Certainly, Mr. Sec'tary, certainly. I knows how that is—in a Lodge." He gathered up some papers and left the room. Swint did not speak again until the footsteps had nearly died away along the hall. "He's a nice young man; but we don't let young men come in our Lodge. Nuthin' but 'fluence men, settled men."

It tickled Zack mightily to see the officious Joe Carey sent out of his own office.

As he edged his chair closer, Swint remarked, "I don't like for everybody to know my bizness, do you?"

"I don't neither; niggers is got too much runnin' off o' de mouf."

"Some of 'em haven't. Comrades in this Lodge keeps their mouf shut. Now, let me explain: you know we pay a quarterly benefit of twenty-four dollars; outside people call that a pension."

"Pension!" Zack exclaimed. "Don't de Guv'ment pay dat?"

Swint lay back in his chair and laughed until the creases in his vest got out of shape. "'Scuse me, Mr. Foster; did you believe that? Honest?"

"I—I ain't cotch on yit—what you mean?"

"Everybody believes that the Guv'ment is payin' these comrades twenty-four dollars every three months."

"Ain't dey gittin' it?" Zack inquired anxiously.

"Sure they is! but the Grand Lodge pays 'em More'n a million white comrades in it, an' dey is rich."

"Dat's all right," observed Zack; "hit don't signify whar de money comes from, pervidin' it comes."

The idea puzzled Ole Reliable. Swint gave it time to soak into his head. Presently the old man sighed and admitted: "Dem niggers sho did have me fooled. I saw 'em goin' to a commissioner, signin' a paper an' gittin' money from de bank. I thought co'se de Guv'ment war payin' 'em."

"Sure, you ain't nowise to blame. We don't tell a man until we done tuk him in. There, now! I tole you befo' you is 'nitiated. Ain't I a plum fool?" Swint rose and paced the floor; then he stopped and laid his hand upon Ole Reliable's shoulder, and continued:

"But you got a mouf that shuts like a jail door."

Zack froze that black face until his lips looked like a straight crack across the bottom of a stove-lid.

With some anxiety Swint proceeded: "Don't you want to join?"

"What is de dues?" Zack inquired.

"Dues? Dues? You make me laugh. We don't charge dues to a comrade who used to be a slave. Ex-slave law, you know."

"Oh!" Zack Foster's black face became luminous with comprehension. "Dat's de ex-slave law—I ain't never got de straight o' dat till now."

"That ex-slave provision gives our Lodge its biggest advantage." Swint twiddled his thumbs and waited.

"Sure I wants to j'ine."

Swint spread a lot of papers on the table and began in that sonorous voice that all the j'iners love: "It now becomes my official duty to propound personal questions concerning the candidate. Will you true and correct answers make?"

"Troof—de whole troof. Go ahead; I understan's dat."

"How old are you?"

"Don't know jes 'zactly. Ole Miss done tuk my age to St. Louey."

"How is that?" Swint gazed benevolently over his specs.

"Ole Miss writ all our ages down in a big book, same as de fambly; she tuk dat wid her when she moved."

Swint selected a paper that had a long list of names—negroes who had served in the Vicksburg campaign. Many of these names he had checked with blue pencil; some with red, indicating those who were drawing pensions—living, dead, missing. The important ones he had marked with a large cross—those who had never filed a claim. Among these were several whom he believed to have enlisted in the country below Vicksburg. He turned to Zack. "Where did you live during the war?"

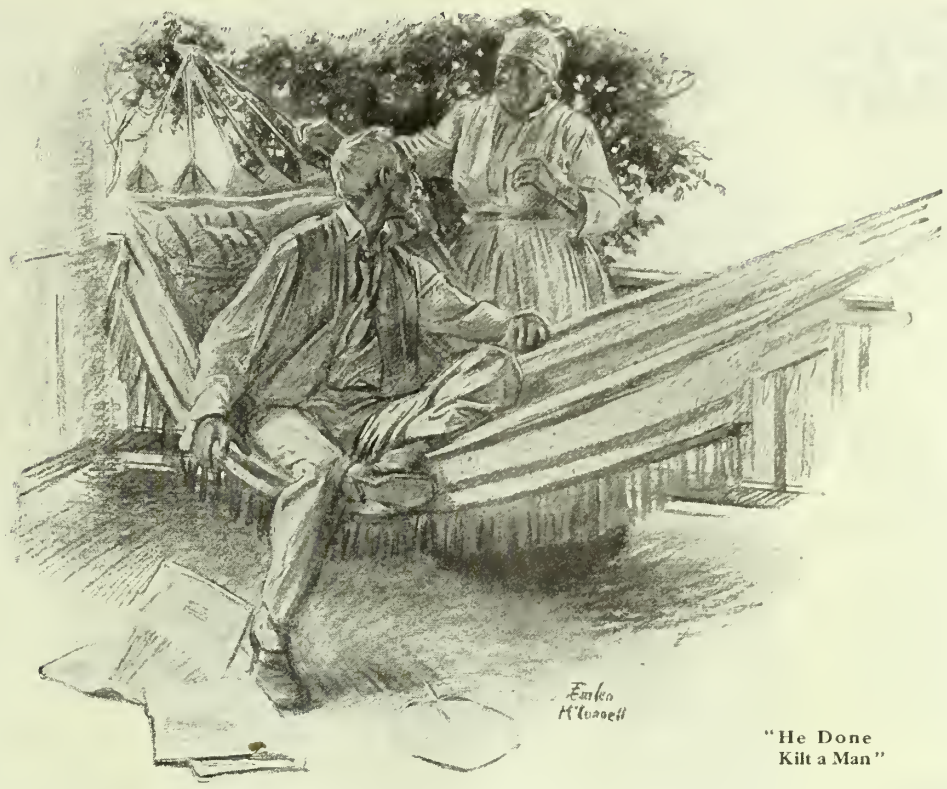
"Down yonder, about fo' miles from Gatesville."

"Who did you belong to?"

"Ole Judge Warrenton Foster."

"Good!" Swint said to himself; "the Forty-sixth picked up recruits in that neighborhood."

With this as a starting point he drew his chair closer to Zack. "You remember when the soldiers came through?"



"He Done Kilt a Man"

"Sho do. Dey got in our smokehouse jes about daylight—whole bunch o' dam-yanks ——"

"What?"

"Dam-yanks—dat's how de Jedge allers spoke it."

"You mustn't say dam-yanks—say 'Union troops'—'our men'—'comrades.'"

"I didn't thought 'twuz no harm; kinder got my tongue sot dat way."

"Do you remember when the Union troops came by—the comrades?"

"Lordy, mister, 'members dat good an' well, same as yistiddy. Dam-yanks tuk everything we got—didn't leave us nuthin' to eat. I was standin' in de edge o' de new groun', an' one of 'em rid out o' de woods on a big white hoss. 'Boy,' he sez to me, 'you look hongry.' 'I is,' sez I. 'Come 'long wid me; take keer o' dis hoss, an' I'll feed you on de fat o' de lan'.' Dat's whar he got a nigger right brief."

Swint brightened up. "Do you remember that officer's name?"

"Naw, suh; but dere wuz annuder gent'man in dat company what dey called Grindstone."

Swint referred to his memoranda.

"You mean Lieutenant Ezekiel Girdlestone?"

"Yas, suh; yas, suh, dat's him—Gird'stone; tall, slim white man, wid red hair, an' talked funny."

Swint took from his pocket a paper, much soiled and creased, the honorable discharge of one Cæsar Bennett, who joined Company H, Forty-sixth U. S. C. T., near Port Gibson on April 28, 1863. He leaned forward and fastened his eye upon Ole Reliable, "Cæsar Bennett, your captain was Jeremiah Blodgett?"

"Dat's him, dat's him," Zack exclaimed; "he had long black whiskers."

"Comrade Bennett, you remember two of your officers distinctly?"

"Same as if 'twuz yistiddy."

"Your captain was Jeremiah Blodgett, and your first lieutenant was Ezekiel Girdlestone. Let me hear you say it."

Zack stumbled over the names until he could repeat them without a stagger, then Swint passed him on to the second lesson.

"After leaving Gatesville, which way did you and your comrades march?"

"Dey marched an' dey marched until dey got pretty nigh to Raymond; den one day I heerd dem skeery niggers talkin' 'bout our soldiers wuz right beyant de hill, an' dere was goin' to be a fight. I turned de Cap'n's hoss loose an' lit out fer home."

"Who do you mean by 'our' soldiers?"

"Jedge Foster's side; him an' his son wuz in de whole endurin' war. I was wid 'em 'cept dem few days."

Swint laid down his specs. "Look here, Bennett, don't say that again—say rebels, rebels, rebels. Let me hear you."

After Zack had learned his second lesson the teacher went on. "What was yo' name befo' the war?"

"Zack Foster, same as it is now."

"Lots of colored people changed their names."

"Swapped whenever dey got ready; sometimes when dey wuzn't ready—constable got behine 'em so hot."

"Do you know any Bennetts in that neighborhood?"

"Sho did—woods full o' Bennetts; an' dey had a whole raft o' niggers."

Swint fixed his scholar with a hypnotizing smile. "You remember how they used to call you Bennett? Now, think!"

Zack shook his head.

"Think again. You had a nickname, didn't you?"

"Sho did."

"Didn't some of the boys used to call you Bennett? Think real hard. You are a old hand gettin' into Lodges—just a Lodge name."

Zack thought. A flicker of light played around the dark frontiers of his face. Swint watched him eagerly and suggested, "You ought to remember that much for eight dollars a month?"

Then Zack illuminated. "Shucks, ef dat's what you mean, whyn't you say so? All dem neighborhood niggers used to call me Bennett. I allus passes a good zamination to j'ine a Lodge."

"The people called you Bennett, didn't they? Cæsar Bennett?"

"Who Bennett? Conversation ain't reached dat yit."

"Cæsar?"

"No, I warn't de Seizer; he is de constable what goes aroun' seizin' de niggers' mules an' craps in de fall when dey can't pay up. Dey calls him Seizer."

Swint got fretted. "I mean a nigger's name. They used to call you Cæsar Bennett." There was a threat in his voice. *(Continued on Page 65)*

Touching Elbows With the Fifer Strode Ole Reliable

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1910

Mixing Up the Brakemen

WE IMAGINE that some railroad employees are in a confused state of mind nowadays. No doubt they have heard more or less about Socialism, which would persuade them that as wage-earners they constitute a particular class, having a special class interest; that as voters they should recognize this class interest, voting for whoever or whatever will promote it. On the other hand they have heard from Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft and many other eminent publicists that this appeal to a class interest is a wicked and noxious thing; that it is their duty to vote simply as American citizens, and that whosoever seeks to project class division into politics strikes at the base of our free institutions.

Having got the latter point firmly in mind, what must be their surprise at hearing eloquent appeals to class interest from their own employers! The president of a large system recently urged its wage-earners to "cast their votes solidly against those who stand for anti-railroad legislation." The obvious meaning is that as their wages depend upon railroad earnings, and those earnings depend upon an absence of anti-railroad legislation, they ought to forget the nonsense about voting simply as American citizens and come out solidly for whoever promises most to their own particular class.

Up to which point, of course, the railroad president and the Socialists are in hearty accord—although they differ as to how the employee should vote in order to promote his class interest. Meanwhile the employee may be trying to figure out why it is wicked for a Socialist to appeal to class interest, but not wicked for a railroad president.

An Example From Ireland

IN IRELAND also they have a railroad problem, and the Government, through a viceregal commission of well-qualified men, has been studying how to solve it. The Irish railroads like our own are owned privately, there being a number of separate companies in that blessed state of competitive independence that our Government thinks it so necessary to maintain. But the viceregal commissioners agree that this independence should be abolished and all the railroads amalgamated in one ownership. The majority report recommends that the Government purchase the roads for the purpose of consolidating them; while the minority urge that, by suitable legislation, or even by financial aid from the Government, the several companies be induced to effect a voluntary consolidation. If, says the minority report, at the end of three years the companies have failed to form a voluntary consolidation they should then be compelled to consolidate on terms to be fixed by arbitration.

In short, both reports make consolidation a prime requisite, so that all the roads shall be under one ownership. We have never advocated a law compelling railroads in this country to consolidate; but we have tried to point out the folly of the laws that seek—rather ineffectually—to prevent unity.

The National Game

THERE is a serious word to be said against baseball. It is a purely intellectual occupation, and what its patrons really need is bodily exercise. What the officemen, who are said to spend upon the game twenty million dollars a year and time enough to reach beyond the Pyramids, get out of it is the development of a critical faculty. An accomplished fan, for example, will tell you exactly what would have happened in the eighth inning if a certain right fielder hadn't made a wild throw to first base in the second inning; but he couldn't personally throw a tennis ball thirty feet and hit a barn. His sport develops an overdeveloped brain and leaves his muscles flaccid.

Cricket, for all our sneers, has the great advantage that grown men play it as a diversion; while nobody above the age of twenty plays baseball unless he is hired. One gets the air, to be sure; but one can do that by leaning out of the window. Every able-bodied man ought to play something or other, and not merely watch other people play. To experience the rare and unexpected joy of landing a golf ball somewhere in the vicinity of the point aimed at, or to lob a tennis ball in such a skillful manner that it will actually fall inside the court, is to put oneself in the only proper and deeply stimulating relationship with sport. There is something to be said for croquet, or mumble-the-peg, that cannot be said for the national game.

A Bit of Bank History

OUR first Government bank was the handiwork of Hamilton. Being the creation of the leader of the Federalists, the bank was naturally viewed with aversion by Jefferson and his followers, and they were in full control of Congress when the institution's charter expired in 1811. Leading business interests of the country wished the charter renewed, and Gallatin, Jefferson's able Secretary of the Treasury, warmly advocated renewal. Political opposition was bitter, yet the bill to renew the charter was lost in the House only by a vote of 65 to 64, and in the Senate the vote was 17 to 17. Vice-President Clinton, an enemy of Gallatin, settled the bank's fate by casting his vote against it. By that narrow margin was one of the best of Hamilton's financial works destroyed, and the country started on a wrong track.

At that time the amount of banknotes in circulation was twenty-eight million dollars, against which there was a specie reserve of fifteen and a half millions. The Government bank's downfall was followed by a rapid spawning of state banks. Five years later the amount of banknotes in circulation had risen to sixty-eight millions, while the specie reserve had increased only to nineteen millions. Naturally, specie payments had been suspended and trade much demoralized—which Gallatin said would never have happened if the Government bank had continued.

Opposition to the bank was merely political. The narrow vote in Congress indicates that no great weight of public opinion lay behind it. And it cost the country dear.

Insurgency in California

VERY possibly California contains more people who are actually interested in the maintenance of a protective tariff than any other state in the Union. The Steel Trust, Woolen Trust, Sugar Trust and cotton mills of the East have, of course, a larger stake in the system; but the actual interest lies wholly with their stockholders. The workmen get no benefit from protection. Neither do the farmers of Indiana, Iowa and Kansas. But lemons, by the hundred million pounds, are imported into this country in direct competition with thousands of California lemon growers. The state's raisins and oranges, in the culture of which thousands are engaged, are protected against foreign competition. California is second only to Colorado in production of beet sugar, also protected. Thus the voters who have a tangible stake in protection are many, and it was on California's motion that the lemon duty was raised fifty per cent by the Payne-Aldrich law.

This is what makes the insurgent victory at the California primaries so significant. The Coast growers got more protection for their lemons; but the railroads promptly absorbed it by raising freight rates. The duty on refined sugar was practically unchanged, but with substantially the same protection on refined sugar the trust now gets billions of pounds of raw sugar duty-free from Cuba and the Philippines. There is protection on the raisins that California produces; also heavy protection on the steel, wool and cotton that she consumes. In short, sizing it all up California finds herself getting the worst of the bargain—which ought to be instructive to those communities, comprising the greater part of this country, for which the new tariff is all debit and no credit.

Future of the Supreme Court

MR. TAFT may be the first President since Washington to name a majority of the Supreme Court, and it is commonly said that this office will be of more farreaching importance than any other he is likely to be called upon to perform. Probably this common view is mistaken, because the importance of the court itself will diminish.

What gives the court its tremendous importance today is its plenary power of life or death over legislation, and the court derives this power merely by sufferance, or by its own unchallenged assumption. Whether it should have any power to annul acts of Congress was debated in the Constitutional Convention, but left open. Gouverneur Morris, who thought the court should have this power, drew the final draft of the Constitution. Writing about it to Timothy Pickering he said:

"I believed it to be as clear as our language would permit, excepting, nevertheless, a part of what relates to the judiciary. On that subject conflicting opinions had been maintained with so much professional astuteness that it became necessary to select phrases which, expressing my own notions, would not alarm others nor shock their self-love."

Hamilton, urging voters to adopt the Constitution, said the court should have power "to declare all acts contrary to the manifest tenor of the Constitution void"; and to illustrate the sort of acts he meant he mentioned bills of attainder and *ex post facto* laws—both specifically prohibited by the Constitution.

But, of course, Congress never does enact a law contrary to the manifest tenor of the Constitution—such as a bill of attainder or an *ex post facto* law. The court now attempts to pass upon all sorts of laws on the ground of their general expediency, thereby assuming a vast and essentially legislative task which, very likely, will finally prove beyond its strength. The stop-gap decision in the "commodity clause" case and the long delay in the trust cases suggest that the burden assumed by the court is already becoming too great.

The Trail of the Serpent

NOW that vacations are about over consider for a moment the other side. Hiram Johnson is receiving teller in a city bank on eighteen hundred a year. Genial days in May he sees the higher officers depart about four o'clock in automobiles, bound for the golf links, while he pegs away until five-thirty and then jolts home in a packed trolley car. Early in June the president repairs to his beautiful country estate. A fortnight later the vice-president and family sail for Europe. Then the cashier goes to the seashore for a month. It makes Hiram sore.

But in July comes his two weeks' vacation. He goes to the country, not far away, because it's cheap. Lying under a tree he watches the farm folk pitch hay—and never dreams of the invidious comparisons that arise under those ten-cent straw hats. His children sleep until all hours of the morning, causing the farm children to speculate poignantly upon the joys of slumbering by daylight. Their pockets are always provided with that rare talisman, a nickel. The regular price of a rig is a dollar and a half, but Hiram doesn't care a rap if the liveryman charges him a dollar seventy-five—thereby subtly undermining the neighborhood's livery-keeping morals. Mrs. Johnson and the girls innocently mention social diversions of the city. In the rural imagination Hiram figures very much as the president figures in Hiram's imagination.

This is no fanciful picture. We know a country district that has been so corrupted by summer visitors from the city that the hired girls scarcely expect any longer to eat with the family, and the leading seamstress is even now fabricating four hobble skirts—one of them for Aunt Matilda Robinson, age fifty-six; height five feet three inches; weight two hundred and ten pounds.

Economy and Children

TWO men, aged forty-five, visited a large bond house on the same day. One arrived in a six-thousand-dollar automobile, driven by a hundred-dollar-a-month chauffeur. His purpose was to sell fifty thousand dollars of choice bonds, being part of a plump but dwindling bundle inherited from his father. The second man came down in the five-cent subway and arrived on foot. His purpose was to buy fifty thousand dollars of choice bonds with money he had made, having inherited nothing but a sound constitution and habits of thrift. Probably the first man will die broke and the second will die rich.

But the second man's son is beginning his sophomore year in college on an allowance of twelve hundred dollars. In view of his freshman record his fond parents hope rather than believe that he will manage to live approximately within his income. Of course they want the boy to have all the reasonable advantages of money that they themselves were denied; want him to form pleasant acquaintances among boys who will lead the same sort of prosperous, comfortable life he is expected to lead. They want the money to enrich, ornament and refine his existence in every rational way. What else is it good for?

Looking forward thirty years we see the son of the second man arriving at the bond house in a six-thousand-dollar automobile driven by a hundred-dollar-a-month chauffeur for the purpose of selling fifty thousand dollars of choice, inherited bonds, while the son of the first man, having begun life fairly with only his own hands and brains, walks over from the subway to purchase said bonds.

The moral is: Avoid extravagance, but don't let your children.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Harding's Bonnet and the Bee in It

SHOULD a cub reporter wear a plug hat? That, it may seem to some, is a purely professional question, a shop inquiry; but it isn't. It is a broad, general demand for knowledge. For, as is well known, one of the things every able-bodied American citizen knows more about than the editors themselves is the running of a newspaper, just as every defective who has made a failure of the ministry or the law or insurance or real estate or stevedoring or carpentry thinks he is ordained to write—and every female too.

Therefore: Should a cub reporter wear a plug hat? And, if he does wear a plug hat, is it a just and reasonable cause for dismissal? Is it proper for the editor to fire him for this exhibition of headgear? Let us examine into this problem. Let us put the cold light of logic, the icy test of reason, on it, first establishing the casus belli by stating that, away back yonder in 1884, Warren G. Harding, the present Republican candidate for governor in Ohio, was thrown bodily out of the Marion Warrior office for this very offense, the Marion Warrior being a Democratic paper and the hat being one of the famous Blaine bonnets of those days, high, gray or brown as the case may have been, and containing the picture of the Plumed Knight neatly pasted in the crown.

It was this way: Reared on a farm, young Harding—he was then less than twenty—had tried schoolteaching, had made a journalistic venture of his own and had come to be the local of the Marion Warrior at seven dollars per, with duties that consisted of all sorts of journalistic endeavor, from writing editorial articles attacking Blaine to finding who had gone to the city on the morning train. Always intense, young Harding was intensely for Blaine. It girded him to write pithy pieces asserting that Mr. Blaine, so far from being the absolute materials in a Plumed Knight, was a villain and a traitor to the state; and one bright day he took one-twenty-five of his seven per and bought a Blaine plug hat. They were all the rage in those days. Everybody wore them. Young Harding paraded proudly into the office, nor did he remove the bonnet when he confronted his editor. Instantly there was an explosion. The editor blew up like a bottle of pop. "What!" he shouted. "What is that thing you have on your head?"

"'Tis the proud badge of me allegiance to that noble countenance, James G. Blaine—Blaine—Blaine—James G. Blaine," announced young Harding, forming a hollow square after the manner of the marching clubs of those days when politics was politics and no man was ashamed to sprinkle himself with badges or don a white plug hat for the party's sake. Moreover, even at that early date he was some spellbinder, was this high-hatted reporter.

"Get out!" screamed the editor. "Get out! You're fired. It is bad enough to have a viper like you within this sanctum who raises his voice against Grover Cleveland"—he was excited, that editor, as you can plainly see—"but to have a snake in the grass come in flaunting that badge of dishonor is too much. You're fired!"

Was the Editor Justified?

THIS, then, brings us back to the opening interrogatory: Should a cub reporter wear a plug hat? Ever since that occasion Harding has claimed, on many a stump and on many a rostrum, and now and then in his own paper, that his separation on this occasion from his seven per was no less than heinous political persecution, the slaughter of a man for his principles as proudly displayed to the world through the medium of his plug hat; but there is another side to it. We all know a cub reporter looks like thunder in a plug hat, and it might hurt the circulation of the paper if he clung to it. The editor had his reasons. Still, it may be Harding had no other hat. There is much to be said pro and con, and much has been said, a little pro and largely con, and we leave it to the conscientious study of our readers, merely remarking in passing that thus a great man began that brilliant career that culminated, a time ago, when George B. Cox rose in his seat and remarked, "Hamilton County casts ninety-one votes for Warren G. Harding," and Theodore Burton immediately turned forty-seven flipflaps of surprise and chagrin.

Still, you cannot keep a youth down who will wear a Republican plug hat when writing Democratic editorials. Presently young Harding had a newspaper of his own in Marion, Ohio, and he has it yet. Then, having attained this proud eminence, he could wear any kind of hat he chose, and he specialized on felt ones as closer to the common people. He became a state senator in 1900, having previously established a reputation as an orator who could twist 'em off concerning the golden sun that was rising over the azure wavelets of Lake Erie and silvering the turgid waters of the O-hi-o—the same being the sun of Republican success—with any of the local spellbinders. He helped Nicholas Longworth and Wade Ellis construct a new municipal code. They applied their intellects and he put in what Mark Hanna wanted, which was considerable, if a cub reporter wearing a plug hat should ask you.

Meantime Harding had affiliated with Foraker. He was for the Fire Alarm first, last and all the time. Hence, in 1903, with the aid of Foraker Harding was elected lieutenant-governor on the ticket with Myron T. Herrick. In 1905 it seemed squally for Herrick, and Harding put on his old gray bonnet and, aided by Foraker, decided to try for governor himself.

That didn't last very long. Foraker, instead of being a fire alarm for Harding, became a still alarm, having a severe attack of cold feet at the crucial moment, superinduced by some few frosty words spoken in Herrick's behalf by the said G. Cox and the frigid M. Hanna. This left Harding out on an ice floe, for he couldn't run for his old job—lieutenant-governor—after making this mad dash for the gubernatorial Pole.

During all the vicissitudes of the next three years his heart beat true for Foraker, and in 1908, in the dark of the moon, a gathering of Harding and some hundred and odd more Foraker folks met, being the so-called Executive Committee of the State League of Republican Clubs, and disturbed the early evening calm of Columbus by nominating J. B. Foraker for President as against Ohio's other favorite son, William Howard Taft. Harding made the nominating speech, and it was a Dolliverino. Not so long afterward Harding saw the error of his ways and came out for Taft. Whom the hundred-odd who were with him at Columbus came out for history does not record. That they went out for Harding goes without saying.

This time Harding started out to be a candidate for governor months before the convention. He went to Columbus with some delegates. Then the mixup came, and when it was over Harding was nominated—by Cox. And there is a touch of sentiment in that too. In 1904, when they were nominating the delegates-at-large for Ohio for the Roosevelt national convention, Mr. Harding strayed up to the platform during a lull and pronounced a eulogy on George B. Cox that made that cold and stolid man shed tears in full sight of the audience. Mayhap Cox thought of that when he threw his votes to Harding. Mayhap he did, Cox being a sentimental and romantic person. Mayhap, also, he thought of

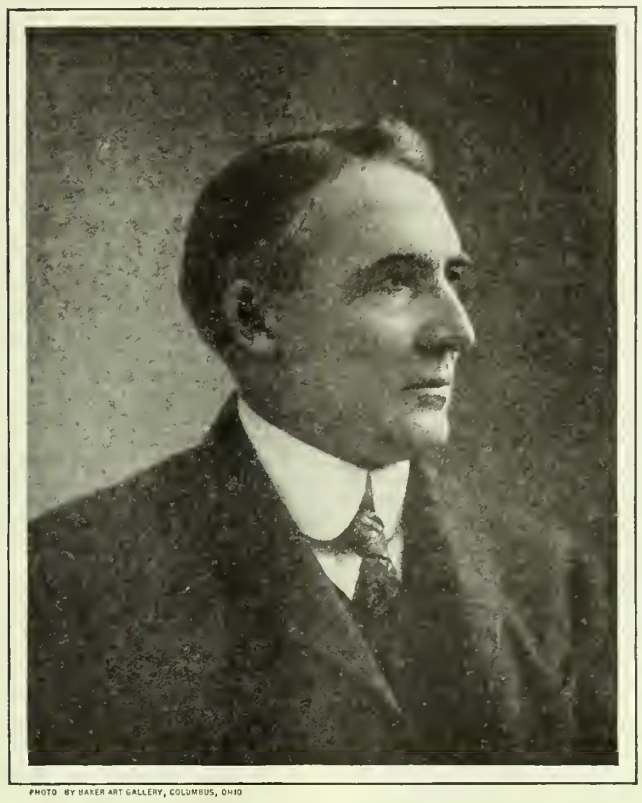


PHOTO BY BAKER ART GALLERY, COLUMBUS, OHIO

A Partisan? Indeed, Yes

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

landing with hobnailed shoes on the revered features of Theodore Burton. Ods-knickknack! it may be so.

However, Harding will make a hard fight to defeat Harmon, and he is a good campaigner. He has a wide reputation as an orator, and particularly a political orator, although he lectures in the lyceums some. He is a young man—only forty-five, earnest, able and clean. His paper at Marion is very successful, and he is as forceful as a writer as he is as a talker. He is popular throughout the state and has had a wide experience in politics. A good deal of a man is Harding, and he came up through his own ability and his own endeavors.

A partisan? Indeed, yes. Witness the time he wore the Blaine bonnet when he was working on a violent Democratic paper. That, I take it, shows a devotion to principle the voters of Ohio must not forget. If he has it yet—he undoubtedly has it yet—he should put it on and wear it during his campaign. So should his followers. A parade headed by W. H. Taft, J. B. Foraker, James Rudolph Garfield, Theodore Burton and George B. Cox, each wearing a Harding hat, would be worth going miles to see.

An Elusive Uncle

A SEEDY stranger dropped into the Washington office of the New York Sun one cold night last winter and asked for Jerry Matthews, one of the Sun's men. When Matthews came in the seedy stranger greeted him effusively. He was much tickled. Matthews was not so enthusiastic. He recognized the man as a Chicago acquaintance who owed him various sums. There was some conversation and the usual tale of hard luck, and then came the borrow. The stranger wanted Matthews to help him out with a small sum. Matthews looked in his pockets and found a dollar bill and a quarter. He gave the man the dollar.

"Can't you spare that quarter too?" asked the visitor. "I need just that much more."

Matthews gave him the quarter. There was more conversation, a rehearsal of the hard-luck story again, and then the visitor rose to go.

"I'll be all right when I reach Richmond," he said, "and I'll send this back to you immediately. Just as soon as I see my Uncle Charley I'll be in funds."

"Who is your Uncle Charley?" asked Matthews.

"Uncle Charley? Why, Charles O'Ferrell, you know. He was once governor of Virginia and served in Congress for several terms. Goodby. I'll send this back as soon as I see Uncle Charley."

"Well," said Matthews, "I wish you the best of luck, but I don't think you'll find Uncle Charley in Richmond."

"Why not?" protested the stranger. "Of course I will."

"No," said Matthews. "He's been dead six years."

A Bald Answer

A MERRY automobile party, touring out from Denver, went by a camp where several consumptives were living out-of-doors, trying to regain their health.

The machine was stopped and the tourists went over to the camp to cheer up the sick people if they could.

A thin little old man, perfectly bald, was sitting in the sunlight, wrapped in a heavy overcoat and gazing steadily at the mountains beyond.

"Well, old chap," said a tactless member of the visiting party, "I suppose you are up here for your lungs."

"No," replied the bald old man without removing his gaze from the mountains; "I am up here for dandruff."

The Hall of Fame

℄ B. F. Keith, the theatrical man, started with a circus.

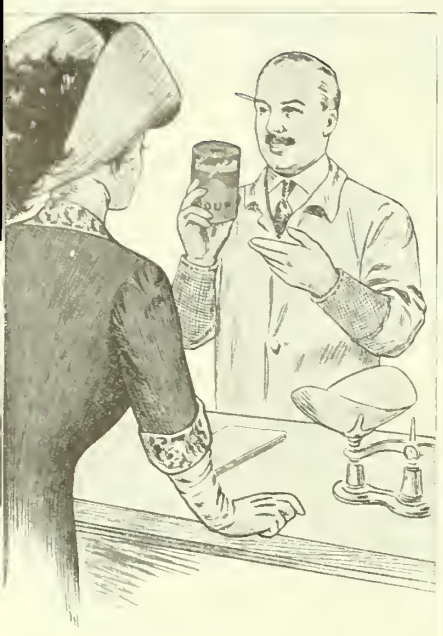
℄ Russell Harrison, son of former President Benjamin Harrison, is vice-consul for Mexico in Indiana.

℄ Robert W. Chambers, the author, was born in Brooklyn and used to draw pictures for the illustrated weeklies.

℄ Abe Erlanger, the theatrical manager, plays handball to keep in trim. But he doesn't get any trimmer, although sometimes trimmed.

℄ George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist, wrote a trunkful of books while he was working on Indiana newspapers before he put one over.

℄ If any brash person should say that Colonel Roosevelt weighs more than two hundred pounds the Colonel wouldn't have the nerve to put him in the Ananias Club.



Convincing Facts

"OH, I never use condensed Soup!" said a lady to her grocer not long ago, when he recommended Campbell's Tomato Soup.

"And beside," she added, "how can it possibly be as good as you say it is *at that price?*"

Did the grocer argue the point?

No. He simply stated two or three convincing facts. And now that skeptical lady is one of his best customers for

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

"My most particular trade buy this soup right along," he said. "And they all say it is fine. You can prepare it in three minutes, with no bother whatever. And if you are not entirely satisfied with it I will not charge you a cent for it. The Campbell Company pays me the full retail price; no matter how many cans you try."

Those are the facts stated by this wise grocer. And, if you are missing the enjoyment and satisfaction of using this pure, wholesome, palatable soup—because of any doubts about its quality, we recommend the same facts to *you*.

They apply to all Campbell's Soups.

Could any argument be more convincing?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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THE PEER'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 5)

"I do love the country best, and—and everything connected with it." He looked at her intently, but she could hardly be expected to follow the train of reasoning and sat with her eyes before her, gazing into the shadows. "I'll tell Uncle Waterbury I'm hanged if I'm goin' to do what he's pleased to call my duty!"

But again she protested.

"But if he thinks it your duty! And it may actually be your duty. Very likely it is—and if it is you mustn't shirk it, Bertie. I won't hear of that—if you really insist on having my opinion."

He meditated for a minute and then put his hand in his pocket. With his air of gay recklessness returned more recklessly gay than ever, he said:

"I don't believe in these philosopher fellows who keep hesitatin' about things. Let's toss for it?"

"Oh, Bertie, you absurd ——" she began, but a half-sovereign glittered in the moonlight and clinked on the gravel path.

"Heads, I turn serious," he said, and picked it up. "Heads it is," he added. "Hullo! I hear the band; this is our waltz too. Come on and dance it, and then we'll come out here again and talk about something more amusing."

She shook her head, with a smile.

In Lord Fotheringay's character there were not many legacies from his maternal ancestry, but a trait of prompt thoroughness was surely inherited from the Twentymans. The next day Sir Waterbury received this brief note, written in the small hours of that same morning:

"*Dear Uncle:* Right you are. I've just hauled Jenkins out of bed and sacked him—said he smelt of drink, which was quite true. Send along the other fellow as soon as you like. I'll do an hour's serious thinking in bed if I can keep awake. The betting is fifty to nothing against, but it shows you I'm in earnest.

"Your affec. nephew,
"FOTHERINGAY."

II—THE SAPPHIRE PENDANT

"STOP, cabman!" shouted Sir Waterbury.

The cab drew sharply up beside the pavement of St. James Street, just opposite an elegant figure in gleaming hat and boots, buff waistcoat and immaculate trousers, striding fast toward Piccadilly.

"Herbert!" cried the alderman.

Lord Fotheringay stopped.

"Hullo, Uncle!" he said; "comin' to see me?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's all right; you go on and wait for me; I'll be back in a quarter of an hour. Grimes will entertain you."

"Where are you going?" asked his uncle.

"Oh, just to buy something. I say, I think you've found me rather a ripper. Much obliged to you."

"You mean Grimes?"

"Yes; capital fellow. Look at this hat; as good as a mirror any day. I'm goin' to use it for shaving. Must hurry on now—see you again in five minutes."

Sir Waterbury went on to the flat. This time the door was opened by what might almost have been his lordship himself—so superior was his appearance, so polished and gracious his manners. He was a man of an indefinite age, probably between thirty-five and forty; clean shaved and blue chinned; with smooth, dark hair, a singularly intelligent eye, and a straight, tight-shut mouth. He followed Sir Waterbury into his nephew's sanctum.

"Well, Grimes," said his patron, "I met Lord Fotheringay in St. James Street, and I am glad to hear that so far you give him satisfaction."

"It is entirely mutual, I assure you," replied Mr. Grimes graciously. "I find his lordship remarkably pleasant company."

"You think him intelligent, I hope, Grimes?"

"Quite averagely, Sir Waterbury—for a nobleman. He has very little to unlearn; that is the great thing."

Sir Waterbury eyed this superior person with an expression between deference and suspicion. He threw out his chest impressively and said:

"I hope I can trust you, Grimes, to make—ah—a good job of my nephew."

Mr. Grimes looked slightly bored.

"Implicitly, I assure you. You really need not trouble any further about him."

Sir Waterbury's impressiveness deepened.

"Under ordinary circumstances I naturally should not dream of intrusting his lordship's—ah—er ——"

"Education," suggested Mr. Grimes.

"Well, in a sense. The precise word I want escapes me for the moment."

"The correct word, sir, is the one I mentioned," said Grimes, examining his nails.

"Well, well, in any case I should not have intrusted it to a person in your position had it not been for the really remarkable—the positively astonishing—results you achieved with the poor Duke of Durwent. His Grace was practically an imbecile before you entered his service."

Mr. Grimes smiled.

"His Grace remained an imbecile. I merely palmed him off as a literary critic—an obvious enough idea."

Sir Waterbury looked severe. "Ah, you did, did you? Well, that kind of piffle might do for him. No one takes a duke seriously. But I want my nephew to be something solider—something more British."

Grimes regarded him with an air of infinite compassion. He inquired:

"May I ask whether you have ever read Lord Chesterfield's Letters, the works of Mr. Wilde, and the instructive dramas of Mr. Bernard Shaw, from cover to cover?"

"Me? I—ah—have had no time."

"I have made time," said Grimes quietly. "Eton and Oxford may give one a smattering, but I have studied my subject. Believe me, I propose to turn out his lordship on a very high-class model."

"Ah!" said the alderman, breathing heavily; "and what model, may I ask, do you suggest?"

The superior personage revealed by the gleam of his eye that the conversation had at last begun to interest him.

"That requires some consideration, Sir Waterbury. One might aim at something in the Sir Philip Sidney or Walter Raleigh line, if the material was good enough. A revival of the educated gentleman with emotional tendencies might be very effective at the present time. We have the emotions in a crude form among Welshmen and others, and we still have a few specimens of the educated gentleman. A blend should prove very palatable; but one can hardly picture Lord Fotheringay composing passionate sonnets, say, on the Suffrage question, can one, sir? Ha, ha!"

Sir Waterbury was exceedingly scandalized.

"Grimes!" he said sternly, "this is not respectful."

"Respect must occasionally be ameliorated by intelligence. I think you will admit that, Sir Waterbury."

Sir Waterbury felt himself incapable of comment.

"Another line would be the intellectually austere," continued Grimes, warming to his subject, "a kind of Lord Granville Galsworthy—very *chic* for a young nobleman; and really not at all a difficult rôle. One only needs a natural tendency to fear the worst and a knack of drawing morals from Blue Books. I could manage the thing very creditably myself had I been born on the other side of the blanket, as it were. I only mention it to you in confidence, Sir Waterbury, but my arms are really an admirable specimen of early fourteenth-century heraldry. The bend sinister rather adds piquancy than otherwise, I think."

"You mean ——" gasped the alderman.

"Strictly between ourselves, sir. But to resume: I fear his lordship's taste for sport would stand in the way of his taking this line. Altruism and nitro powders scarcely seem to mix, sir; do they?"

"N-n-no," stammered his patron.

"That being so, I think, on the whole, from what I have seen of his lordship so far, that something between their late Majesties, Charles II and George IV—only brought up to date, of course—would suit him best. A very ripping and tasty notion, I think. What do you say yourself, sir?"

"I—I say that—er—all this sounds most—ah ——"

"Oh, by the way, sir," interrupted Grimes without apology, but with perfect courtesy, "there is one question I wanted

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to ask you. Who is Miss Nancy Wimberley? She is not in the Peerage, I find."

"Miss Wimberley? She is his lordship's cousin."

"First cousin?"

"Second."

"Ah, I don't believe in first cousins marrying, even among the aristocracy. I have known of several very bad results—his Grace of Durwent was one. But otherwise, sir, is she—desirable?"

"You mean as my nephew's wife?"

"You take me, sir, precisely."

"But—ah—why should you suspect anything of the kind?"

"His lordship is at present purchasing some trinket for the lady, and he is then going to see her off at Euston. Two and two still make four, sir."

"He told you all this, did he, eh?"

"His lordship is, fortunately, of a most confiding disposition. He is even capable of blushing."

Sir Waterbury looked exceedingly grave.

"She is not desirable, Grimes," he pronounced. "She has no money, no position, no anything. I admit she comes of a very good family, but that's not enough, eh?"

Grimes shook his head emphatically.

"We can most of us claim a bit of blood, sir; but what's blood without the ready? In fact, to put it quite plainly, I really could not undertake to remain in his lordship's service if he did anything so fatal—literally, sir, I could not. A sentimental marriage can only end in one of two things—domesticity or divorce, and one has no guaranty it will be divorce in this case. No, I could not risk it; we should have to part."

Sir Waterbury frowned at him intently. His sagacious mind was riveted upon the immediately essential fact.

"You say he is going to meet her this afternoon?"

Mr. Grimes shed him one of his rare smiles.

"He was; but I think we can probably obviate that. If you will kindly leave him to me, sir ——"

He stopped abruptly and became on the instant the very incarnation of a mute, well-disciplined man-servant as his master strode cheerily in.

"Sorry for keeping you waitin' so long, Uncle, but jewelers' shops are such deuced difficult places to get out of."

"Ah," said his uncle, "you have been at a jeweler's, have you?"

"Ask no more questions!" laughed Bertie. "It's a lady's secret."

He exchanged a glance of intelligent comprehension with Grimes. Immediately afterward a similar glance passed between that superior being and Sir Waterbury. The new valet then silently moved toward the door.

"What suit will you wear, my lord?" he inquired.

Lord Fotheringay seemed surprised.

"Why not go as I am?"

His valet looked at him reproachfully.

"To Euston, my lord, in a morning coat and silk hat? It is beyond the confines even of the Tottenham Court Road. But, of course, just as your lordship pleases."

"By gad, you think I ought to get into tweeds, even drivin' there in a cab?"

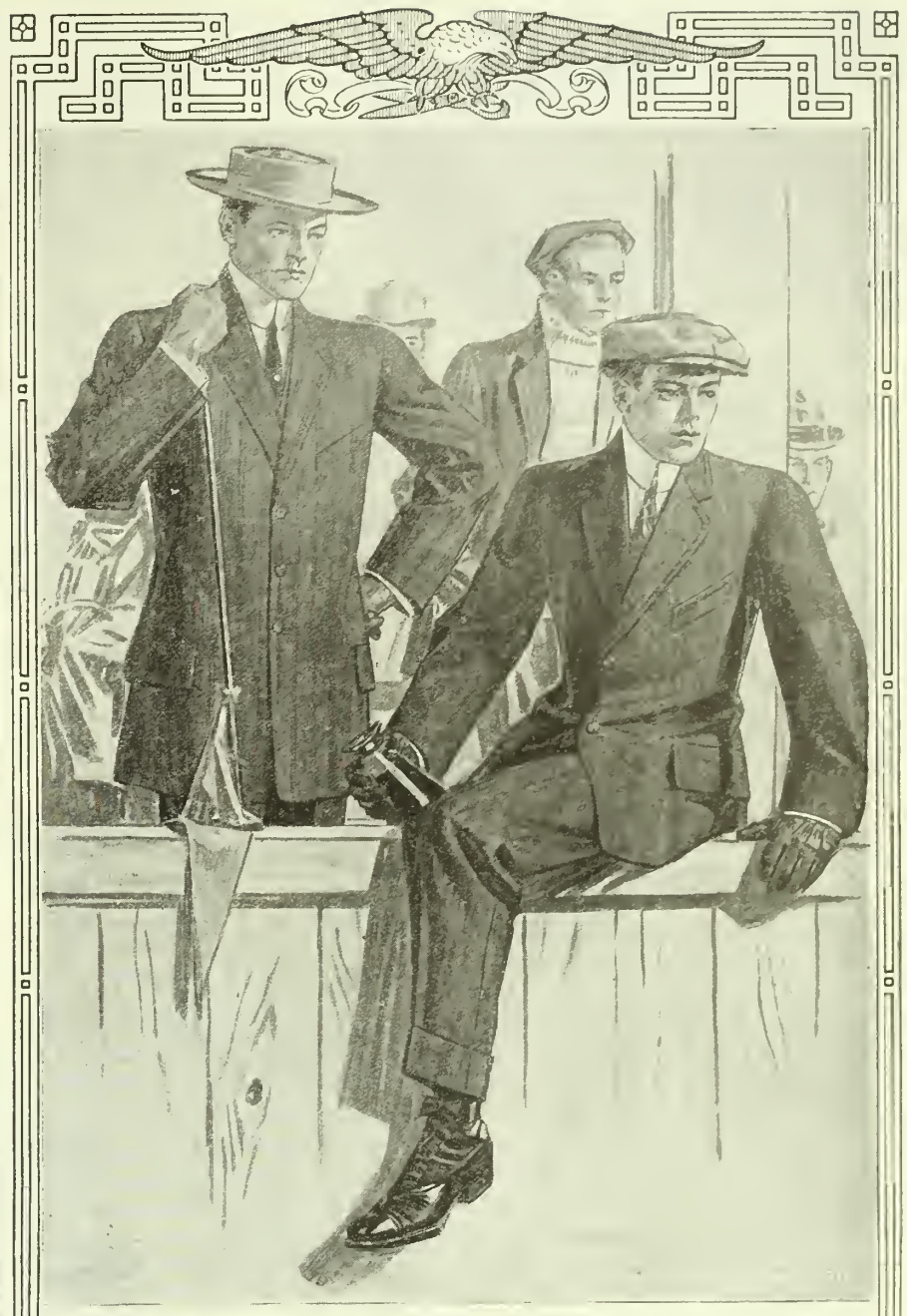
"Your lordship can hardly remain in a cab on the platform, and only royalty can afford to be seen dressed at a terminus. Your lordship would certainly be suspected of some connection with the city. Marylebone is so unfrequented that it might be risked, but certainly nowhere else. Besides, my lord, in the northwest purlieus you are out of your milieu. An affectation of incognito is essential. Your signet ring, for instance, should be concealed by a glove. People should divine that you are a person of distinction, but there should be no clew as to your identity. His Grace of Durwent even went the length of entering St. James Park underground station in mufti. That was, perhaps, an excess of refinement, but Euston leaves you with no alternative."

"Hang it," said his lordship, "then I'll have to hurry up. I'm very sorry, Uncle: did you want to see me about anything in particular?"

Again Sir Waterbury exchanged a glance with Mr. Grimes.

"No," he answered; "there's nothing else today."

He departed, and Lord Fotheringay went to his bedroom. He found his valet there before him, and immediately over Grimes' shoulder his eye fell upon a charming little silver clock that stood on the mantelpiece.



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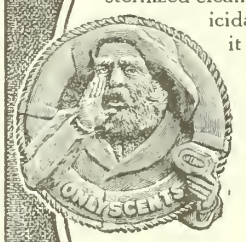

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"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "is that clock right?"

The waistcoat he was wearing was so delicate a creation that his tailor had strictly forbidden the carrying of anything heavier than a toothpick in the pockets; but the question was hardly off his lips before Grimes had taken out his own watch and answered:

"I make it exactly right."

"Good business," said his master; "I've loads of time, then. Funny thing, I thought it was a lot later than this."

Grimes smiled agreeably.

"Did you make a satisfactory purchase, my lord?" he inquired.

My lord forgot his odd miscalculation.

"What do you think of this, Grimes?" he asked.

It was a remarkably chaste diamond-and-sapphire pendant; a little thing, small enough to be accepted in a non-committal spirit as merely being what the young man would doubtless term a "trifling memento," yet valuable enough secretly to assure any maiden in the world that this description did injustice to the gentleman's heart.

"*Très joli*, my lord," pronounced the connoisseur.

"Eh?" said Lord Fotheringay. "Oh, I see—French. *Oui*. Er—do you talk that beastly language much?"

"Just as your lordship prefers."

"I prefer English. Of course, I can parley-vous after a fashion, but I always feel a bit of an ass when I'm doin' it."

His valet's inscrutable countenance assumed a pained expression.

"Really, your lordship must pardon me, but this attitude is a trifle, just a *soupçon*, too suggestive of the commonplace English gentleman. You will forgive me, my lord, for the suggestion?"

His lordship opened his clear blue eyes.

"What a rum beggar you are, Grimes! Don't you admire a good, sound English gentleman?"

"My lord, I admit candidly he is the backbone of our country, but there should be some difference between the backbone and the head. You crown him, my lord, as it were."

"B'Jove!" murmured Lord Fotheringay, and considered this aspect of the case for several moments. "You seem quite an intelligent sort of fellow," he remarked at length; and Mr. Grimes judiciously left it at this. He inquired:

"What suit will your lordship wear?"

On this important question he had so much intelligent advice to offer that its discussion consumed some ten minutes. He protracted the selection of a tie by similar suggestions, so that when his master next glanced at the clock he was compelled to interrupt an essay on the principles of harmony with considerable vehemence.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed; "I mustn't be late. Tell the porter to call a cab, Grimes, and be quick about it."

Cramming the pendant into his pocket he rushed downstairs, only to find that a hansom had been hailed by mistake. Mr. Grimes blamed the porter entirely for the error. There was some more whistling, and at last his lordship buzzed off in a taxicab for Euston, bestowing a malediction upon all incompetent officials. Grimes watched his departure with a faint smile, then he returned to his master's bedroom and put the clock forward twenty-five minutes.

About three-quarters of an hour later an extremely agitated young nobleman burst into his flat.

"Grimes!" he shouted.

On the instant that well-trained domestic appeared as if dropped from Heaven.

"My lord?" he inquired smoothly.

"That infernal clock was nearly half an hour slow! I've missed her, Grimes—missed her, I tell you! I just reached the platform in time to see the train steaming off, and she wasn't even lookin' out of the window. I've never in all my life felt so ashamed of myself—I've never been so utterly disgusted! What the deuce will she think of me?"

Poor Bertie sank into a chair, distracted.

"Really, very unfortunate," murmured Grimes sympathetically. "I feared your lordship was cutting it rather fine, but it was not my place ——"

"You feared I was cutting it fine?" shouted Lord Fotheringay, jumping up indignantly. "But you saw what the clock made it—and, by gad, you told me your watch was the same!"

Grimes gently shook his head.

"I'm afraid, my lord, there has been some misunderstanding. Suppose your

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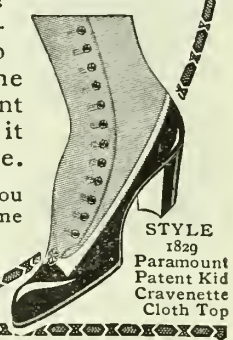

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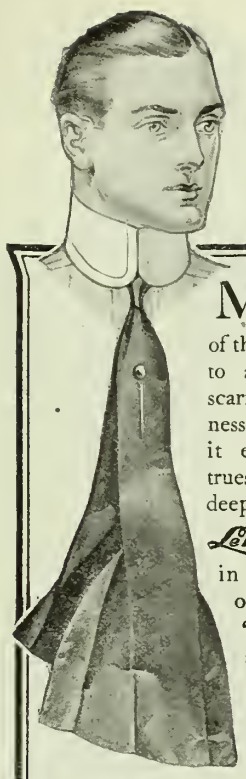

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lordship sees for yourself whether that clock actually is slow."

"Slow? It's half an hour slow!"

He rushed into the bedroom.

"Good gad!" he gasped; "it—it's exactly right."

Grimes murmured soothingly. His master turned to him sharply.

"What does your watch make it now?"

"Your lordship can see for yourself."

His lordship's bewilderment increased.

"It's not slow, either. I say—how the dickens? Oh, what a careless ass I am! I didn't look at the beastly clock very carefully, yet I could have sworn ——"

He sat upon the edge of the bed and brooded bitterly.

"There's only one thing I can do now," he said at last; "I must send her that pendant and a letter of apology."

"Send her the pendant now, my lord?"

"Of course."

"If I might advise—but perhaps your lordship would think it presumption."

"Go on; what do you advise?"

"Won't it be a little difficult, my lord, to convince the lady that the gift has not been purchased subsequently—as a peace offering, so to speak?"

"Oh, dash it!" murmured Lord Fotheringay. "But I'll explain that it hasn't been."

"The French have a little saying, '*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*' You apprehend me, my lord?"

"Oh, I see what you're drivin' at, and I admit it will sound a bit fishy—but Nancy will believe me, I'm sure!"

Mr. Grimes delicately shrugged his shoulders.

"The lady has relations, possibly?"

"Of course; she lives with her people."

"They may not be so confiding, as it were; and the opinion of one's family—well, my lord, it does count."

Again Lord Fotheringay brooded.

"Perhaps I had better just write, and—and keep the pendant meanwhile."

Grimes' silence was peculiarly expressive.

"What the deuce are you lookin' like that for?" exclaimed his master.

"I was merely thinking, my lord, that the explanation might be a little difficult to get across the footlights, as they say."

"Beastly difficult! But I must do something."

"Why not wire, my lord?"

"By gad, that's an idea!"

He snatched up a sheet of notepaper and scribbled:

"Hope you got home safely. Unavoidably detained. For Heaven's sake write me a line! BERTIE."

"Take that to the post-office, will you, Grimes?" he commanded.

Grimes departed, and presently returned with a suavely apologetic air.

"I had to alter one expression, my lord," he explained; "the post-office is very particular about profanity, so I took the liberty of changing 'For Heaven's sake.'"

"What did you put?"

"I think, my lord, that 'Please' was the expression I used."

"That'll have to do," said Bertie. "I hope to Heaven she answers by return! Then I can know what to say."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Grimes' memory was a trifle defective. The telegram Miss Wimberley received ran:

"Hope you got home safely. Unavoidably detained. Kindly write me a line."

The days passed and turned into weeks, but never a line did Nancy send in answer to this ultimatum. Meanwhile, her cousin's progress became so rapid that it soon left her memory like a ship hull down behind his widening horizon.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Faithful Friend

A PARTY of temperance women visited the Capitol and waylaid Uncle Joe Cannon.

While they were talking to the Speaker a Chicago Representative, noted for his unconventional manner of speech, came along. Uncle Joe grabbed him, introduced him and escaped.

The ladies besought the Chicago Representative to help them in their cause.

"I'd like to, ladies," he replied, "for I'm off the stuff myself and don't never touch a drop; but I've got a pal who wallows in it, and if you close the saloons he'd have no place to go."

Actual Size of Sample

TRADE MARK Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Let us send you FREE this sample box of improved toothpicks

—made from the sweet white birches of Maine.

This is the exact size of the sample.
It is one-quarter of the exact size of a full sized box.

GOLD MEDAL
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
TOOTH PICKS

Rounded at BOTH Ends
(Patented July 5, 1910)

These are the first toothpicks made to fill the requirements of use and cleanliness:

Scrupulously clean and sanitary—made from the sweet white birches of Maine—and handled from the tree to the box entirely by automatic machinery. Until you open the package, no human hand touches them.

Flat and thin—so that you can easily dislodge food particles from between close set teeth.

Rounded at both ends—so that they will not pierce the tender gums nor scratch the enamel of the tooth.

Highly polished—so smooth that they will not jag the flesh.

Flexible—so that you can bend them almost double and they will not break off nor splinter in the teeth.

Absolutely uniform in size and shape. All imperfect ones discarded by automatic machinery. In a full sized box there will be no bad ones—no waste.

Adopt this toothpick for your teeth's sake!

The ordinary toothpick is a clumsy piece of kindling wood that will splinter in the mouth or break off between the teeth.

The quill toothpick is unsanitary if used more than once, and is too stiff for fragile teeth.

The metal toothpick is positively harmful. It picks holes in the enamel.

Use a Gold Medal Toothpick and you avoid all of these dangers. You have a fine instrument exactly suited to its purpose. You will be surprised at how different it feels in your mouth.

Used by all the better class of homes, hotels and restaurants.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind.

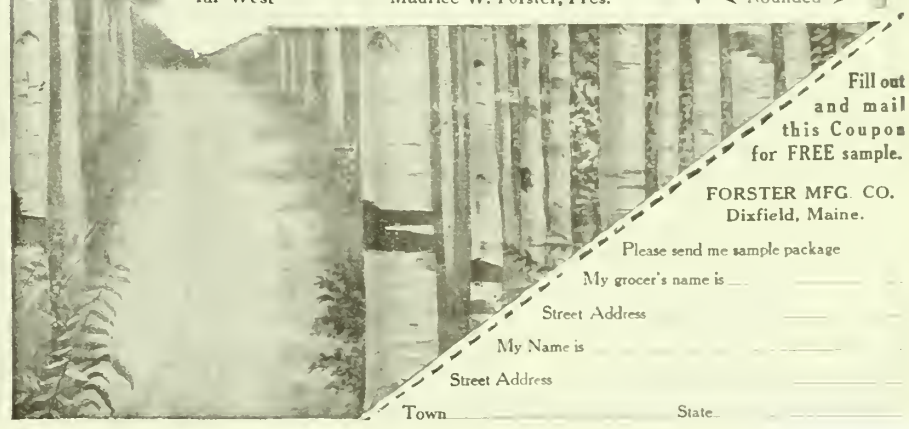
Get a 5c package from your grocer

If your grocer cannot supply you with Gold Medal Toothpicks, send us his name and we will send this Free sample package, and tell you where you can get them in the future.

Fill out and mail this coupon as indicated.

5c a package except in the far West

FORSTER MFG. CO.
Dixfield, Maine
Maurice W. Forster, Pres.



Fill out and mail this Coupon for FREE sample.

FORSTER MFG. CO.
Dixfield, Maine.

Please send me sample package
My grocer's name is
Street Address
My Name is
Street Address
Town State

Rooseveltisms

Get This Big, Little Book!

WHEN you *do* get it, you'll have Fall Fashions at your *finger-tips*. Pictorially and sartorially, it is a *mine* of style information. Every page crackles with the touch-and-go of youth. Every picture is a reflex of the pulsing life of Young America.

This book is *free*. A postcard fetches it. Now—*this minute*, before your attention is distracted, send for this *counselor-at-fashion*, which discloses, without a fee, the style-secrets of two Continents.

R.B. Fashion-Clothes
TRADE MARK

are *not* for sale at *all* clothes-shops—only at the *best*. But—when you find a shop that *has* them, you've found the *premier* Young Man's Shop of your community.

They are clothes for *young* men from 15 to 50—real *youth* knows no "age limit."

Every garment is crested, "R.B. Fashion Clothes." It is the signet of *ultra-advanced* style. But,—get the book! Simply write for Booklet "B."

ROSENBERG BROS. & CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

PLAYING POLITICS

THOSE Kansans are a mercurial people," said Harry Loudenslager, secretary of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, in seeking to find a reason for publication of what he and all the other Cannon folks in the House of Representatives have known for a year was sure to happen.

Looking at it from this angle it seems Harry did not overtax the explanation department of his institution when he set forth that cause for the Insurgent victories in the Sunflower State. It probably wasn't a good day for excuses, or all the rational ones were working elsewhere. There is nothing so remarkably mercurial about a people who sent out notices, put up sixteen-sheet stands, printed it in all the papers and advertised with dodgers, handbills, on phonographs, through megaphones and with kites, balloons and airships more than twelve months ago that it was their firm intention to swat Cannonism and all the rest; and then, when the primaries gave the opportunity, performed in exactly the manner set forth. From this side that looks like a premeditated performance, carried out strictly according to specifications, and about as mercurial as the Muir Glacier.

They may be mercurial, as Loudenslager says, those Kansas Republicans; but this time they acted with calm deliberation and with plenty of malice aforethought. They announced away last fall they intended to remove the hides of such of the Kansas Representatives as had voted for the Payne-Aldrich tariff and had stood for Cannon and his works, and they removed said hides and hung them on barbed-wire fences to cure.

Their dermatology was about seven-eighths good. They didn't succeed in the case of Anthony, but they got a lot of his cuticle at that; and they didn't expect to succeed with Campbell, who was beyond reach for zinc-tariff reasons; but what they did to those grand old warhorses, Reeder and Miller and Scott and Calderhead, was enough to make the regulars wish Uncle Joe had passed into history long ago as a hero of Bunker Hill instead of remaining in the present as the hero of the bunko bill of Messrs. Payne and Aldrich.

The Political Prophets at Sea

The real hallmark of a regular, organization, hidebound politician is his inability to read the signs of the times, or to interpret them even if he can spell them out. Witness Harry Loudenslager saying the Kansans, because they landed on Miller and Reeder and Calderhead and Scott, are mercurial. William B. McKinley, chairman of the Congressional Committee, would have said the same thing if he had thought of it, and both Loudenslager and McKinley are convinced that is the explanation. Now far be it from me to say the Kansans are not mercurial in their politics, remembering the Populist days and various other ebullitions; but this thing has been going on strongly for more than a year, and it isn't half over yet. Moreover, it had its beginning two or three years ago, and there isn't a political prophet in this country wise enough to predict exactly where the end will be.

The situation in Kansas is simple. The bulk of the Republicans of that great Republican state are firmly convinced they were bunkoed by the organization leaders in the House and Senate when the present tariff law was passed. They are firmly convinced Aldrich and Cannon and such of their own Representatives as remained regular and voted for the bill, and such of their Representatives as have stood by Cannon. voted and stood by the special interests the tariff bill protects, and they knew of but one way to show their disapproval. Indeed, there was but one way, and that was to retire the Kansans who they conceived had a part in the job.

They did some hefty work too. Scott has served since the Fifty-seventh Congress and Miller since the Fifty-sixth. Calderhead is on his seventh term and Reeder on his sixth. Scott is chairman of the big Committee on Agriculture. Miller is chairman of Elections, No. 2. Calderhead is on Ways and Means, and Reeder is

Hawes, von Gal HATS

It is now the fashion among smartly dressed men to wear a soft hat during the interval between the dethronement of the straw and the reign of the formal derby.

During the early Autumn weeks more Hawes, von Gal soft hats will be worn than ever before. Ask your dealer for them—or for the Hawes, von Gal derby if you prefer the stiff hat. But, whatever the style or price, every Hawes, von Gal Hat is doubly guaranteed. Prices, $3, $4 and $5.

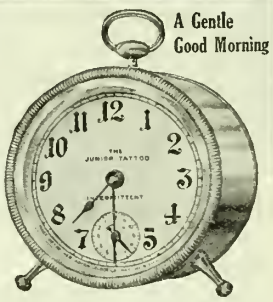
We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3 Hat

If not at your dealer's, write for our new Fall and Winter Style Book "E." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED
1178 Broadway, New York
Factories: DANBURY, Connecticut
Wholesale Offices: Chicago Boston

An Alarm Clock Which Calls But Does Not Shock

The Junior Tattoo



This unique miniature alarm clock awakens you in an insistent, winning way. Its call is not too loud but just loud enough. Its "Good-morning," spoken every twenty seconds for five minutes (unless stopped), insists upon your arising.

Half size. Hardly larger than an ordinary watch.

At the present price two or three Junior Tattoos should be in every home. In the servants' rooms, they aid promptness. In your own room, they aid the will. No guest room is complete without one.

Hardly larger than a watch, 2¼ inches across the face, it fits nicely into a traveling bag. None of the parts are easily broken. Will stand travel with or without a leather case.

You can use it at any time as a guest in a house or hotel without awakening others. These clocks are excellent time pieces, made in our fine watch department.

Dealers everywhere sell them at $1.75; also with rich red or black leather cases at $3.00. If your dealer does not sell the Junior Tattoo, write us, enclosing the price. We will forward, postpaid, U. S., as many as you want, if you give us the name of your dealer.

Write for our interesting short story "The Uprising of John Hancock, Salesman." Free if you give your dealer's name.

The Junior Tattoo—the alarm clock for you

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
New Haven Conn.
139 Hamilton Street

"Field Club"

(Three Heights)

No. 1—2 in. No. 2—2¼ in. No. 3—2½ in.

THE close fitting fold Collar favored by well dressed men everywhere is a difficult collar to make. If you prefer this style, more than your casual attention should be given to the Brand.

Corliss-Coon

TRADE MARK

Hand Made **Collars**

15c each—2 for 25c

are Standard the Country over, and the purchaser has an unfailing guide to style, fit and wear in the Corliss-Coon Mark.

Your Furnisher will supply you.
Write for New Style Book.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. V, Troy, N.Y.

"Ornatus et Bonitas"

EXTRA QUALITY

TRADE MARK

DUNLAP & Co.

N.Y.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

CELEBRATED HATS

For Fall and Winter

NOW ON SALE

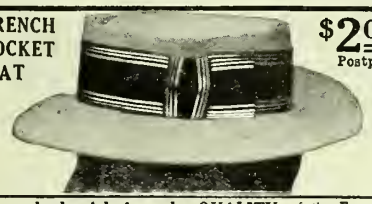
New York
178-180 Fifth Ave.
567 Fifth Ave. | 181 Broadway

Chicago
The Wellington

Philadelphia
914 Chestnut St.

Accredited Agencies in all Principal Cities of the World.

FRENCH POCKET HAT



$2.00 Postpaid

Everybody Admires the QUALITY of the French Pocket Hat—its Serviceability, Lightness, Style, Distinctive Colors. Made of finest felt—⅜ in. outside band—all silk sweat band—crown 4¾ ins. high—brim 2½ ins. wide—weight 1 oz. You shape the **French Pocket Hat** to suit yourself—a dozen different ways. **College Boys telescope them to 2¾ or 3 inch crown.** Colors: Black, White, Pearl, Cream, Oxford Mixed and Seal Brown. **Sizes 6½ to 7¾—What Is Yours?** **Small heads fitted** **Large heads fitted**

Wick Fancy Bands 50 and 25c extra

French Pocket Hat Co.
38 South 8th St.
Philadelphia

Money Refunded if Unsatisfactory

Why Pay Extravagant Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING 190 W. 103 St., N.Y. **Select, Home-like, Economical.** Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath **$1.50** daily and up. Write for booklet G with map of city.

chairman of Irrigation. The elimination of four big men at one crack may be mercurial, but it also is memorable.

There was no fogging of the issue. The regulars ran on strictly standpat platforms, and they imported Uncle Joe Cannon to talk for them a short time before the campaign closed. Uncle Joe rampaged through the state and then the Kansans did their rampaging.

The two out-and-out Insurgents now in Congress from Kansas, Murdock and Madison, had no opposition. Philip Campbell won because the zinc industry is most important in his district and it was taken care of in the tariff according to the wants of the people in the district. Anthony, who had about seven thousand plurality two years ago, got in by a few hundreds this time in the primary.

Of course these were the primaries. Two factions of the Republican party were fighting in each instance. The Insurgents now have the task of electing their men at the November elections, and this may be more difficult if the regular Republicans should conclude to vote for the Democratic nominees. The feeling is bitter and the regulars may conclude to do this. In either event the regulars will win nothing, for if they help choose Democrats they will help get a Democratic House, and if they elect the Insurgents they will get four men who will be against Cannon and all that Cannonism implies to them from the start. It is as broad as it is long for the regulars. The point is that the Insurgents are much in the majority in the Republican party in the state and will continue in control, no matter what may happen in November.

Then there was Stubbs—Stubbs, the red-headed governor—who was a candidate for renomination, and who won by a bigger majority than he had two years ago. Stubbs made a strictly anti-standpat campaign. He went into action last March and spoke continuously, assailing the regulars and giving such aid as he could to the Insurgents. The first idea of the regulars was not to nominate a man against Stubbs, but to take it out of him on election day. They thought better of this and put up a bright, clean, able man named Wagstaff to oppose him. There was no clouding of the issue. Wagstaff made his campaign on a platform that the tariff is all right and that the regular Kansans in Congress deserve no blame for their votes and support of the Cannon crowd. They put eight speakers into the state to help Wagstaff, and the regular candidates for Congress appeared with him after their return from Washington. It was a fair, square, stand-up, knock-down-and-drag-out fight, and, as the results showed, the Insurgents did the bulk of the knocking down and dragging out. All of which undoubtedly interested certain eminent personages at Beverly, Massachusetts, and Oyster Bay, New York, in a great degree.

Insurgents Strong in Iowa

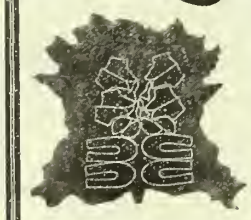
Mr. Loudenslager did not express a recorded opinion about what happened in Iowa. Perhaps he thought those Iowa Republicans are mercurial, also, but he did not say so. As a matter of fact, the Iowa Republicans are mercurial exactly as the Kansas Republicans are. The Iowa men announced, months and months ago, that they did not intend to stand for the Payne-Aldrich tariff, for President Taft, for Cannonism and Aldrichism, and they didn't stand for one or either or any when the time came for official pronouncement at their convention. "We do not recognize the revision of 1909 as a satisfactory fulfillment of party promise," they said, and they adopted that as the sense of the Republicans of Iowa by a vote of eight hundred and thirty-four to five hundred and forty-nine. The Insurgents controlled six of the Congressional districts and the standpatters five.

The two United States Senators from Iowa—Dolliver and Cummins—were present, and both spoke. Senator Cummins was temporary chairman and Senator Dolliver permanent chairman. Neither mentioned President Taft in his speech, and each was enthusiastically indorsed, together with the Insurgent Representatives in the Iowa delegation, in the platform. Some of those present thought they saw in Cummins' speech a bid for the Republican nomination for President in 1912. The standpatters tried to force Cummins to mention Taft, but failed. They failed with

(Concluded on Page 36)

THE "WEEKLY CATALOG" OF THE

RALSTON

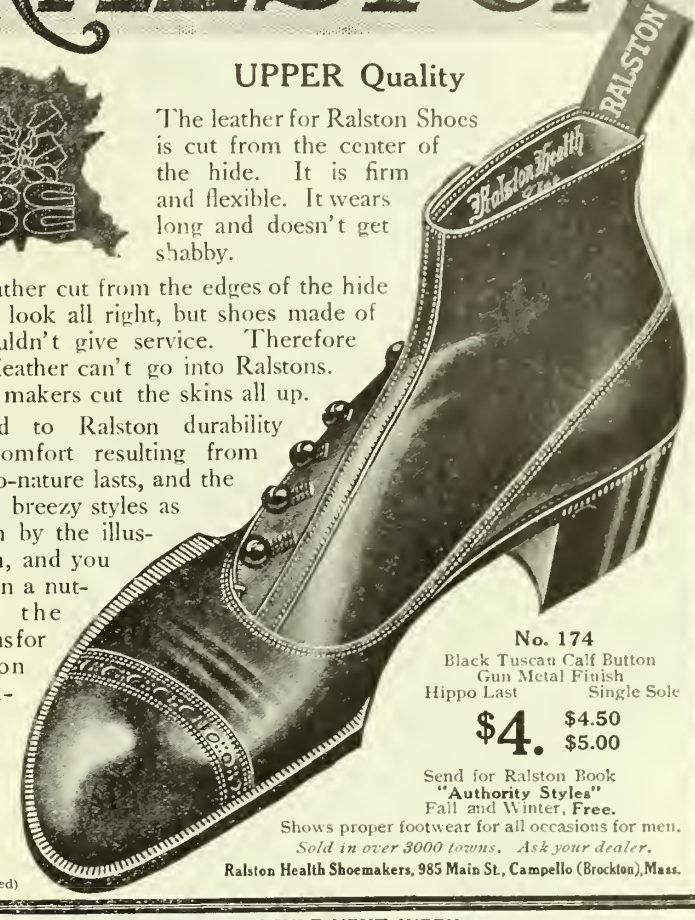


UPPER Quality

The leather for Ralston Shoes is cut from the center of the hide. It is firm and flexible. It wears long and doesn't get shabby.

Leather cut from the edges of the hide might look all right, but shoes made of it wouldn't give service. Therefore such leather can't go into Ralstons. Most makers cut the skins all up.

Add to Ralston durability the comfort resulting from true-to-nature lasts, and the smart, breezy styles as shown by the illustration, and you have in a nutshell the reasons for Ralston superiority.



No. 174
Black Tuscan Calf Button
Gun Metal Finish
Hippo Last Single Sole

$4. $4.50 $5.00

Union Made

Send for Ralston Book **"Authority Styles"** Fall and Winter, **Free.**
Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men.
Sold in over 3000 towns. Ask your dealer.
Ralston Health Shoemakers, 985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

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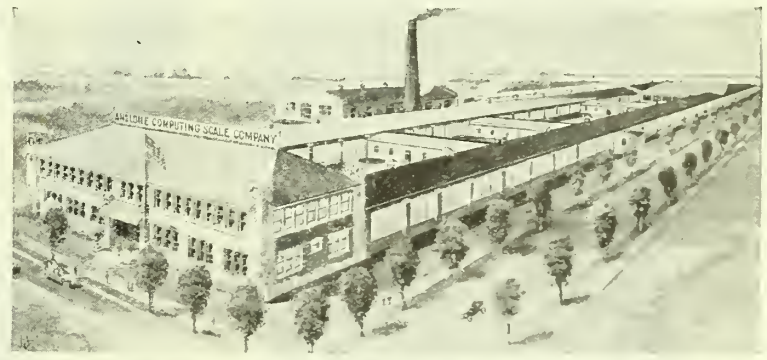
ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK

The New Home of
The Scale that buys itself



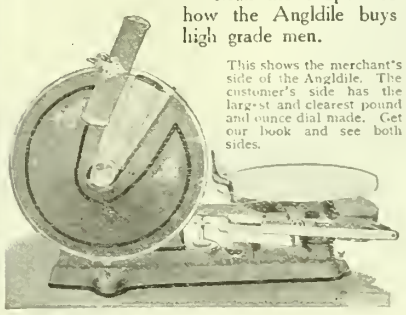
THE construction of this handsome building eloquently proves the extraordinary demand for Angldile Computing Scales. Our present plant outgrown in 33 months, we are now erecting the largest and most modern computing scale factory in the world.

The reason for this demand is the Angldile's marvelous accuracy and its superior computation chart.

It is the only scale which shows a plain figure for every penny's value. The merchant reads the price—he doesn't count hair lines or guess at dots.

The Angldile is *springless*, thus requiring no adjustment for weather changes, and is sensitive to 1-64 oz.

Mail the coupon below to us at Elkhart, Ind., and let us tell you how the Angldile buys itself. Note:—A little good territory left for high grade men.



This shows the merchant's side of the Angldile. The customer's side has the largest and clearest pound and ounce dial made. Get our book and see both sides.

Angldile Computing Scale Co.
111 Franklin St., Elkhart, Ind. 42 S. Water St., Chicago, Ill.
8th Ave. and 23d St., New York

Angldile Computing Scale Co. P-5
Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen:

Please send me the **Free** Angldile book.

KA Tailored-

"The Kind of Clothes

YOU may wear ready-made clothes but you cannot help grudging your better-dressed neighbor his *"tailor-made"* ease and poise. You may wear tailor-mades but be situated in a town or city where the *really fine* tailor is a price-forbidden luxury.

The "Crack" Tailor In Your Town.

THE authorized representative of *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes"* in your town is skilled in advising you and drilled in measuring you. He is a *practical* tailoring man, (even though he be also a clothier, haberdasher or general merchant) who has found that *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes"* have nothing in common with the commonplaceness of "ready-mades." He is looking out for *you* and for himself.

Our representative is always the "crack" tailor in his town because he is the agent for *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes."* He'd rather *satisfy* you than have to pacify you. He'll count no trouble too great to serve you with foresight and forethought. He has *our* confidence and will win yours.

Be Measured To-day.

PAY small-town prices but get *big-city* tailoring. The one authorized representative of *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes"* in your community is ready to-day to shape the clothes not only to your person but to your *personality*. He has the *newest* custom-tailoring fabrics and the *rarest* custom-tailoring colors—hundreds of them. He will not only measure you but *counsel* you—take a mental photograph of what you ought to wear to make the *most* of your physical gifts and then send that photograph to us to be developed into clothes of unmistakable city-bred modishness—*"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes."* Prices start at $20 and stop at $45.

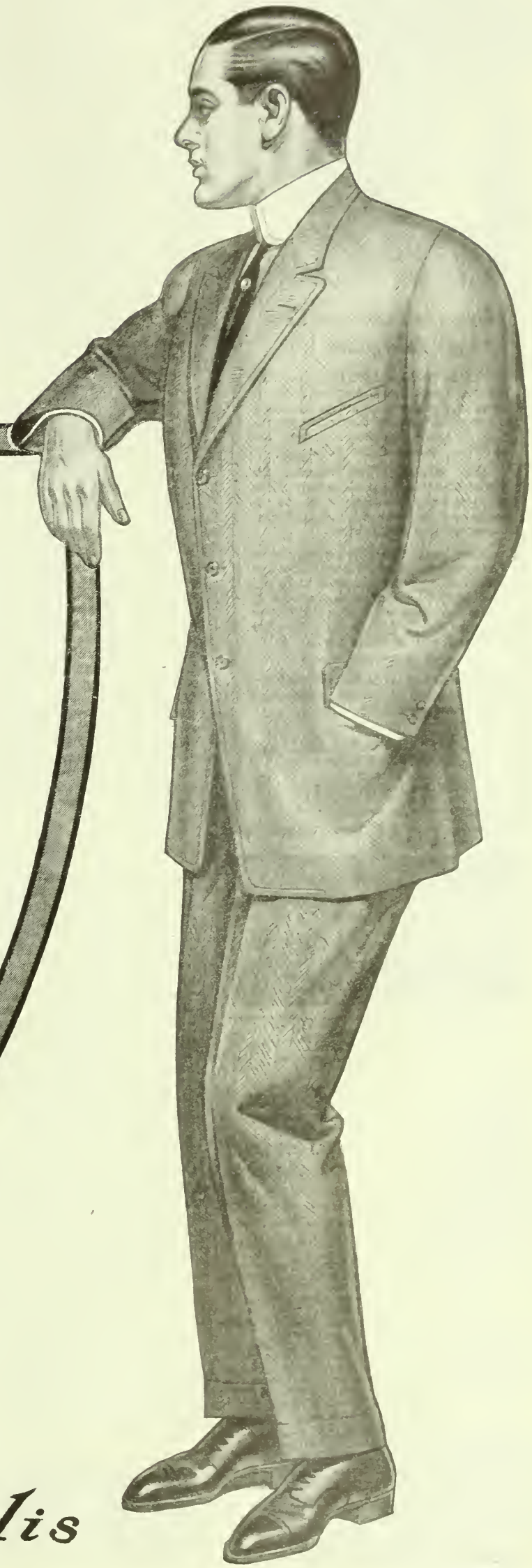
To Every Man Everywhere Heedful of His Appearance!

If you do not know the authorized representative of *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes"* in your town, be sure to write us for his name and for Edition No. 6 "The Drift of Fashion" containing good-form guide and life sketches of the newest London and New York modes.

This is the sign of our Representative in your town.

Kahn Tailoring Company

HN
-Clothes
Gentlemen Wear"



YOU want clothes tailored expressly for *you* and for *you* alone. You want clothes that mirror *your* taste and refinement. You want clothes that interpret *your* personality. You want clothes with *expression.* You want *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes."*

Pure Wool and Sure Wool.

WE make no boast of many things that others plume themselves on, because what they are doing now we have *always* done, and done as a matter of settled *policy*, not temporary expediency. We use and have always used only *pure wool* and *sure wool* fabrics in *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes."* We use and have always used *pure mohair* linings. We deliver garments and have always delivered them with unswerving *promptitude*—when required in *four days.*

We shrink every yard of cloth—even the *canvases* and *edge tapes*—by the good old fashioned Cold Water Process, which takes out every iota of shrink and makes our garments *shape-keeping* to the last hour of wear.

Expression Plus Repression.

EXPRESSION is to tailoring what it is to music. The garment *without* expression is but lifeless cloth.

For twenty-five years *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes"* have united the *expression* of the foremost style with the *repression* of the utmost taste. They are guaranteed not as a matter of *advertising* but as a matter of *course.* They are tailored in model shops that other tailors visit to learn how better to equip and conduct their own.

It takes more than "want to" to tailor well. It takes the *will* to do it plus the *skill* of knowing how.

To Tailors, Clothiers and Haberdashers Keen for Prestige!

Why not put the highest class custom-tailoring *before* your customers and put competition *behind* you? By becoming the authorized representative of *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes,"* you can hold the *best* custom trade of your community in the hollow of your hand. Our Information Book, sent on request, has a deep dollar-and-cents interest for *you.*

The Kind of Clothes — KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES — Gentlemen Wear

This is the sign of our Representative in your town.

of Indianapolis

Store your Gasolene at Home in an Underground Tank

This method maintains the gasolene at an even temperature, thus preserving all its original explosive power, and prevents the usual 10% to 20% loss from evaporation. In addition enables you to save 15% to 30% of the cost of each gallon used.

The *"BOWSER WAY"* provides for storing and pumping gasolene directly into your car without exposing it to the air, and insures increased satisfaction, strictest economy and perfect safety.

Seven hundred and fifty thousand satisfied customers now use Bowser Oil Storage Outfits—for storing oils of all kinds and meeting every imaginable requirement. If you use gasolene or oils of any nature we have *just* the *right outfit* at *just* the *right price* to fit your individual needs.

OUR FREE BOOK "G"

will interest you as it contains valuable information for the user of gasolene and oils. Write for it.

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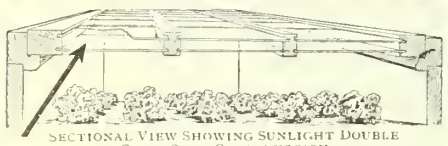
BOWSER


SECTIONAL VIEW SHOWING SUNLIGHT DOUBLE GLASS SASH CONSTRUCTION

Winter Gardening Without Drudgery

With Sunlight Double Glass Sash you never have to use any mats or boards for covering

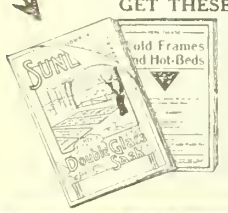
The two layers of glass take their place
(See picture above)

Between the two layers of glass is a ⅝ inch layer of dry, still air. This *transparent* blanket affords better protection to plants than mats or boards; never shuts out the light; saves expense and labor and gives the best possible results. Glass held by springs; no putty used; can't work loose, easily repaired.

Great profit and pleasure from hot-bed and cold-frame gardening

Under Sunlight Sash you can have plants for the field far earlier and better than you can under single-glass sash. You can have fresh vegetables and flowers for your own use when they are luxuries. Lettuce and violets for instance all winter.

GET THESE TWO BOOKS



One is our valuable free catalog. The other is by Prof. Massey, an authority on hot-bed and cold-frame gardening. In it he tells in an interesting and instructive manner how to make and care for the beds, what and when to plant.

Tear out this ad. Send it with 4c in stamps and your name and address and we will send you the two books. Do it now.

Sunlight Double Glass Sash Co.
964 E. Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

(Concluded from Page 33)

Dolliver, too, as they might have known they would before they began.

When it comes to speaking out in meeting effectively this man Dolliver is the king of them all. He made the great speech of the last session of Congress, assailing the tariff at its most vulnerable points, and assailing the President and Aldrich and all the rest of them. Great Congressional speeches are printed nowhere nowadays except in the Congressional Record.

Leaving out of the question the politics of it, the partisan bias of it, the reason for it, that speech of Dolliver's in the closing days of the last Congress deserves universal circulation for its merit as an oratorical production. Likewise it deserves universal circulation because Dolliver, who made it, is the only man in Congress who has the nerve to make a speech like that, and the only man with the mastery of ridicule, irony, satire and invective to give such a speech its proper and permanent value. There are plenty of men in Congress who can get up and talk effectively, but there is none other who can talk so effectively as Dolliver can, or be effective in so many ways.

At about the same time the Kansans and Iowans were putting up a few "Take Notice" signs for the perusal and warning of President Taft, the announcement came from Beverly that Mr. Taft had decided to cancel most of his speaking engagements, some twenty in all, and remain in semi-seclusion evolving ways and means for economy and for such legislation as he desires.

This may have been the result of the coaching of the new secretary to the President, or it may have come from the cautious and circuitous Murray Crane; but no matter who gave the President the advice, it was good advice. His attempts to popularize his Administration by his almost ceaseless speaking and traveling since he went into the White House failed. So far as he is personally concerned he needed and needs no popularization. Everybody likes Mr. Taft. But when, after he had signed the Payne-Aldrich bill, he started out to put a halo on Senator Aldrich and defended the tariff bill, he fanned the flame into a fire that has not yet ceased burning, and will not for some time. Silence is Mr. Taft's cue at present, and plenty of it. He should spend his time bracing himself for the shock.

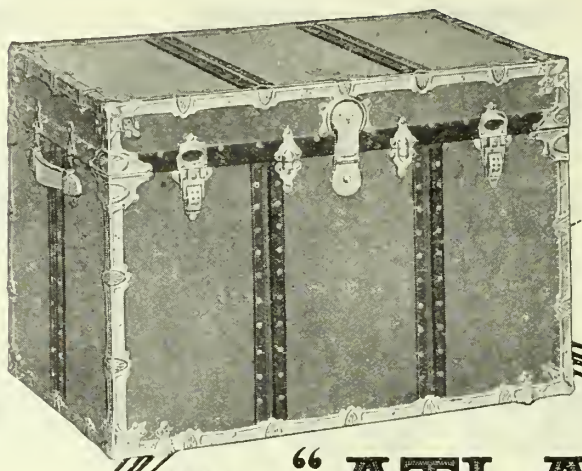
A Slumbering Volcano

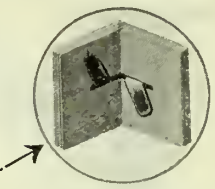
When this was written the Colonel Roosevelt parade across the country had not begun. The Colonel was buffeted about a bit now and then after he got back, and such little essays as he made into politics were rather rudely sat upon. However, it takes more than an occasional rebuff to feaze the Colonel, and it is probably a good guess that, with his acute sense of what is going on throughout the country, amplified by what he has heard since his return, when he does get out and does begin to talk he will let loose some sentiments that will make the reactionaries think he was merely reciting the multiplication table when he was attacking trusts, corporations, plutocrats, malefactors of great wealth and such, in his presidential days.

I do not know anything about what the Colonel has in mind, but I do know the Colonel, and, merely as a guess, away outside the domain of prophecy, I venture the mild assertion that when the Colonel gets to going good in his speeches this fall he will be radical enough to suit the most fastidious.

It is my opinion he will cut loose and tear things wide open. This valuable information is herewith extended to Wall Street and all others who may need it in their business.

The skyrockets will begin going up as soon as the Colonel gets out on his trip. Watch out, you regulars and stand-patters and reactionaries! There's trouble ahead! T. R. is loaded with language to the ears, and he will touch himself off some time between now and election.





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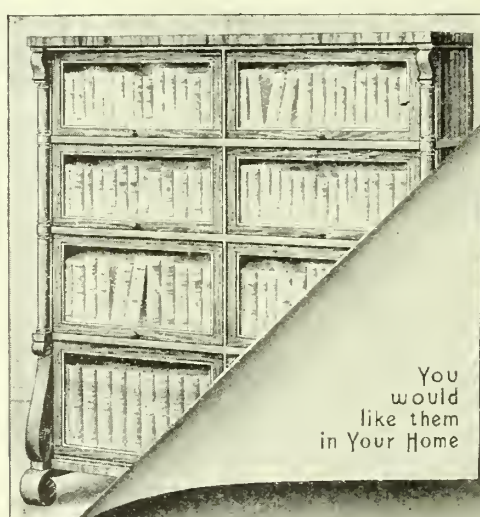

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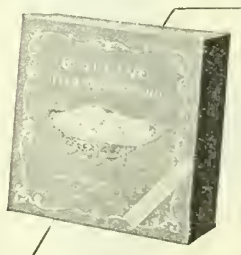

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Perhaps you can remember the time when a sip from "Papa's cup" seemed to possess some special flavour.

If the little folks can be given a rich, nourishing food-drink such as

POSTUM

it satisfies their desire to have things like the older folks, and at the same time gives them a drink they love and which makes them plump and rosy.

Childhood is the period when nervous activity is at its greatest. The brain is ever busy receiving new impressions. Brain, muscles, and the special senses are under a special course of training.

Children, as well as grown-ups, like a warm beverage for breakfast and it is well for them to have it if the drink is a food—not a drug.

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is made to supply a rich, nourishing liquid food with a snappy flavour similar to coffee. It contains the vitalizing elements from wheat which go to nourish and sustain the delicate nerve centres throughout the body and from which vital energy proceeds.

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Read "The Road to Wellville" in packages.

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THRIFT

Getting Into Business

A YOUNG German arrived in this country when he was seventeen years old. For two years he worked at odd jobs and studied English at night in the public schools. When the language was acquired he settled upon pharmacy as a vocation and saved every dollar that could be set aside to pay for a course. Among the friends he had made was a German physician, who advised him to begin his studies at once and lent him a little money to help him get started. As he was obliged to attend classes in the daytime, it was impracticable to continue his old employment. The doctor helped him secure a job as usher in a theater, for which he was to be paid seventy-five cents a night. Evening clothes were necessary. While the student was saving the first five dollars needed to buy a second-hand "claw-hammer suit" on the installment plan his medical friend lent him his own. The theater job brought him, with occasional tips, about seven dollars a week, upon which he managed to live decently. His income was swelled a little by giving German lessons. In summer, when the theater closed, he worked as a waiter at an Adirondack hotel. Hard study and a little scheming for support enabled him to finish the course high in his class, and at the same time pay off the doctor's original loan.

The first place he got as a duly registered pharmacist was in a suburban drug store. The duties were not hard, and he found time to study further. The proprietor of this store, an elderly druggist, made a practice of going South every winter for his health. He left the lad in charge, and the latter not only picked up business management, but saved most of his money. After three years the proprietor died. His clerk had five hundred dollars put away in a local building and loan association. The druggist's widow arranged with him to continue the business at a larger salary than he had been getting, plus a percentage on profits. The store prospered under this plan, and soon after the widow, anxious to move West among her own relatives, offered to sell the business, with the two-story building, for five thousand dollars. The clerk had one thousand dollars put away by this time. Investigation showed that the property was worth all that was asked, the land upon which the store stood—a corner site—being appraised at fifteen hundred dollars in itself. He bought the business, paying one thousand dollars cash, giving a first mortgage to the building society for three thousand dollars, giving the widow a note for five hundred dollars, and borrowing the remaining five hundred dollars on a second mortgage. Interest on the first mortgage, with the regular monthly payment to the society, came to thirty dollars a month. On his note to the widow he paid six per cent and on the second mortgage four per cent.

Druggist Turned Landlord

This purchase was effected ten years ago. Since then the young man has paid off all obligations, torn down the old frame store, erected a three-story brick structure costing eight thousand dollars, and built up the most substantial drug business in that locality. As the neighborhood developed, he found a demand for doctors' and dentists' offices, as well as lodge rooms, which were incorporated in the two floors above his store and brought rents aggregating twelve hundred dollars a year, giving him his store rent free. Half of the cost of his building is still carried on a four-thousand-dollar mortgage, at five and a half per cent. In addition he has purchased a house next door, remodeled it, and rents apartments for fifty-five dollars a month, carrying it on a three-thousand-dollar mortgage, an enterprise undertaken to protect himself from undesirable neighbors. Today, from a start with nothing, and working against the limitations in a suburban community, he has a profitable business, stock and good-will worth at least three thousand dollars, and equities in real estate amounting to perhaps ten thousand dollars more.

A clerk in a country general store, with a family of six, was told that he would have to move West if he expected to live more than a year or two longer. So he started out with his wife, five children, a team and fifty dollars, picking up a living along the road in various ways. Eventually they landed in Wyoming, which was then a cattle region. After working with his team until he had a little cash and some tools, he took up a claim of Government land, planted a small garden to keep the table going, and got come cattle to be raised for the owners on shares. In three years, with care and shrewd training, he had increased the herd from thirty head to more than a hundred, as well as improved the quality of the stock. When this stock was sold off he had enough to buy forty head for himself. By the time his claim had been proved up and deeded to him the land had been transformed into a comfortable ranch, with good buildings, and was rising in value. Six years later he sold out cattle and land for twenty-two thousand dollars.

What Two Sisters Did

Two sisters faced the problem of self-support. They had never earned money. One got a place in a big bookbindery, and the other became a sewer in a furrier's establishment. The bindery was not only large but growing rapidly. Starting in as a piece-worker, the first sister developed such speed that slower hands feared she would be instrumental in cutting wages. For the sake of peace, the proprietor made her forewoman at fifteen dollars a week, with the prospect of steady increases if she showed ability to manage. Within a year the second sister left the furrier's and came into the bindery too, and within three years the whole management of employees was divided between them, their combined earnings amounting to forty dollars a week. By living together and economizing they managed to save about half of their wages, putting away a thousand dollars a year. The growth of the bindery business kept them at work so constantly that they had no time to spend money foolishly. The proprietor appreciated their services and increased their wages from time to time, until finally, less than seven years after setting out to look for occupation, they had five thousand dollars in cash. At this point it became necessary to make some provision for their parents, who were getting old and had hardly any income. On the advice of their employer they purchased a stone-front residence in a good neighborhood. It had cost, with land, fully twenty thousand dollars, but could be bought for half that sum, because of the owner's need for a quick sale. Their five thousand dollars was paid down upon it, and the employer became surety for the remainder. Moving into the ground floor, they rented the upper apartments, and their parents kept house and looked after the property. Since then, a matter of ten years, they have paid off the debt, have two thousand dollars in the bank, and the property, in addition to being worth twenty-five thousand dollars, brings income sufficient to enable them to retire whenever they want to.

A Wall Street stenographer, thirty-five years old, developed a process for printing facsimile typewritten letters. He had no capital, but persuaded a friend to invest two thousand dollars in a plant to produce circular letters. Demand for the work was fairly good, and in a short time the little business was beginning to show profits; but within a year after its establishment the stenographer died.

His widow was plucky and intelligent. She went to the capitalist of her husband's enterprise, showed him that he would realize but a few hundred dollars if the printing plant was sold, and that he had no time to develop it himself, and asked for six months in which to demonstrate that she could continue it herself. This was granted.

Within six months the plant was on the road to prosperity. Work was well done. One order brought another and prices could be kept at a figure that gave satisfactory profits. For three years the mortgage on the home was kept on an interest basis while the widow paid off the indebtedness on her printing plant. Then the home itself was cleared.

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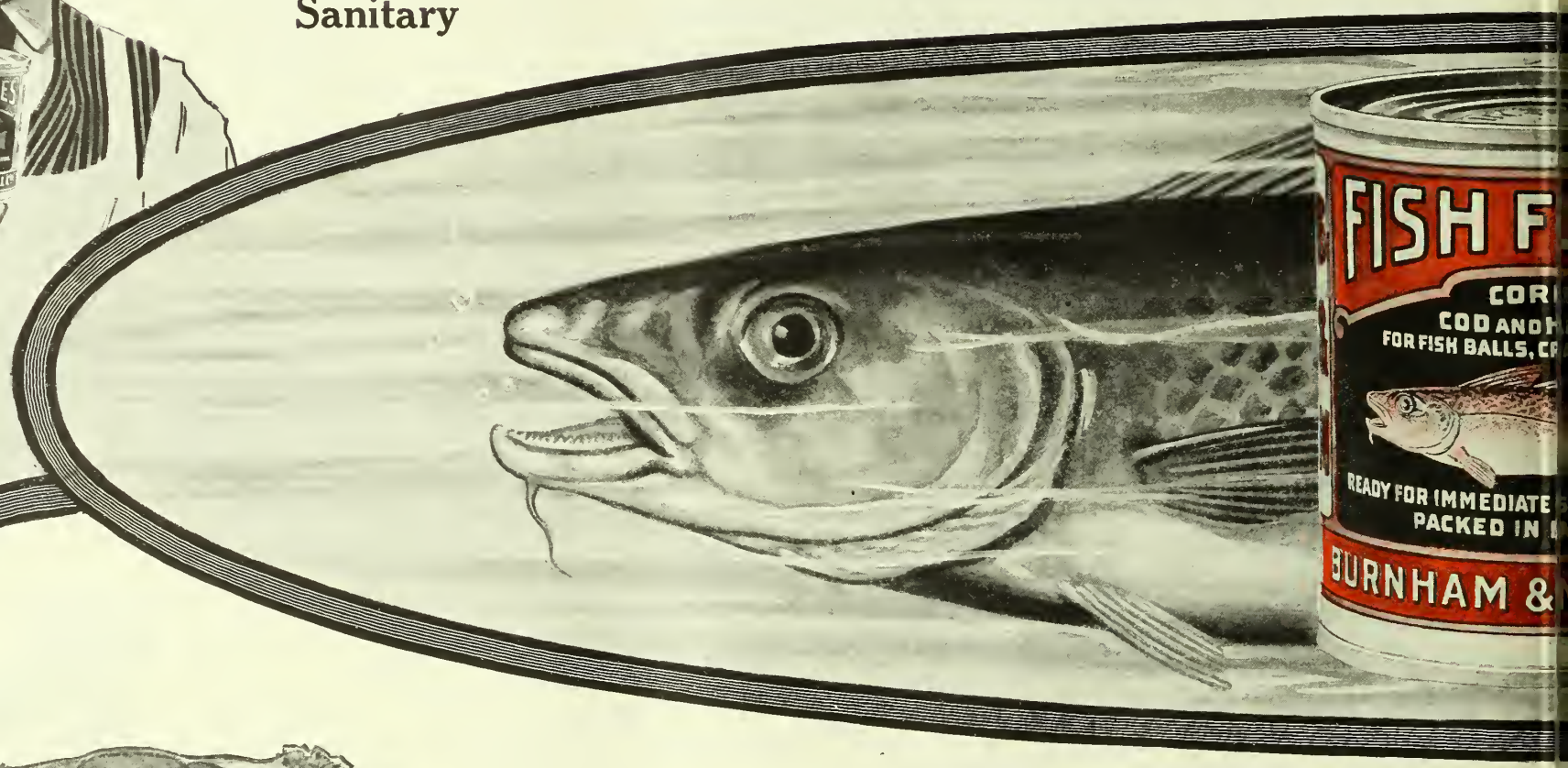

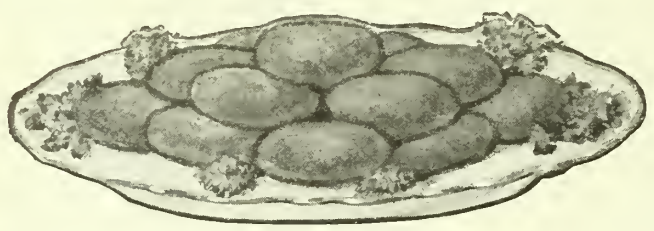

Codfish Balls

Cook three or four slices of bacon in a frying pan, without letting either the fat or the bacon become discolored by heat. Cut enough pared, raw potatoes in quarters to fill a cup twice; add a teaspoonful of salt and boiling water and cook till tender; drain, mash and add one can of Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes, two tablespoonfuls of cream sauce, if at hand, or two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth a teaspoonful of black pepper and a little hot milk; beat thoroughly, shape in cakes; dip these in flour and fry in the bacon fat. Cold, boiled potatoes, quickly reboiled, may be used in place of the fresh cooked potatoes.

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Once try Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes and you will wonder how you could ever eat the dried, over-salted "manufactured" Codfish—the "soak-over-night" kind. Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes is entirely different: Boned, boiled and packed the day it comes from the sea. Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes is sweet, tender, seasoned just right. It's nice enough even to be eaten from the can.

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The container is as remarkable in its way as the contents. The tin has an extra coating of 50% more tin plate than ordinary cans and is lined with pure parchment—Not a particle of solder or acid used—and the metal never comes in contact with Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes. The top of the container is crimped on—not soldered—making an absolutely sanitary package. Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes comes direct from the ocean to your table—All these features evidence the extreme desire to place before you a most perfect product.

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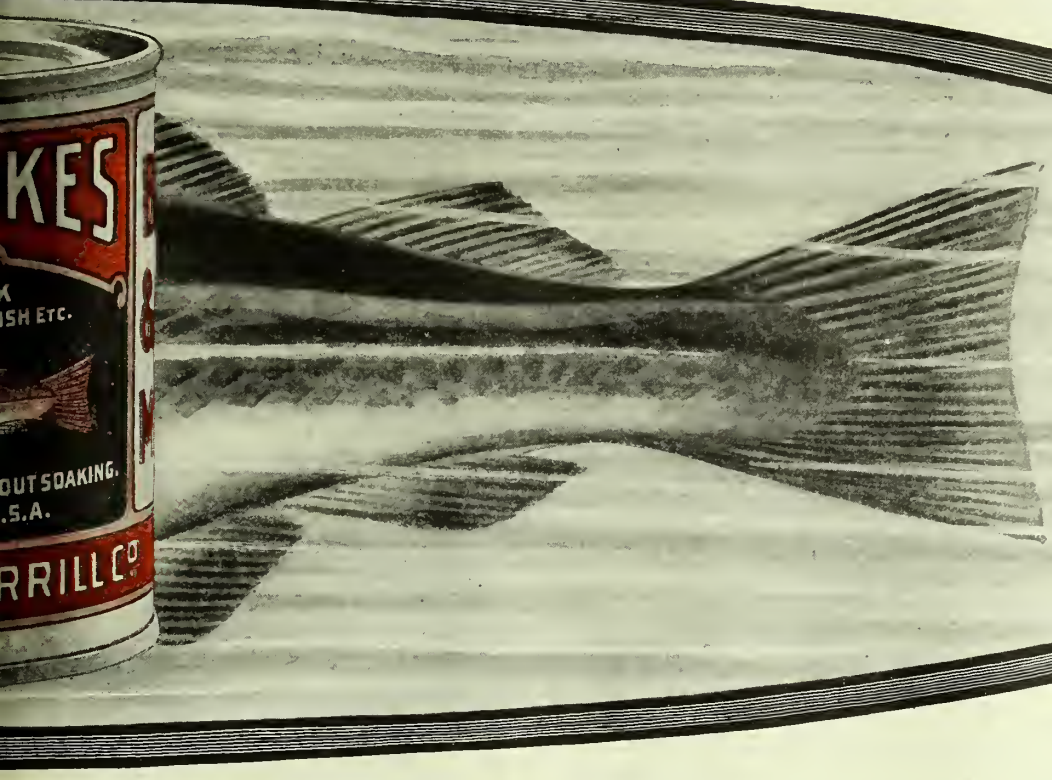
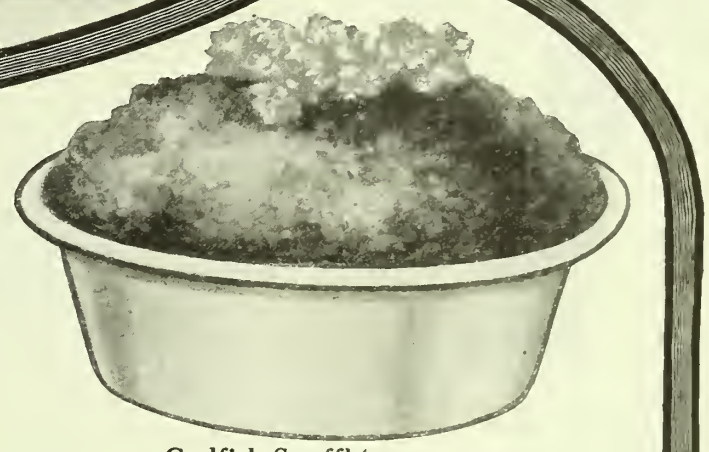
Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes, although really fresh fish of the highest quality obtainable, is not expensive. No bones—no waste—no spoilage. Nothing but clear, solid fish, absolutely sanitary and ready for immediate use, without soaking. The 10c size is enough for four people—the 15c size plenty for seven. A real economy—a splendid food.

ay To Buy Codfish

Convenient and Economical





Codfish Soufflé

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper; add one cup and a half of milk and stir and cook until boiling; add a teaspoonful of scraped onion, a tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley, a can of Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes, picked into bits with a silver fork, and the beaten yolks of three eggs; mix all together thoroughly, then fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a buttered dish in a very moderate oven until firm in the center, serve at once with or without cream or tomato sauce.

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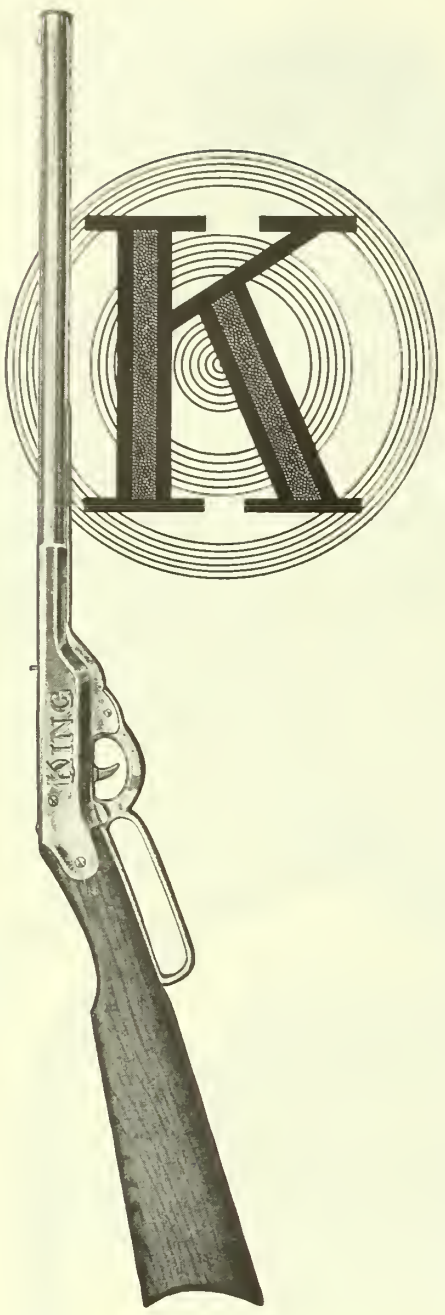
If your Grocer chances not to be supplied, in order that you may immediately try Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes yourself, we will gladly mail you a regular 10c size on receipt of 10c from you. It costs us 18c to do this—postage alone being 11c. This shows our faith in our product.



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RIGHT AND WRONG IN FIRE DRILLS

By John Mappelbeck

A CIGAR factory in the crowded section of a big city employs more than two thousand workers, chiefly women and girls. The six-story building was put up for a warehouse years ago. It is of brick and wood construction, cut up with light board partitions, and filled with inflammable materials.

The ordinary way of getting out is by means of the one open wooden stairway leading to the ground floor, where two doors give on to street and alley. Extraordinary ways of getting out would be through the windows, or up on to the roof, or down the fire escape. The place is surrounded by old three-story residences, however, so that the first two ways would not help those in the upper floors. As for the fire escape, it lies far to the rear, and employees hardly know where it is, much less how to use it in an emergency.

The proprietor of this factory is a considerate employer. He pays good wages for quality production, and holds his workers together by numerous little civilities of management. But, like a great many other well-meaning people, he seldom has occasion to think seriously about fire. The insurance men bring up the subject when they charge him a stiff premium, and occasionally some disaster chronicled in the papers leads him to investigate whether his fire pails are full and his fire alarm in order. But the fire engines are clanging around that part of town every day. His employees have grown accustomed to them.

"And, besides, we're very, very careful about fire," he says to himself. "It is only careless people that burn out. Then there's luck in an old building—why, this one has been standing forty years!"

Uniformed firemen often come to look over this cigar factory, in couples or threes, and sometimes bring a civilian with them. The manufacturer always gives them permission to inspect the place, and supposes that they come on some errand connected with their own business. They do. It might disturb him to hear one fireman say to another as they are walking past his place, "Jerry, just stop in this factory a minute; I want to show you a rotten risk."

A New Kind of Specialist

One afternoon a fireman brought around a stranger who, after quite a prolonged inspection of the premises, introduced himself to the manufacturer as an engineer who made a specialty of arranging fire drills.

"How long would it take you to get all your people out of this place in an emergency?" he asked.

"Oh, we could clear it in about ten minutes, I guess," replied the proprietor. "That's all they need at night, and we'd beat it if there was any reason for hurrying."

"This building would make an awfully quick fire," ventured the engineer. "Don't you think you ought to have somebody lay out a systematic fire drill and train your employees?"

"Fire drill!" exclaimed the manufacturer. "Why, we've got a fire drill of our own."

"Suppose you show me how your drill works," suggested the visitor.

"Well, this is a pretty busy day with us," said the manufacturer, "and there's no use ringing the alarm for nothing. But I can explain it."

Walking through the different rooms, he showed how he thought the employees on each floor would take care of themselves in an emergency, pointing out the various exits to stairway and fire escape, exhibiting his fire pails and axes. But his "fire drill" had the grave shortcoming of being laid out only in his own mind. Taking stock of possible exits on each floor, he had assumed that employees would have sense enough to use them if they had to. The system had never been explained to them, nor tried. Most of his plans had been made not to get people out of a burning building quickly but to fight an imaginary fire with pails and axes.

The fire-drill expert was tactful, and said the manufacturer's "drill" was good so far as it went; but it didn't go far, and could not be expected to. Arranging to get two thousand persons out of a fire trap in an actual emergency was a business in itself.

"All your employees on the two upper floors are supposed to go down the fire escape," said the expert. "They are all women and girls. If they got out of the building in a hurry that escape would be jammed in three minutes, and all crowding toward the bottom. Who would lower the ladder from the bottom of the escape to the street?"

"Why, they would," was the reply.

"That ladder is sixteen feet long, made of steel, heavy and rusty. If the strongest man you've got can put it in place in five minutes I'll buy you a box of good cigars," declared the engineer. "Suppose you get a man and try it."

The janitor, a muscular fellow, was sent on to the little platform at the bottom of the fire escape, a story from the ground. After ten minutes' struggle he gave up. The ladder was unwieldy, and to place it through the narrow opening in such close quarters called for two or three men.

Making the Factory Safe

The manufacturer was startled, and the engineer told him this difficulty existed with every fire escape of that type, and that at many fires where such escapes were used people jumped to the ground, sustaining injuries. He told the manufacturer other things as well. For instance, the factory fire alarm was a deafening gong, rigged to sound continuously when a button was pressed at any station, and it could be heard all through the building.

"That would have the same effect as a yell of 'Fire!' in a crowded theater," he said. "Your employees would be thrown into a panic because they could not tell where the fire was. Most of the danger in connection with a fire arises from panic. Panics are caused by the element of the unknown. You need an alarm system that will strike low signals in various parts of the building, indicate where the fire is, and then stop ringing when it has given the necessary information."

"How long would it take you to get our people out?" asked the manufacturer.

"If I couldn't get them out in less than two minutes," was the significant reply, "I shouldn't consider it of much use to get them out at all."

Ultimately the cigar man commissioned this expert to lay out a fire drill on sound engineering lines. After a study of the factory the expert made some alterations to provide more exits. The fire escape was given to the two upper floors, the ladder at the bottom being replaced with counter-weighted stairs that automatically swung to the ground the moment anybody stepped on them from above. Doors were cut in the wall on the fourth floor to let its occupants out on to the three-story building next door by means of stairs. The first-floor people were given the alley door, and that left the main staircase for the second and third floor workers. A suitable alarm system was also installed, and then, one evening, printed notices were given employees, to be taken home, read, thought about and discussed for at least two weeks, so that the system would be thoroughly understood before anything further was done. These notices contained few instructions, being chiefly an explanation of the fire drill, which was compared with that used in public schools.

When the employees had decided that the drill was rational and necessary, and that the boss had nothing up his sleeve, the expert brought around a drill-master to impart further instructions. This drill-master was simply a retired city fireman, who came in his uniform, and the work of instruction was given to him because a fireman in uniform is bound to command more respect than an ordinary engineer in a business suit.

Foremen in each department were made chiefs, and required to carry a list of their subordinates. A number of men in each department were told off to man the buckets and chemical extinguishers on the

New aids to ideal heating

The remarkable growth in popular favor of low-pressure Steam and Hot-Water heating has recently brought out greatly improved little adjuncts to the heating outfit, such as Radiator Valves and Air Valves, Temperature Regulators, etc.

Many a good heating outfit now giving good service can be made to do much better. These new devices bring about better heat control, fuel economy and long life of the outfit.

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are about the cleverest device, as they not only automatically vent the radiators of air, but when steam pressure ceases the air is automatically prevented from re-entering the radiators and piping.

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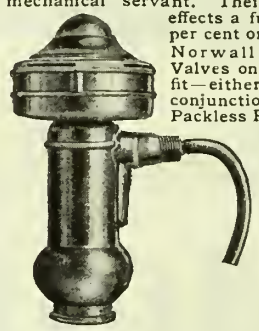

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Fresh cow's milk, then, is the only substitute that satisfies and nourishes.

But the cow's milk must be brought down to baby's ability to digest it.

And nothing does this so certainly, so naturally, so perfectly, as

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We will be glad to send you a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food with our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," if you will write us.

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They are connected by telegraph and express with the Whitman headquarters in Philadelphia and have fresh and perfect supplies of the famous **Fussy Package** Chocolates, Honey White Nougat, Chocolate Peppermint Marshmallows and a hundred other distinctive Whitman packages.

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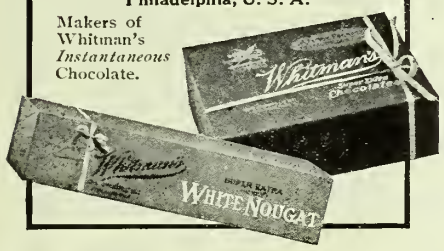

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stroke of the bell, while all that was required of the main body of employees was to rise in their places when the fire bell rang, pile their chairs and stools upon the workbenches where the alleys were narrow, and look to the foremen for further guidance. Then the various divisions, following their chiefs in single file, were led out by carefully arranged routes that kept everybody on the move and prevented the movement of one division interfering with that of another. Where two lines of employees came out of opposite doors and joined on the stairs, one had instructions to hug the stair-rail and the other the wall until they actually joined, when the people in both lines linked arms for mutual support. Guards were stationed on the stairways to give assistance and check fright, and a number of searchers were told off to look into closets and dark corners to be sure that nobody had been left behind. On reaching the street the various divisions were led some distance from the building, and each chief went over his list, calling the roll to be certain that everybody was out or accounted for.

These measures, together with regulations for keeping the factory clear of rubbish—the usual cause of fires—comprised the drill in its essentials. When it had been put into practical operation, and tried once or twice, the entire building could be cleared in about ninety seconds, without hurry or confusion. One practice drill each month was enough to keep employees in training, and as new employees were given a printed slip, with a few oral instructions, the drill took care of itself.

Protection That Does Not Protect

Hundreds of stores and factories maintain some sort of fire drill, but the expert who laid out this one, and who makes a specialty of such work, says that very few indeed are planned on sound lines. He maintains that satisfactory results can be attained only by an engineer with considerable experience in making such studies and laying out drills, as conditions are never twice alike.

The first task of this sort that he ever undertook was in an oil-soaked factory with only a single staircase in the center of the building. In the event of fire probably not half of the employees would have gotten out safely. Many were women and girls. Even the notion of working there himself for a few weeks worried him until he hunted up the superintendent and asked what arrangements had been made for clearing the place in case of fire.

"Oh, we have a regular fire drill," said the superintendent confidently.

"I'd like to see it work," said the engineer.

The superintendent went to the nearest fire station and pressed the alarm button: a bell rang, and immediately some of the employees manned the fire hose, extinguishers, buckets and axes.

"There!" exclaimed the superintendent proudly. "That took only a few seconds—in case of fire we'd be on the job, you bet."

No precautions whatever had been made for getting employees out of the building, yet that was the superintendent's understanding of a fire drill, and it is the common one. You seldom find an employer who does not insist that he has a bully fire drill; but when you ask him to explain or show it you usually find that he has little idea of what is meant by the term.

When "fire drill" is mentioned most people think of fire-fighting measures, which are a very different thing. Long experience has led this engineer to disregard fire-fighting arrangements except for a few of the most rudimentary devices, as he believes that unless a fire can be checked by water buckets or chemical extinguishers in the first few moments it will have to be fought by professional firemen, and that most of the work in a crowded store, factory, hotel or public building should be directed to getting everybody out as soon as possible.

One day, in Philadelphia, he was asked to come and watch the operation of a fire drill in a large plant filled with women and girls, and to suggest improvements if he saw the need of any. When he arrived an alarm was turned in, and in an instant all the employees fell into line and began to pass into the street through various exits. The arrangements, on the whole, were very good.

Some minor changes were suggested, and a major one.

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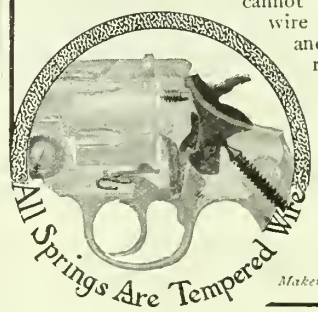
Hammer the Hammer **SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER**

Triumph of the Unhuman Accuracy of Automatic Machinery

The Iver Johnson is made on automatic machines—that is, machines which perform their cuts without the uncertainty of human guidance. Inaccuracy is as impossible in these machines as it is unavoidable in hand processes.

Some revolvers cost more than an Iver Johnson because hours of work with hammer and file are needed to correct the inaccuracies of their hand-made parts. Iver Johnson parts are so absolutely perfect that a thousand revolvers could be taken to pieces, thrown into a heap and reassembled and not one would misfit. A truer, smoother, more durable revolver than the Iver Johnson cannot be made. All springs are of permanent tension piano wire such as are used in U. S. army rifles. Barrel, cylinder and working parts are made of finest steel, forged or hammer refined and tempered. The famous



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Are in **every** woman's face. Those who have **fewest** should **cultivate** them, those who have **most** should **retain** them. **Millions** of women have found that

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has never failed to give the desired results in all cases. By its use the blood is put in circulation, the muscles are developed, the worry lines and dust caps disappear, and the skin is made clear and healthy. It makes, keeps, and restores beauty in Nature's own way. Used in the bath, the whole body receives this beneficial treatment. The flat ended teeth remove the dead cuticle, leaving the skin in a healthy glow, without irritation. They are especially well adapted for bathing children. Our name is on every brush.

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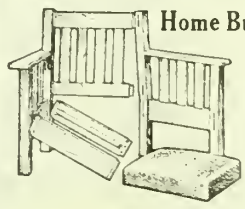

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THE "BEST" LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. per week. Gives 500 candle power light and casts no shadow. No dirt, grease, nor odor. Unequalled for Homes, Stores, Hotels, Churches, Public Halls, etc. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
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The latter covered the plant's standpipe system, by means of which fire hose in various parts of the building were supplied with water under constant pressure of a hundred pounds. When the alarm rang the expert saw men, appointed for the purpose on each floor, run to these stations, unreel the hose and point the nozzles at the imaginary fire.

"I'd abolish that," was his advice. "Let me tell you why. Suppose you had a gymnasium upstairs, and every afternoon those men were sent there to punch the bag under the direction of a boxing instructor. They might become very proficient. But fancy that, some afternoon, when they walked into the gymnasium as usual, the bag were taken down and there stood John L. Sullivan instead, ready for a prize fight with them. How do you think they would fare? Now, no matter how often they practice with that hose upon imaginary fires, when they get up against the real thing they will go to pieces. Fire is an awful enemy—sudden and terrifying. Novices naturally fear it. They will not approach close enough to find the source, but they will simply play water on the smoke."

In this engineer's opinion the best weapon to put into the hands of employees is the old-fashioned fire pail, containing simply water. That has doused many a blaze in its infancy. But practice is needed to do effective work even with a fire pail. Most persons try to throw a full pail of water on the blaze, with the result that it is spilled and wasted. The best method is to empty half the water and then dash the rest, a light handful, in such a way that it will spatter widely.

How a Museum is Safeguarded

The danger of relying upon fire hose and the general-alarm system is nicely illustrated in a great public art museum that was studied some years ago. Fire-alarm stations are located all through the large, scattered galleries, but if a blaze were discovered and one of these buttons pressed the only result would be an alarm turned in at the city's fire headquarters, starting the engines on their way. Meantime, visitors would gather in crowds or perhaps rush away in panic, interfering with attendants who manned the fire hose. This museum contains priceless art treasures. Pictures are hung on a false partition made of canvas, leaving a clear space of several inches between canvas and wall. Water under high pressure, turned on smoke issuing from this false partition, would do irreparable damage in a few seconds, while the real seat of the blaze might be several hundred feet away, the smoke merely coming out at the nearest convenient exit.

A modified system was suggested for this museum. Instead of the general alarm, loud enough to be heard all over the building, a series of low-ringing bells was recommended—mere tinklers, to be heard only by attendants. Fire is only one of many things that can happen in a public gallery. Attendants could be supplied with a code that would give them numbers for practically everything that might occur.

If a woman fainted in one part of the museum, and an ambulance were needed, the nearest attendant could walk to a fire station, ring a certain number in the code covering that precise form of emergency, and other attendants near by would know instantly what had happened and where, and hurry to the spot to clear that section and keep visitors out until the ambulance arrived. Also, attendants at more distant points would thus be informed that somebody had fainted in Gallery Fourteen, so that they could keep visitors away from that part of the museum until the signal system told them that everything was normal again. In case of fire, they would immediately lead visitors outdoors.

The general-alarm gong is very widely installed all over this country, usually by well-meaning employers and public officials, who congratulate themselves upon having taken one of the wisest precautions for dealing with fire. Perhaps the best illustration of the wrong principle upon which this form of alarm is based can be found in a great metropolitan hospital, where the loud gong is the only alarm provided, and if rung would simply serve to throw into a panic of fear hundreds of patients who are helpless in their beds.

The men who go about industrial plants installing fire drills often have amusing experiences. For example, an expert was commissioned to install an effective modern system in a large factory in the city of New York. One important detail in connection with such work is to allay prejudice against better methods. The superintendent believes that he already has an effective system, because he arranged it himself. The employees assume that the boss has some deep scheme that is going to work out to their disadvantage. The cost of cutting new exits, widening stairways, installing a proper alarm system, and so forth, may be high enough to displease the employer. In this particular factory the fire-drill man found the engineer decidedly hostile.

A Worthless System Tested

He was an elderly man who had had charge of that plant for years, and he openly resented an investigation or improvements that would, as he thought, cast discredit upon his own fire-fighting equipment. Several times during the preliminary study there were words between himself and the fire-drill expert, the steam engineer insisting that no fire could ever gain enough headway in that plant to do damage while employees were at work in every corner of it, and the civil engineer tactfully trying to show the old fellow that, though he had made excellent provisions according to his lights, he greatly underrated a very real danger. Finally the dispute wound up by the civil engineer challenging the steam engineer to a test of his pet fire-fighting devices, and the latter accepted on the spot, strode to the nearest fire hose, pulled it out and turned the cock. Not a drop of water came. He tried another with the same result, and another, until about all the equipment he had was found to be out of order. Then he disappeared, crestfallen, and let the fire-drill man install his system.

This particular factory furnishes a fair illustration of how necessary is the expert in such matters. It had a well-planned fire drill that was capable of emptying two large eight-story buildings of all occupants in about five minutes. A strong fire wall ran between the two structures, however, and the time was immensely shortened by the simple device of sending all the people from one building into the other and shutting the fire doors; for a fire originating in one building could not spread quickly to the other, and the chance that fire would start in both of them at once was remote. By this means either building could be emptied in a minute.

The chief difficulty in connection with a fire drill is to maintain it after it has been installed. Turning out every employee during working hours once a month costs money. A new management comes in and the drill is dropped. The chance of fire is always remote in the average mind, like the probability of death, and to keep on going through the fire drill year after year, without ever having a real fire, is likely to strike people as foolish; but a well-planned fire drill has its compensations, for it is an excellent preventive of fire. Inspection is part of it, as are regulations covering the disposal of rubbish and the care of inflammable materials. In a plant where the employer conscientiously protects his employees he has compensation in protection of his property, for the plant that has a good fire drill seldom has any fires.

Which Washington?

"OF COURSE," said Senator William Alden Smith to a constituent to whom he was exhibiting the Washington Monument, "you have heard the old story about the Monument?"

"No!" said the visitor, "I don't think I have."

"Well, it goes this way: A new hack-driver was taking two men around Washington and showing them the sights, and he got over by the Monument. One of the men asked him what it was. He didn't know, but he got off his wagon, asked another driver and then came back and announced: 'That's the Wash'ton Monument, sah.'

"'George or Martha?' asked the man in the hack."

The Senator waited for the laugh. None came.

"He asked whether the Monument was for George or Martha," he explained carefully.

"Well," asked the visiting constituent, "which one of them is it for?"

And *Now*
It's the Pure Juice!

Hawaiian Pineapple Juice
—a familiar fruit but

a **new product;** a new drink; a new appetizer; and a new healthful habit.

DRINK DOLE'S
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It's Dole's

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Be sure this name in red is on the label

Every bottle of Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice has his signature in red ink across the label. Look for it.

It's Pure—Drink it Pure

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Clear as crystal, beautiful as liquid amber, smooth, mellow and satisfying to the taste; Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice is as much an appetizer as a cocktail, which, in fact, it can easily replace. Non-alcoholic of course.

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Ask the man at the soda fountain for a glass or a bottle; he will appreciate the opportunity of introducing to you this new and delightful drink, because he is the enterprising druggist or confectioner of your community. Or, ask your grocer for quarts, pints or smaller bottles. He will doubtless know about Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice, because he, too, is the man who is on the lookout for the best of everything with which to satisfy the palates of his patrons. If you should not easily find it, write us for booklet and directions where to get it. Send for this useful menu booklet anyway.

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112 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Young Men

This Is the Age of Distinctive Clothes
Wear Those Made by Young Men's Experts

MOST all clothes makers and retail stores boast of the perfect fit, splendid materials and particular tailoring of the clothes they make and sell.

Young Men, these are mere details. There are set rules that all good makers know and observe in making a garment fit and tailoring it right. All can use materials of equal worth, woolens from the same mills. In these details the product of many good makers is equally desirable.

But when it comes to style, smartness, individuality, no two makers are equal. There are no set rules or laws for making Distinctive clothes. Few makers know how to give these qualities expression.

Appropriateness, fitness, tone and effect are the qualities you want, Young Men, if you've the least spark of pride in your clothes. Your clothes must fit your figure. But, more than this, they must fit your personality—actually be a part of you.

This is the principle on which Ederheimer-Stein clothes are made. They are designed to harmonize with Young Men's ideas and tastes. Foolish extremes are avoided, but every line of the garment contributes something in the way of smartness, distinctiveness, exclusiveness.

These are your kind of clothes, made your way; different clothes from the ordinary, distinctive clothes.

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The book that's an authority on Young Men's clothes. Gives you the very latest ideas in style from the Young Man's point of view. Contains "tips" on what to buy.

Remember, these clothes are made altogether for Young Men by makers whose specialty is Young Men's clothes. You can expect and will get most satisfaction in buying them.

A good store in most every town sells Ederheimer-Stein Clothes. But if no dealer in your city has them, ask any retail clothier to order from us what you want. (5)

Get This Great Football Poster Free of Ederheimer-Stein Dealers

September 10th to 17th is "Poster Week" at stores where our clothes are sold. It's an important event to all Young Men interested in making a collection of choice art posters.

This poster is from one of McFall's greatest drawings—full of life, action, interest. It is reproduced in six colors; size, 18 x 26 inches.

Should you not find an Ederheimer-Stein dealer in your town, ask any retail clothier to write us and get a copy for you.

Ederheimer, Stein & Co. *Young Men's Clothes,* Chicago

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BRISCO-KLEANWELL

The BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES

Kleanwell

YOUR protection against the ailments arising from unclean and decayed teeth is inside the KleanwellDisplay Case on your dealer's counter. The case contains ten shapes of the Kleanwell Tooth Brush, and *yours* is among them.

The Kleanwell will remove all tartar from the teeth and preserve their natural color. It will always hold its bristles, which are *anchored* in the back.

Select the Kleanwell shape that suits *you* from the samples shown. Your dealer will hand it to you fresh, clean, not "thumbed over," because it is

SOLD IN A SEALED BOX.

The Brisco-Kleanwell Seal on the box and the name on the brush guarantee the genuine. Adults' and children's sizes.

For sale everywhere 35c. each. Send 4c. for Dolly's Kleanwell—a tiny tooth brush.

The BRUSH THAT IS BEST FOR THE HAIR

Brisco

THE best hair tonic is thorough brushing of the hair. Always use a Brisco Hair Brush. The bristles reach the scalp and will withstand vigorous usage. You'll find many Brisco styles in your dealer's Brisco Display Cabinet. The popular Brisco style shown here is No. 2, price $1.50.

The Name BRISCO is on Each Brush.

ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
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DEALERS: Write us. You can obtain the Kleanwell Display Case and Brisco Display Cabinet free.

THIS MEANS AN UNHANDLED BRUSH

BRISCO-KLEANWELL

This $500.00 Boat for $174.00

Length 23 feet, Beam 56 inches, Seating capacity 12 persons.

YOU cannot duplicate this boat ready to run elsewhere for less than $500.00. We will ship you the complete boat knock down with all hardware, fittings, etc., together with 6 H. P. motor for $174.00, without motor $79.00. Only one of 50 remarkable bargains offered in our catalog, mailed free, which explains exactly how the enormous saving is made.

We guarantee that an amateur can put any of our boats together without previous tool experience.

Your money back if you are not satisfied. **Send today for catalog No. 24, it's free.**

Look over these bargains

Ready to run	K. D.
$1500.00 35 ft. cabin cruiser, 12 h. p. engine	$479.00
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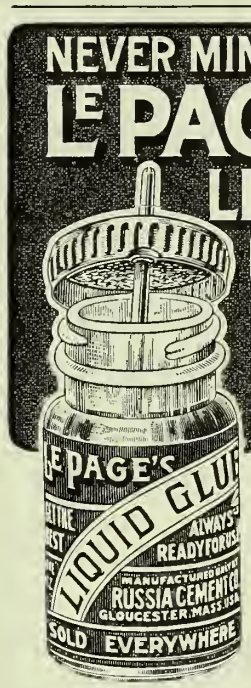

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motor car brasses,
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The Atlantic Refining Co.
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We are looking for live merchants and garage owners everywhere, and we have an attractive and profitable proposition to offer them. Write today.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 17)

wanted I could have torn your muscles out of your arms and thrown them in the waste-basket there."

"Yes, sir," said Dave, and absolute conviction vibrated in his voice.

He opened the door and went out. The secretary looked at him interrogatively.

"Gosh!" was all Dave vouchsafed, and with this utterance passed out of the offices and the story.

III

JAMES G. WARD was forty years of age, a successful business man, and very unhappy. For forty years he had vainly tried to solve a problem that was really himself, and that with increasing years became more and more a woful affliction. In himself he was two men, and, chronologically speaking, these men were several thousand years or so apart. He had studied the question of dual personality probably more profoundly than any half dozen of the leading specialists in that intricate and mysterious psychological field. In himself he was a different case from any that had been recorded. Even the most fanciful flights of the fiction writers had not quite hit upon him. He was not a Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, nor was he like the unfortunate young man in Kipling's Greatest Story in the World. His two personalities were so mixed that they were practically aware of themselves and of each other all the time.

His one self was that of a man whose rearing and education were modern and who had lived through the latter part of the nineteenth century and well into the first decade of the twentieth. His other self he had located as a savage and a barbarian living under the primitive conditions of several thousand years before. But which self was he, and which was the other, he could never tell. For he was both selves, and both selves all the time. Very rarely indeed did it happen that one self did not know what the other was doing. Another thing was that he had no visions nor memories of the past in which that early self had lived. That early self lived in the present; but while it lived in the present it was under the compulsion to live the way of life that must have been in that distant past.

In his childhood he had been a problem to his father and mother and to the family doctors, though never had they come within a thousand miles of hitting upon the clew to his erratic conduct. Thus, they could not understand his excessive somnolence in the forenoon, nor his excessive activity at night.

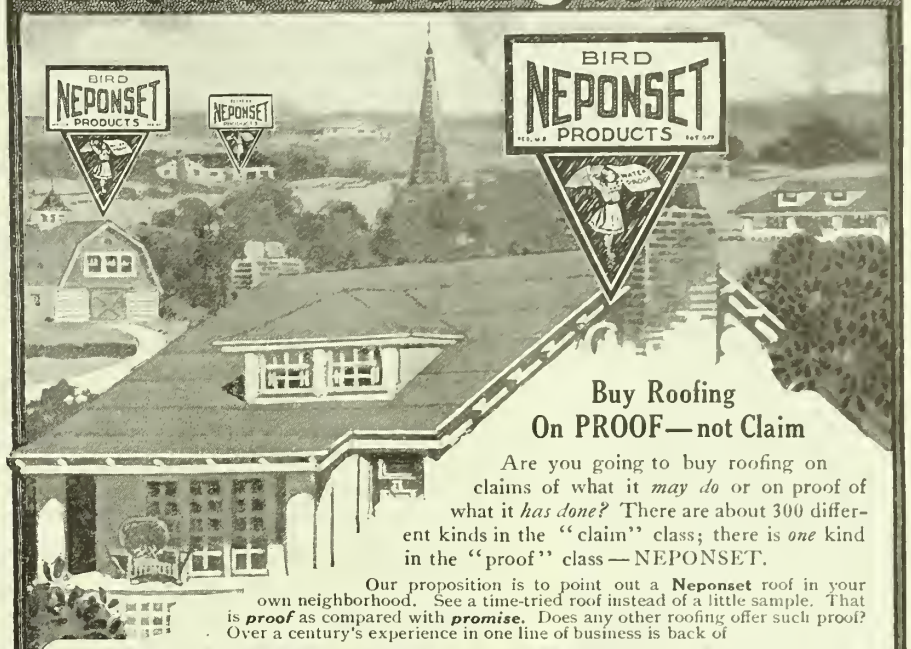
When they found him wandering along the hallways at night, or climbing over giddy roofs, or running in the hills, they decided he was a somnambulist. In reality he was wide-eyed awake and merely under the night-roaming compulsion of his early self. Questioned by an obtuse medico he once told the truth and suffered the ignominy of having the revelation contemptuously labeled and dismissed as dreams.

The point was, that as twilight and evening came on he became wakeful. The four walls of a room were an irk and a restraint. He heard a thousand voices whispering to him through the darkness. The night called to him, for he was, for that period of the twenty-four hours, essentially a night-prowler. But nobody understood, and never again did he attempt to explain. They classified him as a sleep-walker and took precautions accordingly—precautions that very often were futile.

As his childhood advanced he grew more cunning, so that the major portion of all his nights was spent in the open, realizing his other self. As a result, he slept in the forenoons. Morning studies and schools were impossible, and it was discovered that only in the afternoons, under private teachers, could he be taught anything. Thus was his modern self educated and developed.

But a problem, as a child, he ever remained. He was known as a little demon of insensate cruelty and viciousness. The family doctors privately adjudged him a mental monstrosity and a degenerate. Such few boy companions as he had hailed him as a wonder, though they were all afraid of him. He could outclimb, outswim, outrun, outdevil any of them; while

Are You Going to Build?



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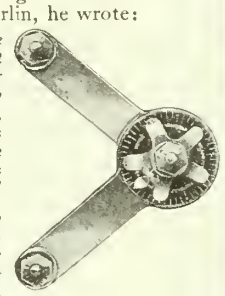

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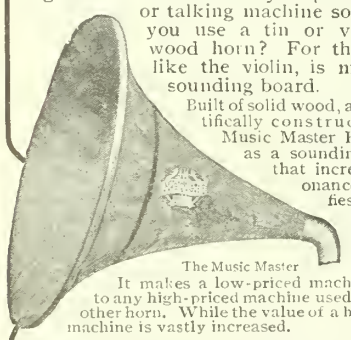

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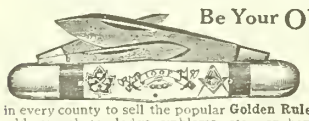

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none dared fight with him. He was too terribly strong, too madly furious.

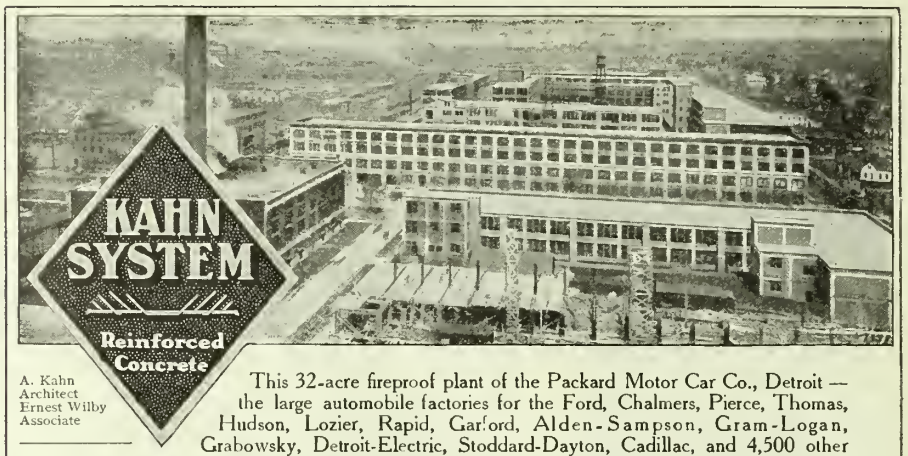
When nine years of age he ran away to the hills, where he flourished, night-prowling, for seven weeks before he was discovered and brought home. The marvel was how he had managed to subsist and keep in condition during that time. They did not know, and he never told them, of the rabbits he had killed, of the quail, young and old, he had captured and devoured, of the farmers' chicken-roosts he had raided, nor of the cave-lair he had made and carpeted with dry leaves and grasses and in which he had slept in warmth and comfort through the forenoons of many days.

At college he was notorious for his sleepiness and stupidity during the morning lectures and for his brilliance in the afternoon. By collateral reading and by borrowing the notebooks of his fellow-students he managed to scrape through the detestable morning courses. His afternoon courses were triumphs. In football he proved a giant and a terror, and in almost every form of track athletics, save for strange berserker rages that were sometimes displayed, he could be depended upon to win. But his fellows were afraid to box with him, and he signalized his last wrestling bout by sinking his teeth into the shoulder of his opponent.

After college his father, in despair, sent him among the cowpunchers of a Wyoming ranch. Three months later the doughty cowmen confessed he was too much for them and telegraphed his father to come and take the wild man away. Also, when the father arrived to take him away the cowmen allowed that they would vastly prefer chumming with howling cannibals, gibbering lunatics, cavorting gorillas, grizzly bears and man-eating tigers than with this particular young college product with hair parted in the middle.

There was one exception to the lack of memory of the life of his early self, and that was language. By some quirk of atavism a certain portion of that early self's language had come down to him as a racial memory. In moments of happiness, exaltation or battle he was prone to burst out in wild, barbaric songs or chants. It was by this means that he located in time and space that strayed half of him which should have been dead and dust for thousands of years. He sang once deliberately several of these ancient chants in the presence of Professor Wertz, who gave courses in Old Saxon, and who was a philologist of repute and passion. At the first one the professor pricked up his ears and demanded to know what mongrel tongue or hog-German it was. When the second chant was rendered the professor was highly excited. James Ward then concluded the performance by giving a song that always irresistibly rushed to his lips when he was engaged in fierce struggling or fighting. Then it was that Professor Wertz proclaimed it no hog-German, but early German, or early Teuton, of a date that must far precede anything that had ever been discovered and handed down by the scholars. So early was it that it was beyond him; yet it was filled with haunting reminiscences of word-forms he knew and that his trained intuition told him were true and real. He demanded the source of the songs and asked to borrow the precious book that contained them. Also, he demanded to know why young Ward had always posed as being profoundly ignorant of the German language. And Ward could neither explain his ignorance nor lend the book. Whereupon, after pleadings and entreaties that extended through weeks, Professor Wertz took a dislike to the young man, believed him a liar, and classified him as a man of monstrous selfishness for not giving him a glimpse of this wonderful screed that was older than the oldest Teutonic tongue any philologist had ever dreamed of.

But little good did it do this much-mixed young man to know that half of him was late American and the other half early Teuton. Nevertheless, the late American in him was no weakling, and he—if he were a he and had a shred of existence outside of these two—compelled an adjustment or compromise between his one self that was a night-prowling savage who kept his other self sleepy of mornings, and that other self that was cultured and refined and that wanted to be normal and live and love and prosecute business like other people. The afternoons and early evenings he gave to the one, the nights to the other; the forenoons and parts of the nights were devoted



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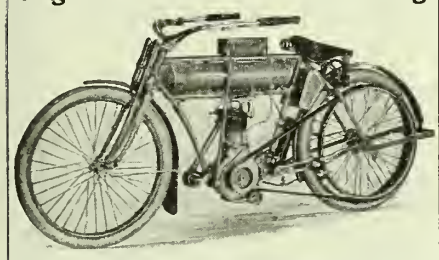

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to sleep for the twain. But in the mornings he slept in bed like a civilized man. In the night time he slept like a wild animal,—as he had slept the night Dave Slotter stepped on him in the woods.

Persuading his father to advance the capital, he went into business, and keen and successful business he made of it, devoting his afternoons whole-souled to it, while his partner devoted the mornings. The early evenings he spent socially, but as the hour grew to nine or ten an irresistible restlessness overcame him and he disappeared from the haunts of men until the next afternoon. Friends and acquaintances thought that he spent much of his time in sport. And they were right, though they never would have dreamed of the nature of the sport, even if they had seen him running coyotes in night chases over the hills of Mill Valley. Neither were the schooner captains believed when they reported seeing on cold winter mornings a man swimming in the tide-rips of Raccoon Straits or in the swift currents between Goat Island and Angel Island, miles from shore.

In the bungalow at Mill Valley he lived alone, save for Lee Sing, the Chinese cook and factotum, who knew much about the strangeness of his master, who was paid well for saying nothing, and who never did say anything. After the satisfaction of his nights, a morning's sleep and a breakfast of Lee Sing's, James Ward crossed the bay to San Francisco on a midday ferryboat and went to the club and on to his office, as normal and conventional a man of business as could be found in the city. But as the evening lengthened the night called to him. There came a quickening of all his perceptions and a restlessness. His hearing was suddenly acute; the myriad night noises told him a luring and familiar story; and, if alone, he would begin to pace up and down the narrow room like any caged animal from the wild.

Once he ventured to fall in love. He never permitted himself that diversion again. He was afraid. And for many a day the young lady, scared out of at least a portion of her young ladyhood, bore on her arms and wrists divers black-and-blue bruises—tokens of caresses which he had bestowed in all fond gentleness after nightfall. There was the mistake. Had he ventured love-making in the afternoon all would have been well, for it would have been as the quiet gentleman that he would have made love—but at night he was the uncouth, wife-stealing savage of the dark German forests. Out of his wisdom he decided that afternoon love-making could be prosecuted successfully; but out of the same wisdom he was convinced that marriage would prove a ghastly failure. He found it appalling to imagine being married and encountering his wife after dark.

So he had eschewed all love-making, regulated his dual life, cleaned up a million in business, fought shy of match-making mammas and bright and eager-eyed young ladies of various ages, met Lilian Gersdale and made it a rigid observance never to see her later than eight o'clock in the evening, ran of nights after his coyotes and slept in forest lairs—and through it all had kept his secret save for Lee Sing . . . and now, Dave Slotter. It was the latter's discovery of both his selves that frightened him. In spite of the counter fright he had given the burglar, the latter might talk, and even if he did not, sooner or later he would be found out by some one else.

Thus it was that James Ward made a fresh and heroic effort to control the Teutonic barbarian that was half of him. So well did he make it a point to see Lilian in the afternoons and early evenings that the time came when she accepted him for better or worse, and when he prayed privily and fervently that it were not for worse. During this period no prizefighter ever trained more harshly and faithfully for a contest than he trained to subdue the wild savage in him. Among other things he strove to exhaust himself during the day, so that sleep would render him deaf to the call of the night. He took a vacation from the office and went on long hunting trips, following the deer through the most inaccessible and rugged country he could find—and always in the daytime. Night found him indoors and tired. At home he installed a score of exercise machines, and where other men might go through a particular movement ten times he went hundreds. Also, as a compromise he built a sleeping-porch on the second story. Here

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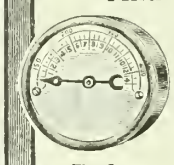

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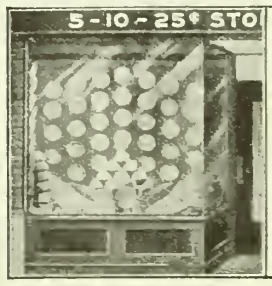
Save $5 to $40

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Michigan



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

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Dull Calf

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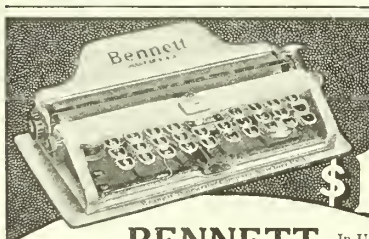

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Guaranteed One Year
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THE "Bennett" Typewriter will double the efficiency and output of anyone now doing his writing by hand. It is a practical, durable machine, with standard keyboard, and has all of the essentials, also does all the work of a high cost machine.

It is the only low priced, portable typewriter using a ribbon—it is as small as an efficient machine can be (11x5x2 ins.—weight 4½ lbs. in case). Simplicity makes possible its low cost.

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Agents wanted for a few unfilled territories. Inquire price in foreign countries.

M. I. Bennett Typewriter Company
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Gokey's Hand Made
Storm Shoes
Waterproof Boots and Moccasins

For over fifty years the GOKEY Boot has been acknowledged to be the best in the world. We guarantee every pair and make good our guarantee. The uppers are made of the best "Moose" calf leather, genuine "Rock Oak" soles, hand sewed. Our lasts and patterns are modern; our factory fully equipped for making only the best. Makers of the original Gokey Moccasin; also a full line of Street, Yachting, Golf and Tennis Shoes. Send for Catalog 33—Waterproof Boots and Moccasins. Catalogue 32—Golf, Yachting and Tennis, to

Wm. N. Gokey Shoe Co.
10th St.,
Jamestown, N. Y.

at least he breathed the blessed night air. Double screens prevented him from escaping into the woods, and each night Lee Sing locked him in and each morning let him out.

The time came, in the month of August, when he engaged additional servants to assist Lee Sing and dared a house party in his Mill Valley bungalow. Lilian, her mother and brother and half a dozen mutual friends were the guests. For two days and nights all went well. And on the third night, playing bridge till eleven o'clock, he had reason to be proud of himself. His restlessness he successfully hid, but as luck would have it, Lilian Gersdale was his opponent on his right. She was a frail, delicate flower of a woman, and in his night mood her very frailty incensed him. Not that he loved her less, but that he felt almost irresistibly impelled to reach out and paw and maul her. Especially was this true when she was engaged in playing a winning hand against him.

He had one of the deerhounds brought in and, when it seemed he must fly to pieces with the tension, a caressing hand laid on the animal brought him relief. These contacts with the hairy coat gave him instant easement and enabled him to play out the evening. Nor did any one guess the terrific struggle their host was making, the while he laughed so carelessly and played so keenly and deliberately.

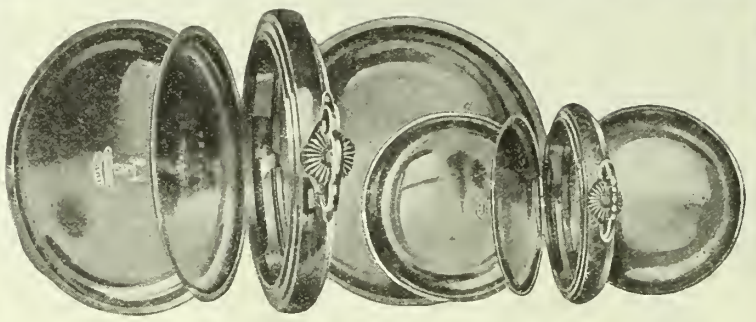
When they separated for the night he saw to it that he parted from Lilian in the presence of the others. Once on his sleeping-porch and safely locked in he doubled and tripled and even quadrupled his exercises until, exhausted, he lay down on the couch to woo sleep and to ponder two problems that especially troubled him. One was this matter of exercise. It was a paradox. The more he exercised in this excessive fashion the stronger he became. While it was true that he thus quite tired out his night-running Teutonic self, it seemed that he was merely setting back the fatal day when his strength would be too much for him and overpower him, and then it would be a strength more terrible than he had ever known. The other problem was that of his marriage and of the stratagems he must employ in order to avoid his wife after dark. And thus fruitlessly pondering he fell asleep.

Now, where the huge grizzly bear came from that night was long a mystery, while the people of the Springs Brothers' Circus, showing at Sausalito, searched long and vainly for "Big Ben, the Biggest Grizzly in Captivity." But Big Ben escaped and, out of the mazes of half a thousand bungalows and country estates, it selected the grounds of James J. Ward for visitation. The first Mr. Ward knew was when he found himself on his feet, quivering and tense, a surge of battle in his breast, and on his lips the old war-chant. From without came a wild baying and bellowing of the hounds. And sharp as a knife-thrust through the pandemonium came the agony of a stricken dog—his dog, he knew.

Not stopping for slippers, pajama-clad, he burst through the door Lee Sing had so carefully locked, sped down the stairs and out into the night. As his naked feet struck the graveled driveway he stopped abruptly, reached under the steps to a hiding-place he knew well, and pulled forth a huge, knotty club—his old companion in many a mad night adventure on the hills. The frantic hullabaloo of the dogs was coming nearer, and, swinging the club, he sprang straight into the thickets to meet it.

The aroused household assembled on the wide veranda. Somebody turned on the electric lights, but they could see nothing but one another's frightened faces. Beyond the brightly illuminated driveway the trees formed a wall of impenetrable blackness. Yet somewhere amid that blackness a terrible struggle was going on. There was an infernal outcry of animals, a great snarling and growling, the sound of blows being struck and a smashing and crashing of underbrush by heavy bodies.

The tide of battle swept out from among the trees and upon the driveway just beneath the onlookers. Then they saw. Mrs. Gersdale cried out and clung fainting to her son. Lilian, clutching the railing so spasmodically that a bruising hurt was left in her finger-ends for days, gazed horror-stricken at a yellow-haired, wild-eyed giant whom she recognized as the man who was to be her husband. He was swinging a great club and fighting furiously and calmly with a shaggy monster that was bigger than any bear she had ever seen. One rip



Your Money's Worth in a Watch Case

The reliable watch case, with its tight-fitting caps and neat joints, is a mighty fine piece of workmanship. There are a dozen ways to cheapen it—in amount of labor put on it, in skill, in weight, in fineness.

The *genuine* watch case is made not merely to please the eye and to sell, but to protect the wonderfully fine and delicate mechanism of the watch movement or "works."

You know how it is in buying anything: if you take things for granted and don't know what to ask for you get an adulterated article—a substitute said to be "just as good" as the genuine.

The trade marks illustrated on this page are your safeguard. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for 50 years. They mean absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay, in construction of a watch case. Be sure to find them. Every good jeweler in this country knows the marks and carries the cases. They are made for ladies' and men's watches—plain, engine-turned, engraved or enameled. All sizes, all patterns.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
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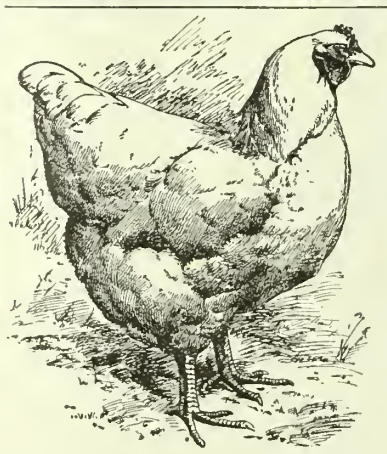

$11,347.13 on the Side.

Mr. F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., in the past twenty-two years has cleared $11,347.13 from hens. This is a remarkable record, when it is known that Mr. Dunlap is employed ten hours a day in a store and all the time he has to put in with his hens is what he can get morning, noon and night. This $11,347.13 was all made on the side. Nor does Mr. Dunlap get fancy prices for what he has to sell. He ships to Boston, and takes current quotations from the commission men there. Mr. Dunlap began in 1887 with twenty hens. Last year his poultry profits figured out $853.69—and this is all on the side. Mr. Dunlap's hens have bought him a beautiful home, purchased a horse and carriage, are sending three boys to school and college, besides giving something for a rainy day. Can others do equally as well? "Sure thing," says Mr. Dunlap, "if they will wear out the soles of their shoes faster than they do the seat of their pants." The story of Mr. Dunlap's success and his methods is told in the book, "$2.00 a Day from Poultry and Eggs!" and it is only one out of a score of things to set the blood tingling and make one resolve to get next to the $600,000,000 spent in the United States each year for poultry and eggs.

$2.00 a Day from Poultry and Eggs

Is the name of a new book by the author of "200 Eggs a year Per Hen," the most popular poultry book ever printed. "$2.00 a Day from Poultry and Eggs" deals with the business side of poultry keeping as the other dealt with egg production. It tells how to make poultry keeping pay. It describes the methods by which O. P. Barton of Seabrook, N. H., cleared $734.39 from 90 pullets in 1907; tells how F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., makes $1000 a year from eggs, devoting not over two hours a day to his hens; how a motorman, at $16.28 a week, built up a business at $10,000 a year; how the author earned $928.73 the first year he went on his farm. Not a detail left out.

The book tells how to make a start, what breeds pay, how, when and where to buy a farm, how to make a living from the first, describes the most wonderful brooding system in the world, tells how to build the most economical poultry houses, how to feed for best results, describes a feed that can be made for 15 cents a bushel and is without a peer for producing eggs, how to make money with pigeons, how to buy and sell to advantage, how to pick out the laying hens, how to put down eggs so that they will keep a year, etc.

Invaluable to every man who wishes to make money on the side, and indispensable to the man who is looking forward to the free, independent, healthful life of the poultry farm. Ninety-six pages; illustrated. **Price 50 Cents,** or with the American Poultry Advocate one year 75 cents, two years' subscription and book for $1.00, or given as a premium for two yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. Our paper is handsomely illustrated, 44 to 92 pages, 50 cents per year. 3 months' trial, 10 cts. **Sample free.** Catalogue of poultry books free.

AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, 3 HODGKINS BLOCK, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for FREE SEARCH. Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions wanted
WATSON E. COLEMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C. FREE

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. $1.00
Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Dog's Foot

Has a number of raised cushions which prevent slipping and take up the concussion over hard surfaces.

Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels

Embody this principle and ***insure*** ease and safety with every step. The tread, constructed with flexible "U" shaped ribs, together with flat-ended rubber studs, makes these heels positively ***non-slipping*** on ice or other slippery surfaces.

Mailed upon receipt of price

35 Cents Per Pair

For Men or Women

When ordering send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot.

Dealers, write for prices

¶ Bailey's Rubber Heels were invented by Mr. C. J. Bailey, the inventor and patentee of Bailey's Rubber Brushes, "Won't Slip" Crutch Tips and "Won't Slip" Tires.

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Steel blades for cutting steel. Simonds steel has just the right degrees of toughness and hardness for this exacting work. Buy a gross of Simonds blades and let them speak for themselves.

Carpenters, send for a copy of "Guide Book for Carpenters"

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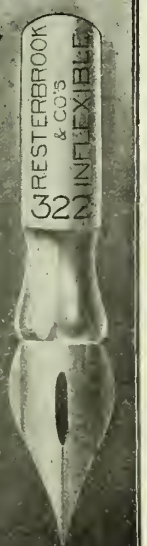
Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

Ask for "Esterbrook's," and you get the best pens—easiest writing, longest wearing.

Backed by a half-century's reputation.

At all stationers.



The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York

of the beast's claws had dragged away Ward's pajama coat and streaked his flesh with blood.

While most of Lilian Gersdale's fright was for the man beloved, there was a large portion of it due to the man himself. Never had she dreamed so formidable and magnificent a savage lurked under the starched shirt and conventional garb of her betrothed. And never had she had any conception of how a man battled. Such a battle was certainly not modern; nor was she there beholding a modern man, though she did not know it. For this was not Mr. James J. Ward, the San Francisco business man, but one, unnamed and unknown, a crude, rude savage creature who, by some freak of chance, lived again after thrice a thousand years.

The hounds, ever maintaining their mad uproar, circled about the fight or dashed in and out, distracting the bear. When the animal turned to meet such flanking assaults the man leaped in and the club came down. Angered afresh by every such blow, the bear would rush, and the man, leaping and skipping, avoiding the dogs, went backward or circled to one side or the other. Whereupon the dogs, taking advantage of the opening, would again spring in and draw the animal's wrath to them.

The end came suddenly. Whirling, the grizzly caught a hound with a wide-sweeping cuff that sent the brute, its ribs caved in and its back broken, hurtling twenty feet. Then the human brute went mad. A foaming rage flecked the lips that parted with a wild, inarticulate cry as it sprang in, swung the club mightily in both hands and brought it down full on the head of the uprearing grizzly. Not even the skull of a grizzly could withstand the crushing force of such a blow, and the animal went down to meet the worrying of the hounds. And through their scurrying leaped the man full upon the body, where, in the white electric light, resting on his club, he chanted a triumph in an unknown tongue—a song so ancient that Professor Wertz would have given ten years of his life for it.

His guests rushed to possess him and acclaim him, but James Ward, suddenly looking out of the eyes of the early Teuton, saw the fair, frail twentieth-century girl he loved and felt something snap in his brain. He staggered weakly toward her, dropped the club and nearly fell. Something had gone wrong with him. Inside his brain was an intolerable agony. It seemed as if the soul of him were flying asunder. Following the excited gaze of the others, he glanced back and saw the carcass of the bear. The sight filled him with fear. He uttered a cry and would have fled had they not restrained him and led him into the bungalow.

. . . . . .

James J. Ward is still at the head of the firm of Ward, Knowles & Co. But he no longer lives in the country, nor does he run of nights after the coyotes under the moon. The early Teuton in him died the night of the Mill Valley fight with the bear. James J. Ward is now wholly James J. Ward, and he shares no part of his being with any vagabond anachronism from the younger world. And so wholly is James J. Ward modern that he knows in all its bitter fullness the curse of civilized fear. He is now afraid of the dark, and night in the forest is to him a thing of abysmal terror. His city house is of the spick-and-span order, and he evinces a great interest in burglar-proof devices. His home is a tangle of electric wires, and after bedtime a guest can scarcely breathe without setting off an alarm. Also, he has invented a combination keyless doorlock that travelers may carry in their vest pockets and apply immediately and successfully under all circumstances. But his wife does not deem him a coward. She knows better. And, like any hero, he is content to rest on his laurels. His bravery is never questioned by those of his friends who are aware of the Mill Valley episode.

A Wakeful Night

A RATHER imaginative Washington lady decided she had insomnia. She couldn't sleep, she said. One morning she was more than usually depressed.

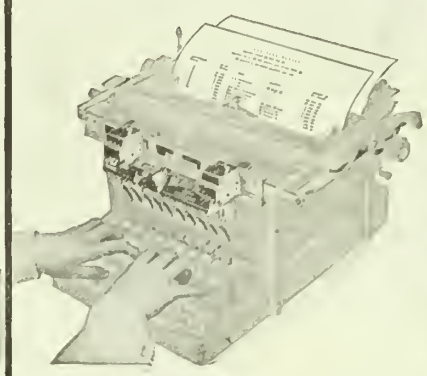
"What's the matter, dear?" asked the husband. "Another sleepless night?"

"Worse than that; oh, much worse than that!" she replied gloomily. "I did manage to drop off to sleep, and I dreamed all the time I was asleep that I was awake."

30 Years ago

we said:

"You cannot afford to **Write** in the old way."



To-Day

we say:

"You cannot afford to **Add** in the old way."

NEW conditions create new needs. When writing was limited the pen would do it. When adding was limited the head would do it. But thirty years ago the Remington Typewriter removed all limitations from writing. As the world's writing grew its adding grew, for writing created more business and business created more adding. Thus when we solved the writing problem, we created the adding problem. Now we have solved the new problem of our own creation.

For thirty years we have sold you writing machines to build your business. Now we sell you combined writing *and adding* machines which build your business and at the same time *record* your business.

We will gladly send you on request a copy of an illustrated booklet which tells you all about the **Model 11**

Remington Typewriter With Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment

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Address 325-327 Broadway, New York or Any City on Earth

ROBUST or delicate—it makes no difference: You will find complete satisfaction in

Improved
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Health Underwear

Two light-weight fabrics in one; with air-space between

This scientific combination adapts itself both to the wearer and the weather. The smooth, finished inner fabric is always fresh and dry and soothing next your skin. The outer fabric protects you perfectly against drafts, chills or sudden changes. And the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Your dealer will supply you with single garments or union suits in various shades and weights; for men, women and children.

There is nothing else like *Duofold*. Don't try to make some substitute "answer the purpose." It can't. If you have any difficulty write to us; and we will see that you get what you want. Your money back if not satisfied.

Ask for the *Duofold* style booklet. It gives information valuable to every careful dresser.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.
Robischon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents
349 Broadway, New York

Sense and Nonsense

New Comers in Eden

THE infant class in the Sunday-school was studying the mysteries of creation.

"Now, children," said the young lady teacher, "whom did I tell you were the first man and woman?"

Every hand was raised, but one little boy seemed bursting with eagerness to tell.

"Well, Harry," said the teacher, "who were the first man and woman?"

"Odd and Even," shouted Harry.

The Ghost of Pete McCluskey

The ghost of Pete McCluskey came aknockin' on the door.
"Come in; come in," I says to him; "but do not thrack the floor—
'Tis newly washed this afthernoon"—an' then I shuk wid fright,
For Peter stud before me an' the door still fastened tight.

"Resoomin' av our argyment the night before I died,"
Said Pete McCluskey then to me, asittin' by my side,
"I've wandhered round the universe in spiritual guise,
An' since I died I find I am particularly wise;
An' I have thought av argyments that certainly is strong,
An' so I came to talk to ye an' show ye where ye're wrong."

I thried to speak, but not a word wud issue from me lip,
While Pete McCluskey opened up an' let his language rip.
He may have sailed the universe, but what he didn't learn
Wud fill a library or two, with stuff besides to burn;
His argyments was futile rot for all he was a ghost.
I hope I'll have more brains than Pete when I am with the host.

But nary word cud I put in while he went on an' on,
Explainin' foolish argyments till I was pale an' wan;
He shuk his finger, slapped his knee, an' talked an' talked some more,
An' though I am a patient man I sure was gettin' sore;
His postulates was very bad, his premises was worse,
An' yet I cudn't shut him up or answer him or curse.

As dawn came on he started off, asayin' as he went:
"Now this is what I surely call a pleasant argyment.
You havcn't had a word to say; I take it you agree
With all I've said?—to argue thus is Heaven enough for me.
Why shud I tap at Heaven's gate when this is just as well?"
"It may be Heaven for you," I says; "but, Pete, for me it's hell."

Then Pete he smiles an' disappears; but when he came again
I had a dozen Socialists to help me out, an' then
They put poor Peter on the blink; it was a bitter cup.
But even ghostly sophistries cud never shut them up.

It broke his heart, an' though he comes an' knocks upon the door
He sits an' never says a word, while I—I have the floor.
An' if you happen round at night you probably will see
The ghost of Pete McCluskey always listenin' to me! —*Berton Braley.*

The Judge's Joke

JUDGE EMORY SPEER presides over the Federal Court in the Southern Georgia district.

A prisoner was brought before him for sentence and the Judge gave the man fifteen years in the Atlanta Federal prison.

"Your honor," said the prisoner's counsel, "I beg that you will reduce that sentence. As you can see, my client is in very poor health. He cannot live for fifteen years. He can live but a short time. He is dying now, your honor, and I beg that you will not be so severe in your penalty. I ask you to be merciful. I beg of you to reduce my client's sentence, in the name of humanity, for he cannot live fifteen years."

"Very well, sir," said the Judge; "I will commute the sentence to life imprisonment."

Ye Vaudevillain

Oh, he was a Vaudevillain who was looking for a job.
He'd a voice that was a mixture of a thunderbolt and sob.
He was tall and he was slender, he was bald as to the pate,
And suggested both the camel and the ostrich in his gait.
"I can do a lot of funny stunts," said he, addressing me.
"I can whistle like a siren, I can warble like the sea.
I can sing sweet as an oyster, I can yodel like a clam,
I can copy Mary Garden, I can imitate a ram—
But
My best impersonation
Is a clever imitation
Of the girl who imitated Faversham."

He threw a fit upon the floor—
I never saw its like before.

"I can do such acrobatics as will terrify your soul.
I can balance on my eyebrows on an empty finger-bowl.
I can juggle, I can jiggle, take a rabbit from your hat.
I can change a shining chignon to a common garden rat.
I have comic songs by dozens, and a half a hundred glees,
And I'd make a good ringmaster for the Educated Fleas.
I can turn a piece of rubber to a steaming oyster-stew;
If you want a human rooster I can cock-a-doodle-doo—
But
My best impersonation
Is a clever imitation
Of the girl who imitated Mr. Drew."

He straightway stood upon his head
To prove the truth of what he said.

"I am a perfect wonder of an operatic kind:
When I sing Santa Lucia you will simply lose your mind.
I can do the whole of Carmen, taking every vocal part,
Male or female, in a fashion that is simply perfect art.
You would think I was Caruso when I tackle Pagliatch,
And the critics say my Romeo has never met its match.
My Siegfried is a dandy, my Brunhilda is a joy,
And never was a Marguerite so femininely coy—
But
My best impersonation
Is a ripping imitation
Of the girl who imitated Eddie Foy."

He stuck his tongue into his eye—
Such genius rare who could deny?

"I have rivaled Booth and Irving as the Melancholy Dane,
I can make up like the Kaiser, or the Kings of Grecce and Spain.
I can make up like Bill Bryan, Mr. Taft or Uncle Joe.
I can make up like our Teddy with his countenance aglow.
I can roar you like a lion, I can coo you like a dove.
I'm a corker when it comes to scenes of tragedy or love.
I can do the noble suitor, I can do the wicked rake—
Indeed there's not a rôle that I'm incompetent to take—
But
My best impersonation
Is a clever imitation
Of a hungry man atackling of a steak!"

I took him out to a café,
And found his claim was quite O. K.;
In fact, as far as I recall,
That steak act was the best of all.
—*Horace Dodd Gastit.*

Gladys Snodgrass had a mole on her nose and three layers of chin.

She answered a matrimonial advertisement and mailed a portrait from which all wrinkles were erased, the chin reduced and the mole painted out. She missed and is still a miss.

She had submitted samples of goods which she could not deliver.

We want you to answer this advertisement, and send for the new Sincerity style book (free) which shows real clothes as they really look on real men—actual photographs of suits and overcoats without a wrinkle rubbed out or a shoulder widened—every detail of every garment precisely as you will find it when a Sincerity dealer puts a Sincerity garment on your back.

We have not altered the pictures because we will not show samples of goods which we cannot deliver. On sale almost everywhere. Supplied anywhere. If you can't find a Sincerity shop, write to us and we'll set you right. Our guarantee is on every garment.

Sincerity clothes for men and young men.

Kuh. Nathan & Fischer Co.
MAKERS CHICAGO

Sincerity Clothes

THE MOST WONDERFUL WAISTS IN THE WORLD

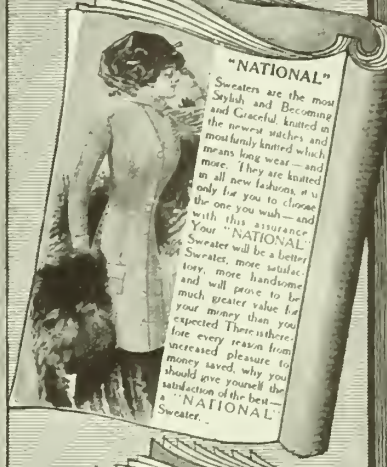
The assortment of waists shown in this "NATIONAL" Style Book is, in the whole world, unequalled. They are unapproached in true beauty, incomparably more stylish and the prices are always lower.

But in their quality, in the superior laces and linens and silks, and embroideries, here is the real supremacy of these wonderful "NATIONAL" Waists, making them a source of pride and delight to all women.

The "NATIONAL" Scarf-Veils (IMPORTED)

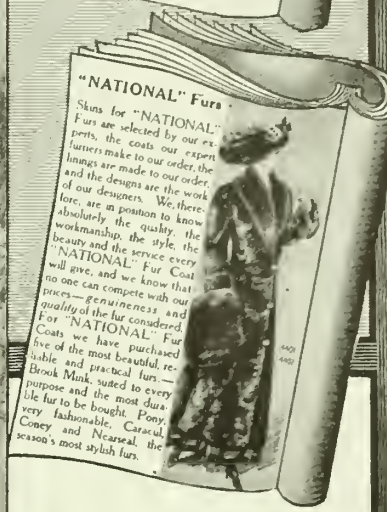
We sent our representative from New York direct to Paris to select Scarf-Veils—nothing else. Every one of these filmy, beautiful, becoming veils shown in the "NATIONAL" Style Book were selected in Paris for YOU.

Why did we go to such expense? We search the world for the merchandise in this Style Book. But we did take very great care in securing our Scarf-Veils. They are a necessity to every woman's wardrobe. No trouble about Scarf-Veils.



"NATIONAL"

Sweaters are the most Stylish and Becoming and Graceful knitted in the newest watches and most lovely knitted which means long wear—and more. They are knitted in all new fashions, so you only for you to choose the one you wish—and with this assurance Your "NATIONAL" Sweater will be a better Sweaters, more satisfactory, more handsome and will prove to be much greater value for your money than you expected. Therefore every reason from increased pleasure to money saved, why you should give yourself the satisfaction of the best—a "NATIONAL" Sweater.



"NATIONAL" Furs

Skins for "NATIONAL" Furs are selected by our experts, the coats our expert furriers make to our order, the linings are made to our order, and the designs are the work of our designers. We, therefore, are in position to know absolutely the quality, the workmanship, the style, the beauty and the service every "NATIONAL" Fur Coat will give, and we know that no one can compete with our prices—genuineness and quality of the fur considered. For "NATIONAL" Fur Coats we have purchased five of the most beautiful, reliable and practical furs—Brook Mink, suited to every purpose and the most durable fur to be bought, Pony, very fashionable, Caracul, Coney and Nearseal, the season's most stylish furs.

Copyright 1910 by National Cloak & Suit Co.

Have You, Reader, Secured Your "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book?

It will be sent you free upon request

There are three reasons why you should write today for YOUR "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book, which we have reserved for YOU.

First Reason: It shows you all the new desirable styles in all kinds of apparel for Women, Misses and Children.

Second Reason: It places all these new garments within your reach—enables you to secure exactly the ones most becoming and pleasing to you.

Third Reason: This "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book will save you money—by enabling you to buy at much lower prices than you will have to pay elsewhere.

Now we don't ask you to take any one's word for all this. We simply say let us send you free a Style Book, and then see for yourself if the "NATIONAL" doesn't offer you all these advantages—these opportunities.

We say this to you: One Style Book is intended for you—is here reserved for you. Give us your name and address so that we may send you this book free and without obligation. Examine it at your leisure and if it does offer you advantages—if it offers you increased pleasure in your apparel; if it saves you money—you will be the gainer. ***You will have profited by taking the time now to write for your "NATIONAL" Style Book.***

Five New "NATIONAL" Styles

Do these styles interest you? Are these sample pages from the "NATIONAL" Style Book interesting? Will you look at Fashion Plates of hundreds more styles? May we send you free our complete "NATIONAL" Style Book showing all the new and desirable Fashions for Fall? It shows

"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits Made to Measure . . . . $10 to $40

Samples of Materials Sent Free if Requested

These are the most famous, the most satisfactory suits ever made. Because each suit is cut and made to order. Your suit will be cut to your order, tailored to please you, trimmed as you wish it trimmed, and made in your own choice of our 450 different materials. You have every new style to choose from—every desirable weave and shade of fabric for your selection—and your suit will be made subject to YOUR approval at OUR risk. You are the one to say if it is perfect, if it fits perfectly, if it is perfectly satisfactory, and if you wish to keep it. If not, we will *cheerfully* refund your money without quibble or question and pay express charges both ways.

"NATIONAL" Money-Saving Opportunities

Your Style Book will enable you to save money and at the same time secure the most becoming and beautiful styles in all kinds of apparel.

Waists 98 cents to $9.98
Sweaters $1.98 to $7.98
Ladies' Skirts $3.98 to $14.98
Raincoats $8.98 to $14.98
Veils and Scarfs 49 cents to $4.75
Plumes 98 cents to $19.98
Kimonos and House Dresses 79 cents to $5.98
Ladies' Dresses and Costumes $11.98 to $29.75
Petticoats 98 cents to $7.98
Ladies' Coats and Capes $7.98 to $31.98
Misses' Tailored Suits and Dresses $7.98 to $18.98
Fur Pieces, Fur Coats $2.25 to $59.75
Hats $1.98 to $14.98

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT COMPANY, 239 West 24th Street, New York City

Mail Orders Only.

No Agents or Branches

Samples of Materials for "NATIONAL" Tailored Suits, Made to Measure, will be sent you with your Style Book if you state the colors you prefer. Samples will be sent gladly, but only when asked for.

THE "NATIONAL" POLICY

The "NATIONAL" prepays expressage and postage to all parts of the world. Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee Tag—our signed guarantee—attached. This tag says that you may return, at our expense, any "NATIONAL" Garment not satisfactory to you, and we will refund your money.

"NATIONAL" COATS

For 22 Years Unequalled

There is no place in the world where you can buy a coat as advantageously as at the "NATIONAL". Because no one is even in position to attempt to compete with "NATIONAL" Coats. No house is qualified by equal experience, covering 22 years, no one has studied, specialized and learned what the "NATIONAL" knows. And no one can approach the "NATIONAL" prices. Every purchaser of a "NATIONAL" coat will save dollars on her purchase.

Suits for Misses, and Small Women

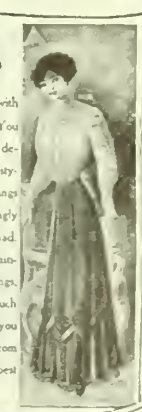
Do you want a suit or dress of "NATIONAL" Quality, designed, cut and made in the very best manner? Of the most carefully selected materials? And do you want to actually *save money* on your Suit? If this better style and greater becomingness of "NATIONAL" Suits and Dresses appeals to you, and if price is an object, then these Suits and Dresses are *Opportunities.*

"NATIONAL" FURS

If price is any object to you, if to buy the best furs at the lowest price is your object—there will be no doubt as to where you will buy your furs. The question merely becomes—which of the "NATIONAL'S" beautiful furs you will buy, because we undoubtedly offer you here an opportunity to save money. Each piece is sold subject to your approval and is not to be kept by you unless it entirely delights you, and you are entirely satisfied.

"NATIONAL" Ready-Made Skirts

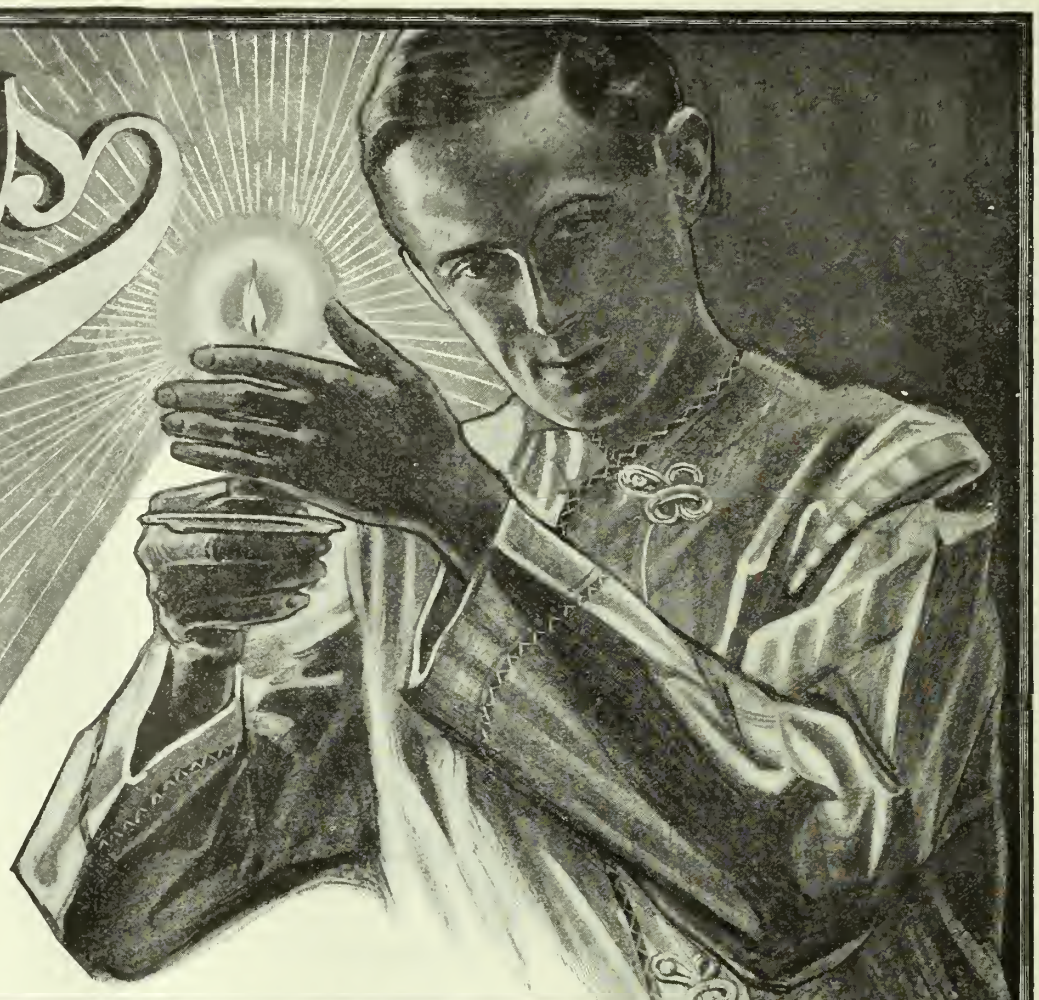
You will be delighted with your "NATIONAL" Skirt. You will find it a better skirt, better designed, better cut, with more stylish lines, you will find that it hangs more gracefully, more becomingly than any other skirt you ever had. And you will find it more artistically trimmed, with finer trimmings, made of better material and much lower in price than any skirt you ever had. Choose your skirt from these pages. You will be the best pleased you ever were.



Faultless
SINCE 1881

Reg'd.

NIGHT SHIRTS AND PAJAMAS AND DAY SHIRTS



We Are the Most Experienced Makers of Men's Nightwear in the World

For nearly a generation we have studied the making of comfortable and attractive nightwear with the same care that an architect gives to the designing of a palatial house. The result is that "Faultless" Night Shirts and Pajamas are favorably familiar everywhere.

"Faultless" garments are made of soft, smooth fabrics that caress the skin and absorb moisture. They fit faultlessly.

Every detail of the "Faultless" garment has expert attention. The buttons are sewed on with a final loop stitch which keeps them on. The colors are tested and are guaranteed to last. The seams are flattened down so as not to chafe the skin. Every "Faultless" garment is absolutely sanitary—made under the most *cleanly conditions*.

More Than 6300 Dealers Sell "FAULTLESS"

Day Shirts, Pajamas and Night Shirts

"Faultless" Day Shirts are made with the same care and skill that are used in making "Faultless" nightwear.

Your haberdasher knows all about "Faultless" garments. Ask to see them and judge for yourself as to their quality.

The variety of "Faultless" designs is very large; the garments are made in various weights of fabric for both winter and summer.

There is a wide range of prices depending on the style and fabric.

When Buying Be Sure to Look for the "FAULTLESS" Label

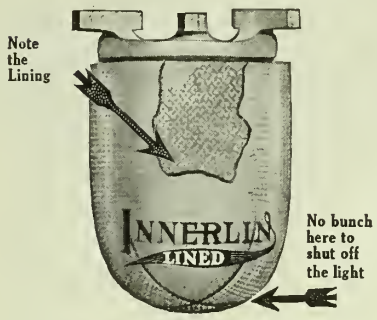
"Faultless" REG'D SINCE 1881

Write Today For Our "BED-TIME BOOK"

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us direct for our attractively illustrated "Bed-Time Book" and make your own selection. The "Bed-Time Book" contains illustrations of many styles of pajamas, night shirts and day shirts, together with full information about "Faultless" garments and directions for ordering.

E. Rosenfeld & Company, Dept. E, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Equal to Six Ordinary Mantles



The Block Innerlin Gas Mantle is made so strong that jars and vibrations which crumble other mantles have no effect on it at all.

One Innerlin Mantle outlasts **six** ordinary gas mantles. An Innerlin Mantle burns, usually, 500 nights, figuring six hours light per night.

The reason lies in the construction.

An Innerlin Mantle—upright or inverted—is made as two separate mantles, one fitting neatly inside the other. The two sections are then united into **one strong** mantle.

It's the simple principle of reinforcement.

It not only doubles the strength, but prevents shrinking, absolutely.

Such a mantle gives 50% **more light** because there's more incandescent surface. Yet it burns no extra gas.

BLOCK INNERLIN LINED MANTLES

To make Innerlin Mantles takes twice as long and nearly twice the material.

Yet the price is but 25c each at your dealer's.

But you can get one to try without cost by saving the covers of the boxes containing Block "Vy-tal-ty" Mantles—our 10 and 15-cent unlined grades—the very best mantles made for the money.

The inverted "Vy-tal-tys," like inverted Innerlins, have our patent cross-cut seam, which does away completely with bunching at the lower end. This, in itself, allows **more light.**

Block **Innerlin** Mantles at 25 cents are far too good to give away broadcast as samples.

That's why we're making this special offer.

Start saving "Vy-tal-ty" covers today, if you do not yet want to pay as much as 25 cents for a mantle. Such an offer can't last very long. Present the covers to any dealer or send them in to us.

Or better, buy a dozen "Vy-tal-tys" at once, turning in the box covers then and there for the "Innerlin."

Ask the dealer to show you, also, the Block "Vy-tal-ty" Light, which sells complete for $1.

You can't afford not to know these superior mantles.

Always look on the box and the mantle for "Block." All dealers sell Block Mantles.

The Block Light Co.
107 Wick Ave.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

(9)

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Old Order and the New

IF DANIEL BOONE or his old college friend David Crockett should by any chance come to life today and have a glance around him he would take to the woods in terror—if he could find any woods to take to. We call those long-legged gentlemen Americans, and apply the same name to ourselves; but, as the French say, behold a difference! We are as far from the real thing in ancient Americanism as are little painted and befeathered boys playing behind the barn and longing, oh! so much, to engage in the real game of Indian, buffalo and bear.

The difference is not altogether our fault. We must charge something of it off against civilization in general. America seems to have been elected to be the meal ticket of the world, and when a man starts in life with his eye firmly fixed on his meal ticket, he has not time for anything else until he has got the meal-ticket habit so badly that he doesn't want anything else. The daily bread of Boone and Crockett ran around wild, and they could combine business and pleasure in gunning for it. In our own time we are more occupied in gunning for each other, in one way or the other.

It was the destiny of America to be devoted to business. We are still young and savage enough to smile at the sport of England and other old-world countries, but we have no right to smile, because in America we have not yet learned to take thought for the future. What we desire we will get, and we desire business. Lucky the man, therefore, who lived early enough to have a taste of the out-of-doors that once existed on this continent. And most unfortunate of all is he whose life lapped over those days and these. The coming generation, not having known anything better, will be better content with the quarter-loaf than we are with the half-loaf that remains now as our portion.

A Forest Raised by Hand

Perhaps the saddest thing Mr. Boone or Mr. Crockett would have to face would be the changed physical appearance of America itself. They would miss the forests that once they knew. It is a mighty slow work, the building up of a forest, as we may say advisedly. One experiment of private nature, made in the old-time country of Michigan, comes to mind. It was undertaken some years ago by a few wealthy lumbermen, who from time to time have put something like fifty thousand dollars into the experiment of planting seedling pines on a tract some miles in extent where little pine is left today. Natives and visiting anglers have smiled many times at seeing the gangs of laborers planting these little pines out in the sandy waste, where nothing now seems to grow. The laborers themselves felt guilty in taking the money. This year the smile seemed to be justified, if there be justification or content in calamity. For a time it looked as though, in spite of all, the enterprise would succeed. The loss of the little trees averaged only ten per cent here, twenty there, thirty per cent at the outside anywhere. The fires were kept out and the experiment seemed to flourish. This summer, however, came yet another long and severe drought. One of the backers of the enterprise writes disconsolately as to the outlook:

"We have bad news from our forest farm. The drought has killed fully eighty per cent of the Norway and white pine seedlings that we set out this spring, about half a million. This throws a good deal of doubt upon the possibility of making young seedlings live long enough to get their roots down into the moist ground. We have had three of these dry summers in succession. The clearing of the ground cover in order to make the planting possible and safe from fire has the disadvantage of enabling the ground to dry up sooner, and of destroying the shade that the young tree needs while struggling for a foothold. Our loss will be several thousand dollars, the price of replacing the seedlings, and it will take a year or more to do the work. Then the question comes up, shall we have better luck with those that we plant next year? To us it seems that the way to reforest this country is to protect the forests that we already have against fires, taxes and trespassers. We ought to maintain these as permanent forests, only lumbering the large trees, or those imperfect or injured by accident. No matter if you do have a drought, the shade and moisture of an old forest rears the new crop more quickly and cheaply than it can be done in any other way. I don't believe you can go out and plant a field that is bare, as you would if you were planting corn, and make the little trees live. They must have shade and moisture to start with. They mustn't have fire. Neither should a man public-spirited enough to undertake such an affair be harassed by moss-backed supervisor's assessments, backed up by unfair state laws that tax anything that resembles a lumberman."

It would seem that Mr. Crockett and Mr. Boone were wise in departing this life before it became necessary to reconstruct our forests. It is a long, slow and doubtful game. There will be oaks in England long after ours are gone. We do not really care for trees, hence the time will be when we shall not have them.

What Hunting Costs in Human Life

As to the game that once was abundant in our forests, did our long-legged friends drop in today with their long-barreled rifles, for a little deer hunt, one fears that they would be less discouraged than frightened, bold men though once they were. A deer hunt of an autumn in our pine forests is apt to show a loss of human life bigger than the American loss in the battle of New Orleans, or in the entire Cuban campaign. Last fall, in a space of a little more than a couple of months, eighty-seven men were killed in the hunting field in America. It is considered very good form to lose your life in the hunting field in Great Britain, and it reads especially well in a novel dealing with the nobility. The American method is less romantic but more effective. With the best intent in the world you stroll out into the woods to see if you can get a porcupine for supper, since you have seen no deer. Ping! Your wife is a widow, and neither you nor she knows just how it happened.

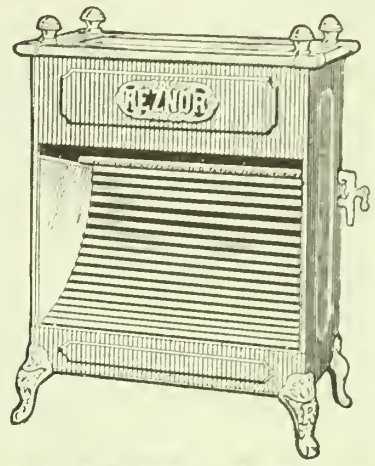
Besides the deaths from gunshot there were sixty-eight men injured last fall, most of them dangerously. Wisconsin had twenty-six men killed and Michigan fourteen, in the deer fields. For some reason Maine killed only one man last year. Now all these men were killed because they were out pathetically trying to do what Boone and Crockett used to do as a matter of course. Behold a difference! You read a great deal about ambushes, and man hunts, and Indian killings, and killings by Indians in those old days, but you shall not find in any page of history of that time one instance of a man shot down because he was taken for a deer. When an Indian imitated the call of a wild turkey, and tried to decoy D. Boone, the latter was just that careful about shooting that he treed up, waited till he saw the paint on his Indian, and then plunked him where he wanted, taking no chance shot into the brush where he saw something move.

Uncle Davy and his friend Daniel would, perhaps, open their eyes today at beholding our system of guides, which after all is one of the most amusing things in sport. To pay another man for being manly, sportsmanlike, and skilled in outdoor accomplishments is more or less absurd on the face of it. Yet a big game hunt today usually must fall within such lines for the average man. With its useless lumber of equipments, its fads and luxuries and foolishnesses, an ordinary big game hunt is licensed to be called a farce even today, and a hundred years ago could not have existed even as a farce. But that is sport today, and that is how we risk our lives and our sacred honor when we attempt deeds of dare-and-do. Business is business. We have thirty days and must get back. We have not time to learn to know a country, or to learn the art of hunting. The guide cannot afford to teach these things for nothing. So there you are.

The greatest difference between sport of the old days and that of today lies in the matter of localization. Davy and Daniel counted it ill fortune when they could not

This Stove Free thro your dealer

for one week's trial



REZNOR

The Original Reflector Gas Heater

Never before have you been offered a stove on the liberal terms under which we invite you to try the Reznor.

Your dealer—if he has the Reznor in stock—will gladly let you have a stove for a week's free trial at home upon presentation of the coupon printed herewith.

If he has no Reznors, he will not hesitate to order when you tell him our plan or show him this advertisement.

Our plan for the distribution of 100,000 Reznors provides that the dealer who has never carried the Reznor may order as many as he requires to comply with his customers' requests for free trials; and we will not bill him for 30 days.

As Reznor trials invariably mean sales, he will collect on his stoves before the time arrives to settle his account with us.

The Reznor itself, through its remarkable efficiency, enables us to make an offer which would doubtless prove disastrous were the stove itself less perfect; or less certain to sell itself during the week's free trial.

We have unlimited confidence in the stove, and in the co-operation of the users and dealers to aid us in successfully carrying out our plan.

The success of the Reznor heretofore has been so universal that it really guarantees the sale of the 100,000 Reznors which we propose to distribute on the free trial basis.

When you get the Reznor into use, you will understand why half a million homes will never again use any gas heater but this.

You have never had a gas stove which really reflected heat like the Reznor does; or that sent the heat so far out into the room, or distributed it so evenly; or that gave such generous heat from so little gas.

You will know the Reznor by the trade mark in front or the name stamped in the metal back.

Sign the coupon now and take it to your regular dealer.

Begin the trial without delay.

Reznor Manufacturing Co.
WEST MAIN STREET, MERCER, PA.

Chicago Pittsburgh Toronto Los Angeles Kansas City

Authorization for Reznor Free Trial

To the Reznor Dealer:

This authorizes you to deliver to the home of the undersigned one (1) Reznor Reflector Gas Heater for one week's free trial.

The undersigned agrees at the expiration of the week, either to pay you the purchase price, or, if not perfectly satisfied, to notify you to call and remove the heater.

If you do not carry the Reznor in stock order one dozen, to be billed to you for payment thirty (30) days after the receipt of the invoice.

Reznor Mfg. Co., West Main St., Mercer, Pa.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

get breakfast with a shot from the front stoop of a morning. When the game got scarce they moved the house and family, because, in their scheme of life, a man must get home from his hunting every day to count up the scalps still remaining on the heads of the loved ones at home. Today the average distance of travel necessary to get a deer or a bear may be anything from one thousand to two thousand miles. Distance is annihilated in sport as well as in business.

So far from being a local proposition today, your enterprising guide is really an international figure. Just the other day one was reading about a steamship that is outfitting to take a party of sportsmen all around the world. If you want to have a hunt in Africa it is feasible to invite your guide to come to New York and talk it over with you. The average Rocky Mountain guide spends part of his winters in the East. Most Western guides and oufitters do not travel without visiting cards, and one was but recently heard inquiring the way to a tailor who could really cut evening clothes. We have in the East associations of high-class sportsmen, such as those of the Camp-Fire Club, the Boone and Crockett Club, the Lewis and Clark Club, and so on. At one of the banquets of one of these associations, as one recalls, the two best-looking and best-dressed men present were a pair of guides from the far Northwest. It's all right. But what would Davy have done when the man at the door asked him for his coonskin cap? Do not smile. The year 1836 is not so long ago. That was when Davy died. Around him were a lot of fighting Americans who learned the art of weapons in fashion somewhat different from the dependent and helpless methods that our sportsmen of today perforce employ. Behold a difference in times! One wonders, may there not also be a difference in men?

Probably Davy and Daniel never spent eight dollars in all their lives taking their wives and families ajunketing at summer resorts. Today, just to show how pathetic is our eagerness to get somewhere out-of-doors after all, we can show figures running up to millions of dollars annually spent in distant imitations of life in the real open. The little state of New Hampshire, in one summer, received in nice, cool, summer-visitor cash, $7,549,375. In railroad and steamship fares, hotel and cottage improvements, and the like, it handled enough more to make the total nearly ten and one-half million dollars. The Adirondacks, part of New York's summer country, in one summer received in wages paid out to guides and others, $993,530. As to cash taken in for livery, board, and so forth, the figures are reported to have been $5,213,210. Transportation expenditures amounted to $875,990 more. Not counting money spent in building cottages and the like, the summer disbursements in the Adirondacks alone were about seven million dollars, more money than any dog in Crockett's time could have jumped over. What would Davy think if he saw that sort of thing now? What would Daniel say if he contemplated the enormous capitalization engaged in making things used out-of-doors power boats, for instance, churning up the spawning beds on a thousand lakes where once the canoe was the only craft.

Disappearing National Resources

At present, Uncle Sam is counting the pine trees growing on the national reserves in Arizona, New Mexico, Florida and Arkansas. We are counting these trees to know how many we can afford to cut. Daniel and Davy did not cruise forests. They simply voyaged through them, each man fending for himself, in a time when there was no need to count the trees. Behold a difference!

One has seen a pitying smile over the statement that the government of Roumania makes $200,000 a year for operating its fisheries on the Danube. Such a picayune business for a state! But Roumania protects the spawning beds, does not allow the use of explosives or other unfair methods of taking fish. We are not even that far along, far as we are today from the old times James Fenimore Cooper described in his novels, when he wrote so graphically of the abundance of fish in the lakes of central New York when Leatherstocking was a boy. Perhaps the richest stream in the world in fish life is the Illinois River. Hundreds of thousands of tons of carp—not game fish today, but carp—annually are shipped from this rich and wasteful district.

Daniel and Davy knew no such thing as closed seasons for shooting or fishing. They ate in the summer as well as in the fall. Yet they were natural protectors and preservers of game. They did not waste meat, did not kill in excess for sport alone, nor did they respect any man who did so. We have changed all that. From time to time we have enacted a vast series of amusing game laws, which have not been respected. The idea of the average sportsman today is to go to a ducking club on a preserved marsh and kill the last duck he can, if there is no legal limit. If there is a legal-bag limit, some of the club members do not scorn to shoot "on the guide's license," as it is termed.

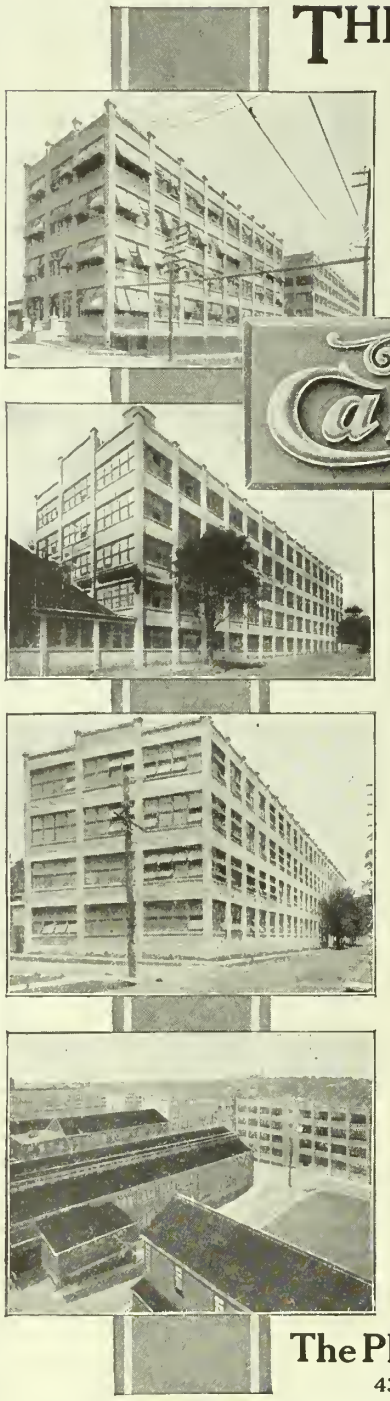
Better Times in the Future

Being wholly selfish, hence savage and childish, our only theory of wisdom in game protection is one of punishment, of revenge on the other fellow for doing what we should like to do. We have asked of our game wardens that they should be policemen, that they should arrest somebody, punish somebody. But we have never, in grown-up fashion, faced the problem of actual protection of our out-of-doors. Indeed, almost the first move of that kind is recorded in a chance summons of a sportsmen's association in a Western state to its members: "Our game-wardens' department in this state ought to disseminate literature telling farmers of the value of the birds. It should be an auxiliary to the private movement of the Audubon clubs. Our wardens' department should teach the people how to increase game and to care for it, and should aid in this work itself. In unusual seasons that department should come to the aid of wild life, protecting it from storms or floods, planting food in favored localities, scattering food where necessary during severe weather. It should lend its aid and advice, should take the advance in the establishing of game refuges, the propagation and distribution of game. Indeed, it should do everything that modern science and the knowledge acquired by years of experience in other countries can suggest for the betterment of conditions in our out-of-doors. The conception of the game-wardens' department has been too narrow. We have run in a rut too long."

Those are rather broad-gauged words, and they seem to betoken a wish, at least in some quarters, for a readjustment of humanity to the changed conditions of today. But where one man utters such words, how many there are who content themselves with a shrug of the shoulders or a hasty "too bad," and who then go to the club and shoot "on the guide's license" when the flight is good. Did it ever occur to you that corrupt politics, corrupt business, corrupt sport and corrupt private morals all come out of pretty much the same source? Our government is just as good as we want it to be, our business just as clean. In the future our sport is going to be just what we actually desire it to be as a people.

Certain middle-aged fogies who are so old-fashioned and foolish as to idealize and theorize a bit now and then, at times are almost willing to kiss the American out-of-doors goodby, and to say to those who wish yet further to ruin it: "My children, have your way. Help yourselves while it lasts." That is not good counsel. It is better for Americans to hope high and clean, and then to live up to that hope, as we are big enough, wise enough and strong enough to do.

Our old friend D. Boone is, perhaps, better in his grave today. Davy is, perhaps, better where he is, on his lips the smile of a man who, in the American out-of-doors, had learned to be master of weapons—a fighting man, a warrior. Somehow, as the ages pass, the times don't seem to change in regard to such men. All through the centuries we have admired such men, and we always will. Sometimes of late we read the printed complaints of our militiamen, that in their play campaigns the weather has been horrid, that the tents leaked, that the army shoes chafed their feet, that their leggings did not fit. Is there, then, this difference also between the old order in America and the new—a difference in the manliness of our men? Let us hope not. Nonetheless, the answer is not under any roof, but in the open.



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Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing, **for more than 20 years, has been specified for America's greatest industrial and mercantile structures.**

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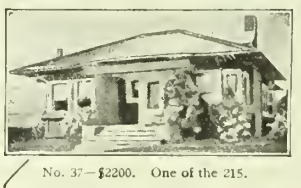

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Send name and address so that we may let you have a 7 days' test of this little device.—The Nasal-filter Company, 430 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Snider PROCESS Pork & Beans

QUICKLY and conveniently prepared and the housewife takes *pride* in serving them because

Snider Process Pork and Beans are Delicious

THEY are so carefully and so thoroughly prepared, in the special Snider way, before putting into the can, that they are like a different food from the pork and beans most people know. Snider Process Pork and Beans not only have a more delicious flavor, but they are *readily* digested, even by those whose digestion is delicate. The Snider process renders them tender, mealy, thoroughly cooked and flavory.

Besides you know there is no more nourishing food than well-cooked beans, richer in proteid (the strength and vigor builder) than any other vegetables, meats or cereals; and beans cost less than meat, although so enjoyable and nourishing.

ABOUT the pork used—it is the sweetest obtainable. A luscious piece of *jowl* is used in each can of Snider Process Pork and Beans.

The jowl is the cheek, you know, a rich, choice morsel that seasons the beans as no other part of pork can do.

Then we add a just-right portion of the most savory tomato sauce ever put together which is prepared from Snider's Tomato Catsup.

Serve Snider Process Pork and Beans on a rosette of crisp lettuce leaves—done in a moment—a delicious dish for luncheon—good enough for the best.

* * *

ANYTHING you buy is as good as you *can* buy if you insist that it be Snider's.

The Correct Lobster Cocktail
(Paste this in your cook book)

Try this tempting appetizer for particular diners:
For each person, allow two tablespoonfuls of Snider's Catsup, one teaspoonful finely grated horseradish, a pinch of salt and a dust of Cayenne pepper. Serve lobster meat on heart lettuce leaves, in champagne or individual compote glasses; pass the sauce in a dainty relish dish.

* * *

THE Grocer is a great "testimonial" for us, ask him for Snider's —the food of quality.

Just for variety, order a bottle of Snider's Chili Sauce and sample it on a sirloin steak, some chops or cold meats.

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE COMPANY

CINCINNATI, OHIO *"All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World"* U. S. A.

"It's the Process"

Many CADILLAC sales are made to users who have been accustomed to buying much higher priced cars.

You will find, no doubt, that this has repeatedly occurred in the sphere of your own observation. And, in the same connection, other interesting phenomena have manifested themselves which bespeak universal satisfaction.

A Seeming Contradiction

What could be more significant, for instance, than the seeming contradiction of these two facts:

First, that *Cadillac owners almost never change.*

Second, that a majority of each year's buyers have *never owned a Cadillac before.*

This is literally true.

If you'll stop and think, can you recall a single Cadillac owner who transferred his allegiance to some other car?

And yet, we know, as we have said, that most of this year's Cadillac buyers have never owned a Cadillac before.

The Explanation

What is the explanation?

The very pleasing one that the Cadillac buyer gets *more than a season's use out of his car*—that most of last year's Cadillac buyers are driving the same car this year.

Speaking broadly, Cadillac cars *do not deteriorate.*

If they are sold at the end of a season, they are sold for a high price. If they be exchanged, the exchange is usually generous.

Some Everyday Records of the Cadillac "Thirty"

NEW YORK—75 Cadillac "Thirty" users drove their "Thirty" cars an aggregate of 398,884 miles at a total expense for mechanical repairs of $53.21, averaging 71 cents per car for the season.

DAYTON—50 Cadillac owners drove their cars an aggregate of 168,580 miles at a total repair cost of only $5.71, or an average of but 12 cents per car for the season.

INDIANAPOLIS—66 Cadillac users drove their cars an aggregate of 252,599 miles. Total repair cost, $71.30, averaging $1.08 per car.

NET TOTAL—191 cars—820,063 miles—cost, $130.22. Average cost of 69 cents each or less than 16 cents for each thousand miles.

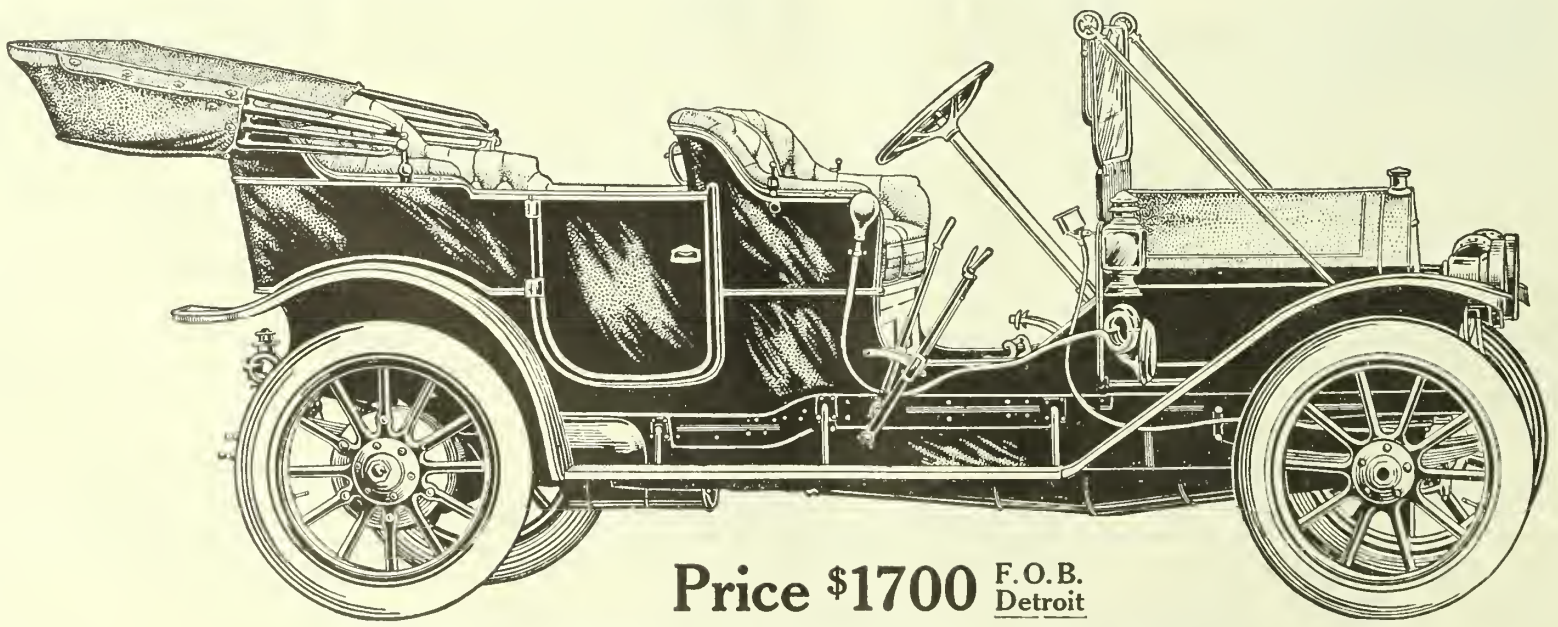
Last year's Cadillacs are in actual demand this year, in addition to the demand for the 1911 Cadillac. This year's sales will eat up each day's production as fast as completed and shipped.

Gather all these facts together and they will spell their own explanation. And that explanation is:

Standardization

The Cadillac does not deteriorate because of the high state of standardization which exists in each part and in the union of all the parts. That is why so many Cadillac owners use their car a second season and a third and a fourth and continuously. That is also why so many who have owned cars of a higher price buy the Cadillac—a case of equal efficiency and greater economy. That, too, is why so large a proportion of new buyers choose the Cadillac. That is why the Cadillac owner says:—"If I had it to do over again, I would buy a Cadillac."

Standardization.—Perfect alignment of all the parts. Consequent removal of friction. The economy that results therefrom. That is the entire story of the success of last year's Cadillac, the Cadillacs of the years before, and the magnificent Cadillac of 1911.



Price $1700 F.O.B. Detroit

Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau and Roadster (Coupe $2250. Limousine $3000)

Prices include the following equipment—Bosch magneto and Delco ignition systems. One pair gas lamps and generator. One pair side oil lamps and tail lamp. One horn and set of tools. Pump and repair kit for tires. 60-mile season and trip Standard speedometer, robe rail, full foot rail in tonneau and half foot rail in front. Tire holders.

Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Licensed Under Selden Patent)

The Rank and File of Lawyers

(Concluded from Page 19)

and irregular earnings, I could hardly make both ends meet. As rents increased we moved farther and farther from the center of the city. Nominally we kept a servant, but, dependent as we were upon low-priced immigrant girls and forced to pay wages a little below the market rate, we were without a servant most of the time. My youngest daughter showed extraordinary musical abilities, but we were never able to give to her more than a rudimentary training. My wife, who before her marriage had contributed an interesting article on Edgar Allan Poe to a literary magazine, now attempted to eke out my slender earnings by writing for these periodicals, but all her contributions were returned as "not available." For my part, as the struggle became more severe, I tried ever harder to make a success.

In those days I thought often of Schoolcraft's advice: "Make friends; get business." But one does not make friends so easily at forty as at twenty. One prefers his Dickens and his Thackeray and the quiet talk at home to the political meetings and the various places where friends and business are to be picked up. I realized of course that there were tens of thousands of lawyers who neither made large fortunes nor starved, who were not spoilt favorites of fortune nor intellectual proletarians, who secured business, worked steadily, earned a fair living, educated their children and contributed to literature or to public affairs. But business did not come to me and I did not go to it. I gradually grew self-conscious. I noticed how lawyers of a certain stripe sought constantly to ingratiate themselves with business men of prominence, and I often had the dismaying thought, when speaking to an acquaintance, "Perhaps he thinks I am seeking his business." Moreover, I became conscious of being badly dressed. I could not spend money on my own clothes while my wife and my children stinted themselves. What would have paid for a satisfactory suit twenty years before would not begin to pay for it after the new standards had come in. I slowly began to realize that I was being judged as a lawyer not by what I had read or thought but by the clothes I wore. For a lawyer with poor clothes, by common belief, is a lawyer with few clients, and a lawyer with few clients is a poor lawyer.

Mr. Schoolcraft to the Rescue

I remember a certain spring day in court five years ago being engaged in a traction case. It was a warm, listless day, and the judge seemed somnolent, the jurors uninterested and restless, the only active person in the courtroom being the florid interpreter, who was repeating to the Polish witness for the twentieth time the question of the attorney for the defense as to how, in view of the witness being near-sighted, he could positively swear that the car was only ten feet and not forty feet away when the motorman clanged the bell. The case, I knew, was won in this lower court; and so, while I listened, I let my eyes wander out of the window to the trees in the great square outside, then to the bare furnishings of the room, and finally to the face of the opposing counsel. He was a blond young lawyer, with an overhanging lip and an intensely self-confident manner. I was dully wondering what made him so confident, for, like necessity, he knew no law. At last I discovered that it was his immaculate blue suit, for which, as I later overheard him tell his associate, he had paid sixty-five dollars.

Sixty-five dollars! I looked at my own suit, for which I had paid twenty-five dollars four years before. It was a non-committal gray, a color which ages gracefully because it makes no pretensions in youth. But the foreman of the jury, a butcher, was ever so much better dressed, and as I arose to take an exception I suddenly wondered if the judge were not asking himself why I did not dress better. As I mechanically repeated my "irrelevant, immaterial, incompetent," the lines of the Briefless Barrister came to my mind:

An attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest,
His coat, it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

Even the poet had judged the lawyer by his clothes. Even I—who should know better—was more likely to consult a prosperous-looking doctor or engineer than one who was dressed as poorly as I was.

Out in the corridor, after the jury had withdrawn, I met Schoolcraft. I had heard of his astounding rise, of the noted victory of the firm of Schoolcraft & Manheim in the case of the American Gas and Electric Corporation versus the People of New York; and I had also heard of his political affiliations and his political prospects. But for twenty years I had not seen him, and here in the darkened corridor, with the new consciousness of my shabby clothes, I sought instinctively to avoid him.

But he came up to me directly.

"Hello, Patrick Henry!" he cried exuberantly. "I'm awfully, awfully glad to see you. What! Married? Two girls—too bad. Well, well! I was talking about you only yesterday with a client—Gunton—the coffee king—you remember. Do come to my office tomorrow. I have a plan."

I went. For two long hours I waited in the anteroom and was weighed in the balance—and, I fear, found wanting—by innumerable office-boys, stenographers and legal clerks, in one of whom I recognized a former fellow-student at the law school. At last I was admitted to Schoolcraft's room. He was just finishing a conversation with the junior partner, Mr. Manheim, a short, stout, quiet, scholarly looking man.

Back to a Clerkship

"It's just it. It's the real dope," cried Schoolcraft enthusiastically. "You're a perfect wonder, Jake. We've got 'em coming and going. I'll put it up to Gunton tonight at the club."

Then he turned to me. He immediately dropped the effusive manner of the day before, and curtly proposed to me that I take a clerkship in his office at thirty dollars a week.

While I hesitated he looked at his watch as though he had only thirty seconds to spare. For a time I could think of nothing but this smooth-shaven, rosy-cheeked, youthful-looking lawyer, his creased trousers, his Panama hat on the table, his automobile coat rumpled on the chair, the photograph of the overdressed lady on his desk. At last I forced myself to consider his proposal. I hated to give up my independence in law—but, to a lawyer like me, what was such independence worth? I had made exactly eight hundred dollars in the last twelve months—as compared with the fifteen hundred offered. If I accepted I should have no more worry. I should be poor, but I could at least pay my bills. I should never rise in my profession, but should I rise in any case? My illusions were gone. I saw that the rank and file of lawyers did not become Marshalls and Kents and Storys; that the solid army of two hundred thousand lawyers were not united in a great common work, but for the most part were hard-driven men, honestly striving to make an honest living. I saw the law dwindle from the noblest profession to a business, to a *métier*, in which lawyers aided and abetted contesting litigants in a multitude of intense, petty squabbles. I still wished to become a great jurist or a great tribune, but I wanted rest. I wanted some security for my wife, some assurance that my two girls would complete their education, and either marry or prepare themselves to earn a livelihood in some honorable and suitable manner. Above all, I wanted no more temptations. For a moment the face of Schoolcraft vanished and I saw the pallid features of the intending bankrupt—the consumptive who was in "the last ditch."

"I am very much obliged," I said, hesitating whether to call him Schoolcraft or Mr. Schoolcraft. "You see," I went on, blushing, "I talk all these things over with my wife. I'll—I'll let you know."

"Oh," replied Schoolcraft carelessly, while he dismissed me with the slightest of bows, "there's no hurry, no hurry whatever. It is now eleven o'clock. I'll tell our chief clerk that the place is open for you till four this afternoon."

At a quarter to four that afternoon I returned to Schoolcraft's office, on the twenty-second floor of the Minotaur Building, and informed the chief clerk that I was the new man of whom Mr. Schoolcraft had spoken.

YOUTH is not a matter of *years*, but of *spirit*. The "youngest" man in the United States is an ex-President.

"Sampeck" Clothes are *correct* for men of any age, but especially for men of life-long youth—for *ambitious* men, who have the *inward* make-up to do big things and want the *outward* make-up to help do them. We sew this label:

on every *"Sampeck"* garment and thirty-five years of skill *into* it.

Insist upon seeing the *"Sampeck"* Label before you buy. It is our mark of quality and your guarantee of genuineness.

The abreast-of-the-times clothier in your town sells *"Sampeck"* Clothes.

Ask him or write to us for "The Seven Wonders of the World"—our new book of Fall wear.

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New York

The Selection of the Burial Casket

THAT those interested in funeral arrangements may have opportunity for judicious casket selection, this Company places at the disposal of funeral directors and their patrons superbly fitted showrooms in the cities below. Thus is assured the most suitable purchase in each particular case.

From the most costly to the moderate in price, including caskets of solid bronze, richly carved African Mahogany, quartered oak and other staunch woods, and wide variety of cloth covered caskets, NATIONAL productions represent the highest memorial character, dignity of design, suitability and worth.

Write for the booklet—"The National Bronze," fully descriptive, and containing an interesting history of the Eternal Metal. Address, 3 West 29th Street, New York.

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Albany; Allegheny; Baltimore; Boston; Brooklyn; Buffalo; Chicago; East Cambridge; Harlem; Hoboken; Indianapolis; Louisville; New Haven; Nashville; New York City; Oneida; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Rochester; Scranton; Syracuse; Washington; Williamsburg.

National Caskets are obtainable from regularly established funeral directors everywhere. We do not sell at retail.

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Menz "Ease"

The boot that fits like a glove; that's designed for comfort and built for service

15-inch height
Goodyear sewed
$9.50
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As perfect in fit and as honest and reliable as a boot can be made. Guaranteed to satisfy. Uppers always Menz "Ease" Special Process of Tannage, the ideal leather for everyday knockabout wear.

Ask for Catalog C
If your dealer hasn't Menz "Ease" and "American Boy" shoes we deliver prepaid direct to you at regular retail prices

Name always on sole and yellow label.

MENZIES SHOE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

English Knock-about Hat

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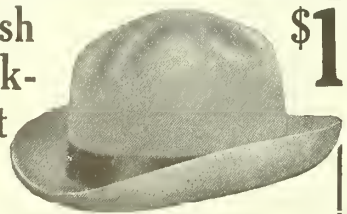


A stylish, serviceable Hat. Would sell for $2.00 in most Hat stores. Genuine English Felt, flexible sweat band, broad outside band. Suitable for dress and business. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Unequalled for traveling, motoring, golfing, yachting, etc. All sizes. Colors: Black, Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture, Dark Blue, and White. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Prompt shipments. State size and color desired. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York

THE BELGRADE BULL

(Concluded from Page 7)

"Say, it makes me tired sometimes to read stories in the newspapers an' the Eastern magazines about the superiority of this here Anglo-Saxon race. The only Anglo-Saxon that's any good is the Irishman, an' I pause to remark that even a Irishman ain't in the same yard with a Greaser when it comes to ridin' things that has hair on 'em.

"The Greaser don't put on no frills ner make no announcements whatever. He's got a theory, an' it's pretty much the same as mine, though he don't say nothin' about it. He's got it all figured out that the only safe zone is at one end or the other of this here Tommy-critter. He knows instinctive that no matter how much that Tommy-critter's hide turns around on him, his tail don't turn around at all! It's bound to be there all the time, permanent. Funny, but I never thought of that at all.

"Juan Maria Jesus Pedro, he lands, spurs and all, far back on Tommy's backbone, an' with a simple turn of the wrist he passes the long flowin' tail of said Tommy over his right shoulder, pulls it down in front, gives it a wrap or so under his right leg, sets his spurs in good, and folds his arms. After which a deep silence falls fer ten minutes, exceptin' what the said bull is remarkin', low and pained.

"Well, he done it fair after all, because they had handed it out to him that no holts was barred; an' the Greaser didn't ask even a strap to hold on to. All he asked was that simple flowin' tail of Tommy. Wherefore, he rid Tommy, not only casual and occasional, but permanent and continuous, for the course of fifteen minutes by the town clock in the front of Kid Johnson's First National Bank. If anybody was distressed it wasn't this here Castilian, neither. At the end of twelve minutes an' a half he inquires casual for a cigareeto, same as me. Slim, my partner, who is standin' there on his crutches—not yet recovered sufficient for to leave town after his last attempt to ride this here Tommy-critter—he passes Juan Pedro Jesus Maria a cigareeto an' the Greaser he not only takes it but lights it then an' there bein', scratchin' the match on his chaps, an' later dustin' off the ashes with his little finger.

"There was some that didn't call that ridin'. I dunno as I do, after all. I just call it science, an' science carried out to a logercal conclusion. Anyway that was the logercal conclusion of Tommy, an' also of his owner, Kid Johnson. There always comes a time when any critter loses his nerve. There wasn't a Sabbath-school teacher in Montana that couldn't have rid Tommy with perfect safety after that. His proud heart was broke, same as mine.

"Well, anyhow," concluded Curly, rising and starting uncertainly toward the automobile, "that's how I come to be a sheepherder, an' from that you might have hoped the worst. When old man Wright cut up this here valley into apple orchards, an' begun to hang out the last high sign of 'Help, help!' to Eastern capital, he come along an' offered me the job of shofaring. Of course I never had saw one of these things, but I allowed I could git the hang of it before long, so I looks up into his face with a bright, glad smile, an' says I, 'Colonel, I'm a born rider. I can ride anything that ain't got hair on it.'

"'Get in the game, kid,' says he to me. 'You draw down eighty each month while you're alive.' So here I am.

"I'm goin' down to old Mexico City next winter," continued Curly. "They're goin' to hold one of them avvytation meets down there. The old man tells me that next year he's goin' to cut up all these here orchard tracts into tulip patches an' sell the ground to Eastern folks at a hundred dollars a front foot. We'll take 'em around in airships then. I ain't afraid of them. They ain't got hair.

"But, kind friend, let us hasten. There is a few more of our five-acre tracts left. What's the use of bein' downhearted? The deeper you git in, the more future you seem to see ahead of you. Ain't it the truth? You ought to see this Littlest Girl's new hat—it's big around as one o' them wheels. When her blond-haired spouse gits to be a avvytator she'll maybe be runnin' a electric brogum of her own among the tulip farms."

EDUCATOR SHOE

$7,200.00 FREE SCHOLARSHIPS

The Shoe:

The EDUCATOR SHOE is the right shape. It has room for five toes, "lets the child's foot grow as it should" and ensures comfort, health and graceful carriage. ***Durable***—because made with infinite care from best materials—quality and ***satisfaction*** guaranteed by the reputation of RICE & HUTCHINS.

Remember Educator Shoes are made for the whole family.

["*They wear longer*"]

The Scholarships:

48

$150.00 EACH

The conditions are simple. The contest is open to all. 48 winners (one in each State) will be educated for one year by the EDUCATOR SHOE.

You do not have to buy anything. You do not have to sell anything, to compete.

Ask your shoe dealer or write direct to

RICE & HUTCHINS
WORLD SHOEMAKERS
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Dept. A, BOSTON, U. S. A.

The Best Plans of Our Champion Boys

A County Fair

In Missouri was in full swing. High above the stock show were four huge kites flying from one string, which ran down to a booth below. On one was a big letter P, on another a big O, on a third S, and on a fourth T—P-O-S-T.

While hundreds of people were asking the meaning of the kites, several small boys were distributing small slips of paper on which was printed: "Bill wants to see you—at the end of the string."

From all directions people began following the kite strings to the booth, where they found William Bailey, mounted on a chair, telling the assembled crowd about his magazine.

"Now I am through talking and ready to sell," said William. Before he could get down off the chair the people began to buy. As fast as he served one group another group came up. In this way he sold five hundred copies within two days.

No brighter, more interesting boys than those who sell THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be found anywhere. Have you a boy? Would he like to try it?

Send a postal card, giving name and address, and upon request we'll tell your boy how thousands of others just like him are earning from fifty cents to $5.00 a week selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sales Division, Circulation Department

The Curtis Publishing Company, Box C, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Costs no more than an Ordinary Umbrella

Folds and Fits Suit-case

You will want to buy the **BEEHLER** umbrella as soon as you know about it.

It can be packed in your suit-case out of the way when you travel. No chance of losing it and always ready when you want it. Made for men and women in all fabrics and styles of handles.

Or you can use it as your every-day umbrella, because you cannot detect the folding feature unless it is pointed out to you. *Yet some time you may have to go away.* It will pack in trunk or suit-case—the most convenient umbrella made.

You can have your name and address worked into the fabric of this **BEEHLER,** making it a NAME-ON and insuring it against loss. This is **Double Value** in umbrellas.

For **BEEHLER** umbrellas cost no more than the ordinary kind. Always look for the name "William Beehler" stamped in the rib.

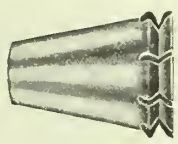
Beehler of Baltimore

Three Generations of Beehler

Step by step, since 1828, three generations of **BEEHLER** have evolved the highest umbrella perfection. And just as **BEEHLER** was the first known of all umbrella manufacturers in America, so **BEEHLER** is the first to make a simple and serviceable suit-case umbrella at no advance over the price you've always had to pay for a non-folding umbrella.

How It Was Done

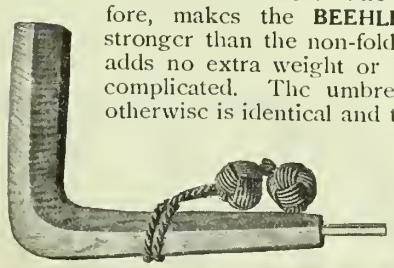
The **BEEHLER** re-inforced joint is the first feature of the **BEEHLER** Folding Umbrella. All **BEEHLER** umbrellas are made with this Re-inforced Joint—the **BEEHLER CLUTCH** it is called. The **BEEHLER CLUTCH** is our patent. The Government restricts its use to **BEEHLER** umbrellas.



Here is a picture of the BEEHLER CLUTCH

What the Beehler Clutch Is

It consists of solid brass nearly an inch long. The folding end screws into this **CLUTCH** and is held in a vise so the end cannot be broken off even if you catch it in a crack. The **CLUTCH,** therefore, makes the **BEEHLER** folding rod stronger than the non-folding rod. But it adds no extra weight or bulk. It is not complicated. The umbrella construction otherwise is identical and the ribs fastened to the **BEEHLER CLUTCH** can't pull out. It is a remarkable invention and especially so as it adds nothing to the cost of making the umbrella.



Popularity of the Detachable Handle

This is the second feature of the **BEEHLER** idea. Handles that could be instantly removed or exchanged have grown more popular every year. Some people have two or three handles for their umbrellas; others but one handle and two umbrellas—one good and one medium priced. The **BEEHLER** detachable handle doesn't wobble, but is strong and rigidly held until you touch a cleverly devised spring—then off it slips.

You toss the handle into your suit-case, fold over the end of the rod, slip your umbrella into your suit-case and off you go ready for any weather. *And one umbrella in the suit-case is worth two left in the train.*

To Umbrella Dealers: Here is a suit-case umbrella that you can retail at the same price as non-folding umbrellas. Your customers are reading this advertisement. If you are not ready with **BEEHLER** umbrellas to supply the demand, wire your order. Then write for catalog.

NAME-ON

NAME-ON is ideal for gifts. No present is more appreciated than a **BEEHLER** Folding Umbrella with the recipient's name in the fabric. Put NAME-ON on your Christmas list.

NAME-ON means your name and address worked right into the fabric of your **BEEHLER** umbrella. Not conspicuously; not in view of passers-by, but always there identifying the umbrella as yours and bringing it back to you when you forget it or a borrowing friend takes it.

BEEHLER Suit-Case Umbrellas are $1, $2, $3, $5 up to $25 depending on handle and fabric. For example:

$1 for a well-finished tape-edged American taffeta—untearable, fast black, guaranteed waterproof. This dependable cover on the **BEEHLER** frame, rubber-enamelled, brass-joined and rustless. As strong, weather-resisting and long-lasting as any umbrella at any price. Yet this folding umbrella is yours for only $1. Men's or women's.

$2 for a close-rolling, snappy **BEEHLER Suit-Case** Umbrella. *Fabric,* a beautiful high-lustre, water-proofed gloria silk that won't crack or split. *Frame,* the **BEEHLER** Standard that won't rust, come apart or turn inside out. Men's or women's.

$5 for a perfectly beautiful umbrella of finely spun tightly woven Milan silk; and with extra quality handle. **BEEHLER** Standard Frame, Detachable Handle and Folding Rod. Men's or women's.

How to get a BEEHLER Suit-case Umbrella

Your own dealer can supply you; if not right out of his own stock, then by ordering from the factory for you. If he won't, write to us for the name of a dealer who will; or remit price and 25c for expressage and we will supply you from the factory. NAME-ON (your name and address in the fabric) included in this offer.

Write for the BEEHLER Book today

Shows photographically the beautiful new Umbrella handles for this season, making selection easy for you. Also contains samples and special information on umbrella silks, which every umbrella purchaser should have.

Umbrella Hanger Free with catalog on receipt of 2c postage. The right way to drain an umbrella is with the ferrule up. And that's a much better way hung up) to keep your umbrella than to jam it into an umbrella holder or rack. We will send an umbrella hanger on receipt of the corner coupon with 2c postage.

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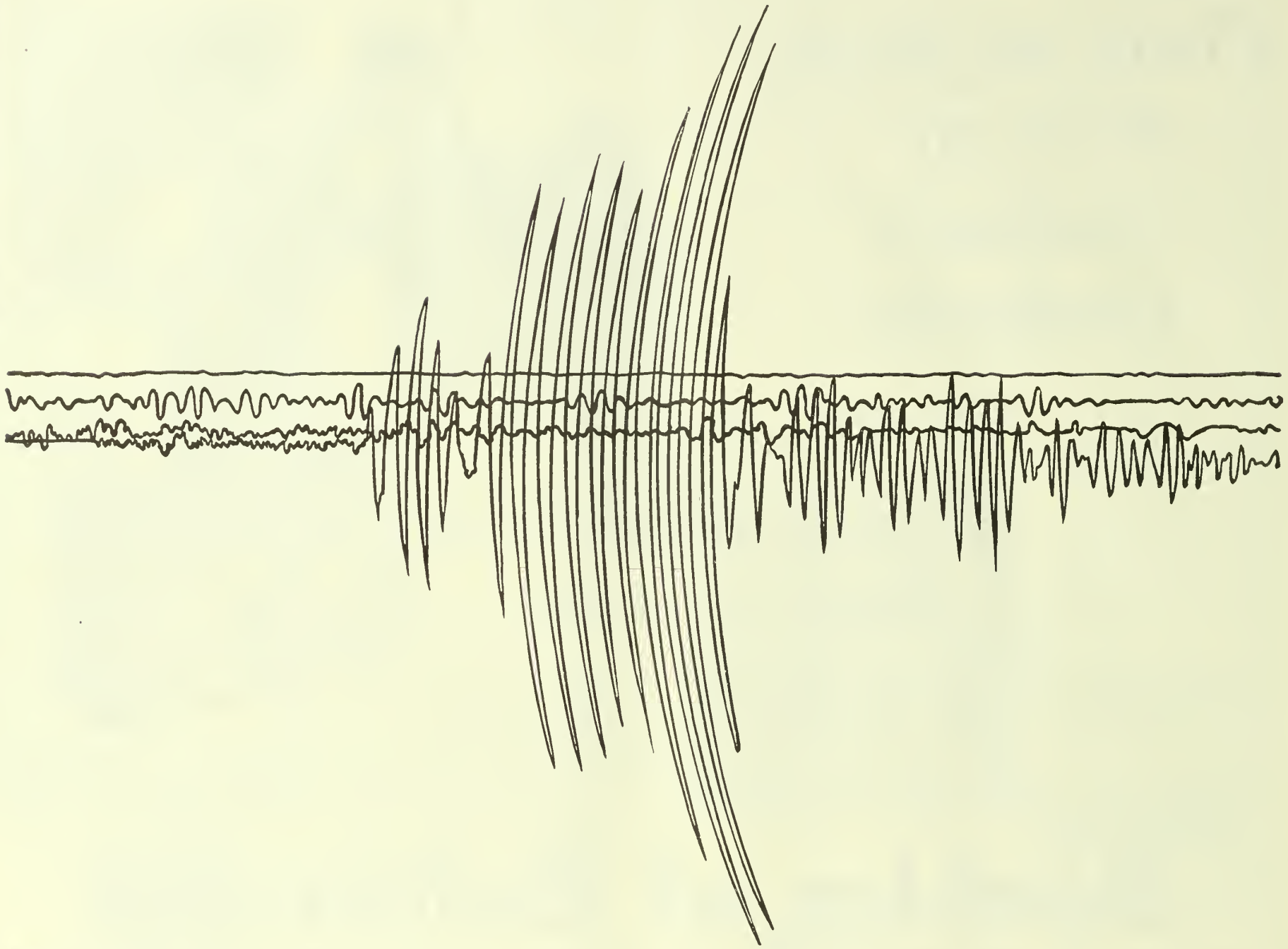

THE seismograph is a marvelous and delicate instrument. It records the slightest tremor in the surface of the earth, even though many thousand miles from where the shock occurs. When Messina was swallowed by an earthquake two years ago, a seismograph in Washington caught the fluttering evidence of the convulsion 3,000 miles away. When Java was torn by shocks which buried thousands, it was known instantly wherever scientists were reading the seismograph that the earth somewhere was in tumult, although it was long before the news of the catastrophe reached the civilized world. Yet with all its exquisite perception, the seismograph cannot foretell an earthquake or warn people of its approach. It cannot even show exactly where the trouble lies. The seismograph works miracles, yet of how little real service to mankind.

The seismographic record pictured here was caught at Osaka, Japan, August 17, 1906. It tells of two distinct earthquakes; one in Chile, the other in the Aleutian Islands, and it serves a useful purpose now by giving us an opportunity to draw a contrast and point a moral.

The shoe machines which constitute the Goodyear Welt System are also marvelous in their conception and exact in operation, and they possess the further virtue of having done great service to the world. Perhaps it has never occurred to you that the sandal-makers of Herculaneum and Pompeii plied their craft with tools and methods hardly more primitive than the shoemaker of your own early years; yet it is so. Until the Goodyear Welt System of shoe machinery came into use a few years ago, you could not buy a comfortable and well appearing shoe which had not been sewed with implements about as antiquated as those employed before the birth of Christ. The Goodyear Welt System has changed all that. Within our own time it has revolutionized the making of the shoe.

Your parents used to pay from $12.00 to $20.00 to have their shoes hand sewed. You pay a third of the price for shoes of corresponding quality and style, made by the Goodyear method, which now brings within the reach of millions one of the comforts of yesterday's millionaire.

The Goodyear method duplicates on machines the process of sewing shoes by hand. A thin and narrow strip of leather, called a welt, is sewed to the insole and upper, and the outsole is sewed to this welt, thus leaving the heavy stitches on the outside, where they cannot tantalize the foot.

The Goodyear System has been brought to its present high state of perfection within the past ten years by the United Shoe Machinery Company. It consists of a series of more than fifty machines, each as intricate as a watch, as true in beat and rhythm, delicate as eyesight, through which every shoe must pass in making. They are used by every manufacturer who makes a good welt shoe. No matter under what trade name it may be sold it is a

GOODYEAR WELT

THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 23)

to be found in so many of his type and that the irony of his words might have led one to expect. On the contrary it was a cruel, sneering face, with small, swinish eyes and thin, straight lips, smooth-shaven, and of the expression that one associates with the witchburners of earlier days.

The man carried no gun, but held in one hand a stout cudgel. His costume was that of the vicinity, but above the vizor of his battered ship's cap were the letters "S. H. G. & F. C." Hermione understood at once that he was a gamekeeper.

The blood rushed to her face. It is always embarrassing to be taken in the act of conscious wrongdoing, but particularly so when one happens to be a young lady in a very syncopated bathing-suit. Moreover, there was a quality in the man's regard that angered and embarrassed her; a sort of sneering contempt, such as a brutal officer of the law might direct toward some depraved unfortunate who was quite outside the social pale. Hermione suddenly felt as one does in some silly dream, where one finds oneself in the middle of a ballroom or addressing a public meeting in a nightgown. Worst of all, she knew that she was quite in the wrong.

The gamekeeper looked her up and down slowly and with insulting deliberation. Hermione felt her embarrassment and fright give way to anger.

"Well," said she, "what do you want?"

"What do I want, hey? Wa'al, fust off, I want that gun o' yourn and them birds. After that, I want you to take a leetle walk with me and talk a mite to the sup'ntendent. That's what I want, young woman."

Hermione stared. She had had a vague idea that if discovered by any of the club people the worst that could happen would be the indignity of getting "warned off." Even this, she had thought, would probably be done politely and with due apologies. But to be haled like a thief before the superintendent, and that in her bathing-suit, was so extreme a measure as at first to arouse only her ridicule.

"Indeed!" said she scornfully. "You don't want very much, do you?"

The man scowled. "I don't want no more than what I'm agoin' to git!" he answered.

Hermione's eyes began to darken. The rich blood glowed through her clear olive skin.

"You think so?" she retorted. "Then let me tell you that you will get nothing but my name and address. I am Miss Bell, and my father is Captain Bell, of the schooner-yacht Shark. If the club wants to do anything about this it can go ahead and do it."

The gamekeeper gave her a sullen look.

"The club is goin' to do somethin' abaout it," said he, "and it's goin' to do it right naow and through me. I'm the gamewarden and I got my orders. You'll hev to come along o' me to the sup'ntendent, and that's all there is abaout it. Like's not he'll let ye off with a warnin'—that's none o' my affair. So hand over that gun and come along, quiet and peaceable."

"Look here," cried Hermione fiercely, "do you think I'm going to be taken in like a thief?"

"Wa'al, ye air a thief, ain't ye? Them birds belong to the club."

Hermione stamped her foot. The man's ugly manner was beginning to raise her temper, never any too docile under provocation.

"Take your old birds!" said she, and she tumbled them out upon the ground. "And let me tell you that when I go back, and Captain Heldstrom learns how I've been treated, he'll come over here and wring your neck as if it belonged to one of those snipe! And if you think I'm going with you—like this ——"

Anger stifled her speech at the mere idea. The gamekeeper hunched his shoulders with a sneer.

"If you can come ashore half naked to shoot the club's snipe and plover," said he, "it won't hurt ye none to go a mite farther and see the sup'ntendent." His voice took on an impatient rasp. "Come, I've jawed here long enough—will you come, 'r hev I got to drag ye thar by main force?"

He took a step toward the girl. Hermione, light on her feet as a Spartan girl, might have saved herself by flight. But the sneering brutality of the man had torn from her the last, lingering grip she had upon a temper which had many times been the cause of her undoing. With an inarticulate little cry she sprang back and, scarcely realizing what she did, threw the gun to her shoulder.

"You swine!" she cried through her set teeth. "You try to lay hand on me and I'll blow your beastly head off!"

Now the gamekeeper, surly brute though he may have been, came of stern and rigid Puritan stock, and once having decided upon what was his duty he meant to carry it out at all costs. He saw that the superb young huntress in front of him was beside herself with fury and he fully realized that he was taking a terrific chance of being terribly wounded if not killed in his tracks. In spite of this, though the color faded under his mahogany tan, his lean jaw set squarely, his lips tightened and he began to walk steadily toward Hermione.

He was within three paces when the girl heard a brushing noise in the pines directly behind her. The gamekeeper stopped short, and Hermione, who had raised her gun to cover his chest, saw his eyes travel past her to fill with amazement at something that he saw beyond. Half fainting and with knees that tottered under her the girl turned to look upon a splendid Olympic figure standing against the dull green background of the pines.

"The Pilot-fish!" gasped Hermione under her breath. She lowered the gun and stood with her legs swaying under her, staring dumbly at Applebo. Vaguely she felt that he had arrived barely in time to save her from committing a very terrible act, though whether or not she would have actually pulled the trigger is doubtful. The chances are that at the critical moment Hermione would either have flung aside the gun or else fired in the air, and then would very likely have had a fit of hysterics that might have proved more alarming to the harsh longshoreman than a whole battery of weapons.

Applebo stood for a moment looking from the girl to the man, his eyebrows, which were very bushy for one of his youth, drawn down over his yellow eyes and a straight line cut vertically between them. At first glance he gave the impression of a beautifully chiseled statue in light bronze. He was clad in a swimming costume which would have been quite *de rigueur* on any beach, but the material, originally some shade of yellow or sienna, had finally acquired the tone of the sun-tanned skin. Yet there was nothing startling or offensive in effect, for so beautifully was the strong, lithe body moulded that it suggested less a mortal man than some splendid, pagan demigod.

Applebo stepped forward to Hermione's shoulder and the group became complete. God and goddess they looked—she dark, tropical, vivid of coloring; he a sort of golden-hued Apollo. So striking was the effect and so beautiful that even the harsh, unlovely warden may have felt certain rudimentary stirrings of appreciation.

"Gosh-all-sufficiency!" growled the gamekeeper. "Thar's the he-one! Ain't it the fashion to wear clothes no more?"

"Shut your face!" quoth Applebo unpoetically. "What d'ye mean by bothering this lady? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Huh!" growled the keeper, "you're a nice one to talk abaout bein' ashamed, ain't ye? You and your fee-male critter ——"

Hermione, still staring in a fascinated way at Applebo, caught the sudden flame in the amber eyes. Something swept past her with a rush like the charge of a Nubian lion. There was a flash of bare limbs, a snarl or two, the flutter of clothing and a body which looked all arms and legs gyrating in the air—and there was the keeper rolling over and over grotesquely as a shot rabbit, and a little to one side stood Applebo, his body half bent, his big arms crooked and the yellow mane hanging about his ears, watching the fallen man like a cat about to spring.

The keeper scrambled to his feet and stood for a moment pale and tottering, one hand on the other shoulder and a scowl on his deep-lined face.

"Pull your freight!" said Applebo, in his deep bass, "or I'll tear your ugly head off!"

Thus no doubt may Achilles have admonished Agamemnon, though Homer puts

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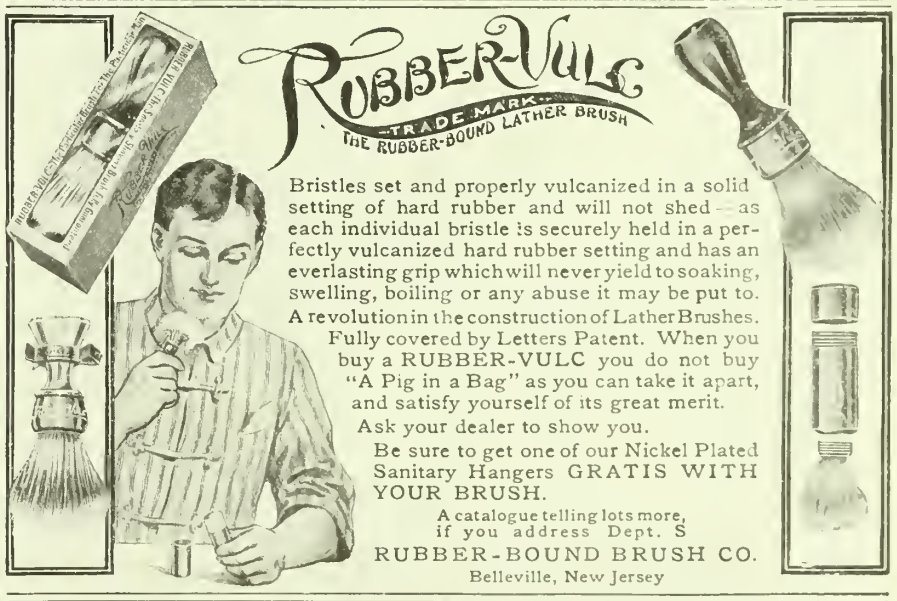

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the speech in different words. The gamekeeper was no coward, but neither was he a fool; and, although his tawny antagonist had not struck him, the sensations of the contact were those of disputing the right-of-way with a rapidly moving motor car. The keeper looked the situation over, but could see no good in it. Moreover, he saw a sudden yellow flame in the blinking eyes fastened upon him. Without a word the man turned and slouched off into the pines.

Applebo turned and glanced quickly at Hermione.

"Sit down," said he. "You look white."

Hermione's usually robust limbs seemed to collapse beneath her and she dropped to the pine-strewn sand.

"You got here just in time!" said she tremulously. "I might have shot him."

"I doubt it," said Applebo; "your gun-muzzle was weaving figure eights. It would have served him right if you had, and I'd have sworn to anything."

Hermione laughed hysterically, then glanced up at the poet. He was standing a couple of paces away, his arms folded on his chest, his eyes looking out across the marsh.

"It's silly of me to be so upset," said Hermione, covering her face with her hands. "I'll be all right in a minute."

"Did you know the place was posted?" asked Applebo.

"Yes."

"Then you really haven't any kick coming."

"What!" Hermione's hands dropped to her sides and she stared at him in amazement. Applebo glanced at her indifferently.

He pointed to the birds which she had tumbled out of her gamebag.

"Taken with the goods; and I must say you did pretty well for three shots. Do you like to kill things? It seems rather awful to me, especially in a woman, to slaughter little birds and animals for fun. And I suppose you would raise an awful howl about vivisection."

Hermione sat bolt upright. The color came back to her pale cheeks and her violet eyes began to darken with anger. All sense of faintness was swept away as if by magic. Applebo was not looking at her; he was standing straight as a young poplar, his shoulder turned to her, sleepily contemplating the marsh.

"If you feel that way about it," said Hermione hotly, "I wonder you came to my rescue."

"I was rescuing the gamekeeper. Besides, I am under obligation to you people on the Shark for letting me tag you around. What a lovely bit of color over there on the other side of the lagoon. Sometimes I wish that I were a painter instead of a poet. However, if I can't paint it I can write an ode to it when I get back aboard my boat."

"Why don't you write a satire on women sportsmen?"

"That would not be polite. Besides, the idea is not an agreeable one. The thought of Diana has always been unpleasant."

"You are not very gallant."

"Gallantry," said the poet, "is the vain demonstration of superior effectiveness on the part of the male. It is more complimentary to accept a woman on the same footing."

"Do you call bombarding her with silly verses accepting her on the same footing?" snapped Hermione, whose astonishment was giving way to irritation.

"Ah!" There came the slightest flicker from Applebo's blinking eyes. "So Hermione has told you that I have been sending her verses? I had an idea, for some reason, that she would keep it to herself." He continued his contemplative observation of the marsh. Hermione gasped and stared. For whom, she wondered, did he take her?

"Hermione did not tell anybody," she managed to say.

"But you guessed? That is better. I am glad that Hermione did not tattle, even though she sent back all of my verses."

Hermione did not at once reply. She was busily trying to adjust to her mind the idea that this extraordinary individual who for three months had been sending her impassioned love poems did not even know her by sight!

"Why did you write verses to Hermione?" she asked. "Because her name rhymed with 'sea' and 'thee' and 'lea' and 'me'?"

Applebo turned to regard her with a flicker of interest.

"You are rather quick on a rhyme yourself, aren't you?" he observed. "No; I wrote verses to Hermione because I was in love with her."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I fell in love with her at first sight."

Hermione leaned forward, clasped her hands in front of her shapely legs and looked at the poet through narrowed lids. The color had returned and her violet eyes were beginning to dance. Mr. Applebo was not looking at her. Indeed, she had already observed this peculiar disinclination on his part, and it puzzled her.

"Are you still in love with Hermione?" she asked.

"No. She sent back my verses."

"How did you happen to fall in love with her?"

"It was last winter. Walking down Fifth Avenue to my club for breakfast I sometimes overtook her. An acquaintance who joined me one day told me who she was. You were all down South at the time and Hermione was stopping with your aunt. I fell in love with her walk. *Vera incessu patuit dea.* Your walk is rather like hers; a sort of family resemblance."

"But less graceful?"

"You are more of a mortal maid."

"Which is a way of saying 'more of a lump'!" snapped Hermione. "Do you know which of the others I am?"

"That is too easy," said Applebo sleepily. "You are Cécile, the beauty of the family."

"Thank you."

"And the flirt—so it is said."

"My reputation is as bad as that?"

"Everybody knows you smashed up Huntington Wood. He is one of the few men whom I care to claim as a friend. You have broken up others, too, have you not?"

"I wonder you dare to talk to me," said Hermione.

"I would like to be smashed up. It would help my verse. If you don't mind, I believe I will transfer my devotion to you. This entails no obligation on your part, except to read my verses."

Hermione stared up at him suspiciously. Applebo was standing as straight as a mast, his fine profile turned to her. Hermione made a little motion as though to rise. If the poet observed it he made no sign, and she was obliged to scramble to her feet without the aid of the strong grasp which for some peculiar reason she craved. Up she sprang, a dark flush on each cheek and her red lips pouting. Hermione was not accustomed to such neglect. On her feet, Hermione's crimson-turbaned head came a little above the poet's shoulder. Still his eyes evaded hers.

"I don't know that I am so keen for a cavalier who thinks more of his verse than he does of its object," said she.

"That's because you are a flirt," said Applebo. "Really, though, it would be a good moral tonic for you."

"To receive love poems?"

"From a man who was in love with you purely in the abstract."

"But where's the fun?"

"That's so," Applebo assented, looking at her with slightly added interest, as at one suggesting a new idea. Something in Hermione's eyes seemed to catch his own and hold them. The sleepy lids opened a little wider and a golden flame darted out toward the deep violet ones so close to his own. Inflammable stuff it must have found, yet it did not tarry to set this alight, but coursed on until Hermione felt it tingling through every nerve and fiber.

"You are uncommonly lovely," said Applebo. "What a pity that you must be such a coquette! Is Hermione like that?"

Hermione stamped her little foot.

"Do you take everything on hearsay?" she snapped. "One would give you credit for more originality."

"That is the reason I am so surprised. You do not look ruthless. But then ——" He glanced back at the lagoon. "One can never tell. No doubt it is not your fault. You have probably been horribly spoiled. Most men would want to spoil you."

"Would you?"

"As long as you were good."

"And if I were bad?"

There was a short silence. "I think," said Applebo, "that it is time that you were getting back aboard the Shark. Your people might be anxious."

Hermione bit her lips with vexation.

"You are quite right," said she icily.

"I will walk with you as far as your boat," said Applebo.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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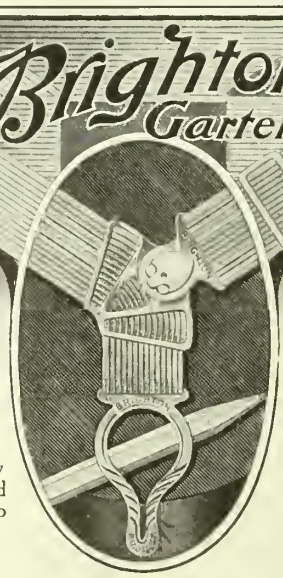

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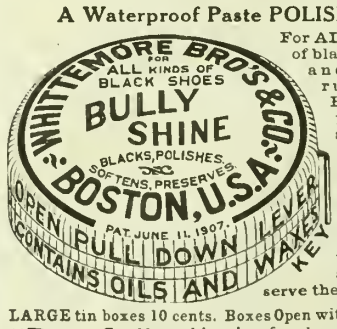
Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Because they are sure of a

Better Polish Without Injury to the Leather

Finest in Quality Largest in Variety

"BULLY SHINE"
A Waterproof Paste POLISH



For ALL kinds of black shoes and OLD rubbers. Blacks, polishes, softens and preserves. Contains oils and waxes to polish and preserve the leather.

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"Dandy" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. "Star" size, 10c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us his address and the price in stamps for a full size package.

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The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

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"Cravenetted"

SOFT HAT OR STIFF - FAIR WEATHER OR STORMY

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New exclusive shapes and shades—becoming, refined lines—absolutely correct style—the finest fur felt.

Mallory Hats have been famous for their quality and style since 1823.

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In these hats you also get the weather-proof feature, which comes from the cravenetting process.

You can get this exclusive weather insurance only in Mallory Hats.

Every genuine Mallory Cravenetted Hat bears this trade mark.

This treatment does not change the texture or appearance of the material at all—simply makes it weatherproof. That is why Mallory Hats stay new.

All That You Like in a Hat

$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

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22½ H P $800

Including Bosch Magneto.

Windshield, Top, Generator, etc., $100 extra.

Ball-bearing Crankshaft

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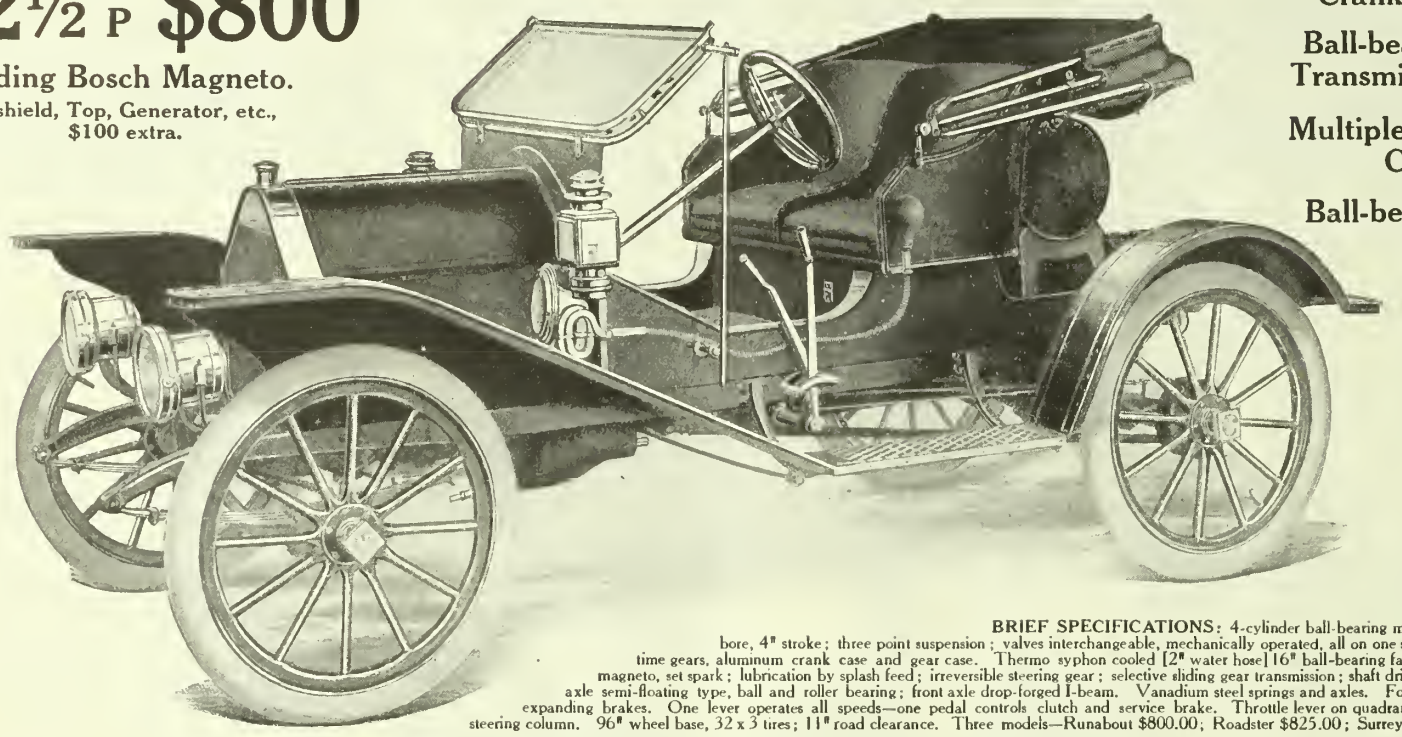


BRIEF SPECIFICATIONS: 4-cylinder ball-bearing motor, 3¾" bore, 4" stroke; three point suspension; valves interchangeable, mechanically operated, all on one side; spiral time gears, aluminum crank case and gear case. Thermo syphon cooled [2" water hose] 16" ball-bearing fan. Bosch magneto, set spark; lubrication by splash feed; irreversible steering gear; selective sliding gear transmission; shaft drive. Rear axle semi-floating type, ball and roller bearing; front axle drop-forged I-beam. Vanadium steel springs and axles. Four internal expanding brakes. One lever operates all speeds—one pedal controls clutch and service brake. Throttle lever on quadrant at top of steering column. 96" wheel base, 32 x 3 tires; 11" road clearance. Three models—Runabout $800.00; Roadster $825.00; Surrey $850.00.

The Practical Car for Practical Purposes

More Power, Greater Simplicity, Style and Room *Costs Less to Buy—Less to Keep*

Business men who want a light, serviceable, stylish car—usable for business, but big and stylish enough for pleasure, choose the K-R-I-T.

Professional men in all lines are delighted with the K-R-I-T because, while light in weight, easily operated and cared for, it is neither small, cheap or skimpy, but distinctly dignified, high-grade, refined.

The K-R-I-T opens a new era in automobile manufacturing. **It gives you a dollar's worth of automobile for every dollar's worth of price.** That's the only reasonable answer to the fact that six weeks after our first announcement, the entire 1910 output was sold to dealers.

It is not a big car in the sense of being big in size and big in weight, complicated in mechanism. It is not a little car in the sense of being undersized, under-powered, cramped, small. It has made a place of its own midway between these two classes. There is no car just like it—no car that successfully takes its place.

On the one hand the K-R-I-T has ample power, ample room and length, big enough wheels, 32x3 tires. In the sense of room and power it is a big car. On the other hand it has light weight—1200 pounds complete. Simple mechanism—simple control—one pedal operates both clutch and service brake—one lever operates gears. It is equipped with Bosch Magneto and Set Spark—has no batteries, no coils, no wires. Is Thermo Syphon cooled, consequently has no pump. Can be looked after as easily as a small car.

Its weight, in connection with its high power, means great speed and hill-climbing abilities. Its light weight, in connection with its large tires, means smallest tire cost, greatest tire service.

K-R-I-T Ball-Bearing Motor

A Wonderful Improvement

Many builders of low-priced cars neglect the motor and put the money in mere style. On the contrary we have concentrated special attention and effort on our motor—builded in our own shops, while style has not been sacrificed one iota. Look at the K-R-I-T, compare its style with other cars. Then look at the K-R-I-T Motor.

The K-R-I-T is the first low-priced car in the world to have a ball-bearing motor—same as you find in the highly-developed, expensive, foreign-made machines. Ball-bearings are used for crankshaft bearings, for transmission bearings. They cost more than plain bearings but they eliminate friction, save repairs, save lubrication, are practically indestructible.

The K-R-I-T motor is one of the quietest, smoothest, most powerful ever put in a car. Other cars lose a certain percentage of their power because they use friction bearings. The K-R-I-T loses none. All power goes to driving the rear wheels.

In a word, cars of equal power have more weight, cost more to run. Cars of equal price lack K-R-I-T power, cost as much, if not more, to run.

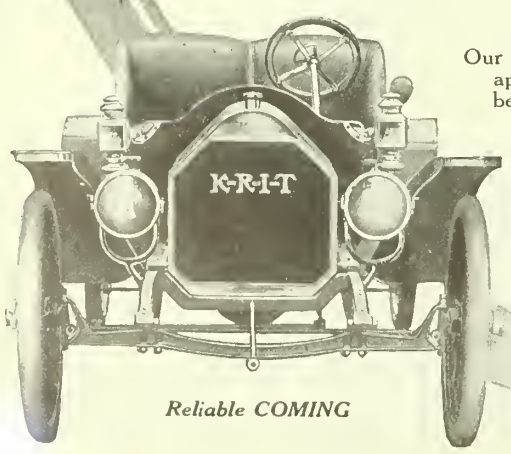
K-R-I-T Has Won Every Hill Climb

Everybody was amazed when the K-R-I-T beat all competitors in the Atlanta Journal annual hill climb. Many thought it was driver's skill—some thought it mere luck. But when other K-R-I-T cars, in every section of the country, continued to win, they knew it was simply because the K-R-I-T outclassed other cars in its price class.

First in the Dodson Hill Climb at Kansas City; first in Baldwin Hill Climb, Columbia, S. C.; first at Watchung Mountain Hill, Morristown, N. J.; first at Gadsden Hill, Ensley, Ala.

If you will look into the K-R-I-T, as hundreds of others have done, you will see why the demand is so great that they sell as fast as we can turn them out. So urgent is the call from everywhere for more K-R-I-Ts that our 1911 product will be five times as great as 1910.

Catalogue and other information will be sent you on request.



Reliable COMING

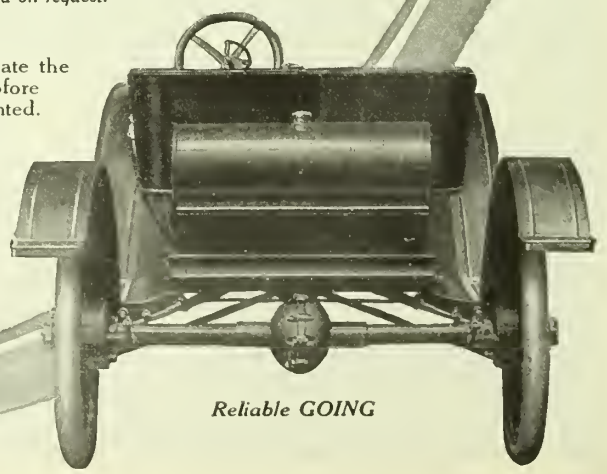
DEALERS—A Word

Our increased production means that we will be able to accommodate the applications of many dealers whose demands for cars we have heretofore been compelled to deny. Better act quickly so you won't be disappointed.

Write at once for 1911 proposition.

K-R-I-T Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan



Reliable GOING

THE J'INER

(Continued from Page 25)

"Sho did; never called me nuthin' 'cept Cæsar Bennett."

"That was your name when you enlisted in the army?"

"Listed? Who's he?"

"When you enlisted in the army—took up with the Captain to feed his horse."

"Yas, suh; yas, suh. Dey always called me—what dat word you spoke?"

"Cæsar, Cæsar Bennett—Bennett; don't forget."

"Yas, suh, dat's it; I didn't zactly fergit; I jes disremembered. Got so many names in dese Lodges, I went to wool-gatherin'."

"You've got to remember—I can't get you in this Lodge if you don't know your own name. Say it over and over and over." Swint read over his memoranda and listened while Zack absorbed his new name.

"Let's see; who were your comrades in that company?"

"Comrades, what's dat? I been hearin' you speak dat word continual."

"In our Lodge we say 'comrade' instead of 'brother.' Comrades, the men who were soldiers with you, carried guns and—and so on."

"Yas, suh, I 'members dem; yas, suh. I 'members dey wuz men what had guns, an' had on blue clo'es."

"Do you remember Eli Mundy?"

"Ole man Eli? What used to be a blacksmith by Castle Hill? War he dar?"

"Yes, but he wasn't old then; he was young and walked spry."

Zack began to shake his head, but Swint cautioned him. "Eli was there; you are bound to remember him. You weren't there yourself if you can't remember Eli."

Zack braced his feet and repelled the insinuation. "Sholy I remembers Eli; he had on blue clo'es an' a gun."

"What sort of guns did they have? Like this?" Swint opened an old wardrobe in the corner and produced two army muskets. "Look good at these; take one in your hand. One has got flat bands, the other's got round bands."

Ole Reliable chuckled; a flash of genuine memory came back—the one tangible peg upon which to hang a bunch of vagaries. "Dem niggers toted two kinds o' guns. I 'members dat p'tickler, 'cause two niggers made a rookus about swappin'. Little brown-skinned nigger traded off his old gun wid a rattlesnake stock fer a new one wid flat ban's—jes like dis."

"Good! You liked that rattlesnake stock?"

"Yas, suh; dey was de bes'."

Swint repeated his old trick of leaning forward and looking Zack steadily in the eye; then he said very slowly, emphasizing each word: "Comrade Cæsar Bennett, that is how you came to trade your new gun with the flat bands for the old gun with the rattlesnake stock?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you preferred the rattlesnake stock."

"Dat sho is right—dat's how come."

"Now let us try to remember the name of the man you swapped with." Swint ran through the list of dead men who could not arise and contradict. "Was it Abbott? Cregg? Kestler? Yes, Kestler—he'll do. Big, fat, yellow fellow; they called him 'Bunny Kess'—every soldier knows him."

Zack held a blank but receptive face as Swint described the big, jolly-natured Kestler, who sang coon songs and patted juba for his comrades to dance. With eyes half closed he listened, and presently admitted: "I spec I jes kin 'member. Big yellow feller?"

"Yes, Cæsar."

"He come from down aroun' Natchez?"

"That's the man; I knew you would remember him."

"Sholy I 'members him—boun' to 'member Kess—ef I was dar."

"Good! You swapped guns with Kess?"

"Hol' on, mister; don't stampede me too swif'; my 'membrance is jes a-sneakin' back 'bout Kess an' dat gun."

"All right, Cæsar; keep on thinking."

While Zack was considering he shook his head. "No; dat warn't Kess. I war thinkin' maybe Kess war one o' dem two niggers what got shot; but dem niggers war black, bofe of 'em, an' Kess war yaller. White folks stood 'em right befront de guns an' made twelve niggers shoot 'em."

Swint sprang to his feet triumphantly. "Do you remember that? Remember the day Roddy and Binford were executed? Bully! Fine!" Swint could not restrain his excitement. "Now, Comrade Bennett, go ahead and tell what you saw."

In the history of Company H the execution of "Tar Joe" Roddy and Sam Binford stood out as a landmark by which all other events were located. Many an applicant for a pension mentioned this incident.

Zack rose, he did; this was his indelible impression of the war, and he needed plenty of room to tell it. "I disrecollect how it come up at de fust off-startin'. Joe an' Sam got into a rookus, an' one of 'em shot at a white man. Maybe 'twuz de Cap'n. Anyhow de white folks fotch 'em into de head Cap'n's tent an tuk on mightily—had some kind o' lawsuit 'bout it. Den I heerd niggers whisperin' dat de white folks was gwine to shoot bofe of 'em nex' mornin' at eight o'clock. It war pow'ful quiet in camp dat night. Tar Joe got 'ligion right away. Us could hear 'im singin' all night long—sound mighty creepy to me. Sam never got 'ligion until nex' mornin'; but it broke out pow'ful strong. All of a sudden he busted loose, singin' 'Glory, glory, hallelujah!'"

Zack waved his hands excitedly; Swint paced the floor. "Bully! Bully! Go on."

"Den, nex' mornin' de white folks 'tailed out twelve men an' had de grave already dug. Dem twelve niggers wuz whiter'n a blacksnake's belly. Heap of 'em drapped de guns, an' couldn't hardly pick 'em up. Tar Joe an' Sam was blindfol' and had deir han's tied behine 'em. Lor' Gawd! mister, when dem guns went off dey jes crumpled up an' rolled in dem graves same as dough men. Dat's when I went home; I forestated you wrong de fust time. 'Cause, when I see dat, I turned Cap'n's hoss loose an' lit out through de woods."

"Where did that happen?"

"'Twarn't far from Pote Gibson. Didn't take me no more'n 'bout a day to git home; but I went home pretty brief."

"Bully! You've got a fine memory."

"Yas, suh; I got a 'membrance like de Cunnel's 'count book."

"Now, then, comrade, let me see if I heard this straight. You went by the name of Cæsar Bennett. Enlisted near Gatesville. Company H, Forty-sixth U. S. C. T., Captain Jeremiah Blodgett. Lieutenant Ezekiel Girdlestone—the one they called 'Grindstone.' Swapped guns with Kestler—yours was new and had flat bands; his was old and had a rattlesnake stock. You remember seeing Roddy and Binford when they were shot."

Ole Reliable nodded his head and verified each item through the inventory. Swint expressed his proud satisfaction. "You have passed your trial test for the first degree; next time you'll remember more."

"Dat ain't nigh all I kin 'member."

"Come back tomorrow night at eight o'clock and we'll begin the second degree; one test for each degree—you understand?"

"Yas, dat's right. Degree got to stan' on its own bottom; dat sho is right."

Swint led him to the door and walked along the hall with his hand on Ole Reliable's shoulder. "Comrade Cæsar Bennett, I reckin 'tain't no use to keep tellin' you not to talk to the other comrades."

"Shet mouf ketches no flies," Zack remarked sententiously. He reached the stair and began feeling around with his foot for the top step, his mind being fully occupied. "Hol' on, mister; when does I start to gittin' dem benefits?"

"Just as soon as the papers come back from headquarters."

"Dat's all right; I ain't sot my min' on waitin'." Zack passed out on the street.

Swint pored over his memoranda which gave a complete history of Company H. "Old man Eli Mundy and some other comrade must identify our man as Cæsar Bennett." Swint jotted down several other details that would make his chain of proof complete.

Rapid steps came down the hall; Swint ran to the door and peeped, then stepped out. "Come on, Joe; I'm waiting for you."

Joe Carey entered nervously; his face was flushed. "Well, what luck?"

"Fine; best in the world. Sit down."

"Can you prove him up?"

"Slick as a whistle; he is Cæsar Bennett to a gnat's heel."

"I thought you were going to claim for Ed McNair?"

Swint shook his head. "He comes nearer tallyin' with Cæsar Bennett. I've got Bennett's discharge, and that goes a long way.

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Two of twenty-five different models

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We want you to test them fairly.

Watch for THE L SYSTEM *College and High School week which all* L SYSTEM *dealers will hold this month, then—*

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THE L SYSTEM CLOTHES

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LOOK in the glass and let your eyes convince you that young men, as well as those whom years have not aged, have been given the best that exclusive tailoring in high grade materials can produce. Ask your dealer.

Look for THE L SYSTEM label sewn inside the inner coat pocket.
Send two cents for Style Magazine or twenty-four cents for set of four new original college posters in colors.

H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

Bennett only served about four months; didn't have time to get acquainted with other negroes, and they won't be apt to dispute him. He was discharged for rheumatism—that's in our favor. Your old man won't have anything to remember, except the country between Grand Gulf and Vicksburg, and he knows that like a book."

"I thought he'd be easy. By the way, what became of Bennett?"

"Got killed in Fort Scott; went by the name of Charlie Jones. That's where I got his discharge papers; application already pending for two thousand dollars back pay—the pension for Zack; the two thousand for us. Fair divide, ain't it?"

Joe Carey whistled. "We'll put that through in a hurry. Does Ole Reliable remember things?"

Swint laughed. "Best claimant you ever saw. Remembers anything—all you got to do is to blind-bridle him, back him up against it and coax him slow—two or three times. Don't give him too big a bite. I could make him remember being King of Jerusalem or King of Spades—either one."

"That's good; after you hammer a thing into his head he'll stick to it. You ought to hear him go through a ritual. How about the other members of that company?"

"It never was a full company—only thirty-four men—eleven known to be alive. Two of 'em live right here—Eli Mundy and Sandy Spriggs."

"I'll work them like creamery butter," remarked Carey. "Jes watch me straighten 'em out; two or three drinks, talk about war times, what Cæsar done, what Cæsar said, mix Zack into it gradual; let him come in and tell them stories—they'll identify him all right."

It proved to be easy, but a man must have a long memory who tells a long lie. The pair neglected to coach their dummy on two propositions: the special examiner who comes when the application is for a pension with back pay; and—another big snag—Cæsar Bennett was wanted at Raymond, Mississippi, for killing a man. That's why he ran away and changed his name.

Zack galloped out of preparatory school with first honors. The postgraduate class foregathered with Eli Mundy and Sandy Spriggs at the Hot Cat Eating House. There they jogged the lagging flank of memory with slices of catfish and divers cans of beer.

Swint was supplying the money and felt a natural desire to hear the recitations. He kept his purpose dark because he didn't want them to put up their infant prodigy to speak a piece for the trustees. He wanted to see the common ordinary mill-run of stuff. So Swint slipped in the back way and tiptoed forward. He might have come with a regiment of cavalry and they wouldn't have heard him. Ole Reliable had the floor, pounding on the table and gesticulating. Sandy tugged at his coat-sleeve. "'Twarn't no sech thing—it was Wes Fennimo'."

Eli jerked Sandy's hand away. "Let Comrade Bennett tell it like 'twas."

Comrade Bennett orated: "As I forestated, about a millyun rebels chased Corp'ral Austin into Huckleberry Creek, an' he drapped his gun."

Sandy howled him down. "'Twarn't dataway; dat was Wesley Fennimo', an' I kin prove it."

"Shet up, Sandy!" admonished old man Eli; "I don't believe you was dar."

"I wuz dar; warn't I, Cæsar? Didn't you see me climbin' de fence whilst you wuz lyin' down behin' dat log, poppin' at de rebels? Dat's when you got yo' cap shot off—ain't dat so, Cæsar?"

Ole Reliable nodded grudgingly. "Yas, you wuz dar; I owns up to dat much."

"Now, Sandy, res' quiet," suggested Eli. "Cæsar knows a heap mo' 'bout dat war dan what de Cap'n do."

Swint smiled himself out of the back door; next day Joe Carey notified the claimant to bring his witnesses and make out the papers.

. . . . . .

Three abreast the comrades marched, with Cæsar Bennett in the middle. Behind them came Eli's son-in-law, who was a straggler, but booklearned; they took him along to do the writing.

"'Bout face, comrades—by de lef' flank, march!" Eli gave his order at the foot of Carey's steps, and they all went stumbling up. Eli and Sandy wore their battered blue caps and belts with U. S. on them—their exclusive job while drawing a pension.

Joe Carey sat in his office alone, unconcerned and with nothing to say. He looked over the scribe's shoulders and saw that the blanks were properly filled out, swore the witnesses, and affixed his seal with notarial dexterity.

"That's all, Bennett; it goes off in the mail tonight."

It did go in the mail that night to the Department at Washington, but not until Swint had studied it over. "That application is in shipshape; you ain't touched it, an' I ain't touched it. In case o' accidents they can't 'spicion us."

. . . . . .

Colonel Spottiswoode was summernapping in his hammock—a function rarely omitted and never disturbed. He wore a pair of loose linen trousers; his shirt flared open at the neck. A palmetto fan lay on the floor beside him. The telephone rang—rang peremptorily before the fat cook answered. Then she waddled out as fast as her grand-piano legs would carry her. "Cunnel! Wake up, Cunnel! Dey got Zack in jail."

The figure in the hammock never moved. Aunt Abby shook the rope excitedly and added: "He done kilt a man."

"What? Who?" The Colonel sat up, blinking.

"Dunno who; sheriff say come dar right quick."

When Colonel Spottiswoode mounted the jail steps a quiet-looking gentleman followed and stood behind him in the hallway. The sheriff and another stranger came out of the office. "Colonel Spottiswoode, this is Mr. Vaughn, Sheriff of Hinds County. He came to get Ole Reliable."

Sheriff Vaughn laughed. "Wild-goose chase, Colonel. Cæsar Bennett killed a negro near Raymond about ten years ago. Last week one of your Grand Army negroes came out to Raymond and mentioned that Cæsar had made application for a pension. So I came over here to pick him up, but he is not the man. Our Cæsar had two toes cut off in an accident before he ran away."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen." The quiet man stepped forward and presented the sheriff his card:

MR. CARSTON KENNEDY

SPECIAL EXAMINER U. S. PENSION BUREAU

"What can I do for you, Mr. Kennedy?" the sheriff inquired.

"If that isn't your man he must be mine; his name is Zack Foster, and he is personating Cæsar Bennett to get a pension."

"Listen to that, Mr. Vaughn," the Colonel exploded; "how's that for a nigger? Got any like him in Hinds? Old fool, innocent as a baby, blundering into pension frauds and murder!"

Mr. Kennedy glanced around. "Do you know him, sir?"

"Know him? I can read his mind backward."

"Would you object to talking with him in my presence?"

"Depends. To get him out of trouble? Yes. If not I'm agin the Government."

Kennedy smiled. "I think you might help him. I've been two weeks investigating this case, and believe he is a mere tool."

"Where are you from, sir?" asked the Colonel.

"Virginia, sir."

"Good; you'll recognize Ole Reliable. There are thousands like him in Virginia."

The four white men conferred together for half an hour in the jail office, and Mr. Kennedy gave a surprisingly accurate statement of the facts. "Now, will you please bring in the claimant? Mr. Vaughn, kindly do the talking, and let me sit here in the corner."

Nobody, not even a Virginian, would have recognized Ole Reliable in the shambling and shrunken figure that came clanking into the room. Colonel Spottiswoode sat by the window looking out.

"Lor' Gawd, Cunnel! I sho is proud to see you."

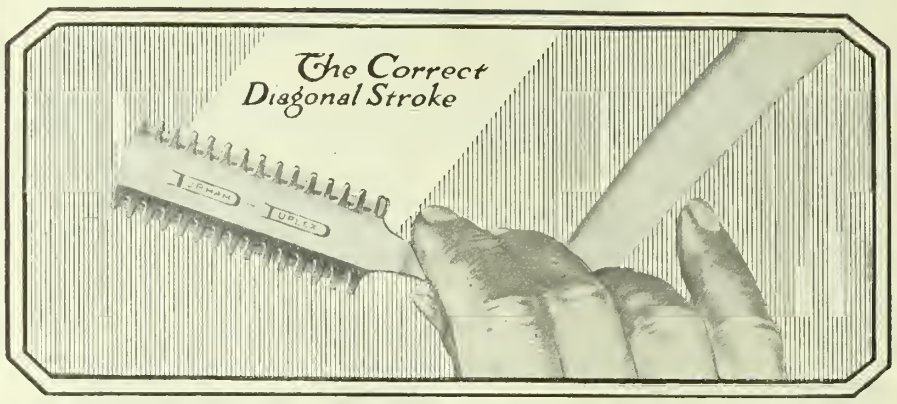
The Colonel gloomily averted his face. "Jig's up, Zack. This gentleman has come for you."

"Which gent'man? Fo' Gawd's sake, Cunnel, don't let 'em take me."

Vaughn began brutally. "Cæsar Bennett, you know what I want you for and you'd better confess. Tell the truth and maybe they won't hang you. Why did you kill Bud Rogers?"

Ole Reliable cast one terrified glance at the Colonel, who was staring through the window. "Kill!—who? Befo' Gawd, mister, I ain't never heerd o' dat man."

"While you were working at McKay's sawmill in Raymond?"



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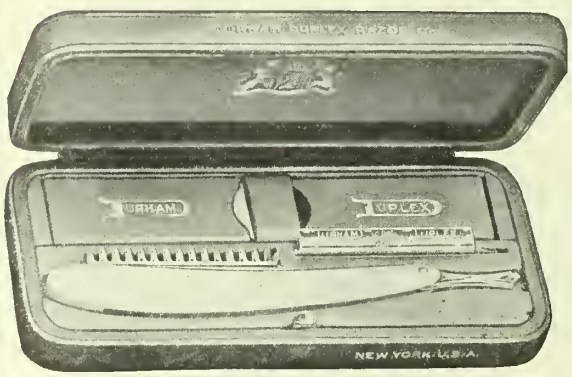

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Other styles of packings, $5 to $8.

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They are 2 inches wide—46 inches long. Are reversible—double wear.

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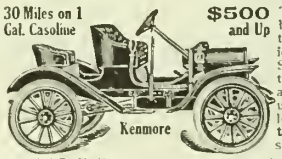

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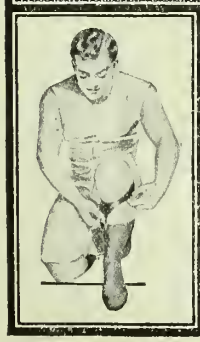

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"I ain't neber been to Raymond."

"You are Cæsar Bennett?"

A ghastly smile flickered around the old man's lips. "Mister, is you humbuggin' wid me? I jes been goin' by dat name here lately."

"So you are Cæsar Bennett?"

"Dat's a joke, mister—jes a bumfuzzle among de Lodge brothers." The smile passed with a sickly quiver as Vaughn demanded, "What Lodge?"

"Gran' Army Republicans. I war fixin' to j'ine an' dey jes call me Cæsar Bennett, 'cordin' to de rule. Been jokin' me continual—Cæsar dis an' Cæsar dat. Nuthin' 'cept a passel o' dribble-drabble, an' I jes humored 'em."

"So it was a joke?"

"Yas, suh, boss. Jokin' is all right among niggers, but white gent'mans—dey pranks too rough. Slapped me in jail wid all dese chains. Honest, boss, ain't dat kinder overjokin' wid a nigger?"

"They used to joke you pretty rough in the army?"

"Mister, please, suh, don't skylark wid me—dese things hurts my laigs. I warn't in no army 'cept to feed Cap'n's hoss. An' I p'intedly quit dat."

At a nod from Mr. Kennedy the sheriff unlocked the handcuffs. "Sit here, old man; I want to talk with you."

For an hour Kennedy sweated Ole Reliable through the third degree; then he turned to Colonel Spottiswoode. "That's the way I thought it was. Swint and Carey skipped out, but they won't get far. Can I find this man when I want him?"

"Yes, sir; I'll make a bond for him if you like," nodded the Colonel.

Then Kennedy signified that he was done.

"Zack," said the Colonel sharply, "don't you want to join a new Lodge?"

"No, suh!"

"Yes, you do; I'm going to make you join. Catch that train and go up to the plantation. The manager has elected you Most Noble Hustler of the Hoe Hands. In the fall you'll join the Grand United Army of Cotton Pickers."

Zack's face broadened into a grin. "Ef dat's all right wid you, Cunnel, it sho suits me."

"Hurry on home and pack up."

Ole Reliable hung his head. "Cunnel, please, suh, don't make me do dat—Seliny, she's dar. Lemme walk up to de National Cem'tery an' git on de train."

Under the Colonel's inquiring glance Zack explained further. "Dem triflin' niggers downtown, dey'll buzz me scan'lous."

With railroad fare in his pocket Zack set out. "Goodby, Cunnel; I'm gwine to do like dat wicked flea—he nacherly gits up an' gits when no man pursueth."

One Woman's Way

AN ORPHAN, a girl, left to shift for herself early in life, saved and applied three separate educational funds before she got where she wanted to be. The first was made up of money she earned at odd jobs.

When her widowed mother died, the girl, then twelve years old, found a home with a married sister, who boarded her and gave her some clothing in return for her services. She worked at whatever her hand could be turned to in the little town where her sister lived, saving every dollar she could and putting it into the savings bank. Before she was fifteen she had enough to take a course in dressmaking, and after following that a couple of years set out in the world for herself, going to a large city, where she got a place in a fashionable dressmaker's establishment.

City life soon gave her larger ambitions, and when she had saved enough money she took a course of training that fitted her to become a professional nurse.

This paid better and also opened up further fields of endeavor. By thrift and the skillful use of every opportunity she saved enough money to take a full course in a medical school.

While she was at college, work was incessant and funds often ran dangerously low; but she stuck to it pluckily and helped herself along by her knowledge of nursing. Today she is a full-fledged physician, and is just coming into a profitable practice in a large city.

The Serious Side
of Foods Shot from Guns

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are so enticing that they hardly seem like scientific foods.

These crisp, porous grains—eight times natural size—are becoming the cereal sensations. Half a million meals of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are now served every day.

They are eaten because people delight in them—because the grains are like nuts—because they melt in the mouth.

But, lest you forget, let us remind you again of the real reason for these foods.

A Doctor's Advice

A friend told us this: "A few days ago I consulted a famous physician regarding a stomach trouble. And I was fairly amazed when the advice that I got was to eat Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

"I regarded these foods as a sort of cereal confection. The baby of our house delights in them. But to have a great physician advise them as a diet was a novel idea to me.

"But he explained that these foods contained all the grain value—all the food elements needed.

"He said—as you say—that the steam explosion breaks the starch granules to pieces, so the digestive juices act instantly. Cooking, baking or toasting can't do this as well.

"The result is two whole grain foods—the world's premier foods—so wonderfully prepared that they don't tax the stomach. So he advised them for my principal diet."

Prof. Anderson's Idea

That was the original object—the sole idea—of this curious process, invented by Prof. Anderson.

The whole kernels of grain are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are suddenly unsealed, the steam explodes, and every starch granule is literally blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times their natural size. But the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. These crisp, giant grains are more digestible than any other cereal food.

How to Serve

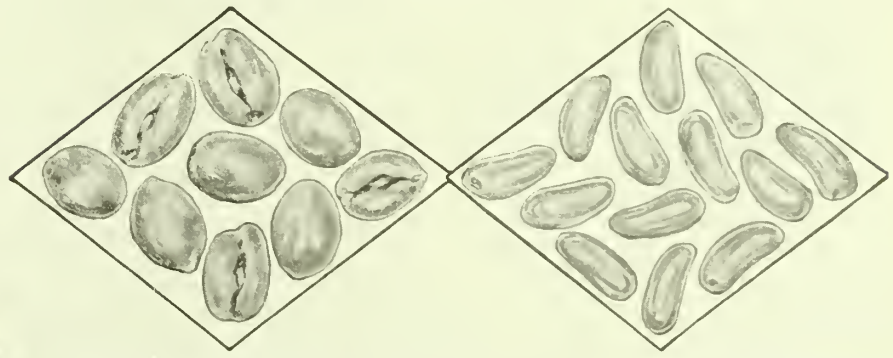
Serve with sugar and cream, if you wish. Or mix them with fruit. Bananas or berries mixed with Puffed Wheat form a delightful blend.

Or serve them, like crackers, in a bowl of milk. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are as crisp as crackers and four times as porous as bread.

Serve them any time—at mealtimes, between meals or bedtime. There is no harm in eating at any hour these easily digested foods.

Serve them tomorrow—order them now. For your folks are missing ideal foods when they lack Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West



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ALL-SEASON PEACH GROWING

(Continued from Page 10)

my own sawmills, cut that timber and built it into storage houses, which will be supplied with ice from the ponds or pools fed by the springs. If you are looking forward to building up an apple orchard in New England or New York do not be in a hurry to part with your standing timber, and do not forget that a good clear pond or a flowing spring conveniently located will be a big asset when you are selling apples direct to the consumer. And, even if you do not attempt to do a mail-order business, these things will come in handy because they will permit you to hold your stock indefinitely for the right market."

But to return to the peach business. Mr. Hale calls peaches his quick-money crop. How well he is justified in his partiality for this phrase may be suggested by the fact that in twelve years a twenty-two-acre tract of worthless pasture-land, put into peaches, paid a profit of forty-four thousand dollars. This land was rented on the basis of paying its owner six per cent on its valuation, and the valuation was naturally not any lower than the tax assessment. In fact, it was a stiff valuation; but in a single year the peaches grown on that land paid a net return of twenty-two times the valuation of the property.

From another orchard of thirty acres a single crop of peaches yielded Mr. Hale something more than twenty-four thousand dollars—an average of a little better than eight hundred dollars an acre. Special acres have repeatedly given him a return of one thousand dollars and better. Most of this land originally cost Mr. Hale twenty-five dollars an acre. He estimates his expense for tillage, labor and fertilizer at one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Of course the harvesting expense is a flexible quantity, depending upon the yield.

Young peach trees cost about eighty dollars a thousand, and practically all the young peach trees raised in America are the result of budding scions of selected varieties upon native seedling stock, grown from peach pits gathered in the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee. Mr. Hale, however, grows all his own seedlings on his Georgia plantation, and cuts his scions for budding them from bearing trees in his own orchard that have shown remarkable individual performance. He will not use stock that originated in North Carolina or Tennessee, or that has been grown in New Jersey, Delaware, New York, Ohio or Michigan, for the reason that the contagious disease known as the "Yellows" is more or less prevalent in these states, while it is unknown, according to his observation, in any of the Southern states south of the Carolinas. No one save Mr. Hale or the superintendent of his Georgia plantation, Mr. John Baird, is permitted to cut the scions for budding. Immense results hang upon the skill with which this selective breeding is done, and it can be safely trusted only to an expert who has acute peach sense.

Selecting an Orchard Site

"In selecting the site for an orchard, especially in New England," said Mr. Hale, "the important thing is to get on a hillside where there is good air and frost drainage—it cost me thousands of dollars to master this one point. Cold air runs down hill like water and fills up the lower levels first. You want your peach orchard high and dry above this high-water mark, touched by the ascending level of the frost basin. But that is not all there is to frost drainage. We have found that the tender young peaches will stand five degrees more of frost if the cold air is in motion than when it is standing still. This is why a peach orchard on a hillside will survive a frost that kills the young fruit on the plateau just above it and on the level at the base of the hill—the cold air on the hillside is moving, sliding down the hill into the valley below, and in motion it loses something of its sting. To my observation, it makes little difference toward which point of the compass the hillside faces. Any direction is good enough for me, so long as it gives the slope.

"Thrifty beginners naturally wish to raise a crop of something between the rows of the young peach trees. This is all right, provided they do not overdo it. They should never carry this practice beyond the second year, and their between-the-rows crop should be something permitting and stimulating constant cultivation, instead of something that will interfere with cultivation, like grains or grasses. To my mind, corn in the North and cotton in the South are the ideal crops to plant between rows of young peach trees. Never plant potatoes for this purpose, as they seem to poison the soil for the peaches.

"In the North, cultivation between peach trees should be constant throughout May, June and July. Keep the little steel plow and the cutaway harrow going first, and then follow up with the spring-tooth harrow with the extension head. Nothing takes the place of eternal cultivation, but keeping the top of the ground perpetually stirred is a mighty good substitute for rain and fertilizer, and will carry a peach orchard through a drought that will make grain and grass farmers sick with despair. About the first of August, or just as soon as your between-the-rows crop is out of the way, sow your leguminous cover crop to protect the ground from the cold of fall, winter and early spring. Personally, I am especially partial to the long-headed Italian clover, because it is a remarkably quick grower. But cow peas, vetch or even rye, oats, barley or turnips serve the purpose well, so far as the cover protection is concerned. But there is one thing especially to be said in favor of the legumes. Peaches are manufactured in the laboratory of the soil from potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen. On the market, potash costs about four cents a pound, phosphoric acid six or seven cents and nitrogen about seventeen cents. Now it happens that the clovers, vetches, cow peas and other leguminous plants are the best nitrogen traps ever invented; they will catch this costly element out of the air at the same time that they are serving as a cover crop."

The Process of Steady Pruning

"Though Italian clover is not quite so hardy as our common red clover, it grows faster and matures earlier and consequently gives a generous lot of humus to plow under early in the spring. Russian vetch is also a good nitrogen trap, grows like a weed, and gives plenty of humus for early spring turning. In the shallow orchard plowing, which is done on these New England hillsides, I find that enough tufts of Italian clover are left standing to reseed the ground plentifully.

"Before leaving the topic of cultivation let me say that the important thing is to get into the ground early and get it well broken up. The early end of the season is the time when the trees do their big growing stunt. Very late cultivation is not desirable, excepting in case of prolonged drought.

"The practice of pruning begins with planting. The roots of young peach trees are pruned back to a length of four or five inches and the main stem is cut to a stick fifteen or eighteen inches high, which soon begins to bristle with sprouts from the ground up. When these sprouts are about an inch and a half long put on a glove and rub off all save three or four at the top. Later you prune them again, to form the top, so that each tree will be low, shapely, and will admit the air and sunlight to every branch and twig. This is an art that cannot be taught in a sentence. All pruning, excepting that intended to shock the tree and hold it back, is done in the dormant season of late fall, winter or early spring. Always cut just above the bud that you wish to develop into a branch. Follow this rule and you may shape the tree to any form you wish. You never stop pruning a peach tree, although you do less and less of it, from year to year, after it has come into bearing.

"Fertilizing is the work that requires a trained eye. The main thing is to be able to tell from the signals that the tree is flying just what kind of food it needs—whether nitrogen to make abundant foliage and more wood, potash to give high color and sweetness to the fruit, or phosphoric acid to make hard, solid, slow-growing wood and a moderate amount of foliage. Ordinarily the trick is to feed liberally of potash and phosphoric acid and grudgingly of nitrogen. But always keep some nitrogen up your sleeve, so that if any block of trees in your orchard shows a lack of good healthy color in foliage or wood,

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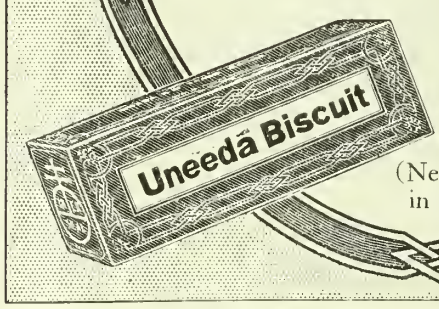

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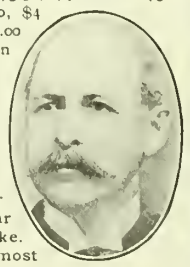

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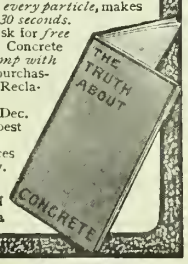

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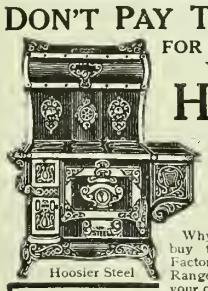

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you can quickly apply nitrate of potash or nitrate of soda—not more than one hundred pounds to the acre at any time—and thus give a quick stimulus to the trees.

"There is a marked difference between New England and Georgia in the requirements of tree feeding. At the North young peach trees should be fed very moderately at the start, so that their growth will not be too quick and tender—for they must be rugged enough to withstand the cold winter. At first I was inclined to keep to the same rule in Georgia, but of late years close observation has compelled me to change my attitude on this point. Now, on my Georgia plantation, I feed the little trees liberally and crowd their growth from the very start. This feeding begins even before planting.

"I like to have the holes for the trees dug two or three months before we are ready to plant, and about two shovelfuls of well-decomposed stable manure put into the holes to leach and soak. Then, just before the trees are planted, anywhere from the middle of November to the middle of February, this manure is lifted out, the tree put in, and the manure from the hole spread about the little tree on top of the ground.

"This same practice is advisable in the North where you are putting young trees into ground containing dead roots of old stumps, which are likely to be infested with the wood aphis—a pestiferous insect that cannot endure manure-soaked soil.

"In addition to the manure around the little tree we use about half a pound of a mixture made up of equal parts of basic slag, sulphate of potash, and nitrate of soda. Two months later we give another similar application to the tree. By this time the roots of the young peach tree are reaching out to where they can get hold of some of the fertilizer used for the cotton planting between the rows. The second year the young trees are given an application of about three pounds each of the same mixture. At the same time a larger amount of cotton fertilizer is available to the peach tree. About the beginning of the second year every peach tree that looks like a chronic weakling is pulled out and a new tree planted in its place. This is the way to build up a healthy orchard."

The Bracer After the Harvest

"Peach trees come into bearing the third year. The last of July, in Georgia, we finished harvesting a monster crop of the most beautiful peaches I have ever grown in the South. Along in May we gave each tree in our bearing orchards there three pounds of phosphoric acid and a full pound of sulphate of potash, broadcasting it and forcing it into the soil with harrows. This accounts for the high color, the sweet, rich flavor and the firm texture of the peaches we are gathering. Immediately after the harvest each tree is given a pound of nitrate of soda, as a bracer, to stimulate a little more wood growth and more fruit buds for the next year, and to strengthen those fruit buds that were forming while the present crop was ripening."

In 1890, while serving the United States Census Bureau as special agent in charge of Horticultural Statistics, Mr. Hale visited Fort Valley, Georgia, to look into the watermelon industry there. He noticed that the native peach trees were well fruited, although it was then early in August. Then the idea came to him that here was probably the southernmost section in which the large, fine varieties of peaches could be grown and be ready for the market before the small early varieties from Maryland and Michigan would be ripe. His own peach sense, backed by observation and inquiry, convinced him that there was no mistake about this. Incidentally the local banker told him that an old cotton plantation of 964 acres, just out of town, could be bought at a bargain to close up an estate. Mr. Hale took a thirty-day option on the property, and it was sold to him for fifteen thousand dollars. Every cent of the money for the original purchase and for the development of the property had to be borrowed from his banker at home in the North. The cotton crop was harvested six weeks after the purchase and paid a profit of nine per cent on the entire investment. The second cotton crop paid a still higher percentage. The plantation prospered from the start.

Adjoining the land that he had bought were 1196 acres, which were offered to him on a long-time lease at an extremely

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Barcalo Buffalo

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low rental. Mr. Hale figured that it would cost him no more for traveling and other similar expenses to manage 2160 acres than it would his own 964 acres, and that at the low rate of rental he could not afford to buy the additional land; so he rented it.

Today the entire plantation has about one hundred thousand peach trees in bearing, somewhat more than that number of young trees "just coming on," and a nursery of fully two hundred thousand peach trees. Also the plantation produces corn on one hundred and fifty acres, cotton on more than one hundred acres, and ten to fifteen acres each of sweet potatoes, cantaloups and watermelons are grown on the place for the negro laborers. Each of the thirty negro families on the place is given a garden patch of one to five acres.

Cotton for Policy's Sake

Mr. Hale calls cotton his psychological crop, because the Georgia negro, as a rule, will not remain on a place where there is no cotton to pick. Therefore cotton is raised on the peach plantation quite as much for the contentment of the negro help as for direct profits. However, there is no complaint against cotton on the score of profits. By deep plowing, strong fertilization and progressive methods of culture Mr. Hale made his cotton, between the rows of young peach trees, yield one hundred and thirty bales from one hundred acres last year. The average yield of cotton in that neighborhood, from land devoted entirely to its culture, is half a bale to the acre. As Mr. Hale's cotton, for lint and seed, brought him eighty-five dollars, his cotton income last year, from one hundred acres of first and second year orchard land, was $11,050. All of the corn for the negro families and for the maintenance of the fifty mules and horses is also raised on the place as an incidental crop. The average yield per acre varies from forty to sixty bushels; last year the crop was 7500 bushels.

Of all expenditures for equipment on the plantation, none has ever brought such returns as a three-thousand-dollar stationary engine with an air compressor on the same head and six steel tubular tanks on wheels, charged with two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds air pressure. These traveling soda fountains for the pests cover the orchard with incredible swiftness and not only drench the trees on both sides of the leaves, but thoroughly saturate the ground. In economy of operation and maintenance alone this air-pressure outfit has, in the opinion of Mr. Hale, paid for itself in a single season in comparison with the cost of maintaining any other kind of a spraying equipment with which he is familiar.

Up to two years ago the summer spraying of peach trees was a rare practice, because any of the spraying compounds then commonly used, which would destroy the curculio and other summer pests, would injure the tender foliage of the fruit tree. On this plantation scientists from the United States Department of Agriculture developed the "self-boiled lime and sulphur spray" which eradicates the brown rot and San José scale and, by adding arsenate of lead, controls the curculio, besides being a good general fungicide and an actual stimulus to the healthy growth of the tree. No grower should attempt to make or apply this remarkable spray without applying to the United States Department of Agriculture for its "Bureau of Entomology Circular, No. 120."

The first spraying is done just after the blooming period when the bloom-shuck falls from the tiny peach. The second spraying comes about three weeks later when the peaches are the size of a walnut, and the third follows about four weeks before the picking season opens. Besides destroying pests, plagues and insects, this new summer spray does away with the lesser fungus troubles that mar the beauty of the fruit. Mr. Hale declares that this spraying, when well done, not only abolishes rot from his peaches but gives them a beauty and clearness of skin impossible before the discovery of this wonderful boon to the peach industry. However, he continues the practice of dormant season spraying against the San José scale during October, November and December. This spraying costs about three cents a tree and the three summer sprayings about seven and a half cents. This brings the whole spraying cost to about one hundred dollars per thousand trees, and it often, if not generally, spells the difference between fine fruit and poor fruit, between big crops and poor crops, between success and failure. Immediately after the crop is harvested, cow peas are sown in the orchards to protect the soil from the intense heat, to gather nitrogen and to add humus.

The peach harvest in Georgia opens about the last week in May, gets into full swing by the twentieth of June and continues through the first week of August. When asked what was the largest shipment of peaches he ever made Mr. Hale replied:

"Fifteen carloads in one day. That means 1,575,000 peaches of average size—each peach handled three times. That was a single day's work on the Georgia plantation and was the biggest volume of fruit ever rolled out of any orchard in the world in one day. That week we shipped eighty-three carloads."

In the later years of his experience Mr. Hale is harvesting another crop which he began to plant along with his first peach trees on the hillsides of the home farm in New England—the crop of horticultural experience. At first he made no account of this crop, but gave his horticultural advice freely to all who asked. Meantime the planting of orchards, and especially of large commercial orchards, has multiplied beyond belief. The result is that thousands have sought the counsel of this man who has gained his knowledge by hard experience and proved its practicality by rich harvests produced under widely differing conditions. Therefore he has been forced into practicing the profession of horticultural counselor, and many a prosperous attorney would probably be willing to exchange his fees for those of Mr. Hale if he were familiar with their size and volume.

"The man who makes a sound success of growing orchard fruits on a commercial scale," declares Mr. Hale, "will always be able to sell his knowledge at a fair price and remain in the orchard business at the same time. In fact, I believe the demand for his services as a horticultural counselor will be greater if he continues as an active grower than if he devotes his whole time to giving advice. This is because he is making good on the soil, on his own account, and others can see it. They want their advice to come straight from the soil, and they are right about it."

Mr. Hale's Net Results

What have been the net results of Mr. Hale's experience in driving the fruit industry in double harness? Here is the answer in his own words:

"The home farm in Connecticut, which began with twenty acres and has broadened to five hundred and twenty acres, has produced peaches that have brought more than half a million dollars, with very low freights to pay; has supported and educated a fair-sized family, has paid for a continual broadening of acreage and for increasing improvements. The orchard at Seymour, Connecticut, of four hundred acres, in the fourteen years of its development has produced peaches enough practically to pay for the entire enterprise, including a large and expensive dwelling-house and many other costly improvements, and has given the great apple orchard free of cost—an orchard that could not be bought for five hundred dollars an acre. The Georgia orchard, which did not get into full swing of bearing until about 1904, had produced, at the close of the 1909 season, more than a million dollars' worth of peaches, after deducting the cost of harvesting, shipping and selling, and we are now gathering the greatest harvest in its history. No doubt these figures look alluring. The man who reads the statement that I took twenty-four thousand dollars from thirty acres of stony New England land in one crop of peaches is likely to think that he has been overlooking about the easiest money game on earth, but there is another side to it. I have had black years of crop failure that looked as though they would wipe me out. Again, I guess I was born to peach raising as the sparks fly upward, and I have been at it every day of my life, from boyhood up. There has always been more in it for me than the money I could get out of it. It has been to me a life enthusiasm, not an individual business venture. Those who can feel that way about it and stick to it through thick and thin, year after year, will probably succeed at it. And the other kind will probably fail."

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We have a box of rare biscuit bonbons waiting for your address. They are the newest dainties out. Please write for the gift today.

Sunshine Specialties

You are missing more than you know until you ask for this box. There are chocolate wafers in it—one style filled with sweet vanilla cream. And there are crisp sweet biscuits made in several dainty forms.

They are used as desserts or confections. No other bakery in America produces anything half so good.

When you taste these dainties you are bound to want more. That is one reason why we send them. They will also indicate what marvelous skill is employed in the Sunshine bakeries.

Ours are the world's finest bakeries. Here we make biscuits of every kind, from soda crackers up.

All are baked in white tile ovens, and all are made with the same rare skill employed in these biscuit bonbons.

When you taste these samples you will wish to insist on the Sunshine brand on biscuits of every kind.

Simply send us your name and address and the name and address of your grocer. A postal will do. The next mail will bring you this free assorted box. Your grocer will then supply you the kinds which you like best. Cut out this reminder so you won't forget.

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Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.
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(4)

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

LOOK LIKE LINEN — FIT LIKE LINEN

Pat. Dec. 26, 1905. Pat. Nov. 24, 1908.

A MAN'S COLLAR is one of the most important items of his dress. Challenge Waterproof Collars give the style and fit of the best linen without the annoyance and expense. You can't tell them from linen and they will add much to your comfort and pleasure under conditions that are practically impossible for a linen collar.

Challenge Collars are made in the latest models. They're never shiny—never turn yellow—can be cleaned with a rub—they save laundry bills, too. Try them this season. You will appreciate a perfect dull linen finish that is not affected by dust or heat.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Collars 25 cts., Cuffs 50 cts., or sent by mail by us direct. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish makes tie adjustment easy. Write for our latest style book.

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Established 1883
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ST. LOUIS, 505 N. 7th St. DETROIT, 117 Jefferson Ave. TORONTO, 58-64 Fraser Ave.

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Story-Writing and JOURNALISM taught by mail; MSS. revised and sold on commission. Send for free booklet, "*Writing for Profit*", tells how; gives proof.
The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

The few samples reproduced on this page are typical of the quality and variety of real printing and multiple typewriting turned out by users of the

MULTIGRAPH

You can get as good results, and have the work done privately in your office, by your own employees, when you want it, and at great saving.

Form Letters that are Read and Turn Inquiries into Sales;
Real Printing that Saves from 25% to 75% of Your Annual Charges.

The Multigraph will enable you to turn out form-letters at the rate of from 2000 to 6000 an hour. These letters will be read, and bring sales, because they are really typewritten.

The ribbon is matched to your office-typewriter, and the impression can be regulated to correspond with the touch of the person who fills in the superscription.

The Multigraph is not only a multiple typewriter, but also a rapid rotary printing-press. It uses real printing-ink—not aniline—and any face of type—because you print from electrotypes.

You can turn out practically any form of printed matter for office, factory or advertising; and the quality will be equal to the samples shown on this page.

Read what the following satisfied users say about the direct results of Multigraphed advertising and the direct saving of Multigraph printing.

"Our sales have increased about fourfold, not a little of which is directly traceable to your machine. We consider that this machine has paid for itself about once a week since we have had it. You may be interested in knowing that we only bought the machine after giving every duplicating machine on the market a thorough trial."

Walrath & Sherwood Lumber Co., Omaha, Neb.

"The value of the machine lies in the quantity of work which can be turned out without adding to the clerical force. Such a machine doing a reasonable amount of work, always ought to pay for itself by the additional elasticity which it gives to the advertising capacity. The result is that a vast amount of profitable work is done which would otherwise be undone or half done."

The Lawyers Co-operative Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

"The machine in this office is kept busy the greater portion of the time, and has saved the State many hundreds of dollars in printing, in the short time since its installation. This department would hardly be able to get along now without the machine."

J. E. Love, Chairman of Corporation Commission, Guthrie, Okla.

"I will say that if we could not duplicate the machine we have, we would not dispense with it for a thousand dollars."

Alaska Investment & Development Company, Port Townsend, Wash.

"In regard to the value of the Multigraph plan of advertising, will say that the direct letter plan, that we have carried out, is very satisfactory—having received as many as fifty (50) orders from a series of only 325 letters, in less than a week, without a follow-up."

Martin-McCormack Co., Sioux City, Ia.

"Previous to having secured the Multigraph, the duplicating work was sent outside and figuring what I would have to pay for the work that we have already done on our Multigraph, if it were done elsewhere, I am safe in saying in two more months the Multigraph will have paid for itself. If I could not purchase another, I would not part with this Multigraph for $5,000 in gold coin of the United States."

Ralph C. Clyde, Benedictine Press, Portland, Oregon.

"The machine paid for itself before we had used it two months, in addition to this we were enabled through Multigraph profits to purchase three typewriters and furnish part of our office equipment. We have not incurred any expense for repairs. The quality of the work turned out is perfect and has enabled us to secure jobs which had heretofore been impossible."

Churchill-Harris & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE application of the Multigraph to various lines of business has been worked out from actual experience. Among its users are the most prominent firms and corporations in practically every kind of manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional business, as well as the National Government, State Governments, banks, railroads, agencies, associations of all kinds, newspapers and magazines, publishers, printers, and corporations of all sorts. By all of these it has been found a permanent asset for reducing expense and increasing profit.

Write today for our interesting book, "More Profit with the Multigraph." It will tell you how easily the Multigraph can be operated, how it takes up no more space than an ordinary typewriter desk, and weighs, with full equipment, only 175 lbs. Accurate illustrations, details of construction, etc. Possibilities of profit in Multigraph multiple-typewriting and Multigraph printing applied to many vocational lines. Write today, using the letterhead of your firm or corporation.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY

Executive Offices, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen St., London, E. C., England

BRANCH OFFICES—where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Akron, O.; Albany, N. Y.; Atlanta, Ga.; Baltimore, Md.; Boston, Mass.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; Cleveland, O.; Columbus, O.; Dallas, Tex.; Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Detroit, Mich.; Fresno, Cal.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hartford, Conn.; Houston, Tex.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Louisville, Ky.; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Montreal, Quebec; Muncie, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn.; Newark, N. J.; New Haven, Conn.; New Orleans, La.; New York, N. Y.; Norfolk, Va.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Portland, Ore.; Providence, R. I.; Richmond, Va.; Rochester, N. Y.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Francisco, Cal.; Seattle, Wash.; Spokane, Wash.; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Toledo, O.; Toronto, Ont.; Vancouver, B. C.; Washington, D. C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wichita, Kan.; Winnipeg, Man.

The "Broncho Buster"

From the Land of the Cowboy

It's a typical Texas cowboy hat, and the style that all Texas cowboys wear. When it comes to headwear, the Texas cowboy is particular. The quality *must* be there or he won't buy. *He wouldn't wear a cheap hat any more than he would carry a cheap gun.* This is the hat that has built our reputation. We have made the "Broncho Buster" popular on the boulevards of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco and all large cities. It's the hat of a gentleman and is suitable for all open air occasions. We are deluged with orders from North, South, East and West. The "Broncho Buster" is suitable for all climates and weathers—a very picturesque style, *originated*, *manufactured* and sold by us exclusively, direct to the consumer. Five Dollars won't buy you a better hat anywhere.

$3

Regular $5 Value

Express prepaid

Description The "Broncho Buster" is made of fine quality felt, light tan color, very light-weight, trimmed with richly carved Mexican leather band. The brim is a "never-flop" and will positively hold its shape. The "Broncho Buster" is made in two dimensions; brim 3 inches, crown 4½ inches; brim 3½ inches, crown 5 inches; a regular $5 hat, sent express prepaid for **$3**

BE SURE TO STATE SIZE

To Dealers

The growing demand for the popular "Broncho Buster" hat and our National publicity campaign in which we are investing thousands of dollars, make the agency for this hat a splendid paying proposition. We will place **one agency in every town,** with **the best dealer.** The dealer securing this Agency will be **fully protected** and his sales should net him handsome returns. If interested, don't delay, but write us at once for our Agency Plan.

Our Guarantee

We hereby **Guarantee** our "Broncho Buster" Hat to be exactly as represented, and failing in any particular, or if you are not **entirely** satisfied, we will promptly refund your money. Order today. Address

Houston Hat Co.

Dept. A **HOUSTON, TEXAS**

We Need a Representative In Your Locality

The new twice-a-month LADIES' HOME JOURNAL appeared on August 25th. Its reception has brought forth such a tremendous volume of subscription orders that we find our field force inadequate to handle the business. We offer a permanent position to live and energetic young men, or young women, who can devote all or a part of their time to systematically writing up subscription orders in the homes in their localities.

Our basis of remuneration is a liberal commission on each order, and we will also pay a salary depending upon your success. Understand that these terms apply on renewals as well as on new subscriptions, which makes possible for you a permanent and always-increasing business. You may also write orders for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the same remunerative basis.

There is no expense involved and a line telling us of your interest will bring to you all details.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Desk B, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE HOME LIFE OF HAYES

(Continued from Page 15)

I do not wish to be understood as trying to give the impression that upon Mrs. Hayes alone rested the entire responsibility of the bringing up of her family. Her ideas as to the right way of living were shared to the utmost by her husband. And they carried out these ideas quietly, calmly, with sympathetic tenderness, each bearing equal responsibility and being glad to do so.

Notwithstanding the tremendous turmoil caused by the counting of votes at the end of the Hayes-Tilden campaign, everything suddenly became quiet immediately after the President's inauguration, and few if any other Presidents have enjoyed a calmer Administration in the White House. It will be remembered that the election was so close as to necessitate a decision by the highest tribunal that ever met in this country: the Senate, the House of Representatives and the Supreme Court of the United States passing final opinion as to whether Hayes or Tilden had been elected President. So much in earnest were Mr. Tilden's supporters, and so violent were some of the unthinking among them, that for a time it was common to hear threats made on the streets that they were determined to seat him in the White House if they had to bring an armed force to Washington for that purpose. Although a dozen years had passed since the close of the Civil War, men's passions were yet easily aroused, and the threats referred to reached the ears of President Grant, who quickly put a quietus on the movement to seat Tilden, whether or no, by asserting that whoever was declared, by Senate and House and Supreme Court, to be elected President, he himself would see inaugurated. Grant made this assertion just once, and allowed it to become known to the public; and the public knew that when the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States made such an assertion—and when that official was Ulysses S. Grant!—he would carry out his announced plan no matter what happened. From the day that Grant's declaration was made public Mr. Tilden's ill-advised followers made no further threats. Their mouths were closed instantly and permanently. All this is well-known history to most of my readers, but the surprising thing is that so soon afterward, immediately upon his inauguration, President Hayes was accepted cordially by practically the entire country. Of course, there were a few who still insisted that his election was fraudulent, in spite of the decision rendered by the highest tribunal that ever assembled in the country; but these few were so insignificant in number and influence that they made no impression upon the nation at large.

A Man Without an Enemy

At this point I am asked, by my collaborator, who were the strongest enemies Mr. Hayes had during his Administration. I am compelled to reply that President Hayes had no enemies such as most other Presidents have had. He had political opponents who disagreed with him as to policies and measures and plans generally; but of enemies who were trying to fight him and control him and upset him, who were intriguing to demolish his influence and to ruin his career—he had none. Men could differ from him on public questions, but nobody could hate Rutherford B. Hayes, and this solely because of his lovable character. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, as we all know, and it is a good rule that will work both ways. President Hayes lived according to what was a good rule. He hated nobody, and nobody could hate him. His friendliness and sympathy were at all times extended to those with whom he came in contact; and, as a result, he enjoyed their good will and sympathy.

There were some persons—and perhaps there are some today—in whose opinion President Hayes was what is sometimes termed a "soft" man, one easily influenced against his will. We, however, who saw him at close range, realized that he was able, keen, sharp; a man who instantly saw through pretense. As an indication of his ability to take care of himself under any circumstances, and of his caution, it will be remembered that he was the only President—certainly the only President during the last half century—who invariably had a stenographer present in his private office. No matter who came to call upon President Hayes, the visitor never saw him alone. At a table in the office sat Mr. Gustin, an expert stenographer, whose business it was to take down in shorthand everything that was said to President Hayes, and every word that the President said in reply—excepting when some one, such as a member of the President's household, would come in and talk upon some purely personal matter. In this way President Hayes protected himself to an extraordinary degree. It was impossible, under the circumstances, for any political opponent later to assert untruthfully that in the Executive Office President Hayes had told him that he would do so and so; or that he would not do so and so.

Children at the White House

The children of the White House during the Hayes Administration had many friends, and enjoyed themselves in a good old-fashioned way. There was no dancing in the Executive Mansion; there were no lawn parties, or card parties, or musicales. As a matter of fact, there has been little real gayety in the Executive Mansion until comparatively recent years. The first children's party was given during President Johnson's Administration, as I have already mentioned in a preceding article. And the first Christmas tree ever put up in the great white building was yet to come, in President Harrison's time. Nevertheless, the Hayes children did not lack amusement. The martial atmosphere, so long enveloping Washington, had become dissipated and little Scott Hayes did not "play soldier" as Tad Lincoln had done. But he and Fanny used to run around, busy, happy little children engaged in a thousand and one pursuits, and they would come unhesitatingly into the office whenever they wanted to do so.

I liked all of the children, of course, but my special pet was little Fanny—then a girl of about eleven years, if recollection serves. For some reason she seemed to like me, also, and frequently she would come trotting into the office where I sat at my desk and climb up on my knee and demand pen and ink and paper, whereupon she would gravely lean forward over the desk, inditing a note addressed to me with much care and much puckering of her otherwise smooth little forehead. Some of the childish messages written on bits of paper I carefully preserved, and I am glad to look at them once in a while, for they bring to my mind the lovable, happy little lass who composed them with so much effort. One of them which I hold in my hand is as follows:

DEAR SIR: February 9, 1879.

I am very much obliged for the French writing-book. Your affectionate Friend,

FANNY HAYES.

The single sheet of paper on which this is written was carefully folded over, and on the outside it was addressed thus:

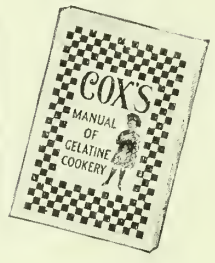
PRIVATE
Mr. Crook
Washington, D. C.

Fanny and her little brother Scott used to come to me whenever they wanted pencils or paper on which to draw pictures, or little rubber bands, which they seemed to value highly; and, of course, I made sure to have a sufficient stock of such childish treasures on hand for my little visitors.

Among the many friends of these two youngest members of the President's family were the children of the President's secretary, Mr. W. K. Rogers, who had studied for the ministry in Ohio before coming to Washington. He had one daughter; a son, W. K. Rogers, Jr., who was about fifteen years old; and the baby of the family was another son, little Andrew, who was between four and five when I first knew him. Mr. Rogers lived near the White House, and, having known Mr. and Mrs. Hayes intimately for many years, his little folks were at the Executive Mansion almost every day as playmates of the President's younger children. For some reason little Andrew Rogers at once adopted me as his special friend among the grown-ups in the Executive Office, and one of the first things he would do on arriving would be to come over to my desk, looking very

Cox's INSTANT POWDERED Gelatine

The Boy



The Book

This Highland Laddie has been presenting Cox's Gelatine to the world for more than 80 years.

Your mother probably knew Cox's Gelatine by the red, white and blue Checkerboard Box when she was a little girl. Neither its dress nor that of the boy has changed, although its contents have been improved and the Refined Sparkling Gelatine of former years has become Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine.

This form is the most convenient in which Gelatine can be prepared. Dissolves instantly in boiling water—no soaking, no waiting. Perfectly smooth—not grainy or lumpy.

Apple Gateau

6 to 7 persons. 1 oz. (2 heaping tablespoonfuls) Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine; 1½ lbs. apples; 6 ozs. (6 tablespoonfuls) sugar; rind and juice 1 lemon; 1 gill (½ cup) boiling water; 1 gill (½ cup) cold water; few drops red coloring. Dissolve the Gelatine in the boiling water. Slice the apples into a saucepan, add the cold water, sugar, grated rind and juice of the lemon. Stew slowly and rub through a sieve, then add the dissolved Gelatine, and color pink with red coloring. Turn into a glass dish, and set in a cool place for three hours. Serve with custard or cream.

The Box

Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery, prepared by an American cooking expert, contains more than 200 recipes for dainty and appetizing desserts, savories, creams, salads, jellies, frozen dishes, puddings, punches, sweets, invalids' dishes, etc.

Send us your address for a Complimentary Copy.
Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine is sold by all dealers.

THE COX GELATINE COMPANY
Dept. A, 100 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
U. S. Distributors for J. & G. Cox, Ltd., Edinburgh, Scotland

Do You Keep A Cash Account? Woolson's Expense Books for personal and household accounts, costing from 25c. to $3.50 each, furnish a complete analysis of expenses by days, weeks, months and years. Interesting descriptive circulars free.
George B. Woolson & Co., 27 Elm St., New Haven, Ct.

PATENTS BOUGHT
Many deals closed by our clients—one recently for $680,000.00—our *proof* of Patents that PROTECT.
Send 8c postage for our 3 books for Inventors.
R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Div. 35, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

mournful, climb up on my knee, and sit there silently for a moment. Whereupon I would say:

"Good morning, Andrew. I hope you are feeling very well today?"

"No," the little fellow would respond with a sigh; "I have a cough, and if I do not do something for it I am afraid it will get worse."

Then I would open what I called the "children's drawer" in my big desk, and take out half a dozen harmless cough-drops or bits of horehound candy, and as soon as he placed one of these sweeties in his dear little mouth he would immediately recover from that terrible cough, and after thanking me politely would trot out and find the other children! For some reason Andrew's cough never got beyond the stage of early recovery—perhaps this was because he used to come to my desk for cough-drops pretty nearly every day.

Other friends of Fanny and Scott Hayes were my own children, Harry and Carrie. All were about of an age and frequently played together in the White House grounds or over at the Soldiers' Home, just outside of the city, where President Hayes spent the summer. Fanny was a plump, chubby, merry little mite of humanity with hair brown, but not quite so dark as her mother's. She was really a very handsome child, and with great good sense Mrs. Hayes dressed her simply and becomingly. At the time of her father's Presidency she had grown beyond the doll-baby stage and was fond of books, especially of fairy tales. Little Scott Hayes was lively as a cricket and, like his sister Fanny and his big brother Webb, closely resembled his mother in general appearance.

Rutherford P. Hayes even at that time was deeply interested in the study of botany. And during his vacations from college he used to spend most of his time out-of-doors examining and gathering specimens of plant life, not merely in and around Washington but throughout various adjacent sections of Virginia and Maryland. He was of studious habits from boyhood and went about his self-chosen task methodically and with unflagging interest. He mounted his specimens on a particular kind of bristol-board, the sheets of which were cut to a convenient size; and these he used to obtain from my stock. Owing to a lack of room in the White House, Rutherford could not have a study of his own wherein to prepare the specimens he gathered, so he used to do most of his work in a little room at the northeast end of the White House, which at that time was used as a telegraph room. There he would classify and mount hundreds of specimens of various forms of plant life, study them, and make records for his own purposes. Living so much of the time in the open, and inheriting health and an equable temperament from both parents, Rutherford was a fine type of young man, strong, hearty, rollicking and full of fun. He is now engaged in forestry work down in the Carolinas, and, like the other Hayes children, has done well in life.

Hunting in the South

During Mr. Hayes' Presidency his son Webb was a young man in the early twenties and he also loved to be out-of-doors, being especially fond of hunting. Often when I could get a day or two of vacation I went with him down in Virginia, hunting deer or quail or duck or geese. I remember one time Webb and I started for Old Point Comfort and there met Captain Lafayette E. Campbell of the Quartermaster's Department, with whom arrangements had been made beforehand. The Captain had ready a good-sized power launch stocked with provisions, and an excellent negro cook. In the launch we steamed far up the James River, turning into a stream that branched off from it through a stretch of lowland country. Here and there lived a few families of "poor whites," who earned a living, such as it was, principally by fishing and by extracting from a peculiar kind of fish a fatty oil, which they would send to the nearest town for sale. We were out after wild geese on that hunting excursion and had been told that plenty of them could be found in the lowlands. So, when we reached a favorable locality the launch was tied up, the cooking-tent was set up on shore, and we all got ready for the hunt.

There was no question as to the presence of the wild geese either; we could hear them at night all around us, but they must have been informed of Webb Hayes' prowess as a hunter, for during the several days of our sojourn there none of us got within gunshot of a single goose. But we enjoyed the outing all the same, expecially the long frosty evenings when we would gather around the roaring campfire. As soon as it was really dark some of the "poor whites" already alluded to would come floating down the winding little stream in small boats or in canoes, and come ashore to sit down by the fire and inspect the strangers. Word quickly passed from one to another that strangers were in the vicinity and they wanted to find out who we were. During the first evening or two they would answer questions simply enough, although they were by no means of a communicative disposition; but somehow they learned that one of our party, Webb, was a son of the President, and from that time on we could hardly get a word out of them.

After the White-Tail Deer

On another occasion Webb invited me to go on a deer hunt down in Virginia. We went to Petersburg, and there we joined Colonel Brady, Collector of Internal Revenue, Congressman Joseph Jorgensen and a third gentleman, who had a fine two-horse spring-wagon ready for us, into which we climbed and rapidly drove down to Dinwiddie Courthouse, ten or a dozen miles distant as I recollect the drive. There we found a few houses, and there we spent several days hunting quail and deer. The game was plentiful, especially the white-tail deer, which would lie around in the fields during the daytime, resting in the sagebrush like so many huge rabbits. Colonel Brady and Mr. Jorgensen had made excellent preparations for the hunt, and in the morning fifteen or twenty farmers would come there, well mounted and accompanied by their hounds. The guests of the hunt would be taken out into the woods and would be placed near some of the well-trodden paths known as deer-runs, through which the white-tail deer were accustomed to traverse the forest. Then the farmers would take their dogs away around through the woods and scare up deer, which would soon come bolting down the runs at breakneck speed; and as one of the leaping creatures would dash past him the hunter was supposed to fire at it. Of course, the deer had every chance to escape, and as a matter of fact the entire party succeeded in getting only one deer, and that was shot by Webb.

The tranquil life of the Hayes family in the White House ended as naturally and as easily as it had commenced and continued during the four years. We were all sorry to see them go, for somehow we in the office felt that Mrs. Hayes had brought with her and would take away that atmosphere of rare tenderness that we employees might never experience again. Not merely the whole office force did its utmost to please President Hayes, in every possible way, but all the servants also.

The last time I saw Mr. Hayes was the last day he ever spent in Washington—during the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, in 1892. A reviewing-stand had been erected near the corner of the Treasury Building, fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, where a number of persons sat and watched the great procession. Close by, and alongside of this stand, a little refreshment room had been arranged, the luncheon being sent over from the White House and being served by White House waiters. I was standing at the entrance of this little refreshment room when I happened to look up Pennsylvania Avenue and spied ex-President Hayes turning the corner of Fifteenth Street with his comrades. I hurried down the line and met him before he reached the stand, and invited him to drop out of the ranks and rest for a little while. He did so and remained there until the parade was over. That evening I called upon him where he was visiting a friend, and we talked of many things that had happened in years gone by. He seemed glad to have me recall scenes that had been familiar to both of us, and in which Mrs. Hayes had been the leading figure—little happenings of their quiet, happy home life in the White House; and when I left him it was with the hope that I might often in the future have the privilege of sharing such reminiscences. But he never again came to Washington.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Colonel Crook on the Home Life of Our Presidents in the White House. The fifth will be published in an early number.

Salesmanship For Boys

From a rich fund of experience gained in dealing with many thousands of the brightest and most manly boys in America has been written one of the most unique volumes ever prepared for boys.

In its 130 pages is given some of the best and most practical advice ever offered to a boy who hopes some day to enter business or professional life. The book does not "preach," but the inevitable success of honesty and square dealing, plus energy and resourcefulness, is demonstrated in one of the most interesting and unusual publications ever put into the hands of a boy. Actually, it is a splendid book on salesmanship and high-grade business methods brought down to the level of the average boy and brightened with lots of experiences of real boys who have "made good." No lad with red blood in his veins can read it without keen entertainment and a determination to "be somebody" in the great world, even before he grows up to be a man. In fact, there are few men or women who will read the first page without continuing to the end. Two hundred and fifty clever drawings brighten the text. Some of the stories, like the one about the County Fair (see page 58), are mighty amusing. The book will not be sold, but a copy will be sent to any boy who will demonstrate that he is one of the sort who wants to amount to something.

Thousands of boys now sell THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. They do it, not alone for the money which they earn, but for the splendid experience which they get in earning their own spending money—experience which will be of inestimable value in later life. Some day *your* boy will have to go out into the world to earn his own living. A little preliminary training now under wholesome conditions, and a little instruction in the methods which make for an honorable business success, will save him a lot of hard knocks and help to keep him straight.

To any beginner who will sell not less than 5 copies of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, or 10 copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for two successive issues, we will send a copy of the book without charge. This is in addition to the profit on each copy of the magazine sold by him. He purchases the copies from us at the wholesale price and sells at the retail price, the profit being his.

The book is sent without charge, postpaid, to any boy when he has given this first indication to us that he is the sort of boy for whom it is written.

A line of inquiry will bring all details and everything necessary.

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of great interest to **Every Prospective Mother**

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. —**Always drapes evenly in front and back**—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or basting—**Can be worn the year round.**

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Red Cedar Chest For Xmas

No home is completely furnished without one of our chests. Built of Red Cedar, the fragrant Southern wood that protects furs and other clothing against moths, without camphor. Dust and damp-proof. Saves cold storage expenses. This style is 4 ft. long, 2 ft. wide, 2 ft. high. Hand polished. Copper trimmings. Some designs only $11. Freight paid east of the Mississippi River, from factory to home. Fine Xmas, wedding or birthday gift.

Write for Catalog "K" and price list.

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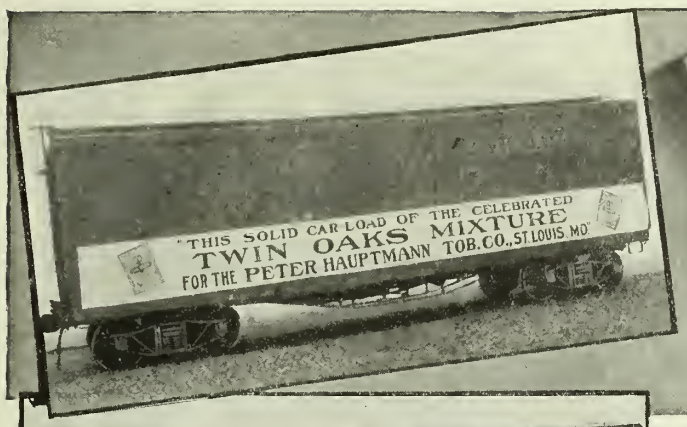

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These Freight Cars Tell The Story

They represent only a few orders which in themselves amount to over 1,000,000 ten cent packages.

The Smokers like "Twin Oaks Mixture" so much that the buyers have to buy in carload lots.

"Twin Oaks Mixture" is only one year old—but

It is already a leader and gaining every day.

The biggest hit ever made by any tobacco.

The only men who do not smoke it are the men who never tried it.

"Twin Oaks" makes the Smoker love his pipe more than ever.

You are no exception. You too will like this brand.

It sells for 10c the package.

It is a blend of Latakia, Turkish, Perique, Virginia and Burley Tobaccos.

Heretofore, such blends have sold for more than double the money.

Spend ten cents and get the best value ever offered in a Smoking Tobacco.

We guarantee that you are doing the right thing.

If your dealer is out of Twin Oaks Mixture, send us 10 cents and we will send you a full-sized tin, postage prepaid.

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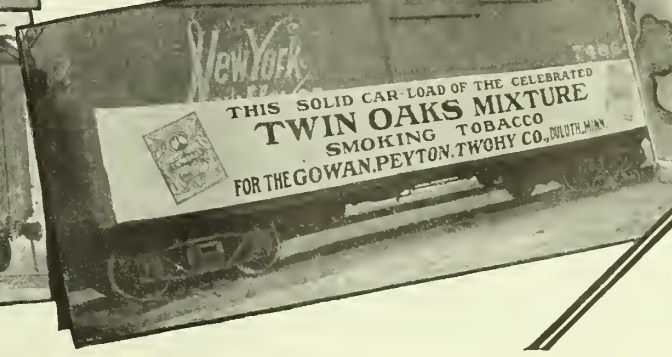

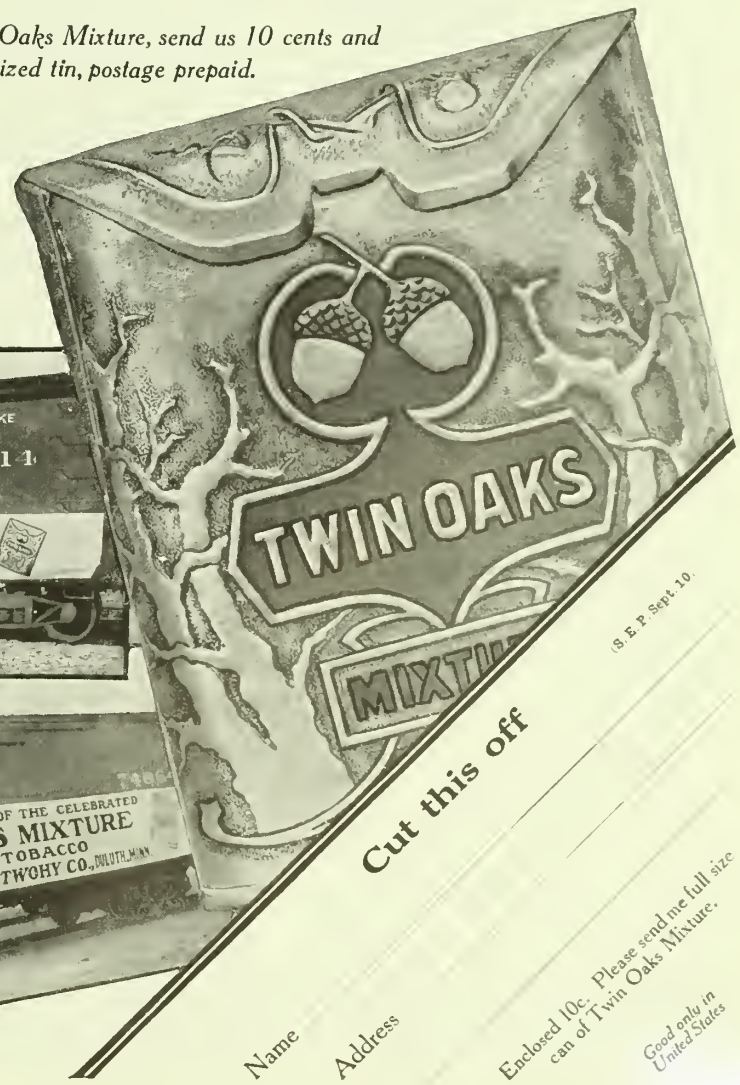

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Enclosed 10c. Please send me full size can of Twin Oaks Mixture.

Good only in United States

Your Relentless Competitors

(Concluded from Page 20)

taking steps to put the industry on a better footing. Technical experts are working out an official formula for installation which will assure results because it makes capacity first and price secondary. Standards of rating are being applied to the manufacturers' product for the same end. An official lecturer has been employed to travel over the country, bring contractors, builders and architects together, and give them sound information about correct furnace heating. The hot-air apparatus has advantages in its moderate cost and excellent ventilation. When it is made clear that the faults attributed to it have been due to cheap installation, and that some of the blame rests with the home-owner and architect, hot air is put upon a fair footing with other systems. The results from this educational work have been so satisfactory that the league is sending out more lecturers, and ultimately the home-builder will be reached. Such association work in no way hampers individual manufacturers each is at liberty to build upon it all the business he can get. Its cost to members works out at a slight tax on each furnace built.

Such associations are also accomplishing good in the mercantile field.

The wholesale houses in an interior jobbing center, for example, have long been active competitors for the trade of retail merchants through three states. In recent years, however, the big jobbing centers, Chicago and St. Louis, have been reaching out for the smaller center's customers. To meet this rivalry, the hundred-odd houses in the lesser center have organized a commercial association to promote the town's mercantile resources as a whole. Formerly, each house looked entirely to its own interests, and if its salesmen could persuade country merchants that it was the only responsible jobbing concern in that town, it was regarded as good business. But now salesmen take a little time to set forth the facilities of the town in every line. Literature showing these facilities is sent to merchants, attention is paid to freight rates and special passenger fares at the buying seasons. If the town is weak in a certain line of merchandise steps are taken to build it up, so that representative assortments can be seen by the visiting merchants, and the need for going farther away overcome. Salesmen compete as freely in making sales, and no restrictions are put upon the individual houses in selling to customers who come to the market. But the association has greatly increased the annual jobbing turnover of the town, and the cost of the work is so slight that a mutual arrangement for exchanging credit information covers it.

A Cereal Price War

One of the largest cities in this country was long a competitive battleground for the grocery trade. Manufacturers of food specialties and other groceries might maintain prices elsewhere, but when they came to this city there was demoralization. The root of the trouble lay in several large chains of stores, which forced price concessions from manufacturers. To protect themselves against these chains of stores, with their immense purchasing power, individual retail grocers had formed a buying association strong enough to hammer down prices. On top of that the wholesale houses, selling to still other grocers outside the association, demanded price concessions that would enable them to hold their own with their customers. All this made an exceedingly active market, for the different combatants bought vast quantities of goods, giving any manufacturer a tempting outlet.

This city was organized single-handed by the sales-manager for a breakfast-food concern. He decided that there was more profit in selling at regular prices to the jobbers than at cut prices to all three of the combatants. So he asked eight of the leading wholesale merchants to meet in conference. It took much diplomacy to get them together, for they were all bitter competitors. A room in one of the obscure hotels was engaged, and each jobber went in separately through a roundabout rear passage, so that nobody might, by any chance, see him entering the place with one of his trade rivals. When they were assembled the sales-manager explained his plan, which was to set definite wholesale and retail prices for his food, hold every jobber to them, ask the jobbers to hold their retail customers to prices that would assure them a living profit, and refuse to sell to any jobber who cut wholesale prices, or who sold to a cut-price retailer. By helping grocers get fair, sure profits on this food it was anticipated that the trade would be more satisfactory for all concerned.

The assembled competitors saw the good points of this plan.

"But do you realize that all this will take money?" objected one.

The sales-manager had foreseen something of that sort, and purposely sat next to the richest merchant in the group.

"Certainly," he agreed. "What if it does? I'll do my share. There's two hundred dollars. Will you put in as much?" he asked, turning to the wealthy jobber. The latter could not refuse, and as the question went round each merchant followed his example.

Since that day prices on this particular breakfast food have been held in that city to the same figures prevailing elsewhere, and other grocery manufacturers have adopted the plan. At first there were loud declarations of war from the manager of the association that buys goods for retail grocers fighting the chain stores. But presently, when these grocers saw others making a comfortable margin of profit on that breakfast food, and were told by their association manager that he would not buy it until he could get it at cut prices, they began ordering from the jobbers who were working with the manufacturers. This made new customers for the jobbers and strengthened trade lines.

Coöperation in the Jewelry Trade

In retail business, too, these good-of-the-trade associations are now abolishing what were long regarded as "inherent trade evils," and rapidly bettering conditions for merchants who do business on moderate capital.

The retail jewelry trade is representative of the new order.

The retail jeweler is likely to be an expert watchmaker first and a merchant afterward. Customers bring him grandfather's old watch to be repaired again and again, and he fixes it up, taking pride in his skill as a mechanic, and, perhaps, never trying to sell that customer a new timepiece of modern design. If the customer wanted a new watch he might go about town among the different jewelers getting prices, pitting one against another, and finally buying his timepiece at near wholesale cost from some jeweler who wouldn't let his competitors sell lower than himself, on principle. As he feared those competitors, and kept away from them, it was not impossible to lead him cleverly to cut under a purely fictitious price. Furthermore, tricky cut-price operators, getting a stock of goods by questionable methods, selling below living prices, and turning their profits by going into bankruptcy, demoralized prices. Many a retail jeweler broke his heart trying to meet figures set by these sharpers and still pay his bills.

But within the past three years there have been marked changes. Instead of holding aloof, the legitimate jewelers have come together in city, state and national organizations. When they meet competitors face to face they find them hard-working, conscientious fellows, like themselves. The whole trade has been started up hill. The retailer's cost of doing business is being studied, and goods are priced systematically to yield a fair profit. When the association jeweler has marked his price on a watch or a brooch, he sticks to it. No agreement as to prices is made with competitors. He is at liberty to undersell them if he can do so without loss. But by agreeing to stick to his marked prices the chances of beating him down by pitting his competitors against him are eliminated. Bankrupts and tricksters are being weeded out of the trade, and the manufacturers are working with the jewelers to teach the general public to value quality in timepieces and other goods.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins dealing with competition in business. The third will appear in an early number.

STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

THE quality of a mattress depends primarily upon the quality of the cotton felt used in making it. In the Stearns & Foster Mattress, you can see the quality through the *laced opening*. *Demand* that you see the *inside* of any mattress that you are thinking of buying. It is your right. And if you decide to buy a Stearns & Foster Mattress *remember* that a *label* bearing *our name* and the grade is placed on *every genuine* Stearns & Foster Mattress as advertised. Don't accept a substitute. If your dealer won't supply you, write us and we will ship direct, express prepaid.

Two Months' Free Trial

A Stearns & Foster Mattress must satisfy you. Try it 60 nights experience perfect comfort, and then if you wish to part with it you may send it back and your money will be refunded.

Four grades and prices to meet every individual taste and purse—and a quality at the price that cannot be duplicated in any other mattress.

Anchor Grade **$10.50**
Windsor Grade **$13.50**
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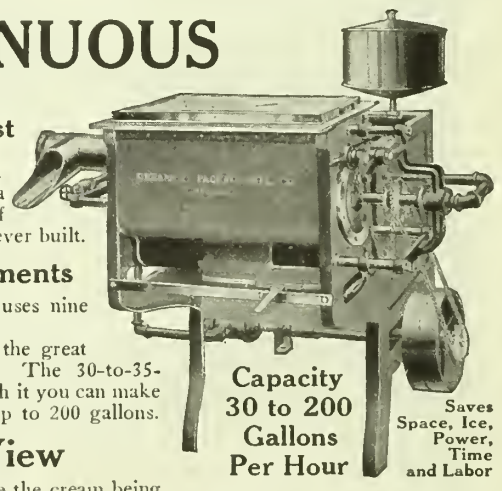
Greatest Ice Cream Machine Ever Invented

For Wholesale Ice Cream Makers!

The Disc Continuous Freezer is **revolutionizing** old-time methods. It's the **first** ice cream freezer in the world that operates continuously. Works **automatically**—the cream never has to be touched by hands. Most sanitary freezer ever built. Freezes from center outwards—reverses old-time method.

DISC CONTINUOUS FREEZER Cuts the Cost



Cuts the cost of ice, power and labor. **Increases the profit per gallon.** Makes a smoother, more delicious and **better** grade of ice cream at **less cost** than any freezer ever built.

Sizes to Meet All Requirements

A single wholesale ice cream factory uses nine of the very largest size.

Many others use two or more. But the great majority use a single small-size machine. The 30-to-35-gallon size is by far the most popular. With it you can make as little as 10 to 15 gallons per day and up to 200 gallons.

Capacity 30 to 200 Gallons Per Hour

Saves Space, Ice, Power, Time and Labor

Freezes in Full View

Through the plate glass cover you see the cream being frozen. Its novelty appeals to the public, and the superiority of its product becomes "the talk of the town."

Big Opportunity in Ice Cream Business!

The enormous and growing demand for ice cream has developed tremendous possibilities in the ice cream business. Hundreds of communities are not properly supplied. Our wonderful improvement in ice cream freezers makes it easy for anyone to start in the business. Our freezer is complete in itself. It's a continuous money maker **right from the start.**

Write for Books This is a business proposition worthy of immediate investigation. The market is clamoring for **good** ice cream. **Take time by the forelock!** Write today for Free Catalog and interesting storyette, "HOW JOHN MADE GOOD." (3)

CREAMERY PACKAGE MFG. CO., Dept. N, 130 Kinzie Street, CHICAGO

Everywhere You Go Everywhere They Know

Everwear
TRADE MARK

The HOSE That Stand the Rub and the Stub

Everwear is known everywhere as the "more than merely guaranteed hose."

For Everwear not only looks good on off-hand examination but it looks good and feels good on the feet — in the shoes.

There are no heavy, cumbersome bunches at the heel and toe as found in most all guaranteed hose.

These parts are made to stand the "rub and the stub" but not at the expense of comfort.

The strength and long wear are secured by the fineness of the material used and the exclusive Everwear process of knitting rather than by bulk and thickness.

They are shaped in the knitting — shaped to the true foot and ankle form. They are as neat and stylish as the most expensive hose you can buy. The colors are always fashionable — and they are fast. They wear as well as the hose.

You get this written guarantee with Everwear: — "If any or all of six pairs show a hole, rip or tear within six months after purchase, we give you new hose free."

Order six pairs today, from your dealer. If he doesn't handle them write to us, enclose price and state color, size and kind desired. We will send them express prepaid. Write for our free booklet "An Everwear Yarn."

For MEN — WOMEN — CHILDREN

Silk Lisle — $3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, light and dark shades of blue and gray, hunter green, reseda green, purple, gun metal.

Egyptian Cotton — $1.50 a box. Extra light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan, light blue and brown.

Silk Lisle—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

Egyptian Cotton—$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

The close ankle fit gives that neat, stylish appearance so much desired by every woman of taste. The close heel fit, toe fit, and the fine soft texture assure absolute comfort in the shoe.

Extra Long Staple Cotton — $2.00 a box. Colors, black and tan

The knees and feet are especially durable, being extra reinforced by the Exclusive Everwear Process. The leg, or body, is made with twice the number of stitches used in other children's hose. This allows them to stretch freely when needed; yet they are not bunglesome and coarse as is often the case in this class of hose, and fit, comfort and appearance have not been sacrificed for wearing qualities.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY, Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis.

TAKE the Ever-Ready point for point; the frame, we guarantee life-long usage,—it is bright, silvery, rust proof, perfectly adjusted, instantly and automatically ready for shaving with insertion of the blade. The handle is handy, shapely, ebenoid, well trimmed.

Also a clever folding blade stropper so that you can strop back the keen edge after each shave.

THERE are twelve EVER-READY blades in each Dollar outfit.

Twelve (12) Blades, mind you, and each blade guaranteed the finest example of the blade maker's art. (See lower right-hand illustration showing the individual EVER-READY blade package.)

The entire outfit (exactly like illustration) cleverly arranged in attractive lock button case, complete for $1.00 at dealers everywhere.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor With 12 Blades $1

IF YOU are a shaving man you are bound to buy the EVER-READY Safety Razor eventually. Over two million users already—it'll soon be three and the quicker you join in the better off your face, temper and purse. Your Dealer ought to tell you that the EVER-READY is the *best* Safety Razor for you to buy. He will if he isn't profit greedy. Price doesn't make a razor shave—it's chiefly the blade, and that's where the EVER-READY "has it on all of them."

EVER-READY blades are made of the highest priced steel produced—they are ground, sharpened and tested with the most critical exactness a blade can undergo.

Each EVER-READY blade is separately protected in a patented package (see photographic illustration in right-hand corner).

First shows the blade and the keen edge. Next shows a hood protection that saves the edge from any possible dulling contact. Next shows the sanitary, climatic proof paper which protects against rust or dust. Next shows the sealing wrapper that binds the entire package into a perfect sanitary proof package. There are no blades exposed to dangers.

Almost every Dealer in the line of *Drugs, Hardware, Jewelry, Department Store*, and many in Men's Wear, sells the EVER-READY Safety Razor at $1, complete—with the binding guarantee that the purchase price of $1 will be refunded if after a test the user could possibly want his money back.

Watch out that you don't "run up against" substitution. There are Dealers unscrupulous enough to sell you imitation Dollar Razors when you ask for the EVER-READY Turn down the attempt and send for the EVER-READY direct, prepaid to your home.

Each blade in a patented protecting package.

Extra Blades 10 *for* 50¢

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Know all men by these presents, That we, the United Roofing & Manufacturing Company a corporation of Delaware, as principal, and the National Surety Company, as surety, are held firmly bound unto

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hereinafter called the purchaser, in the penal sum of Five Hundred Dollars, ($500 00) which sum we hereby agreed as for the maximum liability hereunder, to which money of the United States of America, well and truly to be paid, and for the payment of which we and each of us hereby bind ourselves, our heirs, executors, administrators, successors and assigns jointly and severally firmly by these presents.

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Whereas, the said principal has manufactured and sold and said purchaser has purchased

squares of two-ply Congo Roofing which has been applied on the roof of

at

and the application thereof on said roof considered

on which the said principal gives the following guarantee, to wit:

GUARANTEE

That for a period of ten years from the said date of completion of application the said roofing will remain in serviceable condition, damage from fire, hail, tempest, or other causes outside of ordinary wear and tear excepted, provided that the said roofing is applied in accordance with the printed instructions on the back of this bond and that it shall be coated at the end of two (2) years and again at the end of six (6) years from above date of application with a coat of Congo Paint, manufactured by the above principal, using not less than one gallon to two hundred (200) square feet of roof surface for each coating.

Now, therefore, the condition of this instrument is such that if said roofing known as Two Ply Congo Roofing furnished by said principal shall fail in any particular as set forth in said guarantee, said principal hereby agrees to furnish and purchaser free of charge sufficient roofing to re-cover that portion failing to comply with the above guarantee, to said principal at his option may make any necessary repairs required to said roofing, provided that the burning of proof shall be upon said purchaser to prove the failure of said roofing to comply with the conditions of this bond but nothing in the above guarantee shall be construed to cover damage to the building or contents thereof.

It therefore, said roofing shall well and truly comply with the terms of the aforesaid guarantee and said principal shall furnish to said purchaser the terms of this guarantee, then the obligations shall be void and said roofing to be and remain in full force and effect, provided however, that this instrument is executed by the National Surety Company, to surety bond upon the following express conditions, namely,

If said principal shall in any manner default in the performance of the aforesaid guarantee, then within thirty days after proof as is herein provided has been submitted to said principal, said purchaser shall immediately notify the National Surety Company in writing, by registered letter, addressed to its office in the City of New York, State of New York, and the said National Surety Company shall have the right and privilege, at its option, of furnishing, or having furnished as aforesaid, as to pay to said purchaser a sum not in excess of the price of said roofing.

National Surety Co. United Roofing & Mfg Co.

by by

NOTE. The bond must be sealed in the United Roofing & Manufacturing Company, West End Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa., for guarantees within thirty (30) days of the date of the application of the roofing.

A Guarantee Bond With Every Roll

How Long Will It Last?

When you buy ready roofing the only important question should be **"How long will it last?"**

Everything else about a roofing is unimportant alongside that one big query.

And that is usually the one thing that you can't find out. All the answer you can get is a guess or a hope.

The poorest roofings usually make the biggest claims. There is no certainty in the proposition. You can't get a reliable answer to that vital question "How long will it last?" **EXCEPT**

When you buy Congo Roofing!

A Bond in Every Roll

In the center of each roll of Congo you will find a Surety Bond Guarantee. It says that **"Congo Roofing will last ten years."** It is a genuine legally binding Guarantee Bond issued by the National Surety Company of New York.

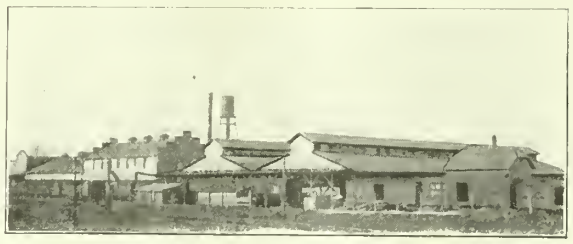
The Rutland Block at Sioux City, Ia.
Covered with 15,000 square feet of Congo

This Bond gives real protection—just like fire insurance. If your roof doesn't last 10 years, you get a new one. There is one of those Insurance Bonds in every roll of Congo Roofing.

Ten Years' Service Guaranteed

That Congo will last ten years goes without saying. The National Surety Company could never afford to guarantee thousands of roofs all over the country if it was not certain that Congo would do even more than we claim for it.

The ten year guarantee applies to both Congo three-ply and two-ply.



Congo on Plant of North Carolina Cotton Oil Co.
Wilmington, N. C.

How Congo is Made

Congo is made of the best materials it is possible to put into a ready roofing. We aim to make it the best in the world.

Congo is made of an extra heavy and tough felt, saturated with an antiseptic waterproofing compound to prevent wet rot and dry rot and to keep the material always pliable. Weather and climate have no effect on Congo. The flexibility of the roofing is the same in midsummer or zero weather. It doesn't get soft at high temperatures, or brittle at low ones.

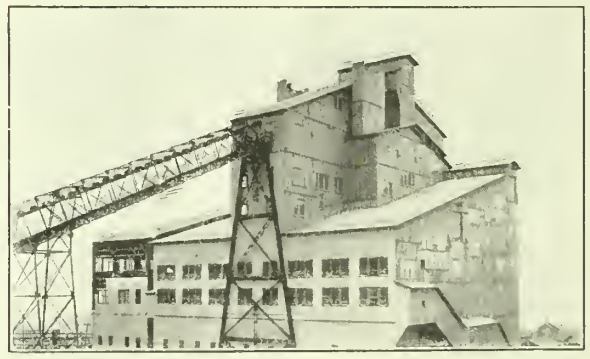
Easy to Lay

Congo is so pliable that you can fold it and crease it and double it over without breaking. You can't help making a good, tight roofing job with it, even if you never laid a roof before. It is easy to do a good job with a roofing as pliable as Congo. Anybody can lay it. Skilled labor is unnecessary.

With every roll of Congo we supply free of charge all the necessary nails, cement for the laps and caps. These caps are not the usual cheap, quick-rusting tin discs, but galvanized iron that will not rust.

Free Sample

Send for a sample of Congo Roofing. It's free by return mail. Also a little booklet telling about Congo more in detail and a copy of the Guarantee Surety Bond. With these before you, we are sure you will agree with us that Congo is the best roofing proposition on the market **for you,** and that you will buy no other kind.



Scranton Coal Co., Priceburg, Pa.
Covered with about 22,500 square feet of Congo

Congoleum

The Floor Covering for Hard Wear

We should like to send every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a sample of this new floor covering. It is fitted for use in homes, stores, offices, around billiard tables and in busy passageways. It is a perfect imitation of light and golden oak. Its surface has a high polish. It is unusually durable. The price is very low. Write for samples and further details.

UNITED ROOFING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY

CHICAGO **572 West End Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.** SAN FRANCISCO

The Law Says—"Guard Your Employés' Lives"

How to Protect Human Life by Power Transmission

STATE after state is adopting still more stringent factory—machinery laws. Safeguard your machinery by acceptance of the Dodge Idea. Do it at the smallest outlay.

Gain, at the same time, in power. Put an end to power waste in transmission.

Let the Dodge board of engineers show you how, free of obligation.

A most rigid law, for instance, went into effect in Illinois, January 1st. Read its terms. See how it demands protection of employés. Notice how the friction clutch, a famous Dodge Line feature, is specified:

The Letter of the Law

"Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois represented in the General Assembly; That all power-driven machinery, including all saws, planers, wood shapers, jointers, sand-paper machines, iron mangles, emery wheels, ovens, furnaces, forges and rollers of metal; all projecting set-screws on moving parts; all drums, cogs, gearing, belting, shafting, tables, flywheels, flying shuttles and hydro-extractors; all laundry machinery, mill gearing and machinery of every description; all systems of electric wiring or TRANSMISSION, etc., shall be so located, wherever possible, as not to be dangerous to employés, or shall be properly enclosed, fenced or otherwise protected.

"Where machines are arranged in groups, rooms or departments, and are supplied by power through the use of main or line shafts, receiving power from some prime mover, located without the group, room or department, the power-receiving wheel of such main or line shaft, shall, wherever possible, be provided with a FRICTION CLUTCH."

The Dodge Split Friction Clutch is recognized today as being of the utmost importance in power transmission equipment of mill or factory. With the Dodge Split Friction Clutch installed, you avoid loss of life, waste of power, squealing belts in shifting, and loose-pulley nuisances—and dangers.

The split feature enables the power user to comply with the law at a minimum expense. For Dodge Split Friction Clutches and Split Pulleys can be mounted on the shafts without disturbing any other equipment or taking down the shaft—as would be required with a non-separable clutch.

Many a shop and factory could, by judicious use of Friction Clutches, save immensely in power and time. Long lines of shafting and a multiplicity of belts, running in idle departments—just because some other department is in operation—waste power shamefully.

Shut-downs for repairs are inevitable also, in a plant not divided into power units.

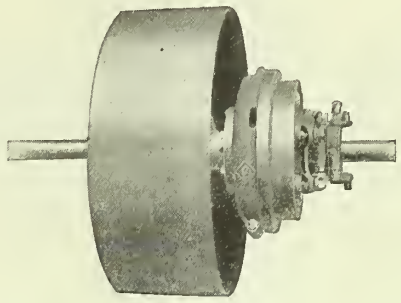
Avoid such expensive annoyances by installing the Dodge Split Friction Clutch and Split Pulley.

As well as the Split feature in transmission equipment and friction clutches to control departments separately, the Dodge Idea embodies interchangeability wherever possible and the splendid economy of self-oiling bearings.

Get the Price Delivered

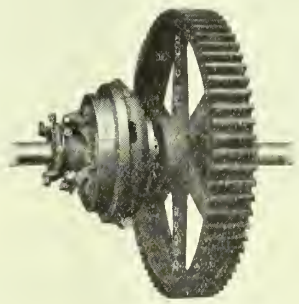
Write for Catalog ZC-10 and special plan for guaranteeing delivered prices on Dodge goods, giving you exact price on transmission machinery complete, laid down in good condition at your nearest freight station. If you desire this information, mention fact when you write.

Watch for the Diamond D—It is Your Protection



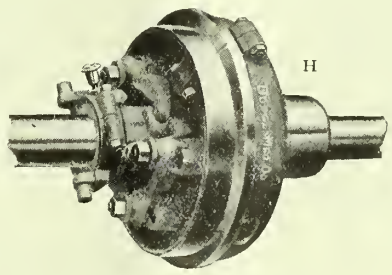
Dodge Split Clutch in Combination With an Iron Split Pulley

Both clutch and pulley being split, this combination can be easily and quickly installed without disturbing other equipment.



A Spur Gear in Combination With a Dodge Split Clutch

Such combinations, and those formed with pulleys, sprocket wheels, rope sheaves, etc., are easily effected by means of standard extension sleeves, and are interchangeable.



Friction Clutch Coupling

When the Dodge Split Friction Clutch is to be used as a Cut-Off Coupling, the hub H is simply substituted for the extended sleeve. This hub is keyed to the end of the driving shaft and is provided with a brass bushing for receiving the adjacent end of the driven shaft, thus making a true male and female bearing and assuring absolute alignment.

Dodge Manufacturing Co.

Largest in the World

Power Transmission Engineers and Manufacturers Of the Dodge Line Power Transmission Machinery

Main Office and Works:

STATION 1-1, MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

Branches and District Warehouses: Boston; New York; Brooklyn; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Chicago; Cincinnati; St. Louis; Atlanta; Minneapolis; London, England.

We carry large and complete stocks at all our Branches for immediate delivery. For quick service, communicate by long-distance telephone with branch or agency nearest you.

The Dodge Idea is what the Law Demands

THE Dodge Idea means that every line shaft is controlled by a friction clutch, as specified in the law.

There are no exposed set-screws on collars and couplings in the Dodge Line. Nothing can catch a workman's clothing.

By the Dodge Idea, the latest factory laws in any state for safeguarding life and property, in so far as power transmission machinery is concerned, are met.

Even if, in YOUR state, there are not yet rigid factory laws—you cannot tell how soon such laws will be passed.

So it is best to be prepared.

Do not wait for this legislation—do not face constant danger of fatal accidents when the Dodge Line will banish it—at the lowest cost. And will, at the same time, cut out every dollar of power-waste in transmission—by doing away with avoidable friction—by delivering every ounce of power, with the least possible loss, from its source to the machinery which makes your product.

No Fatal Accidents— No Big Damages to Pay

Many have been the damage suits because an employé, through accident, has been maimed or killed.

A machine could not be stopped, or cut out, at once. The engine room had to be signaled to shut off all the power—for the entire plant. By that time—it was too late.

A Dodge Clutch or Cut-Off Coupling would have enabled a helper—or probably the man himself—to cut out, immediately, the machine.

Then there would have been no accident—no just cause for damages.

The scientific advice of our board of expert engineers will show you an immediate way out of all power transmission difficulties.

However great or small your factory needs, learn from us the saving possible.

Dodge Handy Calculator For 25 Cents Prepaid

We will send you the Dodge Handy Calculator for Pulleys, Belts and Friction Clutches, in real leather case, prepaid for 25 cents. That's what it costs us, not including postage. Your money back if not satisfied. Please use the coupon.

Send This Coupon

DODGE MFG. CO.

Station 1-1, Mishawaka, Ind.

I enclose 25c for which send me the Dodge Calculator in leather case, prepaid.

Firm I am with_____

My position_____

My name_____

My address_____

YOUNG men have long been the recognized arbiters of style in men's clothes; older men usually follow pretty closely the younger ideas.

Our "Varsity" model in suits is a good illustration; college men and young business men know the name "Varsity" in clothes, as the best and final word on correct style; the latest, smartest fashion. And men of all ages ask for it and wear it.

The "Shape-maker" is an entirely new model for young men which we have just brought out; we predict for it a great popularity among smartly dressed young men. The trousers fit snugly around the body and over the hips; they will not slip down even when worn without suspenders or belt; an encouragement to an erect figure; a "Shape-maker" in fact.

When you buy clothes ask for the "Varsity" or the "Shape-maker." Only dealers in our clothes have them; you'll be pleased with either. Be sure you find our name in the clothes you buy.

Send six cents for the Style Book; New England number; shows many good styles.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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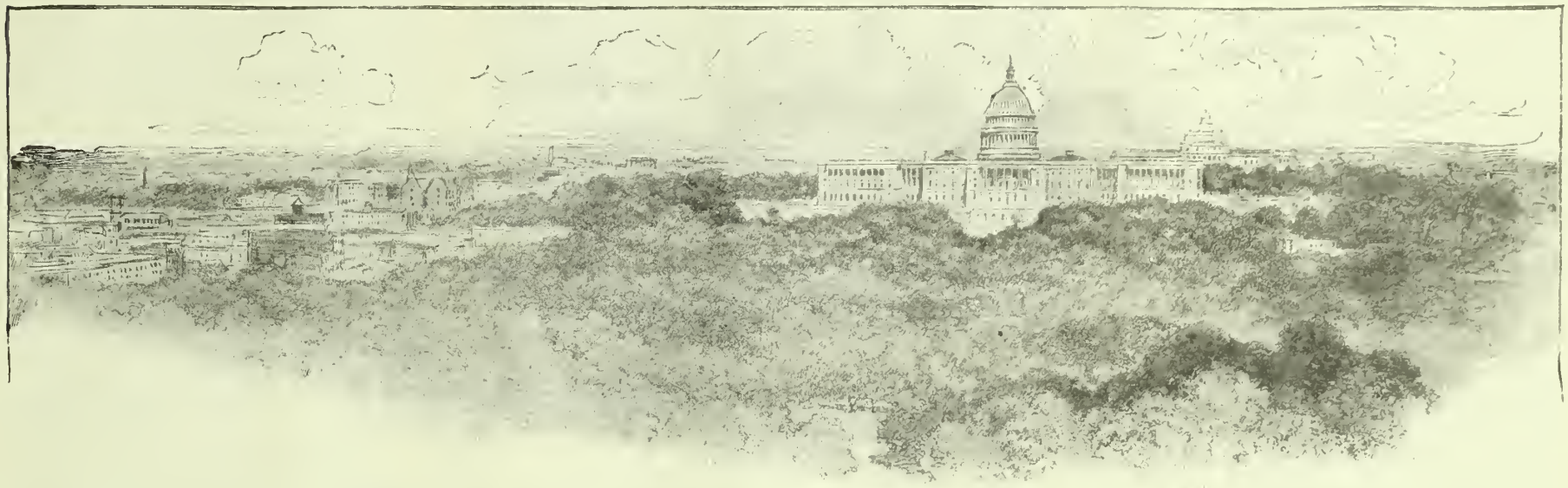
THE TARIFF COMMISSION



The Natural History of a Reform

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

REFORMS have a way—all reforms that spring from a real need and represent a sound idea—they have a way of working upon the minds and the consciences of the people and of forcing themselves into great issues and then into beneficent and permanent facts. It is the part not only of wisdom but also of sheer prudence to hesitate before opposing them, and especially before throwing oneself headlong against them.

It is curious to observe the attitude of politicians toward such reform. Usually a proposed measure that embraces the correcting and remedial idea injures powerfully established interests—or rather the managers and beneficiaries of those interests imagine this to be the case. So when the reform is proposed, not yet having made headway among the people, these "interests" carry the biggest guns, politically speaking.

Thus the politician or party manager, who always is on the side of the heaviest battalions for the sake of the advantages it gives him and never on the side of right just for the sake of right, invariably is against this "innovation," as he calls it, this "new-fangled idea," this "crazy scheme," this "overturner of tried and tested things," and various other epithets that he considers descriptive of the reform.

Indeed, epithet is the first weapon that he lays his hand upon with which to smite the reform—epithet and sneer and ridicule—until finally he is forced to make some kind of an argument against it. Have not all of us witnessed this opposition to every law that eventually changed conditions, when it was first proposed? After the idea has made its way by the sheer power of its own merits, and public opinion takes the reluctant fingers of the legislator and forces them to grasp the lawmaking pen and write the provisions of the reform upon the statute books—after this everybody quickly forgets the hard fight that brought it about and the methods of those who resisted it. As I shall show, the politician who fought it swears to the public that he was the earnest friend of this reform all along—that is, he swears this after the reform has succeeded.

As I was saying, the politician-searcher for the sources of power, the party manager who wants to win elections, right or wrong, usually is against all measures that change existing conditions, no matter how bad those conditions are—indeed, the very wrongfulness of those conditions often makes him oppose a reform all the more fiercely. For frequently the more wrongful those conditions are the greater is their value to those who profit by them. And those who profit by them have helped the politician and party manager both in their individual political careers and in their party's contests. Also it cannot too frequently be repeated that before the reform has made its way with the people these interests are infinitely more helpful to these men than the little reform sentiment can possibly be. For the interests can furnish campaign funds and other sinews of war, and the reform cannot furnish votes—that is, not yet, not at this particular stage of the game.

The Two Unmanageable Forces of the Universe

BUT what happens? Is not this the way of it? The reform has argument back of it. It has facts; and facts cannot be battered down or laughed out of court. You cannot insult a fact. Ridicule has no more effect upon a fact than a single drop of rain in the middle of the Atlantic has upon the Rocky Mountains. There are just two unmanageable forces in the universe—a fact and an idea. An idea is logic based on facts. And facts have a way of lodging in the minds of men and women. Also the plain logic of those facts has a provoking fashion of capturing human intelligence. If it were not for logic and facts, human progress would be in a poor way. Kings have always been against both; so have aristocracies; and so, in our day, are those various forms of entrenched power which are doing wrong or which are not based on economic principles.

We are talking now about the progress of a reform and the comic changes it makes in the attitude of those crafty political ones who watch the current of events. The facts and their logic, upon which the reform is based, make progress. The few voices originally raised in favor of the reform persist in their appeal. The unanswerableness of what they say gives those voices a carrying power that reaches across the continent. The truthfulness of the words they write penetrates the humblest homes.

Gradually—but more and more swiftly as communication becomes more rapid and easy—individuals at the most scattered points of the Republic become convinced, and then themselves become advocates of the reform. The subject begins to be a matter of daily conversation by business men at their clubs, by workingmen at their midday meals or at their meetings, by travelers in the smoking-compartments of our trains—most important of all, by families about their hearthstones.

Suddenly occurs some event which the simplest mind can observe—and this event, like a great picture painted on the skies, illustrates the helpfulness of this proposed reform to all the people except those who benefit by the order of things that this reform will alter.

Why the Bitterest Foes Become Smiling Friends

SO IT now becomes a question of votes. When it has reached the voting stage it attracts the politicians and party managers. If it is big enough the reform becomes an issue—something from which a politician or party manager may reap personal or party advantage. It interests him now, this reform. The period of sneers, abuse and ridicule has passed. He is not a bit more concerned than formerly in the necessity or the wisdom for the reform—he does not even remotely care about its righteousness.

Indeed, in his heart he hates the reform—all reforms. But he is concerned keenly and he does care mightily about those votes. Yes, indeed! It has now become a problem in mathematics to ascertain which can do him or his party the more good—further resistance of this reform and the aid of the powerful who are opposed to it, on the one hand; or conversion to the reform and the votes which that will mean to him and his party, on the other hand.

Just at this point his mind is still and hesitant, like waters falling on the top of a great divide, uncertain which way to flow. If he thinks it wise to oppose the reform for one or two elections longer he will do that; or if he thinks it wise to throw his arms about the reform and make it his own he will embrace it with ecstasy; or if he thinks on the whole the best thing for him and his party is to grant the beginnings of that reform, but not a great deal, he will yield his grudging and halfway assent.

By the latter of these processes he can still retain the favor of the mighty ones whom heretofore he has served and who have given him largess; and at the same time contend to these bothersome friends of this movement that he is with them at heart, but feels that wisdom requires that sure progress must be slow progress.

Another thing that makes for laughter on the part of the intelligent observer is the desire of this politician or party manager to "save his face." He is as much concerned about "saving his face" as is a Chinaman. There is something childish, something almost pathetic if it were not so funny, about the anxiety of this type of man in our public life not to appear before the people to have opposed something that

finally proves successful. With the amusing audacity of infancy, or of piracy, these men often and indeed usually claim actually to have been the firmest friends, if indeed not the originators, of the movement that they have fought with all their practiced resourcefulness.

For example: can any one find in the whole country any public man who will admit that he was against the establishment of the Department of Commerce and Labor? It is not thinkable, is it? Yet such men there were—men of reputed weight, too, and proved wisdom. Or what man in public life will openly admit that he was hostile to the railway rate legislation of four years ago?—how long a time four years is in obliterating power! You will not find one such man. Rather you will hear the bitterest foes of that legislation say that they were for it all the time, and that, as a matter of fact, it was they who enacted it.

An excellent illustration is the Pure Food Law. For years and years that reform battered at the doors of Congress to get into the halls of legislation; and then battered at the doors of committee-rooms to get out of them; and then clamored in open session for enactment. It is doubtful whether it would be on the statute books at this day but for the hurricane of popular wrath aroused by the revelations concerning the packing-houses brought on by the meat inspection bill. Yet you may hear on any stump the very men who chloroformed the Pure Food Law, bound and gagged it, cut its tendon Achilles, and in various other ways hushed and maimed it, proclaiming that they are the ones who actually established it as a vital law.

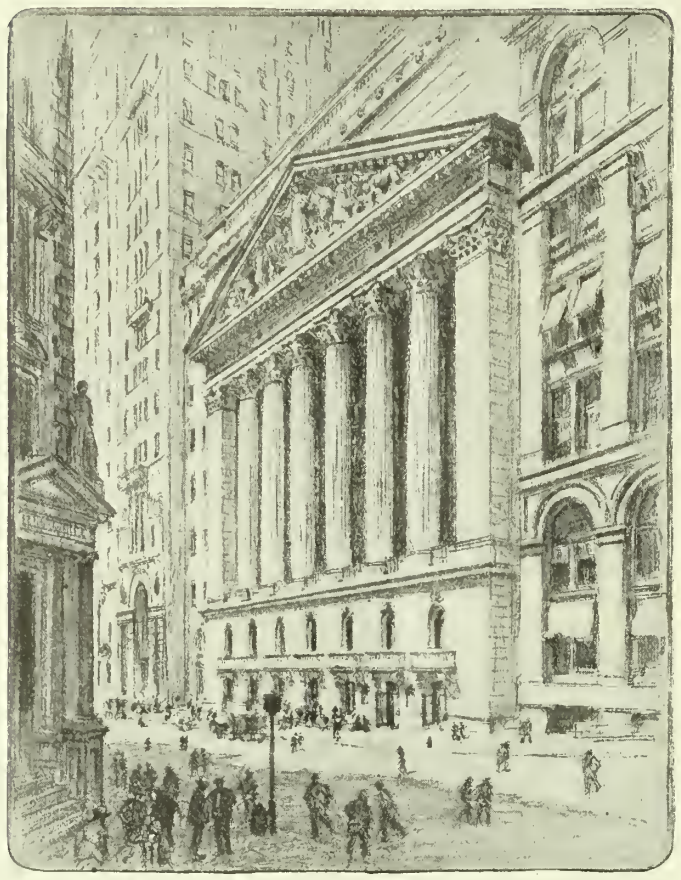
An even more vivid example was the experience of the Meat Inspection Law—its history was brief, its victory quick and brilliant. This was due to the splendid and daring generalship of President Roosevelt in uncovering the facts and demanding the enactment of this law, and to the quick blows with which the friends of this measure followed up its introduction. Yet with all these things coming one after another in swift succession and with ever-increasing force, the politicians and party managers fought the reform desperately.

Crafty legislators pulled most of the teeth out of the reform and proposed to pass a bill that could no more bite than a new-born babe or a senile old man. We put the teeth back again, but we were pretty well clawed and scratched and otherwise disfigured before the fight was over. Yet when finally the bill was passed, the very men who had fought it, who in committee-room and lobby and other places familiar to these gentry had done their level best to denature this reform—these very men, I say, boldly appeared to the public and declared with unctuous fervor that they had been for it all the time. All they had been doing, they said, was just to make its provisions a little more secure.

Some Hard-Won Reforms

TAKE the Employer Liability Law or the Safety Appliance Law or the law making it a crime for railroads to compel their train crews to work more than sixteen hours without rest or sleep. If you would accuse any public man of opposing any of these measures he would denounce you as the slanderer of an upright statesman. What is more, he would produce in proof of the falsehood of your charge his vote upon that very measure. Yet each of these laws was resisted with all the cunning that years of parliamentary practice have developed into an art. When, finally, the foes of these reforms could not succeed in seriously impairing them and could no longer delay a vote, practically everybody voted for them. Now that they are laws everybody takes it for granted that nobody ever did oppose them. And, as in the case of the Pure Food Law, you may hear men in both parties who were determined enemies of each of these measures point with pride to their part in their enactment.

I cite these instances because they are as fresh as any that can be mentioned in the hurrying memory of our hasty days. But the same thing has been true of every reform since before the foundation of our Government; true of the abolition of imprisonment for debt; true of every one of the splendid array of laws for the protection



of labor and the amelioration of human conditions; true of those laws for the control of capital, which dishonest capital so violently opposed but which honest capital now finds to be so wise because so just.

Every one of these reforms, which when enacted the whole world admits to be beneficial and no power could overthrow, travels from its inception to its enactment step by step the exact road that I have described—violence, epithets, sneers, ridicule, hesitation, grudging assent, enactment, enthusiastic approval, and finally the claim of original support by their original enemies.

In the case of every one of them the politicians and party managers have had the same monotonous and unhappy experience—resistance in behalf of their benefactors, the contributing and supporting interests, at whose evil practices each reform struck; uncertainty of mind as the reform gathered momentum; reluctant yielding to growing popular demand; and finally championship of the very cause they had fought—the saving of their own and their parties' faces at the end.

I doubt if ever in the history of reform measures there has been a case better illustrative of this than that of the Tariff Commission whose beginnings we have now achieved—only the beginnings, it is true, but even that is a great deal, as you will see. From an unfriended waif, kicked and cuffed by the lords of legislation, called hard names by the mighty in authority, it is coming into its own and is the chief issue of the great campaign now opening.

As the most considerable immediate reform now in process of realization, its genesis and the forces that have placed it in its present commanding position in public discussion are as important as they are fascinating. So let us look into the history up to the present hour of this greatest of all proposed present-day business measures.

Always, but particularly since the Civil War, our tariffs have been builded, no matter on what theory or by what party, in an incredibly ignorant, unjust and unscientific way. Until recently very little intelligent attention was paid to the methods of making a tariff law, and a great deal of uninformed attention was given to tariff theories. And these tariff theories were important—for considering the tariff systems of other nations it would have been harmful for this country to adopt a free-trade or tariff-for-revenue-only system and honestly build a law upon that theory. And so, after much discussion of tariff theories, the country most wisely has settled down definitely to the theory of protection—intelligent and honest protection, mind you, and not that extortion under the name of protection which is as intolerable in a tariff as it is in anything else.

But as a practical matter of cold, icy facts it made little difference whether the people determined in favor of the theory of a protective tariff or the theory of a tariff-for-revenue-only, so far as the methods of making a tariff law under either popular decree were concerned. In either event our tariffs have been put together by log-rolling, by trades, by deals, by combinations.

Until the last tariff session all of these log-rolling, wire-pulling, lobby-employing methods of making our tariffs were somewhat hidden from the public gaze by the smoke of a more or less foolish rhetorical battle. It is a historic fact that the last tariff session is the only one in our history where a body of determined men studied the various tariff schedules from the economic viewpoint—studied them scientifically, went with painstaking care into the facts, examined with mathematical precision the figures. Heretofore in making our tariffs a very effective stage setting was arranged for the entertainment of the public—the log-rolling, the lobby-fixing, occurred behind the scenes.

In the theatrical performance on this stage setting the Democrats would deliver thunderous denunciations of the "robber tariff," spin out an infinitude of rhetorical logic about the "principle of a tariff-for-revenue-only"—all with a great deal of fury and a great deal of ignorance; the Republicans, with even greater fury and an equal amount of ignorance, would denounce "free trade," paint horrible pictures of "pauper labor," exalt the "principle of protection"—but neither Democratic nor Republican orators knew a great deal about just precisely what was being done to the schedules under either the "principle of a tariff-for-revenue-only" or the "principle of protection." Usually the same thing was done under either "principle."

These opposing oratorical forces were quite in earnest—they worked themselves up into a great heat and passion over their respective theories and "principles." Meanwhile they paid little attention to the exact rates; but the managers of legislation and the interests who were concerned in a pocketbook-way about tariff rates—these paid a great deal of attention to the exact rates.

Take, for instance, the Wilson-Gorman Tariff. The Democratic party had been successful and had pledged itself to a tariff-for-revenue-only—something, by the way, to which that party no longer pledges itself. President Cleveland was as honest as he was courageous. He believed in a tariff-for-revenue-only; and, besides, as a mere moral question he wanted to keep the pledges that he and his party had made to the people. Also his party had a clear majority in both Senate and House.

What happened? It is not so important that the average rates of the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Law were higher than the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law—for that only means the betrayal of party pledges, to which the people have become so accustomed that they are almost calloused to it. But this important thing happened—the law finally enacted was the written record of a number of perfectly shameless deals not in the interests of the people at large or the great mass of our manufacturing and other industries, but for the benefit of certain great interests which demanded and received the cover of the law for their further continuance of legalized piracy that had made them rich and powerful. Would the same kind of men do any better today than those who finally shaped the Wilson-Gorman Act? Read the record of the votes on various items of the Payne-Aldrich Bill and from that draw your own conclusions. Indeed, can any just and accurate law be framed so long as we tolerate the log-rolling system?

A Party Perfidy and a Dishonor

FOR example, everybody remembers the sugar scandal that followed the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Act. It was so bad that there was a Congressional investigation and it was found that a number of the men who enacted this tariff had been dealing in the stocks of the Sugar Trust. Also, the way the downtrodden and poverty-stricken iron ore and coal kings were saved from pauperism by their patriotic friends in Congress is not yet wholly forgotten.

In short, the whole Wilson-Gorman Tariff Law was so outrageous that President Cleveland over his own signature denounced it as "a party perfidy and a dishonor."

The same thing has been done, of course, in making all of our tariffs since the Civil War—throughout all our history, in fact, but especially since the Civil War. There have been men, and great men, who objected to these deals; for example: Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, then Senators from Massachusetts, both Republicans, both protectionists, and both among the great founders of the

Republican party, fought and finally voted against the present woolen schedule—which is now more than forty years old—because it then was, as it still is, a deal between certain wool growers and certain wool manufacturers—the growers of English wool and the combing or worsted manufacturers principally.

(It may be remarked in parenthesis that nobody attempted to read Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson—protectionists, both of them, mind you—out of the party which they helped to found because they denounced and voted against that immoral bargain.)

These two great statesmen and great Republicans thought that this woolen schedule was immoral because it was not drawn in the interests of all the people, or even in the interests of the majority of the people, or even of a small part of the people; but only for the benefit of a few hundred wool growers and a few dozen wool manufacturers.

More than forty years have passed and we have not been able to change this unjust deal put through at the expense of the American people. (It was altered in the Gorman-Wilson Bill, but so crudely and unjustly that it was worse than before in its operation and effect. But in this alteration did the American Woolen Company—the "Wool Trust"—"get left?" It did not. It also was preserved from "bankruptcy" just as the iron ore or coal and the sugar interests were saved.) President Taft has declared since the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law was passed that it was found impossible to change this "indefensible schedule," as he most justly calls it, because the combination between the wool growers of certain Western states and the wool manufacturers of certain Eastern states was so strong that their representatives would have defeated the whole law if this ancient and outrageous schedule had been changed.

Yet the facts carefully, toilsomely gathered and clearly, accurately stated to the Senate and the country by certain Republican Senators, were known to all before the bill passed. But they were not official; they did not have the weight of an impartial Government commission back of them, and so it was possible to kick up a dust of assertion and wrangle.

Even with this, nothing saved the woolen schedule from being straightened out but the combination which President Taft declares would have cut the throat of the whole bill if this "indefensible" schedule had been changed. This "indefensible" schedule must be made modern, accurate and just, honestly protective of the woolen industry and not burdensome to the people. We fought to make it so at the tariff session, but were not then strong enough to prevail against the "combination."

Of course the injustice in this schedule could not have withstood the attacks upon it if it had been considered separately; also most certainly the injustice in this schedule could not have prevailed if the facts concerning this schedule had been ascertained and stated to Congress and the people by some authoritative body of Government experts so that these facts would have had the support of official authority. And just this is what we must come to, as I shall show in a moment: the revision of any schedule that needs to be changed and at the time it needs to be changed—instead of the tearing up of all the schedules at the same time, whether they need it or not.

Later on, and while Charles Sumner's moral protest was still echoing through the land, this piratical method of making our tariffs had become such an accepted mode of procedure that John Sherman substantially declared that the thing to do was to ask anybody who wanted any tariff rate to say just what he did want, and then to give it to him. That was so simple, you perceive, that there could not be any mistake; everybody would be satisfied. Yes, indeed, everybody but the people; but the people were so hard at work that they would not mind, and if they did they never would be heard from.

The people—the workingman, clerk, merchant, miner, the "butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," the "plain people"—as Lincoln called them—never would appear before the committees of Congress and present their side of the case. They had no money with which to get to Washington, in the first place; they could not spare the time, in the second place; and did not everybody say that nobody but experts and those interested could understand the tariff, in the third place? And this last was quite true, by the way.

But, of course, there were conflicts among these interests as to the various duties. What helped one interest might hurt another interest; and so that other interest had to get some kind of a compensation to solace it. Thus grew up the practice called log-rolling. These interests would deal with one another, make trades, and all that; and then, as I have said, the final results of these deals and trades would constitute our tariff schedules. Or, one interest desiring certain rates in a schedule which would be supported by a certain number of votes, would agree with other interests desiring certain rates in a schedule which would be supported by other numbers of votes for mutual aid in getting the rates desired by each—this is the very essence of log-rolling. And these votes might be from one "political party" or another—for these interests are the most non-partisan creatures you can imagine. And by the same token, these interests always have tried to keep the people as partisan as the interests themselves are non-partisan. *(Continued on Page 45)*

THE PEER'S PROGRESS

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

III

A DECEMBER fire blazed upon the hearth, and Lord Fotheringay's socks—embroidered with a delicate design—toasted before it. The climbing flames and six tall candles illuminated the room; as it was freezing hard outside, the heavy curtains were closely drawn and disclosed a high expanse of fresh French blue and quaint device. A soft, harmonious carpet on the floor; wardrobe and dressing-table and bed chosen with a connoisseur's eye; five Dewints upon the wall; a sympathy everywhere of color and design—all showed the type of mansion he was visiting. Beside the bed the dexterous Grimes was laying out his evening clothes, and his lordship himself smoked a cigarette before the fire.

"Nice house, Grimes," he remarked, casting his eye around the room.

"Chaste but comfortable, my lord; I thought you would like it."

"What, you been here before?"

"Yes, my lord. I managed to procure his Grace of Durwent an invitation on one occasion; but I regret to say our visit was in the nature of a failure. One couldn't keep always at his elbow, and he found the standard a trifle too high for him. Fortunately he contrived to become slightly intoxicated on the last evening and that was considered to explain the fiasco partially. But we were not asked again."

"He must have been a bit of a rotter," said Bertie.

"Excuse me, my lord, but a congenital idiot would be a more intellectual way of expressing it. That, in fact, was what he was, my lord. The material was hopeless. I really had to get rid of him at last."

Lord Fotheringay laughed.

"How did you manage it?"

"Married him," said Grimes briefly.

"You're a little luckier this time, I hope, Grimes—what?"

"Your lordship makes it an honor to serve you," said Grimes, with an air almost approaching enthusiasm.

Lord Fotheringay smiled complacently.

"Well, I must confess, Grimes, that I have found you a deuced handy fellow," he conceded pleasantly.

Eighteen months had passed since Bertie spun his half-sovereign in Lady Pundit's garden, and it was a much-developed peer who warmed his back before this fire. By a widening circle of charmed acquaintances he had already come to be considered as a young man of remarkable promise; nor, when this opinion reached him, did he think it in any way necessary to contradict it. Such an impression obviously could not be produced by a mere ordinary fellow, so that there could be no immodesty in acquiescing in the general verdict. But just as in the loftiest mountain ranges there are towering pinnacles reserved for the boldest climbers, so in high society some places are higher than others. The Honorable Mrs. Jim Resorte, to whom this charming mansion belonged—Jim himself had merely paid for it and then retired to Uganda to shoot rhinoceroses—was one of the leading spirits in that famous organization known as the "Forty." This sect was considered by its members as the only portion of the population of England which "counted." By such of the other inhabitants, as had happened to hear of it, it was usually confused either with the Society for Psychical Research or the Plymouth Brethren. Fortunately the world proved sufficiently wide for the Forty to remain in ignorance of these misconceptions, and as people on the borderland of its preserves—dukes and cabinet ministers, for instance—were always only too glad to enter, it had no difficulty in remaining extremely select. Its chief characteristics were the remarkably large volume of stimulating intellectual currents that flowed in to irrigate its fortunate members, and the remarkably small rivulet that flowed out. It can readily be believed that even Lord Fotheringay felt elation at appearing in such company.

"I say, Grimes," he remarked presently, "they've got some deuced rum birds in this bag. Who's the fat little woman that rolls her eyes?"

"Miss Stella Lamour, my lord."

"Good gad! Isn't she the woman who wrote all those risqué novels?"

"Yes, my lord; but her social opportunities have hitherto been limited. Till Mrs. Jim discovered her she lived in Kentish Town."

"The libraries have censored her books, haven't they?"

"Yes, my lord; but merely in the interests of the bourgeois. The Forty are bringing out a private edition

de luxe—hand-made paper, vellum covers, profusely illustrated ——"

"Illustrated!" exclaimed Bertie; "I thought there was a law against that sort of thing."

"Quite so, my lord; but they will only be seen by the right people. The price is to be four guineas a volume."

Bertie unbuttoned his collar and inquired:

"And who's that dreadful fellow with his hair in his eyes?"

"Prince Rumpelstiltski."

"Prince of Greenland—what? They don't use soap there, I believe."

Grimes smiled approvingly.

"Very pretty, my lord. Quite a *bon mot*. As a matter of fact, I can't find him in the Almanach de Gotha."

"Bogus, d'ye mean?"

"Oh, naturally, my lord. The Forty get very bored with the genuine nobility."

"But what about me, then?"

"Well, my lord, you come under a different category. Even they have marriageable daughters."

His master looked at him critically.

"I say, Grimes, I occasionally think there's something almost cynical about you. I know you don't mean it, but it's a habit to be guarded against."

Grimes received this hint in respectful silence, and his master went on with his toilet. Presently he said:

"You seem to know everything about everybody. Lady Feodora Monteden's father was Lord Pottinger, wasn't he?"

"Yes, my lord, the third earl. The title goes to a cousin in Queensland. He will remain there, I believe. Lady Feodora inherited everything."

"Did he leave her much?"

"Thirty thousand pounds a year."

"I say, that's rather useful."

Grimes looked at him obliquely.

"Very," he said significantly.

Lord Fotheringay was engaged in the symmetrical adjustment of the design upon his socks.

"Rather a catch," he remarked casually.

"Prince Rumpelstiltski is of that opinion also, I believe."

Bertie looked up sharply.

"That greasy bounder? Hang it, she's one of the handsomest girls I've ever met. She wouldn't dream of doin' such a dashed silly thing."

"She is very intellectual, my lord; and once a lady is taken that way, you never can tell."

"But surely her intellect ought to warn her."

Grimes shook his head and smiled pessimistically.

"I once had considerable hopes of the sex myself, but I have observed, my lord, that if a lady interferes with her natural instincts she's apt to skid as she takes her corners."

Lord Fotheringay was extremely thoughtful for several consecutive minutes.

"I say, Grimes," he said at length, "I'm not used to movin' in mixed society, and, hang it, one doesn't want to be downed by a dashed Dago. What sort of line should I take?"

A spark glinted in Grimes' intelligent eye.

"Your usual, my lord—the superior being, indicated by your lordship's condescending manner."

"Well, but my manner now," said Bertie doubtfully, "er—I wonder whether any one as brainy as—well, as Lady Feodora, for instance—would think my manner quite—er—don't you know what I mean?"

"My lord," replied Grimes with conviction, "with your manner a young nobleman has the world at his feet. It is the trampling manner, so to speak. I defy a bishop, my lord, to maintain his orthodoxy in the face of your lordship's happy way of dismissing his arguments."

"Oh, but I say, I don't want to interfere with anybody's religion."

"I was talking metaphorically, my lord; and in any case I do not say you would unhinge his reverence's convictions; you would merely make it impossible for him to continue the discussion with dignity."

"H'm," observed Bertie.

Grimes resumed:

"In this gallery—Molière, my lord; you recognize the quotation, I hope—I should recommend a very decided line, the competition for the ladies' attention being severe. Agree with nobody, but do not condescend to explain why. Spread yourself, my lord, in inappropriate repartee—I mean, my lord, in repartee of which the meaning is never obvious."

"I think I know the sort of thing you mean," said Bertie. "It always does seem to impress people, somehow or other."

He stopped and gazed critically at the waistcoat laid out for him—a dazzling creation, which, though entirely white, yet contrived also to be visibly striped.

"I say, isn't this a bit lively for 'em?" he remarked. "I'd meant to wear something rather serious and thoughtful-lookin'."

"It will catch the ladies' eyes, my lord," said Grimes gravely. "That will give you a start, as it were."

Bertie encased himself in the waistcoat and studied the effect for several minutes.

"Well," he said at last, "if it keeps 'em from lookin' at that brute's hair it'll be doing a public kindness."

He put on his coat and glanced at his watch.

"Now," said he, "I've still got five minutes. I might as well run over my subjects. Sex in Art—that's one; and my position is—what the deuce is it, again?"

"That polygamy is the basis of beauty."

"Oh, yes, I remember. But—er—how do I bring it in?"

"In rather a loud voice, my lord; I shouldn't trouble about anything else."

"Yes," said his lordship. "I've often noticed I get my best effects simply by shoutin'. Rum thing, but it's a fact, I assure you. And my next subject is—er—oh, I remember—the abolition of the House of Lords."

"Of the House of Commons, my lord. The other is threadbare."

"Yes, by gad; I must take care not to fire the wrong barrel there. And then, when I've loosed those two—oh, I say, I'll have to be goin' down."

Grimes' last words were steeped in ripe experience.

"Pardon me, my lord, but might I suggest that the second glass of champagne would make a convenient starting-point for your lordship's first flight, so to speak?"

His lordship nodded his appreciation.

"That's the soundest thing you've said yet, Grimes."

A last glance in the mirror, and Bertie had gone forth to conquer. In the comfortable bedroom he had quitted for the arena of wit his tutor poked up the fire, lit a cigarette and, after emptying the pockets of his lordship's coat, entertained himself by perusing the latest effusion of an enamored viscountess and the petition of a long-suffering clothier.

. . . . . .

It is probable that Mrs. Jim and her guests were under the impression that their banquet was the sole function held in the house that evening. But even that gifted coterie were not omniscient. When Mr. Grimes had sufficiently entertained himself with his pupil's correspondence he retired to an apartment less artistically upholstered, it is true, but warmed by a rather larger fire, and there arrayed himself in a shirt as white and evening clothes as faultless as anything Lord Fotheringay had ever worn. Then with an elegant air he sauntered off to join a select party as correctly attired as himself. Indeed, the ladies—three of whom spoke English with the most fascinating Parisian accent—were, if possible, more *décolleté* than the ladies abovestairs. Of course, only the élite of their profession were included, the humbler members officiating behind the chairs. The menu was pronounced by general consent to be *recherché* and the champagne as good as they had ever tasted; while the conversation reached a level of *esprit* that elicited favorable notice, even from Mr. Grimes. In the houses he visited such a compliment was considered to set the seal upon the entertainment: what he damned was acknowledged at once to be condemnable indeed; what he praised became the fashion instantly. With the exception of Beau Brummel and General Boulanger, it is hard to think of an instance where true greatness had ever before received such universal recognition from its contemporaries.

"Your Grace is such a vitty gentleman!" murmured the Parisian next to him; a piquant little thing with a vast experience of gentlemen, witty and otherwise.

As a tribute to his superiority Mr. Grimes was still granted as courtesy title the designation of his late patron, the Duke of Durwent.

He smiled upon the lady affectionately. "Where there's sparks there's fire," he replied in a low and gallant voice. "Your ladyship sets me alight, so to speak."

Her ladyship pinched him privily, a pretty liberty which the superior being was so far from resenting that he pinched her gently in return.

"Durwent," said a stout gentleman who, a floor higher up, was styled the butler, but here was known as the Honorable Jim, "it surprises me often what a perfeck acquaintance with culture and poetry you 'as. Fash'nable intelligence I can understand; you mixes in society almost more'n any of us in a sense, but the literatoor you quotes—it's amazin'!"

Mr. Grimes received this compliment without the least indication of undue elation.

"I quote occasionally," he admitted, "but my aphorisms are usually my own. In fact, the difficulty is to find anything ready-made that is quite suitable. Even Shaw and Meredith and so on are devilish limited. One may get a hint from them, perhaps, but I seem to see a little further myself, as a rule."

A quiet-looking, thin-faced gentleman opposite nodded his assent.

"They imagines; but we stands be'ind the curtains and 'ears," he pronounced.

Mr. Grimes threw him a glance of approval, but delicately amended his English:

"That's it—they imagine; we see things."

"*Mon Dieu!* We see some vary funny tings!" exclaimed his fair neighbor, with such a charming suggestion of keyhole revelations that the whole company applauded rapturously.

When the ladies had retired and the gentlemen had consumed the greater portion of their cigars Mr. Grimes drew his chair close to the quiet-looking, thin-faced man.

"Care to have a stroll through the house?" he suggested.

The other looked surprised.

"Ain't you wantin' to join the ladies?"

"To *chercher la femme*, eh?" said Mr. Grimes wittily. "Presently, Mr. Jarman, presently. I should like to see how Fotheringay is getting on, first. There's a quiet corner in the gallery where we can watch 'em. What d'ye say?"

Mr. Jarman looked a trifle apprehensive.

"Mrs. Jim's got the devil's own temper. If she catches us at them games ——"

"Pooh!" smiled Mr. Grimes. "Did you ever know me let myself get found out?"

"No," his friend admitted; "I must say that for you, Mr. Grimes—you're deuced fly."

Mr. Grimes seemed to dislike the adjective.

"I have a little tact," he corrected.

His knowledge of the exact geography of every house he had visited, however large, ancient or rambling, was admitted to be exceptional, and presently they established themselves discreetly in a shadowy corner of the gallery which overlooked the hall. It was in this hall that the cream of Mrs. Jim's house parties assembled after dinner; the residuum being distracted by bridge in the library.

"Some tasty bits 'ere," Mr. Jarman observed in a whisper.

Mr. Grimes regarded the assembly more critically, but, on the whole, seemed satisfied.

"Very tolerably so-so," he pronounced, and then added with sudden animation: "By gum, Jarman, look at Feo!"

Lady Feodora Monteden stood before the wide fireplace, the center of a group of admirers. She was twenty-four, tall and beautifully proportioned, and to a rare degree possessed of that type of loveliness termed "striking." Her nose was curved and pronounced, but so delicately formed that the severest critic would not have wished it smaller. Her eyes were dark, her complexion brilliant, her mouth and chin small, and her hair the envy of her sex. Looking down upon her from the gallery, the two critics obtained an extensive and dazzling view of white neck and shoulders emerging from a gown as striking as the owner; and they could see with what earnest attention she turned her large eyes first upon one and then upon another of the gentlemen who surrounded her. She nodded, smiled and said a word or two now and then, but chiefly seemed to listen with an air of the extremest intellectual ardor. These glances were most often directed toward a small individual with a tangled mop of black hair, a frilled shirt-front and a foreign accent.

"Sex in Art!" he squeaked. "Bah! You haf been listening to nonzense Let me tell you. I know sex; I know Art; I can speak about zem!"

"That Prince, as he calls 'isself, seems on the jaw tonight," observed Mr. Jarman.

He was startled by a low but heartfelt expletive from his friend:

"Where the devil's Foth? D'you see him?"

"N-no, Mr. Grimes. I'm afraid I don't."

"Lord Foth—Foth—whatever he does call himself, he is vary clever, vary profound," screamed his Highness excitedly; "but let me just steek my leetle pin through his visdom and you will see it go pop—like a balloon!"

"Where's Foth?" groaned Mr. Grimes. "If he has gone to play bridge ——"

He stopped, for like a yacht into a harbor full of tramps Lord Fotheringay sailed down the hall. His tutor's despair was transformed into admiration.

"He has been to change his tie!" he whispered. "It was an almost perfect bow—it satisfied even me; but he must have felt he could do better. And look—it is a work of art! Within his limits Foth is a great man."

"Hullo, hullo!" said Bertie, advancing gayly to the group. "Still talkin' of sex and art? I say, does any one know what's the difference between 'em?"

At the sound of his voice Lady Feo turned her shoulder to the gesticulating Prince.

"I can't imagine," she smiled. "Do tell me!"

"It's sex of one and half a dozen of the other," said Bertie. "What d'you think of that?"

There was a moment's breathless silence among the assembled intellectuals, and then their laughter burst like a thunder plump. Through it rang out the clear, high-pitched voice of Lady Feo: "Delicious!"

Mr. Grimes was enchanted. "I couldn't have snuffed out that undesirable alien better myself!" he confessed.

The distracted Prince screamed in vain. He saw nothing but his charmer's back. Her eyes were riveted on his rival.

"True as well as witty!" she said.

Lord Fotheringay smiled with ingenuous pleasure. For a moment he had seemed a trifle startled at the success of

his *coup;* but he had early learned to acclimatize himself quickly to applause.

"D'you think so? I say, 'pon my word, I almost agree with you. Let's discuss it."

They turned away together and he bore his prize in triumph to a quiet corner. The group of admirers distributed themselves elsewhere, and Mr. Grimes rose.

"Not bad for a beginner, Mr. Jarman," he said; "I'll make something of Fotheringay before I've done."

. . . . . .

At a late hour Mr. Grimes again officiated in the artistic bedroom. He had shed, like Cinderella, his splendor and was habited again in decorous dark gray and black. Lord Fotheringay smoked a final cigarette.

"I say, Grimes," he yawned, "I've made a deuced good start with this crew, if I say so myself. And that's half the voyage; what?"

"Yes, my lord, it takes some time to get found out."

Bertie looked at his tutor doubtfully.

"What d'ye mean?"

"I only mean, my lord, that it's generally a race between one's reputation and the truth to see which reaches one's biography first." Bertie grew grave.

"You've had a little too much beer for supper, Grimes. Of course, I know it's a temptation and all that; but let me strongly advise you to stick to ginger pop when you're stoppin' in these houses. Then you're quite safe. I say, I'm beastly sleepy. You needn't wait. Good night."

IV—MAN DISPOSES

THE sun shone on Hyde Park and Lord Fotheringay. Above his gleaming hat the young leaves hung green and still in the soft air of this May afternoon; beneath the glint of his boots the gravel lay smooth and warm; it was a day to stroll slowly, basking in spring sunshine and prosperity. A throng of people moved before him or passed by his side. Most of them looked gay, but none more happy than the young man who kept step with this new-risen star. To be seen with Bertie Fotheringay was already becoming a greater distinction than the Victorian Order.

"D'you see her anywhere?" asked Bertie.

"Not yet," said the other, peering through the crowd; "but one can't miss Lady Feo. Finest-lookin' girl in England I call her."

Bertie rewarded him with a smile.

"Quite agree with you, Charlie. A girl of ideas, too—soul—brains—all that kind of thing."

"Lucky dog you are!" laughed Charlie.

"Me?" said Bertie, with an indifferent affectation of surprise. "Why drag me in, Charles?"

"We'll see what we shall see," answered Charlie.

"Well, I say, don't you go talkin' about it, anyhow."

"Mum's the word, dear boy."

At this moment a carriage passed. It was very much like other carriages, but it threw Lord Fotheringay abruptly out of step. He hesitated, almost stopped, and raised his hat. In the carriage Charlie saw a pretty girl, with singularly pleasant brown eyes and a color so fresh that it almost seemed as though she must be blushing slightly, bow to his friend. Beside her a middle-aged lady in an aggressive bonnet put up her eyeglasses and nodded distantly. Then the carriage rolled on and Bertie was left staring back at the tops of two sunshades.

"Lady Pundit, wasn't it?" said Charlie.

"Yes," said Bertie briefly.

"Who's the girl?"

"Cousin of mine."

Lord Fotheringay moved on very slowly and thoughtfully. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"It's beastly hot here. I'm going home. Goodby."

"But I say, won't Lady Feo ——" Charlie began.

He was left with his mouth unbecomingly open, watching Lord Fotheringay cross the road, reckless of horses and carriages, and hurry toward Piccadilly.

"What a deuced rum thing!" he mused.

Meanwhile, Bertie crossed Piccadilly and deliberately enshrouded himself in the obscurity of the green park, walking slowly within the railings till he reached the farther end. He was aware he was a trifle overdressed for that promenade, but, by tilting his hat slightly forward and removing his gloves, trusted that he might pass for an ordinary mortal. For he had been well brought up and disliked intruding upon the masses as much as he objected to their taking a similar liberty with him. It was exceedingly creditable to his breeding that he should have remembered to exhibit this delicacy now, since his mind was in a whirl of vivid and most distracting memories. Why had she come into his life again at this crisis of his career? And how the mischief was it that a single glimpse of her exercised such a magical effect? He debated these conundrums all the way back to his flat. "Grimes," he said as she entered, "if anybody calls for me I'm not at home. In fact, I don't think I'll go out to dinner tonight."

"Not feeling unwell, my lord, I hope?"

"No, I—I only want to think."

Grimes eyed him uneasily. His lordship did not often desire to think in seclusion. He had a vague premonition.

"Sir Waterbury has telephoned, my lord, to say he will look in about six," he said.

Lord Fotheringay looked up quickly.

"What's he want to see me about?"

Mr. Grimes became exceedingly discreet. "I rather fancy he wishes to see your lordship with reference to some subject he discussed with you recently."

In addition to the many mental gifts he had acquired his lordship possessed a certain natural acumen that occasionally disconcerted his intimates.

"He told you what it was about," he said.

For one instant Mr. Grimes himself looked taken aback; the next he answered quietly:

"Yes, my lord, he favored me with his confidence."

For a minute Lord Fotheringay gazed intently into space. Then he said suddenly:

"I don't think I'll do it."

Had his lordship announced his intention of appearing at his club in carpet slippers his valet's concern could scarcely have been more acute.

"Not marry Lady Feodora, my lord!"

"Not ask her."

"But—but, your lordship—it has got into the papers already!"

"I presume you put it there; all you've got to do is to contradict it."

Again his pupil's penetration seemed to disconcert the superior being.

"Me, my lord? I—I ——"

"Yes, you did."

Mr. Grimes never lost his coolness for long.

"I was about to say I did it for the best, my lord. Many a marriage has been made simply by the parties knowing that society expected it of them. It becomes a moral obligation—what used to be called a debt of honor when there were more gentlemen about. Even a

(Continued on Page 32)

"I Say, 'Pon My Word, I Almost Agree With You. Let's Discuss It"

The New Woman and Her Ways

The Real Business Woman—By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

THERE are a dozen restaurants in New York, and perhaps half as many in Chicago, where the few real business women of the country go to lunch and dine. Many of them are pioneers, but they do not dress as the new women who blaze a trail for others are usually supposed to dress. Their gowns are perfectly tailored; their shirtwaists are French embroidered; their hats have that subtlety of coloring and shape that means twenty-five dollars and upward, and around their throats are necklaces that repeat the coloring of their eyes or their hats. Allowing for a certain lessening of fluffiness, they dress much like their sisters in the home. They also make the most of their thirty or forty or fifty years.

She May Serve Him Tea and Notice the Way His Hair Waves

In these same restaurants are lunching many business men, shrewd of face and keen of eye. Sometimes they lunch with these women, and then their faces are interested, for they are talking business; but it is a hard kind of interest, not a restful kind. The men who look relaxed and contented are lunching with each other, or with some pretty young girl who is amusing them every moment and making them forget to keep their minds alert. Sometimes they lunch with a wife or sister, to whom they point out this woman in life insurance who makes ten thousand a year, and that one in real estate who goes as high as twenty thousand. The domestic woman looks at their clothes and marvels, and then looks in their faces and sinks back in her chair understanding.

For no matter how high a degree of good looks a business woman has, there is something in her face that marks her out from the woman of the home. She may be fine-looking or handsome; she is almost never pretty or beautiful. She shows splendid qualities of insight and decision and courage; almost always she has a magnificent vitality, which gives her face an interesting cast—but it isn't just charm. Except in rare cases the business woman lacks what the woman in the home has every means of keeping and developing—charm.

Fields in Which Women Make Money

THIS real creative business woman has a man's kind of mind and power, and like a man she has had to fight every inch of her way. She has had to develop a self-control greater than a man in order to get on equal terms with him, and she has had to make sacrifices not expected of him. Any woman in the home, or out of it, who has not the real protection of a real man, has to fight more or less just to live and carry her responsibilities; and in proportion as she has to fight, and in proportion as she lacks time for the softening things of life, so her face and usually her voice take the imprint of these disabilities. The creative business woman is a splendid, competent creature, but she is in a world of her own, alone in a sense that no other breadwinner, be she teacher or doctor or lawyer, is alone.

There are a good many successful business women who cannot be called exactly creative; these are widows who carry on the work of their husbands, and women—widows or not—who start businesses in which their domestic instincts and training have full play—such as running or managing flower shops, tea shops, restaurants, hotels and laundries. Nearly always such widows of business men know a good deal of the work of their husbands. Of course there are some who are mere nominal heads, the actual work being done by trusted managers. The real working widows are generally those whose husbands started in a small way. The wives had their domestic duties, housework and babies, but they had good health and an interest not only in the money their husbands were making but in how they made that money. Often the wives kept the books and sent out the monthly bills. Sometimes they advised about the replenishing of stock and the extension of business. So they had practical experience and were able, with the help of subordinates, to carry on the work alone. There are a good many women coal dealers, florists, keepers of small drygoods stores, feed stores, drug stores, and so on.

Still, such women have not displayed any high degree of initiative. They have simply fallen into a place already made for them, and being alert and competent, having subtracted sex from their lives, and, above all, having generally others dependent on them, they can throw themselves absolutely into their work. This dependence of others is an imperative spur. It is one of the great factors on which the business man counts in his dealings with his men subordinates; the clerk who gives hostages to fortune likewise gives his employer the best that is in him, for his old irresponsibility has given place to an unacknowledged fear that life holds bludgeons he had not dreamed of. The business woman with relatives dependent on her simply dare not fail.

Women in Hotels

THE other class, who undertake costume and millinery shops, tea shops and restaurants, and who succeed, may or may not start with experience. Sometimes they are fashionable women who have lost their money and rely on the patronage of friends; sometimes they have been trained in the work; again they have merely shown exceptional management in their own housekeeping. In any case they have a natural taste for business and a power to handle details, and also an eye for fresh opportunities; otherwise they would fail. The modern city hotel is so compactly organized that it can almost be called a training school. There are women in nearly every department, and such women as the floor clerk, the housekeeper—in the ultra-fashionable hotels, the "social" helper—and perhaps the manager's secretary, are in a position to learn the business. Delmonico's for three generations has been run by women; a popular New York hotel has a woman manager. This work is opening more and more to women, especially in the realm of the small and exclusive hotel. Akin to this kind of work are teachers' agencies, business schools and stenographers' supply companies.

And yet such kinds of business, once they are started and closely managed, more or less carry themselves; the woman at the head needs for success only comparatively high—not superlatively high—qualities. The same is true of women who have hit on sporadic lines, which are perhaps more ingenious than creative. A few women have taken up a kind of general utility work: they open people's houses in the fall and take inventories of the household goods; they are visiting housekeepers, or they shop for customers. A few have started home bureaus, with food for the sick and for children; also renting out appliances for the sick-room, and supplies for children to be taken on a journey. There is a woman who has a hunting camp at Moosehead Lake. Another, in St. Louis, owns and manages a sawmill. Still another, in Colorado Springs, owns and manages a bus livery. There are a few who do independent work in commercial art and in business advertising.

But the real business woman is of a higher type than these and of a different type, since from the beginning she looks at things from a man's point of view, deals with men, and climbs up in the world just as they climb. From the first she encounters handicaps, every one of which she must surmount. She usually begins as a stenographer, entering a world where man has called her because she is cheap, and yet where he does not want her because he has an ingrained prejudice against the feminine element in his world during office hours. The woman foreordained—or doomed—to succeed can soon get into a position of trust. Few men stenographers with any real power remain long in such work; the average employer prefers a woman for his personal work—not the fluffy, frangipani sort, but the kind who stays. He recognizes the woman who has put to one side the great handicap with which Nature has endowed her—the instinct to make a world for two.

"From the Beginning I Eschewed Men Socially"

She is of the big-minded type that can divide life sharply into two parts—the official and the unofficial. Officially she is sexless; the business men she is dealing with are just minds, things she meets in the day's work, details that mean bread and butter to her. They may be married or unmarried, handsome or clever, rich or poor, ready with luncheon invitations and compliments, or taciturn. She simply reckons with their manners impersonally; for, as far as her official feelings go, they affect her no more than the size of her office paper. After hours one such man may call on her, and then unofficially she may let herself be feminine; she may serve him tea and notice the way his hair waves. Perhaps her rigorous separation of the official from the unofficial may lose her chances to marry, but it wins her a grasp on her work and a growth of power. And if, as sometimes happens, she marries after thirty, she does so with her eyes open. She is not scattered by Dame Nature against some other little atom; she chooses and is chosen by somebody she really needs.

If she marries it is usually before thirty, and it is not usually the most competent who marry. The latter have to put every ounce of vitality into their work in order to succeed at all. They must go on developing adaptability; for, though they are still in subordinate positions, adaptability counts quite as much as ability. They must develop an enormous amount of self-control. For most business women, destined at last to succeed preëminently, are like most successful business men—born with a kind of temperament. It is not like the actor's and author's kind exactly, because it cannot serve for purposes of romance and advertisement. They don't psychologize it, and the servants in the kitchen at home sometimes call it bad temper. The best business men are never sluggish, never phlegmatic; they are of the nervous type, quick, keen, impatient perhaps, but with minds as clear as crystal, and able to organize anything. They might go all to pieces before the whole office force over some little thing, but they never make a mistake about a big thing.

The Business Temperament

THE real business woman has the same nervous temperament. There is a woman today making fifteen thousand dollars a year who cannot hear her telephone ring without gritting her teeth and wanting to eliminate the person at the other end, but this could not be guessed from her even tones when she answers the call. In her subordinate days the business woman cannot afford to bluster. She must put up with a thousand things which grate on her sensibilities; for, after all, no woman big enough to succeed in business can ever forego some of her feminine traits. Just because she looks at things in a man's way, she does not necessarily feel things in a man's way. If she is quick to seize on a fine point in business, she is quick to feel the omission not of a fine point of courtesy—no man in an office has time to offer her that, and she opens her own doors and picks up her own handkerchief—but of an obvious point in manners. While she is working up she often has to take dictation from a man who puts his feet on the desk, wears a hat and smokes a cigar as he talks, using the office as a physical relaxing ground for his body that his mind may work all the harder. That is the way he would treat his man machine, and that is the way he proposes to treat his woman machine. There are some business men who would not treat a man machine that way, having a kind of self-respect which would forbid it, but the majority of them are on the other side of the ocean. No woman likes this and few men are indifferent to it; for that matter, no human being, man or woman,

likes to be treated as just a useful Thing. But the woman who is bound to rise detests it more than the mediocre, for she feels that she can be the equal of this man who shows himself so crudely her master. To ignore all this, and, moreover, in such a way that it does not react on her nerves, takes an enormous amount of self-control; but the business woman who succeeds preëminently is willing to pay the price.

The case of a woman who falls just short of this is pitiable; admirably competent, she lacks just that last spark of genius that consists in finding a perfect opportunity and developing it before any one else thinks of doing it. One woman in a certain steel company worked her way up from the bottom, more and more trusted, until she was finally the practical manager. All along she had been promised the nominal headship if she proved herself fit for it. She developed some new ideas which saved the plant yearly more than her salary, and for which she was thanked by the firm. And then one day a young man was presented to her to whom she was to teach what she knew; he was to be manager.

There is a Woman Today Making Fifteen Thousand Dollars a Year Who Cannot Hear Her Telephone Ring Without Gritting Her Teeth

"What was I to do?" she said afterward. "I had been in a position of authority for some time, and here was a youth put over me. It would have been of no use to point out to the great ones what I had done for them. I had either to submit to take orders from a man who not only knew nothing about the business, except what I taught him, but who was my inferior mentally, or else I had to leave. If I left I could not find a position as good as my own, and I should have to begin lower down, with perhaps not only one but several people from whom to take orders. It's very hard, after you think you have gone past that point, to begin over. In the business world, unless you are one of the big women, you're not sure of anything."

One wonders what becomes of the business women of forty or fifty who fall short of big success. The teachers who are about their equals in intellect are in high schools receiving anywhere from sixteen hundred to twenty-one hundred dollars, according to the size of the city they live in. These same teachers may work for twenty-five years and receive a pension, or they may go on indefinitely, hardly ever being asked to resign. They have long vacations and they do not need to spend so much for clothes and luncheon as the business woman must. The latter may be in a position of great trust, may be getting even two thousand dollars as a confidential secretary, and may feel secure forever. Then her employer dies, or the firm changes hands, or new and younger men come in, and as her relation to her employer is more or less a personal one she is forced out. There is no pension fund for her to fall back on, and she must seek a new position at an age when she is at the height of her power, but when business men want some one younger, more easily broken into their particular ways. There are few women over forty-five in the business world except the big, creative ones. A few of them get into civil-service positions, where there is opportunity for technical clerks in law, statistics, and so on; but, of the thirteen or fourteen thousand of such women, no one gets more than two thousand dollars, and more than half of them less than seven hundred and twenty. Perhaps the others come to that last resort of the business woman and the first resort of the incompetent—keeping boarders.

Why Business Women are Lonely

THESE women are curiously isolated, just as, for a different reason, the great body of temporary business women are isolated—the clerks and stenographers waiting for their fairy princes. The great woman movement would seem to be for the clubwomen—including usually the professional woman—and for the wage-earning woman. The wage-earners meet each other in unions and clubs. The clubwomen know what all the other clubs are doing; they are in touch with every single-woman movement on the continent. The woman doctor meets her sister practitioners in conferences and in clinics. The lawyers are necessarily not so well organized as the doctors, because there are fewer of them; but they all know each other, either personally or by reputation; they know what each stands for; they have a community of interest. Even more is all this true of the teachers.

The great business women stand off in splendid isolation. Many of them recognize the fact that there are more kinds of mental and emotional power than hold sway in the business world, and that the other powers are the power of the domestic woman. But there are business women who secretly despise the woman who marries, who think that she is a brainless cringer for her husband's bounty; that she puts up with his pettiness and unreasonableness because she has to be supported; in short, that she has not been big enough to make a life of her own. For the doctors and lawyers, perhaps, they have more respect.

The business woman knows others of her own sort, can estimate their value to a hair's breadth; but, as a rule, she has few intimates. She is rarely a clubwoman, unless for purposes of luncheon; and though she may be charitable in her own way she is rarely to be found combining with other women to originate great and new human movements. This is frequently because she is too much of an individualist. She has been a strong, catapult sort of person, or she never would have reached her eminence. She is not used to working side by side with other women; they are usually a round below her. She will not take orders from other women, and on the whole she would rather not consult with them. She has a belief that they are certain to waste time.

One reason for the isolation may apply not so much to the great business woman, who is high enough to be above pettiness, as to the business woman who has not yet arrived—she is sensitive about her social position and therefore snobbish. This is not so much the case in the West as it is in that most undemocratic city, New York. Many of the women who are working there refuse to come out in the open for fear of losing caste. Others are careful to explain that they have seen better days, or that they are working from choice and not from necessity. They feel that there is something very unhonorific about business, and, though they are in it themselves, they do not care to mix with other business women. In New York many an executive secretary would not be seen walking along the street with a second-class stenographer; she would not recognize her outside the office. "Work downtown" must lift itself on a pinnacle before it can get outside the kingdom of snobbishness—at least, in New York.

Feminine Success in Banking and Insurance

THERE are certain businesses in which extraordinary women are engaged here and there, but in which it cannot be said that there is a field for the creative business woman. The president and general manager of the Southern Independent Telephone Company, in El Paso, Texas, was, until recently, a woman who did her work admirably. Miss Kaessman, of Rochester, New York, is a successful oil refiner; she went to Kansas, sent by a company of women, and succeeded perfectly. Mrs. Nellie Upham, of Montana, manages fifty mines. The real openings for women of creative power are four in kind: buying for department stores, a field in which they have been occupied for some years; and working in insurance, banking and real estate.

In department stores almost seventy per cent of the responsible positions held by women are held by the buyers. These women are usually originally saleswomen who are tried out year by year, and gradually work themselves up. They are chosen because they are cheaper than men, even though they may secure as much as ten thousand a year, and because they know what their sex wants and have a temperamental resourcefulness in inventing little expedients and improvements which would escape a man. Besides the ordinary qualities of mental energy, capacity for hard work, executive power and concentration, they must show unusual initiative, progressiveness, and a marked "trading instinct" over men buyers—that is, a knowledge of how and when to get at the lowest prices, and in the best quality, the articles it has been decided that the public is going to want. Since a buyer must select her own goods, assemble them in the windows with the help of trimmers, and decide on the kind of salespeople to sell them, and since she is charged by the firm for floor space, heat, light, elevator service, salaries and the cost of the goods bought, her receipts must cover the expenditures with a good margin besides; and all this means that the buyer must be a woman of unusual business resources. Such women are increasing in number in the large shops in New York, Chicago and other great cities.

She Has to Take Dictation From a Man Who Puts His Feet on the Desk and Smokes a Cigar as He Talks

For some fifteen years insurance has offered women a chance in a small way as solicitors and in a large way as managers. This came about through the horde of women who, entering business and the professions, furnished a market like men. There are several thousand women connected with fraternal insurance alone—whole organized regiments and battalions of them, with a school to train them. Many of the old insurance companies have established a special office called the Woman's Branch, in which women are everywhere substituted for men. Some of the women managers and brokers earn, in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and the Far West, as much as ten thousand or fifteen thousand dollars a year. No man, it is said, surpasses Mrs. Florence Shaal, of Boston; Miss Niccols, of Chicago; and Mrs. Hollister, of Michigan.

"Outside of Business Hours I Use Young Girls and Home Women Just as I Would Flowers."

A look into the banking directories would reveal the names of, perhaps, a surprising number of women clerks, cashiers, assistant cashiers, managers of women's departments and bank presidents. Women are of value in counting and listing bills, because of their fine tactile sense. Here, too, are useful a woman's love of details, tact and intuition. A manager of a women's department must be ready to advise a customer on all sorts of things, from telling her how to invest her money to explaining some technical term which the cashier doesn't seem able to make clear. Yet these positions are opening very reluctantly. Perhaps the most notable example is Mrs. F. V. Church, of Joplin, Missouri. One Mr. Cunningham, who had a bank, was converted to suffrage, took his wife into business, and then Mrs. Church as his cashier. From this she has come to be president of a bank with deposits of six hundred thousand dollars.

Women as Real Estate Dealers

THE work that offers the greatest chance to the creative business woman is undoubtedly real estate. Women are succeeding in it all over the country, from Miss Ament, of New York, who has already made a fortune, to the Misses Kimber and Howard, of Kansas City, who own and sell thousands of acres of land in the newer states. More and more women are engaging in the work of buying, selling, exchanging, leasing, managing, appraising, mortgaging, auctioning, financing and building, because of the increasing number of suburban land companies and the growing interest people have in owning their homes. Whether acting as brokers or as agents, these women have been equally successful. They have shown a commercial and legal type of mind, and the realty instinct, to which is usually added a large number of emphatic virtues, such as energy, application, method, punctuality, accuracy, dispatch, intuition, initiative, breadth of view and attention to detail. It takes a broadgauged woman to get office experience and field experience both, to be able to work out new uses for property, to determine and fix values and analyze the conditions that detract from them, to estimate the prospective buyer's point of view, to present convincingly arguments of fact, to overcome objections and to recognize the proper moment for proposing to draw up a contract.

An interesting phase of real estate, though not the highest, is rent-collecting, which is done either on salary or on

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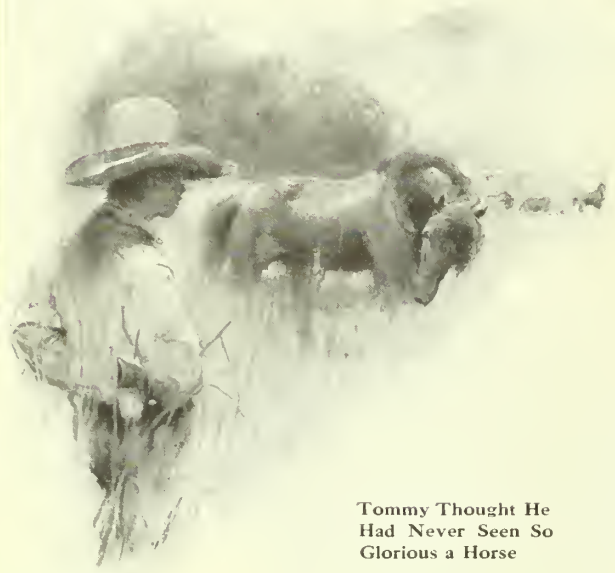
THE MANKILLER

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



Tommy Thought He Had Never Seen So Glorious a Horse

ALL this happened in the Bad Year, which was not so many weeks ago. The outfit issued daily from their camps—riding bog, skinning cattle and driving in the helpless to the home pastures to be fed on oil-cake and alfalfa. The cows were walking skeletons, wild of eye, ready to wheel in impotent anger on their rescuers; or sinking weakly to the ground at the least urging, never to rise again. Every creek was dry. Springs that were held eternal became slimy mudholes and a menace. A well-grown man could easily step across the San Pedro, oozing sluggishly past mauled carcasses.

Wherever one rode he found bones of hapless creatures, or starved cows stretched flat on their sides, waiting for death to end their sufferings. And the flies settled in sickening, heaving clusters. Each mire held its hopeless victim. Wobbly-legged calves wandered over the range, crying for mothers that could never come. And the sun blazed down out of a pale sky.

Even the saving mesquit in the draws and on the ridges was failing as sustenance; of grass there was none. The country lay brown and bleak and gasping from Tombstone to the border. Not a desert cow, accustomed to slake her water hunger by chewing cactus, could have long survived such blighting months. How we prayed for rain!

Manuel Salazar gave heed to the comet where he lay on his tarp, and crossed himself to avert the death-curse, which was come upon the land. This weird luminary portended dire events and Manuel began, like a prudent man, to take thought to his religion. There might be nothing in religion, as Chico contended; but a man never knows, and it was the part of wisdom to be on the safe side.

Then, one evening, when the mountains were taking on their blue sheen and the big beauty of these vast stretches smote one with a feeling akin to pain, Archie Smith rode up to headquarters and tossed a human hand on to the porch.

"Found it in the far corner of the Sacaton Bottom."

Jim Floyd recognized it at once by the triangular scar on the palm. The hand had been gnawed off cleanly at the wrist. Floyd wrapped the gruesome thing in a sack, wishful to give it decent interment when opportunity should offer.

"It's ol' man Greer's," he said. "You remember ol' man Greer? He used to dig postholes for the Lazy L. Where's the rest of him, Smith?"

"I aim to go and see. Ki-yotes eat him up, don't you reckon, Jim?"

"It sure looks that way. Pore ol' Greer—he could dig postholes right quick," the boss answered.

What Archie found of the digger of postholes established nothing of the manner of death. Both arms were gone and wolves had dragged the body the greater part of a mile; hence, there was no real argument against the theory that old man Greer, who indulged a taste for *tequila*, had sustained a fall from his horse and had perished miserably within sight of the ranch. Yet Archie found this hard to believe. Wolves do not crush in the skull of a man, and it was the cowboy's conviction that any one could fall off Hardtimes, the digger's mount, twice or thrice a day with no other injury than the blow to his pride.

Two days later Manuel Salazar brought in Greer's horse, shockingly gaunt and worried, and swelled as to the head. But what interested the outfit, when the saddle and bridle had been removed from Hardtimes, were long, parallel wheals along neck and flank. Archie pronounced them to be the marks of a horse's teeth.

"That don't show anything. He wandered off and got into a fight with another horse," Floyd asserted. "Yes, sir; it's like that he done just that."

After which he dismissed the unfortunate Greer from his mind. The outfit shook its head and expressed sorrow for the lonely digger, but opined that his fate surely went to show how injurious steady application to *tequila* could be, more especially in cruel weather. The Mexicans and the nesters in outlying parts were not satisfied with the explanation put forward. They discussed the mystery during protracted pauses in work and in the dark of the night. When two men met on a trail and halted to pass the time of day, old man Greer was the subject of talk. There were rumors of a snug fortune the digger had amassed and buried—sixty-six thousand dollars in gold, it was. Joe Toole, who made a nice, comfortable living by systematic theft of calves from the cattle company, did not hesitate to hint that Greer had died a victim to its professional gun-fighter for reasons best known to the rich corporation; but, then, Joe was prejudiced. Soon the death grew to a murder, and no man not of white blood would ride the Sacaton Bottom after nightfall.

Tommy Floyd talked of these and other matters to his father as the boss was feeding Apache.

"Pshaw!" Floyd said contemptuously. "Don't you put no stock in them stories, Tommy, boy. Some people in this here country can smell a skunk when they sight a dead tree."

"But what do you guess killed him, Dad?"

"I don't know, son. I sure wish I did," was the troubled reply.

He punched Apache in the ribs to make him move over. The huge jack laid back his ears and his tail whisked threateningly, but he gave place with an awkward flop, and Floyd laughed. Others might fear Apache, but he knew there was not the least particle of viciousness lurking in that hammerlike head. Of all the ranch possessions—blooded horses, thoroughbred Herefords or cowponies—he liked the jack best. It pandered to his vanity that others should avoid the monster, or approach him in diffidence, with suspicion and anxiety; and, in truth, Apache's appearance was sufficiently appalling. Great as was his blue-gray bulk, it was dwarfed by the ponderous head; his knees were large and bulbous, and when he opened his mouth to bray, laying bare the powerful teeth, Apache was a spectacle to scare the intrepid. Horses would run at sight of him; an entire pasture would squeal with fear and flee on his approach. Yet there was not a gentler animal to handle in the million acres of the company's range.

Toward the fag-end of a day Tommy was eating *panocha* on the steps of the porch, a favorite diversion with him. While removing some particles thereof from his cheek, in the region of his ear, he espied his father riding homeward from the Sacaton Bottom. Something in the way the boss swayed in the saddle brought Tommy's head up alertly. Floyd was clinging to the horn and the reins trailed on the ground. The boy threw his crust away and ran to meet him. A dozen yards from the house Apache stopped, as though he knew that the end of the journey had come for his master.

"That black devil, Tommy!" his father gasped, and lurched outward and to the ground.

Two of the boys came running and bore Floyd to his bed. That he had contrived to ride home filled them with wonder at his endurance and fortitude—nearly the whole of his right side was torn away, one arm drooped limply, and there were ragged cuts on the head. Tommy hovered near, crying to him to open his eyes.

The boss never regained consciousness, and died at midnight.

A Mexican doctor was summoned from a border village—his American competitor was off in the Dragoons, assisting at an increase of the population. After a minute examination the man of medicine announced that five ribs were broken. It was his opinion that Señor Floyd had met with an accident, from the effects of which he had passed away. Nobody was inclined to dispute this finding.

"Something done tromped him," Dan Harkey asserted. "It's like one of them bulls got into the Bottom and went for him when he got down to drink."

"No," said Archie positively; "a bull couldn't have tore him up that way. It looks to me like teeth done that."

Then Tommy awoke from the benumbed state in which he had moved since the tragedy and repeated his father's dying words. They were very simple of interpretation. A black man had drifted into the country from eastern Texas and lived, an outcast, on a place not fifteen miles from headquarters. It was well known that Floyd had had trouble with him, being possessed of an aggressive contempt for negroes, and twice had made threats to run the newcomer off.

"A nigrah could easy have beat him up that-away," Dan declared. "A nigrah could do most anything. Yes, sir; he beat him to death—that's what he done. It's like he used that old hoe of his'n."

Word of the killing flew over the land in the marvelous fashion news is carried in the cowcountry. Within twelve

So the Sad Procession Crept Along

hours men knew of it in the most remote cañons of the Huachucas, and a party of nine set forth from headquarters. But somebody had carried warning, for the lonely hut was untenanted and the door swung loose on its rawhide hinges.

They buried Floyd on top of a hill where the wind had a free sweep, and piled a few stones atop. Tommy fashioned a cross out of two rough boards; and the boss sleeps there today. The sheriff was deeply stirred and had notices posted throughout the territory.

$250 Reward

For the arrest, dead or alive, of the man who brutally murdered James Floyd, boss of the Tumbling K, sixteen miles from here, some time yesterday evening. This man is supposed to be a negro; about forty years of age; black; about six feet in height and weighing close to two hundred pounds. Has a razor scar above the left ear.

He has in his possession a .35 caliber autoloading rifle, No. 5096, and a .32-30 pistol. He may be riding a sorrel horse with a roached mane, branded 93 on left hip.

This crime is one of the most dastardly in the criminal annals of the Territory, and I earnestly urge every officer and other person receiving this circular to do everything in his power to effect the capture of this human fiend.

The above reward is only a preliminary reward, which may be increased later to one thousand dollars, when the governor, with whom the matter will be taken up, is heard from.

Wire me if any suspect is arrested, or if any information is obtained whatever concerning this negro, at my expense.

Two months passed and nothing was heard or seen of the black man. The rains held off. North and east the ranges were deluged. A blight appeared to have fallen upon the Tumbling K. The land grew a shade grayer, the dust spurts whirled in gleeful, savage dance, and the cattle gave up the effort of living and lay down to die. All that the boys could do was to distribute salt and feed and work frantically to maintain the water supply. The emaciated brutes would eat of the oil-cake and hay, and sweat profusely on the nose, then stiffen out and expire with a sigh. Those that clung to life carried swollen under jaws from the strain of tearing at the short grass.

"Pore devil!" Archie grunted, tailing up a cow he had already helped to her feet three times. "It fair makes a man sick at the stummick to see 'em. Here, you doggone ol' she-devil! Why don't you try for to help yourself? Up you come! That's it; try to hook me."

It was no use. He shot her where she lay and skinned her. Then, with the wet hide dragging at the end of a rope and her calf thrown over the fork of the saddle, he set out for headquarters. The orphan was a lusty youngster, and Archie made him many promises, accompanied by many strange oaths.

"Li'l' dogy," he said, "I'll find a mammy for you tonight if I have to tie up the old milch cow. Do you think you can suck a milch cow, dogy? Sure you can. Man alive, feel of him kick! He's a stout rascal. You'll be a fine steer some day, dogy."

On a black-dark night flames leaped above the rim of the mountain, and the Tumbling K were roused from bed to go forth with wet sacks and rage in their hearts for the scum of humanity who would fire a range. Twenty-six hours in the saddle and six more fighting the leaping, treacherous enemy; then two hours of sweating sleep on saddle-blankets beside their hobbled horses, and back a score of miles on desperate trails for fresh mounts—three separate times they beat out the blaze with sacks and back-firing. Once more, rising heavy-lidded and dripping from the stupor of utter exhaustion, they saw it licking hungrily through the Gap. No unlucky cigarette-stub thrown amid parched grass, no abandoned campfire, had done this. It was the deliberate work of an enemy.

Orders came to move the cattle down into the valley, lest they perish to the last horn, to the last torn hoof.

"It'll take you three days to move 'em ten miles," the manager said; "but never mind. Ease 'em. Ease 'em careful. The man who yells at a cow, or pushes her along, gets his time right there. The only real way to handle cattle is to let 'em do what they want and work 'em as you can. Think that over, boys."

Manuel Salazar remembered this warning as he moved his tired horse at a snail's pace behind a bunch of sick ones in the Sacaton Bottom. Manuel made twenty dollars a month with consummate ease, working only seven days in the week and only thirteen hours a day; and he would not throw his job away lightly. Therefore he permitted the gaunt cows to straggle as pleased them, humming to himself while they nibbled at tufts here and there. If one turned its head to look at him it fell from sheer weakness, therefore he held aloof. So the sad procession crept along.

The Lonely Hut Was Untenanted and the Door Swung Loose on its Rawhide Hinges

It was in Manuel's mind to save a mile by moving the bunch through the horse pasture. He put them through the gate with no trouble and was dreamily planning how he might steal back a hair rope Chico had stolen from him on the flimsy pretext that Manuel had unlawfully relieved him of a headstall with brass conchas while Chico dozed on day herd, when the quirt slipped out of his fingers. The vaquero got down to pick it from the ground.

"Hi! Hi!" he yelled in panic, and ducked just in time.

A black shape towered above him, striking with fore feet, reaching for the nimble Manuel with its teeth. Its mouth yawned agape; Salazar swore he could have rammed a lard bucket into it. The vaquero swerved from under the deadly hoofs and hit out blindly with the quirt. The stallion screamed his rage for the first time and lunged at him, head swinging low, the lips flicking back from the ferocious teeth. Manuel seized a stone, put to his hand by the blessed saints, and hurled it with precision, striking the horse on the nose. Midnight blared from pain and shook his royal mane in fury, but the shock stayed him and Salazar gained his horse.

"Now," he yelled, pulling his gun and maneuvering his mount that he might be ready to flee, "come on, you! You want to fight? That's music to me."

But Midnight did not want to fight. He had employed craft in stealing stealthily upon the man, and now he moved off sulkily, the whites of his eyes rolled back, a thin stream of blood trickling from his muzzle. Salazar longed to shoot holes through his shiny black hide, but contented himself with abuse instead. Was not the stallion worth five thousand dollars? Who was he—Manuel, a poor vaquero—to be considered in the same thought with so noble a beast?

"Tommy," he said as he unsaddled at headquarters, "I've found who killed your pore father. Yes, and old man Greer too. Don't look pale, Tommy."

Tommy stalked into the manager's office next forenoon, a very solemn and a very determined if a short and somewhat dirty figure. He was white under his freckles, and he talked through his teeth, jerkily, his eyes fixed unwaveringly on the manager's face.

"Midnight!" the manager exclaimed. "Nonsense! Why, he wouldn't harm a fly. That horse would never kill a man. He's worth five thousand dollars. Since we got him from Kentucky, two years ago, a woman could handle him, Tommy, boy. Salazar must have been teasing him. You'll have to look somewhere else, Tommy."

"You mean you ain't agoing to do nothing, Mr. Chalmers?" Tommy asked in a dry voice.

"Of course not. Midnight? Impossible. Why, that horse is worth five thousand dollars. He couldn't have done it."

Tommy went back home very slowly. That night he sat beside Manuel's candle and cleaned and oiled a sawed-off .25-30 rifle, inherited from the man who slept on the hill. Salazar smoked lazily and watched him through drooping lids. The boy finished his task and leaned forward on the stool, staring at the tiny flame, the weapon across his knees.

Of what avail to shoot Midnight? Of course it would be easy. Tommy had acquired some degree of skill by blowing the heads off chickens whenever any were desired for the dinner-table, and he felt assured that at two hundred yards he could pick off the stallion with one pressure of his finger. It would be mere child's work to distinguish Midnight from the mares, even on the murkiest night. But, after all—had the stallion done the killing? He had only Manuel's experience and suspicions to go on. Moreover, if he took punishment into his own hands they might throw him into a jail. Midnight was worth five thousand dollars: assuredly Mr. Chalmers would cast Tommy out into the world to shift for himself. He put the rifle back under his bunk.

Very discreetly Tommy entered the horse pasture at sunup—for he had been unable to sleep for scheming—and made his way down the mile-long fence toward the corner where the mares usually grazed at that hour. He had a six-shooter in his pocket for an emergency, but he hoped that he would not use it. Midnight sighted him and stood rigid a full minute, twenty paces in advance of the mares, gazing at the boy. He was a regal animal; Tommy thought he had never seen so glorious a horse. Then the stallion advanced with mincing steps, his head bobbing, the ears laid back. He sidled nearer, without haste, whinnying softly. The boy waited, motionless, until he was a dozen feet distant, then threw himself flat and rolled under the barbed-wire fence. With a rending scream Midnight reared and plunged for him, his fore feet battering the ground where Tommy had fallen. He tore at the earth in discomfiture and wrath, and raved up and down on the other side of the fence, his nostrils flaring, his eyes a glare of demoniacal hate. Tommy surveyed him in deathly quiet.

The dark came warm, with puffs of hot wind, so that the Tumbling K men reviled the discomfort joyously, since it presaged rain. So long as the cold nights endured there could be no relief. Tommy slipped from the bunkhouse for a breath of air, though it was past bedtime and they had told him to turn in.

"Apache!" he called in a low tone, gliding into the stall.

The jack cocked his monstrous ears and listened, knowing well the voice. Tommy put a halter over his head and opened the stall door. It was gnawed and scarred by Apache's teeth and hoofs, and the boy wrenched it partially from the hinges and laid it aslant on the ground.

"You done bust your way out, Apache," he whispered. "You hear me, you ol' devil?"

He led him out into the corral and thence into the lane, talking softly as they went. Apache raised his nose and

(Concluded on Page 66)

THE FIRST BIRDMAN

By J. W. MITCHELL

It has taken me, indeed, but a few years to pass through the period when the observer hears that his alleged observation was a mistake; the period when he is told that if it were true it would be useless, and the period when he is told that it is undoubtedly true, but that it has always been known.—S. P. Langley: Story of Experiments in Mechanical Flight.

IN THE present revival of interest in aeronautics, and in the general enthusiasm that attends the solution of the problem of mechanical flight, there is danger that the public, at least, will overlook the credit due to the one man who did more than any other to bring about the modern development. He was the late Samuel Pierpont Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who was unquestionably the first man to fly a heavier-than-air machine driven by its own power. This was on May 6, 1896.

It is true that Professor Langley never flew a man-carrying machine. There is likewise a report, which has been questioned in some quarters, of a man-carrying machine having been flown by Clement Ader, in France, in 1892. But there is no question that Professor Langley flew a thirty-pound steam-driven model on the date mentioned. At the first trial it flew half a mile and he made numerous flights after that up to almost a mile. It was the first time that a heavier-than-air machine had ever flown for even a small fraction of that distance, and Professor Langley regarded the problem as scientifically solved. He said, in a paper written at the time, that he had finished the work that seemed to be especially his, and that for the commercial development of the machine the world in all probability would have to look to others.

PHOTO. BY C. H. CLAUDY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Wright Machine Taken at Sunset During the Endurance Trial at Fort Myer

Professor Langley's Great Work

HE WAS not allowed to remain in peaceful and scientific retirement. The United States was then drifting, as the officials of the Government well knew, into the inevitable war with Spain. Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and he recognized the immense value of an aeroplane as an instrument of war. He stirred up the War Department and the Navy Department, as he was in the habit of stirring up things even then, and the joint Board of Ordnance and Fortifications applied to Professor Langley to know if he could build a flying machine. He replied that probably he could, and Congress appropriated fifty thousand dollars with which to do the work, the sum to be expended under the direction of the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications. Then commenced the work that ended in what was publicly heralded as failure and that resulted in the death of Professor Langley, due as much to the fun made of him in the public press as to anything else. It was unfortunate that the most of the criticisms were founded on complete ignorance of the facts. But newspapermen are human and not given to taking anything very seriously. They had a long personal score to settle with Professor Langley, who had offended them because he did not know how to avoid doing so.

Some explanation of the misunderstanding is due to both sides. When it was learned that the United States was actually building a flying machine, of course the papers wanted the story. Professor Langley was not only a peculiar-minded man personally, but he was the possessor of a cast-iron New England conscience. He felt that he was working for the Government, and that, as he was guarding a military secret, the only way to guard it was to bar out the papers completely. The officers of the War and Navy Departments, many of whom knew all about the machine, said they knew nothing about the work; that it was entirely up to Professor Langley. This was an easy way of not answering questions and avoiding giving personal offence.

Never was there a military secret so well guarded. Professor Langley got to believe firmly that newspapermen were personal emissaries of the devil. He knew nothing about newspapers; in fact, that was not what he was paid for knowing. It got to be a standing joke in newspaper offices and bureaus in Washington to send a cub reporter down to the Smithsonian Institution to interview Professor Langley on his flying machine. Of course the reporter never got within hailing distance of the professor, and there was always another added to the needlessly long list of Professor Langley's newspaper enemies.

At this time if there had been a single man, who knew the newspaper business and who was also a personal friend of Langley, to do a little "jollying," there was not a newspaper in the country that would not have willingly refrained from printing anything about the maturing machine and from uttering any unfriendly criticism after the apparent failure to fly. But the buffer state was wanting. As the time approached for the trial of the big machine over the Potomac the newspapers, which had been denied access to the inner sanctum of the Smithsonian, were eager to send special boats to Widewater, Virginia, where the trials were to be held, in order to "get the story." There was one paper that kept a tugboat in commission for three weeks at an expense of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a day and got as the result two photographs and one story of a failure. There was barely a newspaper man in the fifty or more waiting for the flight who would not rather have written a story of failure than one of success. This may not have been a Christian attitude to take, but it was a very natural one.

When the trials were over the reporters wrote their stories and promptly forgot all about it. Newspapers that have to handle sensations from all over the world every day cannot afford to spend much thought on a single incident. If an editorial writer felt like it later he wrote a flippant editorial about the failure of the Langley flying machine and then forgot all about that too. But Professor Langley did not forget. It is said by his friends that he considered this light newspaper criticism deep-seated personal animosity.

The popular estimation of flying machines was shown at the time by the refusal of Congress to appropriate any more money for experiments. Whatever individual members may say to the contrary, Congress is very gun-shy when it comes to newspaper criticism. Congress was afraid of ridicule, and refused to make any further appropriation.

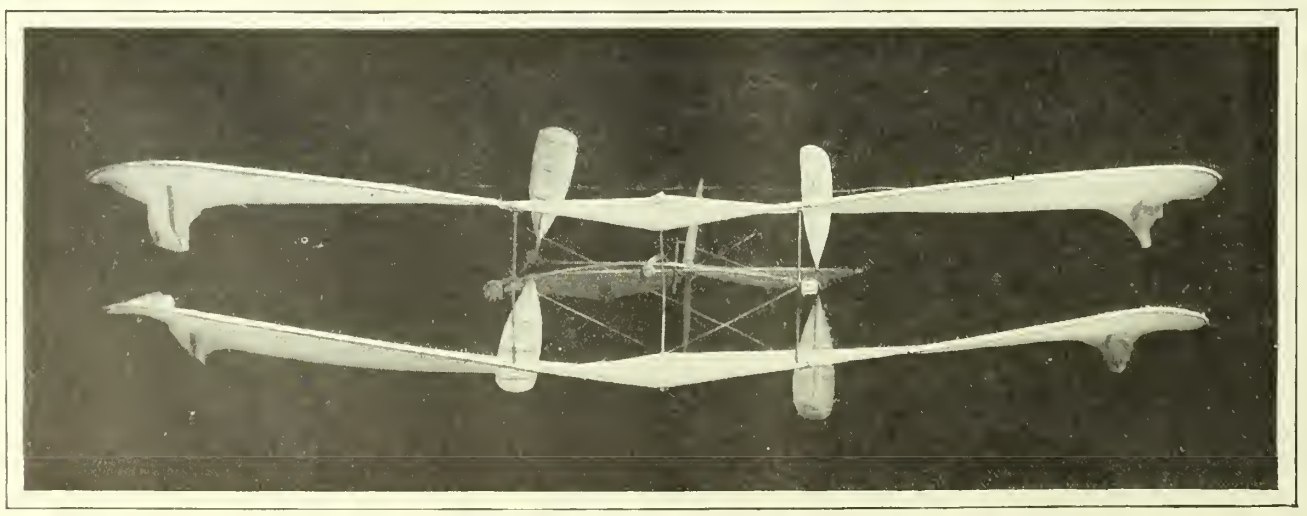
Unlimited money was offered Professor Langley from private sources to continue his work; in fact, he was urged to continue it. But his feelings were deeply hurt at the way his previous researches had been received, and he said that if the American people would not support the work that had been done primarily for them he would not continue it under private auspices. Of course any one is welcome to give his own verdict as to this course. It delayed the development of aviation in the world about six years. Possibly also it opened the way to the present tangled legal situation about flying machines. Professor Langley had done his work for the Government. He applied for no patents, but he took the precaution of presenting photographs of his work to the examiners in the Patent Office and he had them sign and date the negatives of various essential photographs. All this he intended to throw open to the world.

A Secret That Has Perished

IT SEEMS tolerably certain that he had some system of balancing and guiding his machines that was different from anything now in use. There were no flexing wings as in the Wright and other modern machines, but there was a two-way tail—that is, a big tail with horizontal and vertical surfaces.

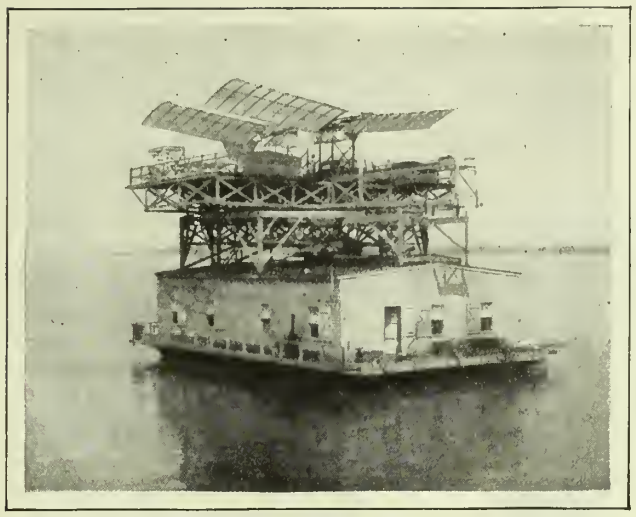
The secret of the balance was in this tail and so far it never has been disclosed. In one of the very few papers that he wrote about the machine Professor Langley tantalizingly came this near to explaining it: "There is not room nor occasion here to describe the automatic rudder and how it performs its functions. Suffice it to say it does perform them."

There is no question that it did perform them. There were flights of the model machines made from a quarter of a mile to a mile, and the machine would mount, circle in the air and alight where it was wanted without any guiding hand on board.



One of Professor Langley's Model Biplanes With Spring Wing Tips for Preserving the Lateral Balance

Professor Langley has been dead since February 27, 1906, and the notes of his pioneer experiments have since been in the hands of Charles Manley, of New York, who is to prepare them for publication. Mr. Manley was an expert engineer and was Professor Langley's closest confidant. Mr. Manley says that for lack of time the notes have never been given to the world. Those who are interested in aviation and who



Man-Carrying Machine on Top of the Houseboat at Widewater, Virginia, Just Prior to the Trial of October 7, 1903

feel an interest in securing recognition for Professor Langley's work say that this delay is doing an injustice to the dead man, and that if the publication of his investigations is delayed much longer they will be interesting merely as ancient history.

Professor Langley at different times told something of his own story as to how he was drawn into his aerial investigations. He says that as a boy he can remember lying on his back in a New England pasture and watching the effortless flight of a hawk which sailed for half an hour without moving its wings, and whose progress along the "great overhead highway" was devoid of the obstacles that had to be surmounted by the boy in traveling to his place beneath the birds.

Success After Two Hundred Failures

FOR many years the subject of mechanical flight was held in abeyance. There were other things that claimed the interest of the scientist. He explored the realms of astrophysics—almost invented the science, in fact—and extended the then known spectrum a third of its accepted length far into the realm of the ultraviolet rays. He was called to the manifold activities of the head of the Smithsonian Institution, but he found time there to work at the problem of mechanical flight and gradually solved it.

At that time it was as much as a man's scientific reputation was worth to let it be known that he seriously regarded the flying machine as a problem. The Patent Office had classed it with perpetual motion and demanded the presentation of a working model before they would consider a claim for a patent.

Man had wanted to fly ever since time was first recorded. Ancient myths dealt with the subject. There have been almost two hundred recorded machines tried since the time of Leonardo da Vinci, in 1500. Many of them were the work of serious men like Sir George Cayley, Stringfellow and Phillips, but none of them even approached success. The only machine driven by its own power that had ever sustained itself in the air for even a few seconds was the ingenious toy aeroplane of Penaud, driven by twisted rubber bands.

Yet Langley risked his scientific reputation by venturing into this maze of failure and charlatanry. He said himself that the spirit of investigation was reawakened in him by listening to Charles Lancaster at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1886. Lancaster had spent five years in Florida studying soaring birds and had constructed some well-considered gliding models. He attempted to demonstrate them before the association, and because they would not work as he had said they would his statements on the whole were received with scant consideration.

Professor Langley, however, heard the address and decided to do some investigating himself. The world at that time knew absolutely nothing about aerodynamics. Newton's law for the increase of air resistance with the increase of the speed had stood for three hundred years, principally because nobody had ever thought to question it. Professor Langley said that just about the time he started active work a French mathematician had proved conclusively enough by the use of existing formulas that a barn-swallow, to reach the speed it is known to attain, must have more than the strength of a man. Professor Langley said he could see nothing to do but reject theories that led to such absurd conclusions, and do some original investigating.

He was at the time employed in the Allegheny Observatory. He went to a number of wealthy men to secure funds for his experiments, among them Andrew Carnegie. But Andrew said, in effect, "Hoot, mon; there's nothing in it." The reply of most of the others was to the same effect. It is rather interesting in this connection to reflect that Mr. Carnegie within a few months has offered a prize of twenty-five thousand dollars for the first pupil in his technical school at Pittsburgh who will build a flying machine that will fly.

There was one man among the Pittsburgh millionaires who, whatever he thought of the investigation, gave Professor Langley five thousand dollars with which to experiment. This was William Thaw, the father of Harry Thaw. One of Professor Langley's most important books, The Internal Work of the Wind, is dedicated to Thaw in acknowledgment of this aid.

One of the first pieces of apparatus that Professor Langley constructed at Allegheny was what he called the "whirling table." As a matter of fact, a great revolving derrick would be a more exact description. The arm of this derrick described a circle two hundred feet in circumference and was driven by a nicely governed steam engine up to a speed of seventy miles an hour. The objects to be tested were hung at the end of this arm and the measurement of their "lift" and "drift" was carefully recorded as they were towed through the air.

One of the simplest and most astonishing experiments was in the early stages of the work. A brass plate weighing just a pound was hung at the end of the rotating arm. Of course it pulled down just a pound against a spring balance. But, when the arm of the derrick was started and the speed increased, the weight of the plate decreased as it flew through the air. At a speed of seventy miles an hour it exerted a pull of less than one ounce. Thus, paradoxical as it seemed, it took less power to travel at high speed through the air than it did to travel slowly. It was in this way that Langley's law came to take the place of Newton's law.

It must be understood, however, that this does not apply practically to the construction of flying machines. The head resistance of the engine, the struts, the guy wires and the operator must all to be taken into account, and though it is theoretically possible to drive two hundred pounds through the air with one horse-power, this applies merely to plane surfaces and not to complicated flying mechanism.

Tandem Biplane. This Was the Third Model Finished. It is Theoretically Too Heavy and Not Powerful Enough and Was Never Tried Outside the Shop

After six years of experiment Professor Langley commenced building his first power-driven model. He says that he knew absolutely nothing about steam engineering, but, after experiments with carbonic acid gas, compressed air, electricity and various other motive powers, he decided that as there was more known about steam than any other motive power it would be best to start with this. So, though already an old man, he started to study steam engineering with a view to building an engine.

There was literature in abundance on the subject, but he was aiming to build such an engine as had never been built before. All the problems were practically new and he set about solving them with the help only of a few trusted workmen in the Smithsonian. It was largely the fear of ridicule that made him keep his first work so concealed.

When Langley Steadied the Stars

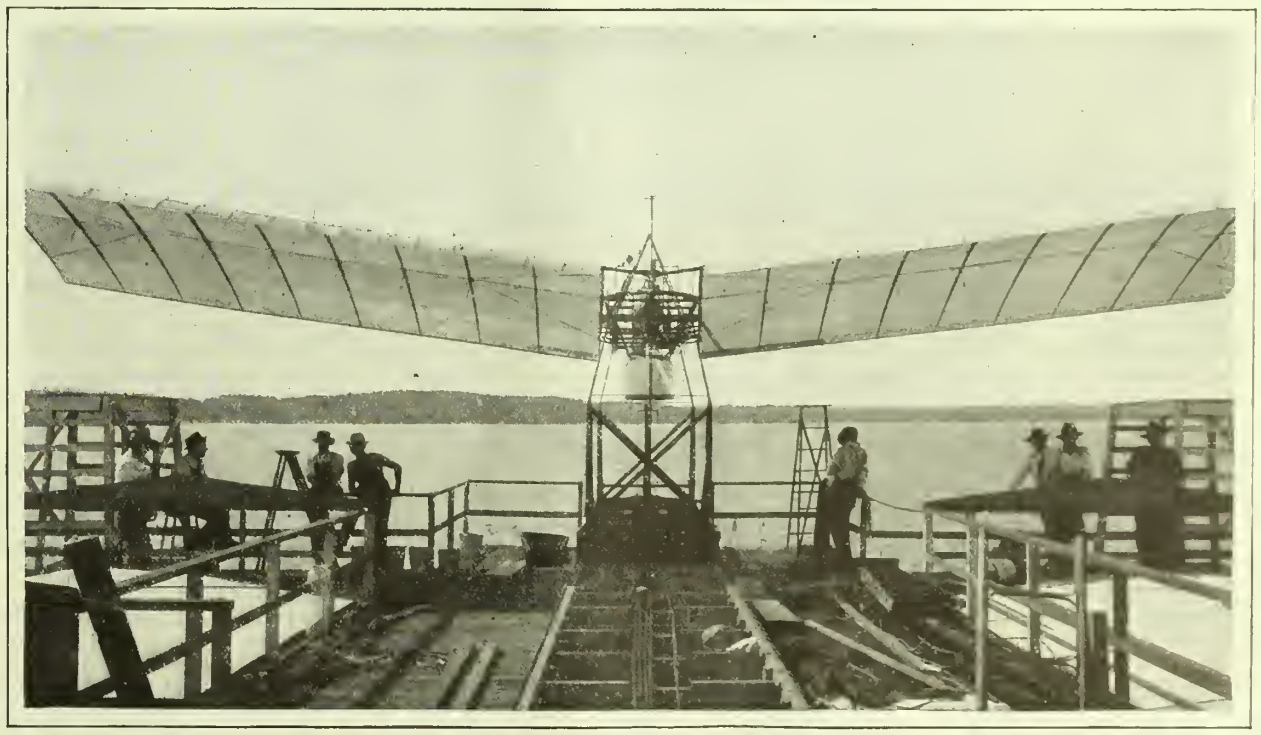
PROFESSOR LANGLEY had a very peculiar bent. He was a scientist—none better in the higher ranks; but if there was need of doing anything in the mechanical field he could usually find a way of doing it, as witness his system of an air-blast to keep the stars visually steady in a telescope.

When the steam engine was finally installed in his aeroplane it was a queer combination; such that any trained engineer would have said would not work. However, it did work. The chances are that it was the only sort of an installation that would have worked.

During the period of experiment after Professor Langley came to Washington he constructed thirty different models driven by springs and twisted rubber bands. Some of these were monoplanes, some biplanes, and some had spring wing-tips very closely approaching the flexing wings which are the essential features of the present Wright machine; in fact, Professor Langley made some models with wings that could be flexed so as to present different angles of incidence to the air, but this flexing was done before the model started its flight and, there being no passenger on board, could not of course be varied after the adjustment was once made.

Upon the whirling table, both in Allegheny and in Washington, Professor Langley experimented with all sorts and shapes of aeroplanes, and his conclusion was that mechanical flight was theoretically possible even with the engines then in use; but he said that the real difficulty lay in what might be termed "secondary problems," the chief of which was to make a machine which would automatically continue a rigorously horizontal flight and which would not be upset by the

(Continued on Page 69)



Close View of the Man-Carrying Machine on the Roof of the Houseboat at Widewater, Virginia, October, 1903

PUTTS

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

For What Seemed an Age it Hung Upon the Lip of the Cup

WHEN a man's name is Sterling, when he is a professor at Yale and when he leaves footsteps worth following, you may be almost certain that his Christian name is Dwight, and that his son's Christian name is also Dwight. You may take it for granted that all the men of the family have fine round heads and close-set ears, and that when they pick up a stone it isn't to throw it at somebody, but to listen while it tells them some piquant story of the paleolithic or the pliocene.

It would astonish the average reader to know what fun professors have with their own and other people's brains.

The professorial brain is the most gameful, resourceful, skillful and honorable companion imaginable. But, in the summer, before he was to have graduated at the head of his class, young Dwight Sterling's brain took a fever; his body, never robust, dwindled to a collection of pipestems, and the doctors evaded the responsibility of their real conclusions by saying to the agonized parents, "While there is life there is hope."

But when young Sterling actually turned back from the gates of death, of which he did not seem to like the look, and opened a pair of reasonable eyes upon those who nursed him, then the doctor-in-chief, Doctor Daggett, took Father Sterling aside and read the famous lecturer a lecture that made him sit up and take notes.

"Now that the boy has concluded to live," said Doctor Daggett, "I may as well place the responsibility for his breakdown where it belongs." He pointed his thick, sensitive, diagnostic finger full at the professor's breast and said, "*Ecce homo!*"

"You've driven him," he went on, "all his life. He could read and write when he was five. When he ought to have been playing he was reading; when he ought to have been asleep he was writing. You crammed his head with facts. You laid yourself out to make him brighter than your neighbors' children. You took solid joy and comfort in the fact that he spoke to you only in Greek at breakfast, in Latin at lunch, and Sanscrit at dinner. He was plotting the curves of equations when the average child can't subtract correctly. When other children were cracking nuts to eat what was inside he was cracking stones to see what was inside. When other children were playing one-old-cat he was at home working on the laws which govern the flight of projectiles. And . . . well, he's alive. He's nineteen and he's alive, and I advise you to do something about it."

"He has had just such an upbringing as I had myself," objected Professor Sterling.

"Yes," said Doctor Daggett tersely, "and you can't hold out a five-pound dumb-bell at arm's length any more than he can."

"Why should we wish to? The strongest man in the world can hold five pounds at arm's length for only a very few minutes; but I could devise a simple apparatus which would hold it at arm's length for a decade."

"Don't quibble," grunted the doctor; "and for Heaven's sake, now, henceforward and forever, let up on that boy of yours! Let him have some of the things he has missed. . . . I know you are a poor man."

Professor Sterling smiled and shook his head.

"In strict confidence," he said, "I'm not."

"Not?"

Daggett looked at the plain shelves with their rows of plain books; at the plain deal table on which Professor Sterling did his written thinking; at the unstained yellow-pine floor; at the threadbare rug; at the framed photograph of St. Peter's and at that of the columns of Karnak.

"I am very well off, indeed," said Professor Sterling. "Whenever, for the last forty years, there has been a panic in Wall Street I have put what I could into stocks that were going begging; and then I have sold when stocks were high and money beginning to be very expensive. It's very simple. It isn't even speculating. It's what I have heard called a 'sure thing' and a 'leadpipe cinch.'" He smiled craftily. "Live at a distance from the scenes of excitement; have patience; buy outright; and, above all, don't let success increase your own scale of living. . . . So, if you have something to suggest for my boy's welfare, don't let any thought of expense deter you."

"If all goes well, then," said Doctor Daggett, "he will be strong enough to be his own master by Christmas or New Year's. Give him plenty of money and let him go somewhere in the South and have a good time. Forbid him books and any work except home letters. When summer comes give him more money and let him go abroad—not to the galleries, but to the playgrounds. When autumn comes give him more money, plenty of it, and let him go round the world. In short, give him a chance to break up his bad habit of using his fine brains morning, noon and night, and give his body a chance to grow up."

"He will miss his graduation," objected Professor Sterling.

"Why not? . . . If he graduates with his class it will simply mean that he will change his cap and gown for a shroud and a nosegay."

"You are quite sure?"

"Absolutely. You can't keep an engine going without steam. Dwight's gray engine is O. K., but his boilers are burnt out."

"Well," said Professor Sterling, "I'd rather have a live dunce for a son than a dead prodigy; but it's all very disappointing."

"Dwight will never be a dunce, and you know it. I only wish there were a chance of it."

"But he despises physical amusements."

"He has been trained to think that he does. Result, bags of cracked ice on his thinker. Give him a chance; and, above all, give him money—plenty of money."

"What would you call plenty of money?"

Daggett smiled.

"Whatever sum you have in mind—multiplied by five."

Professor Sterling would have whistled if his brain had not been cultivated at the expense of all the accomplishments that well-developed muscles make possible.

II

IT WAS a month before Dwight Sterling could really think of anything except not thinking. "Play; don't think," had been his father's last words. The effort to keep from thinking almost drove him into another brain fever, so strong is habit. And he couldn't play at first because he didn't know how. He could handle a knife and fork in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, and that was about the full extent of his physical accomplishments. His right hand was as awkward as an ordinary man's left.

A scattering of old Yale men have cottages at Aiken, and these were kind to Dwight for his famous father's sake—had him to lunch and to dinner, put him up at the clubs and introduced him to everybody; but secretly they were ashamed that any Yale undergraduate should be such an utter "dub" at everything. He didn't walk well. He couldn't ride at all. His one attempt at lawn tennis did not inspire confidence. He managed to make his buggy-horse run away—a horse famous these fifteen years for his inanely slow gait and utter fearlessness of bicycles, blown newspapers and trolley cars; and for all his real brightness and wonderfully informed mind he had no more knowledge of the world than a stupid child of eight. But fortunately for all concerned he had a sense of humor. It was latent and undeveloped, but there it was, for any one to see. Just when you were about to give him up as hopelessly learned and nothing else it would pop out from somewhere and save the situation. And, also fortunately, his head was so round, beautiful and well set that you could almost forget the incompetence of his hopelessly long, awkward, flat-chested body. His head and his features, only that the mouth was very much larger and more forcible, reminded you of the Praxiteles Hermes. And his neck was round and thick with carrying blood to his brain. And then it developed that he who could hardly have crushed a fly was not physically afraid of anything. When the old Yale men found this out they ceased liking him as a duty and liked him for himself.

It was a golf year. Rain or shine, men of all ages and of all degrees of natural ability were to be seen pursuing the butterfly perfection about the links, or hefting clubs in the professional's shop, or talking bunkers and scores on the clubhouse steps. It was a year when men who really preferred lawn tennis played nothing but golf; when women who never had played any game, and never could, bought charming little sets of clubs and took lessons from the professional, who humbled them and gave them their proper standing in the world of sport, and did his best to teach them not to make dipping, forceless, U-shaped swings at the ball.

Nine-tenths of Aiken played golf that winter, and one-tenth looked on. Prominent at the first tee, to see the players drive off, was Sterling. The first tee, the distant green toward which it afforded a start—for the fortunate—and the huge eighteenth green in front of the clubhouse, were all of the links with which he had any acquaintance. The game fascinated him, however; not as an exposition of strength and address, but as a revelation of human nature.

A novelist might do much worse than follow golf. Not the eternal triangle itself is susceptible of more variations than the club, the ball and the hole. The whole gamut of the passions may be found in golf: jealousy, rivalry, murderous rage; the passion to tease; the passion to sneer; wonderful glows of generous sympathy when you are playing well and the other man isn't and can't. If a man has a fault of character, sooner or later his golf will reveal it. By his golf you may judge shrewdly of the methods by which he arrived at affluence.

Sterling, then, liked to sit on an unlevel bench, in the shelter of a small pine tree that hadn't grown for years and years, and study character; or he liked to stand with others near the rim of the eighteenth green—it isn't a green, really; it's a beach—and watch the twosomes and foursomes finish their rounds. Now and then interested persons tried to persuade him to try his luck with a driver and a ball; to bet him, for instance, that at the first trial he couldn't hit a ball from the first tee to the bottom of the hill on which it was built. Now, although this hill is almost a precipice and a healthy child of four could kick a ball to the bottom of it, Sterling knew better than to risk his money on any such proposition. He had seen too many players of too many years' standing fail to execute that very simple feat. He had seen them thunder into the ground behind the ball; whistle through the air over it. He had seen them "tick" it, so that it rolled no more than six inches, and he had seen them fail in ninety-seven—he

had made a list—different ways to propel the ball to the bottom of that hill.

The fact is that Sterling was really a very fortunate person. He was destined to begin golf not at the beginning, as amateurs all do, because they can pay for the necessary room, but at the end, where the cramped caddies begin—the cramped caddies who become Vardons and Braids.

It befell that the finals of a certain tournament were decided at the eighteenth green. Mr. Jenkins, the loser, lost by missing a two-foot putt. During the whole round Mr. Jenkins had been remarked for his calmness in difficulties, his methodic style and for the unlighted stub of a cigar that never left his lips; but when he had missed the putt, which lost him the match, it seemed that, after all, a devil abode in him. His voice, ordinarily courteous and deep, became shrill and rude. He delivered a tremendous kick at the ball which had failed to drop into the hole, and only succeeded in topping it to the edge of the green. Then he flung his putter furiously after the ball. And he cried aloud:

"If anybody wants a chicken-hearted putter, there it is!"

Then he swung on his enraged heel, took three steps toward the clubhouse; and then he came to—ashamed, miserable and apologetic. He poured a stream of apologies into his late adversaries' ears, and a stream of congratulations. But when Sterling, who had picked it up, offered him his putter back he refused it. "No," he said, as of a woman who had led him a dog's life; "I'm done with her."

Sterling showed the putter to Miss Jordan. It was an ancient putting cleek, warped, cracked as to the shaft, and reënforced in two places with electric tape.

"'Tis a poor thing," said Sterling, "but mine own."

"See if you can use it," she commanded, and pointed to the ball which Jenkins had kicked to the edge of the green.

The green was now deserted by all but Miss Jordan and Sterling. Miss Jordan took the flag from the hole and Sterling addressed the ball, as he had seen others do, swung back and hit it low and true. The gods of golf often conspire to bring to pass the most extraordinary accidents. Sterling's first stroke was a perfect one. And the ball had not traveled halfway to the hole before Miss Jordan, herself no mean golfer, perceived as much.

"It's in! It's in!" she shouted, and began to dance up and down on her toes. The ball, running slower and slower until it seemed to have lost all momentum, reached the rim of the cup and paused. An eighth of a revolution more would drop it into the hole. Sterling never remembered to have so hung upon an issue, or rather an entrance, in his life. Never before had he so concentrated all his powers of wishing upon an event. But the ball had not really stopped rolling. For what seemed an age it hung upon the lip of the cup—a teasing, flirtatious, mischievous bit of fate, and then it disappeared.

Sterling had holed out at the first attempt from the edge of the green. Then it was that Miss Jordan began to laugh and to point at him. And then Sterling laughed; for he found that he was standing on the toes of his right foot and had drawn his left knee, as often happens in a crucial moment, almost up to his left ear, and that with the battered old putter he was beating the air in the direction of the hole, in the inane effort to fan the ball on its way.

Sterling brought his limbs to decorum and grinned a broad and happy grin. He was a golfer now. Now he understood what had been hidden. He would no longer laugh in secret at those who played. He would fraternize with them. He was of them now: the littlest, most ignorant brother of the great brotherhood.

His hands tightened upon the putter. It was no longer an It of wood, metal and electric tape, and shoemaker's thread: it was a she; a she of gentle and faithful attributes, to which might be added a touch of genius—a she to be careful of: to oil, to polish and to cherish.

Then the boy looked toward Miss Jordan and his tightly budded heart swelled and blossomed. He felt a sudden wonderful warm friendship for her. Why? Because she was beautiful? No. Because she was friendly? Yes and no. But because she was there; because she had seen; because she could bear witness; and most of all because one look at her eyes told him that in them at least he was no longer an utter and hopeless "dub."

But he would not try another putt. He hired a locker from the professional and ensconced his first and only club therein as a saint in a shrine. He made no more putts until he had gone to sleep for the night. Then he made thousands of them, and all alike: all from the edge of the green to the center of the cup, with one moment of exquisite uncertainty on the rim. And always just beyond the hole was Miss Jordan, dancing up and down in generous approval. Just before getting-up time he had a frightful nightmare: Miss Jordan came to him alone at midnight, and asked him, "for the love of God!" to give her the putter. "I am bunkered!—bunkered!" she cried, and the tears streamed down her face. Then they were tugging at opposite ends of the putter for possession—and just as the agony of the strain became intolerable Sterling let go, and Miss Jordan, with a shout of triumph, fell backward from the first tee to the bottom of the hill . . . And the crowing of roosters waked the anguished sleeper, and the sun in his face.

III

THE first thing that Sterling learned about golf was that there is no shortcut to mastery. He was advised to buy a driver and to take lessons. "Once you've learned the drive," said his advisers, "the rest will come." Then he read a book on golf and learned that in England and Scotland the drive is common property—a stroke not considered worthy of mention or discussion among first-class players. But the book also admitted that the drive is the most difficult and intricate stroke known to athletics. Here was a contradiction. Sterling had the professorial mind. He appeared to be admiring the view; in reality he was analyzing the game of golf. He appeared to be studying Miss Jordan's profile; in reality he was wondering why she, who could drive and brassy so far and straight, habitually turned in such poor scores. He watched her drive from the first tee—a fine, stinging ball that departed with a hiss. He saw her brassy that ball from a hanging lie, clean and straight over an outwork that guards the first green. In two shots she had covered four-fifths of the distance from the tee to the hole. But to cover the remaining fifth and to drop the ball finally into the hole required five more strokes. From where he sat it was difficult to see just what was wrong; but the five shots were: to the left, to the right, short, dead and in.

"Who is that playing the first hole?"

"Good morning, Mr. Blackstarr. . . . Ninety-nine golf players out of a hundred are playing that hole. Two beauties followed by five idiocies—seven for the hole; but specifically the contestants are Jimmie Bowler and Miss Jordan."

Mr. Blackstarr drove off. He pulled his drive to the woods and topped his second halfway to the bunker.

"Two idiocies," commented Sterling.

But then Mr. Blackstarr was seen to make a straight, skyscraping shot, with an iron club, that landed the ball somewhere on the green in the immediate neighborhood of the hole, and from this exemplary stroke he was seen to take but one putt.

"The hundredth player," commented Sterling. "Mr. Blackstarr is old, fat, weak and intolerable, but he does the first hole in four. He does it in four."

Sterling sought the professional.

"Can you teach me to play golf this morning?" he asked hopefully.

"Wouldn't take ten minutes," returned the professional, with privileged sarcasm. "Where's your driver?"

"Don't need one," said Sterling. "I have a putter."

The professional accompanied Sterling to the seventeenth green, where there was nothing to disturb them but the wind in the neighboring pine-tops. Sterling dropped a ball within a foot of the hole.

"Now," he said, "show me. Show me how to stand for that shot and how to play it perfectly. Show me exactly what the head of the club must do during that infinitesimal moment of time when it is in contact with the ball. I got that out of a book."

The professional showed Sterling how to draw the club back and how to finish the little swing which is needed to propel a ball thirteen inches on a fast green.

Sterling shook his head. "What must it do," he said, "when it is in contact with the ball?"

"It must hit the middle of the ball with the middle of its face. It must move straight toward the hole, and there mustn't be any daylight between the sole of it and the green. As you come back ——"

"Hang as-I-come-back!" said Sterling. "You told me what I wanted to know. Tell me more, Prince of Wisdom. Is not what the putter does, when in contact with the ball, what the mashie should do?—the iron?—the cleek?—the brassy?—the driver?"

The professional thought deeply, but at length conceded that this was so for the "simple shots."

"I shall begin with those," said Sterling, "and here endeth the first lesson. I cannot play golf yet, but I know how. Do you realize that you have taught me more in five minutes than you ever taught any one else before in a year?"

The professional laughed.

"The others," he said, "want to haul off and hit the ball to the races. They pay their money. They want something showy for it. They don't ask to know why. They want to feel when."

"Drop the ball a foot from the hole and work backward," said Sterling, "even unto the tee. Let the putt be a little putt and the drive a great putt." He waved his thin hand. "Two years from now," he boasted, "people will be spying on me from the rough to see how I do it."

Then he became absorbed in making perfect putts a foot long, and when he left Aiken, in mid-April, putts of three and four feet had no terrors for him. But then it must be confessed that he was a natural-born putter. To one man the hole looks no bigger than a fifty-cent piece and is full to the brim of mischievous, repellent forces. To another man the hole looks like the opening in a bushel-basket and contains friendly and benevolent imps that reach for the ball with invisible hands and pull it in. Sterling was never afraid of the hole. All July he putted for it from the edges of the beautiful rolling greens on the Kebo Valley links at Bar Harbor. His misses were by inches and fractions thereof. Always he was "dead" and often down.

On the first day of August he bought a mashie, sought a secluded green and dropped a ball, as before, a foot from the hole. He played his mashie as he had learned to play his putter, gradually increasing his distance, but always playing with the confident hope and intention of laying the ball not near the hole but in it. When the trees put on

How Hard Ought He to Hit the Ball?

their gorgeous autumn dresses, and the air began to nip at dawn and sundown, he was practicing the forty-yard range. Perfection here was out of the question, but it was wonderful to observe how often his ball stopped within easy putting distance of the hole.

He lived, thought and read golf. He adopted Vardon's grip, without discussion. Its advantages were obvious. He put on weight, found that his shirts and coats were beginning to feel tight under the arms and across the chest. Charming little muscles began to sport upon his forearms and hands in unexpected places.

He could putt for an hour without getting a backache. To Miss Jordan he wrote at this time (she was at Newport, and it gave him uneasy feelings whenever he thought of it, which was often):

. . . You won't know me when you see me. I have lost all semblance of self-respect. I play golf morning, noon and night, rain and shine. . . . About Bedford for a week in October: if you don't know that nothing will keep me away I liken you to a foolish one. And thank you thirty-two million times for asking me.

To his father he wrote: "I am continuing my open-air studies of ballistics."

On his last day at Bar Harbor he played the course for the first time, using only his two little clubs. His score was forty-six for the nine holes.

And that night he slept with great contentment, for he knew that his system was right and that all others were wrong.

IV

STERLING had his setbacks. No sooner had he mastered the mashie up to eighty yards than his putting became ragged and futile. He became adept with a mid-iron and could neither mashie nor putt, but his short game was never long out of his reach. It kept coming back to him steadier and deadlier. His theory was to make all the shots putts; but when he had learned to putt with his driver he found that he had not the stoicism or self-restraint to let it go at that. By a combination of anger and accident he one day hit a really long ball, as long a ball as he had ever seen anybody hit—a terrific ball that screamed as it flew. And after that there was no rest for him until he had repeated the sensation. For a whole month he flung system and theory to the winds. Pet phrases—"Better sure than far"; "Better short and straight than long and troubled"—he discarded. And he spent hours hitting balls with all his might—to the left, to the right, hooks, slices, bursting high ones, wind cheaters, and every other stroke of which the misunderstood driver is accidentally capable. Then, for a whole week, the joy of perfect driving was his. The joy of hitting with a little more than a full swing, with wrists, arms, shoulders, legs and body working in perfect amity and harmony; with every ounce of strength that his long frame had at command brought to bear at exactly the right instant. For one week he had these pleasures; and then one day he took out all his clubs and tried to play a round, but the lovely driving was gone. From the first tee he reached a bunker on the second fair green. From the second his ball rose into the air like a shot from a mortar and flew a scant hundred yards. The next drive was out of bounds. He sliced and he pulled and he flubbed, and he lost balls right and left; he dug into the ground and strained his back; and he lost his temper, only to find that when he did get somewhere near the greens he could neither approach nor putt.

He did not touch a club for three days. Then he went out to a secluded green with his battered old putter, and dropped a ball a foot from the hole and began all over again. During the last week of the short Bar Harbor season, looking once more upon all shots as little putts or great, he played the nine holes twice in thirty-eight, and once, with fortune smiling and continually blowing the ball toward the hole, in a brilliant thirty-five.

Meanwhile Sterling's father, after a year of overwork and divers attacks of acute indigestion and bronchitis, had resigned from the Yale Faculty, and was a run-down, testy man of leisure. Sterling persuaded his parents to winter in the South—at Aiken.

"You know it's my last year off," he said. "I'm strong as a very thin bull now, and I'm ashamed not to go to work. I'll never have long holidays again, so let's spend them together. I know an immense little cottage that's for rent dirt-cheap; and, Mother, you'll just love it; and it'll make a new man of Father."

It was Sterling's secret intention to inveigle his father into playing golf. "It will prolong his life," he confided to his mother, "and make his old age green."

But Professor Sterling could not be enticed. Once he watched the players drive off, and disgust at the folly of it all became deeply written on his somewhat severe face. There were many small tournaments that winter, and Sterling brought home more than his fair share of trophies. But the father refused to take any interest, except to say: "Your brain has softened more than I ever thought it would. Five minutes of Sandow night and morning is enough exercise for sane people, with a tramp now and then in fine weather."

"Father is getting old," thought Sterling, and he looked somewhat sadly at the sky, and very foolishly admitted that he was too. Indeed, the winter had contained a very bitter disappointment for him. There had been times when he felt that he might have declared himself to Miss Jordan with some chance of success. It is probable that she had expected it of him and counted on it. They had been fast friends and frequent correspondents. When they were together time had always passed swiftly for them both, and often in silence. But Sterling had never spoken. His prospects were too remote for him to have done so with honor, was his chief reason; and then, until it was too late, he had not been absolutely sure of his own feelings. Of their immediate ardor, yes; of their ultimate lasting qualities, no. But now he was sure; wakefully, heart-achingly sure, with a loss of appetite and a drooping at the corners of his strong mouth.

That winter she had another young man, Jimmie Bowler, "eating out of her hand," as the saying is. And people said that if they weren't engaged they ought to be. There were smiling stories told of moonlight drives and dark corners, and flower bills at Miss Wessel's, and a "hand in hand" visit to Miss Jordan's old colored mammy, who was stricken on one and the same Sunday with a wicked attack of rheumatism and a negroid sermon upon the approach of Halley's comet and the end of the world.

Twice Sterling met Bowler in the finals of tournaments, both playing from scratch; and both times he beat his successful rival at the fifteenth green—and saw him turn to Miss Jordan for the look that comforts in defeat, and saw him get it, and was miserable in victory instead of elated, and could not sleep those nights.

Indeed, worsting a rival in any but the one great way is never quite what it has been cracked up to be.

V

THOUGH the Palmetto Golf Club links are, perhaps, the best in the South, but one tournament of any celebrity is played over them—the Southern Cross. In the finals of this tournament Sterling met Bowler for the third time. That Sterling would win was a foregone conclusion, and there was consequently so little betting as to be negligible. The match was at thirty-six holes and the young men agreed to drive off at 10 A. M. All Aiken was on hand to see them start, and half of Aiken was in light walking trim to follow them around the course.

The links, very green, now that spring was well established, were framed in the deep blue-green of the long-needle pine, snowbanks of dogwood and unbelievable bowers of flaming yellow jasmine. The few clouds that were in the sky looked soft enough to wrap newborn babies in, and there was only enough air stirring to carry the smells of jasmine and wild crab-apple from the vines and trees that produced them to the human nose. Distant objects looked very near and sharply outlined. It was deliciously warm.

He Spent Hours Hitting Balls With All His Might

Mrs. Sterling had announced at breakfast that she would follow the match, and she badgered Professor Sterling until he sarcastically agreed to accompany her.

"It will be a very long and tedious walk," he said. "I doubt if you are up to it."

But the average professor's wife is a walker. In the first place she has to be, and in the second she is more apt than not to wear comfortable shoes of a sensible shape. Mrs. Sterling appeared at the first tee in a white shirt-waist, a short walking-skirt, thick woolen stockings, common-sense shoes, and a felt hat that had seen service in Maine and Scotland and knew how to stay where it was put. Thus habited she looked cool, sensible and calm; but the little lady's heart was going like a trip-hammer. That her son should win had suddenly become a passion with her; that he might not, a hideous dread. She had been up till midnight the night before with Vardon on Golf and had mastered the rules and the general principles. Professor Sterling affected to know these, *ex officio*, as a matter of course; and while waiting for the contestants to start he explained the game to his wife—wrong.

But the most interested partisan at the first tee was Miss Jordan. She had chosen the moment to announce her engagement to Bowler, and her hands were being wrung by her friends, and she was pink and lovely with the excitement of congratulation.

"And, oh," she said, "if Jimmie only wins this will be the absolutely perfectest day in my life!"

Sterling approaching, driver in hand, from the club-house, overheard this speech, and his poor heart was like a lump of half-cooled lead; but his well-schooled face smiled ingenuously, and he shook hands with her and told her what a fine fellow Jimmie was, and that he knew they would always be happy together. Then, for he had won the toss, he stepped out onto the tee, and amid a dead silence drove off. The shot, if not a very long one, was straight as a putt, and finished rolling in a level patch of very green Bermuda grass, where Sterling knew that he would find a good lie for his second. Bowler drove a screamer straight down the middle, and everybody said "Whew!" except Professor Sterling, who slipped on a rolling stone and said "Hoity!"

Looked at as a contest, the eighteen holes played in the morning did not amount to much. Sterling was very nearly at his best; the ball obeyed his wishes and his putting was a thing of beauty. Bowler, on the other hand, played mixed golf. By turns he was wild or brilliant. He holed putts that he ought not to have holed, and he missed others that nobody should have missed. At the end of the round he was five down. "Hopelessly beaten," said the wiseacres.

The first chance Mrs. Sterling had she kissed her boy and hugged him, and said that she was proud of him, and that he had played beautifully; but the professor affected to have been profoundly bored. His son's play had seemed neither beautiful nor skillful to him. Anybody could do it with a few days' practice—so he said and so he believed. Nevertheless, 2:30 saw him among those who were to follow the match to its conclusion.

Bowler was steadier in the afternoon. He, too, had been kissed and hugged during the intermission, and he was known to have brave nerves. But the most he could do was to hold Sterling even. He could not pick up any of the holes he had lost in the morning. And so the game progressed until the match stood Sterling five up and six to go.

At the long, uphill thirteenth—the "Cabin Hole"—Bowler was in the rough with a pulled second, and Sterling's second—he must have abandoned his usual conservatism to have come so far in two—was hole-high and just off the green to the left. From where his ball lay he could play it dead nine times out of ten, and it looked as if the match were his.

Now, all golf players believe in the Bible, because both it and their favorite game are so full of miracles. To Bowler, preparing to play from a bad lie among wild plum bushes, the match seemed over. To Sterling, facing a shot that was child's play to him, the match seemed over. To the gallery it seemed over—and a deadly dull match at that. To Miss Jordan it seemed over—bitterly over. Her eyes were on Bowler, thinking among the plum bushes; and her eyes—frank, unabashed eyes—were full of tears. Among those who saw the gleam of those tears was Sterling. They made him feel like a whipped cur, and he remembered what he had overheard her say in the morning. "And, oh," she had said, "if Jimmie only wins this will be the absolutely perfectest day in my life!"

"And I'm spoiling her day," thought Sterling; "I'm spoiling it."

(Continued on Page 41)

ORDER No. 113

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. PECK

He Vaguely Saw the Little Irishman Fling an Arm Upward, Thought He Saw a Line Uncoil in the Air

COMMANDER HALE'S thoughts traveled straight from the lofty office down the Columbia River and out on the Pacific to a brick-red vessel with stumpy masts. His quiet, tired eyes half closed as the picture of this farthest outpost of his command rose before him, tossing on the bright, lonely sea, tugging at the slender steel cable that marked the authority of the United States Lighthouse Establishment. Columbia River Light-Vessel No. 188, as her official title ran, was new, built to replace faithful old No. 153, which for so many years had clung to her desolate post, suffering the terrific punishment of month-long hurricanes, the scars of collision, going adrift in roaring gales, but always coming back to the job till that last occasion that erased her from the list and put No. 188 in her place.

Now the Commander—lately transferred from a cruiser to this lofty and busy office—was confronted with the task of picking out a new master for the new vessel. His choice stood before him, young, eager and confident. And in his freshly chosen subordinate's attitude Hale thought that he saw still another thing that was new—not a man or a ship this time, but an idea.

With old No. 153 there had passed an era as well. Hale resented it; what had the great, vigilant, unwearying, patient Lighthouse Establishment to do with a strange idea? And such an idea, too. It was preposterous. No. 188 vanished from his mind's eye and he frowned on the new captain. "What was that you just said?" he inquired of the young man.

John Ethan Lethbridge, with his new appointment in his pocket, smiled confidently. "I merely remarked, sir, that I would be the first and only American in command of a lightship on this coast."

The Commander's frown deepened. "All the officers of this service are American citizens," he said stiffly. "And I believe most of the seamen are too."

Lethbridge nodded, paying no attention to the Commander's frown. "Oh, I don't mean they aren't citizens, and all that," he said easily. "But look at 'em—Oleson, Larsen, Svensen, Rasmussen, Jurgenson, Nielsen—and you'll have to acknowledge that your light-vessels are captained by Scandinavians. I understand there are a few Irish and Scotch in the engine-rooms. You see what I mean, sir. I'll be the only real American among them."

The Commander made no reply and Lethbridge went on: "I've always felt that it was a shame to have good American vessels in the hands of foreigners, and I'm glad you've broken the old custom, sir, and haven't handed over Government jobs to men who have no claim at all except that they've signed papers and lived so long in this country. Just remember, sir, that there's an American out on No. 188."

There was a brief silence. Hale raised his eyes from the desk and said in a curt, official voice: "I'll remember that, Captain Lethbridge. I am not aware that any officer of this service has ever shown himself delinquent in his duty, however, and you owe your own appointment merely to your standing in the examination and your general character. Of course I'm glad you are a native-born American, but I have no criticism to make of any of the men in the Establishment. I suppose you have studied the book of instructions? I wish to call your particular attention to Order No. 113. It is one rule that we never break in this service, Captain. You observe that it forbids you to leave your station under any circumstances whatever without special orders from this office. That means that the only excuse you have for coming into port is if your moorings carry away entirely. It is distinctly to be understood that there are no circumstances that will justify your heaving up anchor or slipping your cable. The Government expects every light-vessel to be in its place at all times and in all weathers."

Lethbridge seemed about to say something, but merely nodded. Hale handed him a fresh copy of his orders, dismissed him and rang for the chief clerk.

When that kindly and experienced man came to a halt before his desk Hale looked up at him and demanded, "Who is the mate of No. 188?"

"Nicholas Sunni," was the reply.

"What nationality?"

"Finn," was the laconic answer.

"And the chief engineer?" pursued Hale.

"O'Rourke, sir."

"Irish, of course?"

"Born on the old sod," said the grave clerk.

Hale made a gesture of dismay. "Lethbridge seems to think the service has gone over to the foreigners completely," he said "The man actually congratulated me on getting an American master for No. 188."

The clerk bowed slightly, coughed and suggested, "All the officers in the Establishment are Americans, sir. It is the law."

Hale flushed. "Quite right. I meant 'American-born.' As you say, all our men are citizens, and there can be no complaint on that score. But I wish I had given Lethbridge a ship with fewer nationalities among its officers. I suppose there is no other officer on board who might meet Lethbridge's expectations? Who is the assistant engineer?"

"Macpherson," said the clerk, smiling gently. "Alexander Macpherson. He's the chap that brought the Kilday in seven years ago after the boilers had given out and killed a dozen men. Been in our service ever since that happened."

"He must be a good man, even if he isn't what Lethbridge calls an American," Hale commented, and he turned to his mail.

That evening the Commander of the One Hundred and Twenty-Third Lighthouse District read the following paragraph in his afternoon paper:

Captain John Ethan Lethbridge, formerly of the steamer Cape May, has received the appointment of master of Columbia River Light-Vessel No. 188, the new lightship that has just been assigned to the station off the bar. Captain Lethbridge's appointment seems to mark a new departure in the lighthouse service, as it has been a matter of frequent complaint that the Government has accepted foreign-born masters and mates constantly in preference to Americans born and bred. Along the waterfront the hope was expressed today that Commander Hale, just assigned to this district, will continue to recognize the efficiency of American-born officers and relieve the Lighthouse Establishment from the odium of being manned entirely by foreigners who have taken out citizenship papers. Captain Lethbridge, while yet a young man, exemplifies a high type of the American seaman who made our flag famous years ago. He left this evening to take command of No. 188, relieving Mate Nicholas Sunni, who has been in charge since the resignation of Captain Sven Svensen last month.

The Commander reread this, laid the paper down and shook his head. He suddenly realized that the new idea had sprung into a mature and dangerous existence. The law made no distinction between the native and foreign-born American in the lighthouse service. It had gone ahead, for years, guarding the coasts of two great oceans, watching over the welfare of the world's commerce, and the question had never arisen whether American-born Jones or Swedish-born Oleson had been the better, more faithful servant. And yet ——

Hale saw the other side of the question. The ambitious and patriotic American was anxious to see his Government's vessels in the hands of fellow-countrymen. He might judge the naturalized citizen unjustly, but the prejudice was deep-seated, and, the Commander had to acknowledge within himself, it might easily become a slogan. Then, when this new idea became a war-cry, how was he, the Commander, to be just and fair? For instance, there was Svensen He had served long and well. It was Svensen who had hung to his moorings that time when the huge Glenfalcon had driven staunch No. 153 deep into the water, crushing her gallant little hull into the boiling

White Faces Stared Up. Stiff Arms Swung Imploringly Toward the Lofty Lanterns

brine. Hale recalled reading the dusty reports about that episode, the Glenfalcon's story of a ship held unmanageable betwixt wind and tide, and some tugboat skipper's brief note that "No. 153 appeared in sinking condition at sunset with rising wind and sea, but master refused assistance. Saw lights lit as usual between squalls." He saw again that thumbed report of Svensen's, wherein the old captain had set down, in a cramped hand: "Were run into by Ship Glenfalcon at 4 P. M. . . . Kept crew at pumps and lit lights four minutes late owing to carrying away of forward lamphouse and lamp. Night squally. Kept lights bright till vessel sank at 6:15 A. M., when took to boats, arriving in Astoria same night; all hands safe."

"Good old Svensen!" thought the Commander; "with his scrupulous fidelity to his orders, his sedulous lighting of the great lamps on his wallowing and sinking craft, his grim 'Kept lights bright till vessel sank.'" But Svensen was a Swede, and according to the evening paper the Lighthouse Establishment bore a degree of odium because it had delivered the keeping of its vessels to men of alien birth. Hale dropped the paper and muttered: "I don't like the notion Lethbridge has; it isn't fair. And yet—— I hope it works out all right."

Fifty miles away, in a railway car swinging along the Columbia's steep cliffs, Captain Lethbridge was cutting the same paragraph out of his paper with a sharp knife. He snapped the blade to with a quick, satisfied gesture and reread the item. Then he carefully tucked it into his wallet together with his new master's papers, some blank forms for reports and a receipted bill for wet-weather clothes. A slight flush warmed his eager face as he stared out of the window at the wide, shadowy river. He saw its debouchment into the sea, the quick run of the surf along the jetties, the smoke of the tugs, the jumping bar buoys, and, flung against the horizon, the image of his new command, No. 188. "It'll be rather slow," he meditated. "But a good man can wake up even a lightship. And they need a good, active man on one of 'em just to show how it ought to be done. Maybe the Commander will see how much better it is to have a hustling American in charge of a vessel, and then he'll quit having these old Swedes and Norwegians and foreigners on 'em, and we boys will have a chance to do things up to date and in real American style."

He turned to answer a low-voiced greeting from a bulky man whom he recognized as Jurgenson, master of the Lighthouse Tender Eucalyptus. Jurgenson sat heavily down beside him and remarked, "So you're going out to take No. 188, Captain?"

"Yes," said Lethbridge curtly.

"I think she's a good vessel," Jurgenson went on solemnly, filling his pipe and cramming the tobacco down with a stubby finger. "That's a hard station. I thought Svensen would keep her. I hear he's resigned."

"So he has," Lethbridge assented. Jurgenson stared out of the window into the darkness. "I was mate with Svensen before I went to No. 167, up on Swiftsure Bank," he remarked. "Good man. Getting old, I guess. Thought he'd die in the service."

"He lost No. 153," Lethbridge offered, as a half explanation.

Jurgenson nodded. "Yes. Kept her afloat all night and the lamps burning. Todd of the Wasp wanted to tow him in that night. Svensen climbed up on the rail and megaphoned across, 'I ain't got no orders to leave yet, Cap'n!' Todd, never being in the service, thought the old man was crazy to stick to his moorings, and almost grabbed old 153 by force to take her in and beach her. But Svensen, he just said he hadn't got no orders to leave his station and kept his lamps bright, and so old 153 sank and Svensen and his crew had to pull twelve hours in a small boat across a smoky bar."

"Svensen would have saved a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property if he'd allowed Todd to bring him in," Lethbridge said impatiently. "The Government

doesn't expect a man to be a fool about such things. A master of a lightship ought to use some judgment."

The other captain puffed slowly on his pipe. "Well, orders are to hang on to your moorings till you're ordered in," he said calmly. "Svensen obeyed orders."

"That may be all right for you fellows," Lethbridge said with total disregard of Jurgenson's feelings. "You men who weren't born here can't be expected to take any responsibility. But I'll bet an American skipper would have brought old 153 in, saved his Government a hundred thousand dollars, and showed his sense."

Jurgenson digested this slowly. Then he said, with grim quietness: "I saw that piece in the paper. I'm an American, Captain, if I was born in Norway, and I've been an American as long as you have, even if you were born one. And I think that orders are orders. Svensen figured out that he was put there to keep those lights bright, and he kept 'em burning till his vessel sank—which was more than a hundred thousand dollars." Jurgenson got up and tramped heavily away down the aisle. Lethbridge was embarrassed, for he realized that he had offended one of the oldest men in the service, and this had been unwise on the part of one of the youngest. "But he'll have to wake up and listen to straight talk before long," he comforted himself. "No commander expects his captains to make idiots of themselves for the sake of an order like that."

Eighteen hours later Lethbridge swung himself down into the tender's small boat that was to convey him across a quarter of a mile of tumbling water to No. 188. Jurgenson waved a friendly hand to him from the Eucalyptus' deck and called out: "I've told the steward to give you a quarter of fresh beef, Captain. You'll need it before we get your quarterly supplies out to you. This nice weather isn't going to last long."

Lethbridge called back thanks and turned his eyes to his new command. She seemed very small as she lay heaving to her anchor. Stumpy masts, dwarfish lamphouses and a flush deck gave her almost a miniature aspect. After all, she didn't amount to much; he was sorry he had left the merchant service for the Establishment. This wasn't a young man's work, sticking to a mushroom anchor. It was a job for old fellows like these foreigners.

He crawled up the ladder to the lightship's deck and shook hands with the mate, who seemed glad to see him. Then he waved his hand to the officer in the small boat, glanced around and followed Sunni down the steep steps to the cabin.

In its cramped space, with stateroom doors giving into it on both sides, Lethbridge felt better. He noticed that the mate was in full uniform. His own dress gave a good reflection back from the mirror above the sideboard, making a general air of official importance. No. 188, small as she was, belonged to the Government, and he, Lethbridge, was master of her. He asked for the log-book.

Sunni nodded. "You will find it on the shelf behind you, Captain," he said with a distinctly foreign accent.

Lethbridge turned and picked out the big volume and sat down in a swinging chair with it open before him on the table.

"Everything all right?" he demanded.

Sunni sat down across the little table and answered, "All quite right. Did you bring off any fresh meat?"

"Yes," said Lethbridge indifferently. "And, by the way, I've got some mail for you."

The mate brightened up, his gray mustache lifting to display full, mobile lips. He took the packet Lethbridge handed him and went through it, picking out a couple of letters which he dropped into his pocket. Then he said, "I'll take the mail for'ad to the boys. I'll be back in a moment." The door slid open and closed behind him.

"That fellow has no business being mate," Lethbridge said to himself. "He's old and I'll bet he's rheumatic as well." He determined to ask for a new officer next time he wrote to the commander. "I'll tell him we need an energetic American," he thought.

Sunni returned to say, "The ship's all cleaned up, Captain. I've just let the men go below to read their mail."

Lethbridge glanced at the clock. "Short morning's work," he remarked dryly.

Sunni looked down at the two letters he had withdrawn from his pocket and said nothing for a moment. Then he suggested, "We always give them an afternoon below these days."

"What days?"

"Days we clean the ship," Sunni answered. "They appreciate it."

"I imagine they appreciate anything that doesn't look like work," Lethbridge snapped, and plunged into the log-book. The mate glanced at him inquiringly, got up and went into his own room, where he carefully opened his letters with a knife and sat down on the edge of the bunk to read them. He sighed gently as he turned the closely written pages, but the slow expiration of his breath seemed more an involuntary yielding to the motion of the ship than an expression of sadness. He didn't hear the captain's call till it had been repeated. Then he laid the letters down, weighted by the knife, and took the two steps needful to bring him into the cabin again. Lethbridge was holding the log-book open with one hand while he figured with a pencil in the other. "How much coal does she burn a day?" he demanded.

The mate shook his head. "The chief knows," he responded. "I can't tell exactly."

"Where is the chief engineer?"

Sunni left the cabin and returned with a small, heavily mustached man who bowed and looked at Lethbridge out of bright eyes. "Did ye want me, misther?" he inquired.

"You are Mr. O'Rourke?" demanded Lethbridge.

"Oi om," said the chief engineer. "Me mother christened me Mickey, but Oi'm Misther O'Rourke now, thank God and the Governmint of the Unithed Sthates."

"How much coal do you burn a day?" Lethbridge said stiffly.

The chief engineer slid into a chair and shook his head dolefully. "Now you're askin' me a quistion it breaks me heart to answer, misther," he said. "On ould 153 we cud kape the stheam up, condinse mour dhrinkin' watther and have a bit bye for the cook's taypot and only burn a ton or maybe two hundred pound beyond. But 188—and Oi'm not sayin' a wurd aginst her, misther—ates up an unhowly amount of coal. Ye see, misther ——"

"Me Mother Christened Me Mickey, but Oi'm Misther O'Rourke Now, Thank God and the Governmint of the Unithed Sthates"

Lethbridge felt that he was being made a fool of, and said curtly, "How much does this vessel burn a day?"

O'Rourke tossed grimy hands in comic discomfiture. "It's all down in the little book," he asserted earnestly. "Misther Macpherson sets it all down each day, sor, and a betther engineer than Macpherson don't breathe air—he's a grand mon, sor, and he sets all thim little things down in the book ivery day, as you'll see for yoursilf, misther."

Lethbridge stared, saw a faint smile on the mate's face, and rose from his place. "Things have been going pretty slackly on this ship," he remarked, "when the chief engineer doesn't even know how much coal his furnaces use."

O'Rourke seemed thunderstruck. "Och, misther!" he said contritely; "Oi'll tell ye as soon as I get me glasses on. Ye see, she burns some coal one day and more another, and Misther Macpherson keeps it all down in the little book. But Oi'll look and see, misther."

The chief dived through the door and Lethbridge heard him bawling somewhere: "Tommy, Tommy! Tell Misther Macpherson the captain wants him, and tell him to bring the little book so he can tell the captain how much coal we burn ivery day right off, with no throuble to anny of us, seein' it's all down in the little book ——" As the voice died away in the depths of the engine-room Lethbridge saw the smile on Sunni's face broaden into a grin.

"Mickey is a wonder," the mate remarked.

"I'd like to know how such an idiot ever got to be engineer of this vessel," Lethbridge broke out in wrath. "This craft seems to be a kind of imbecile asylum."

Sunni's grin faded. "Mr. O'Rourke has been in the Establishment twelve years," he said formally.

"No wonder the Government is trying to get some Americans into its vessels," was Lethbridge's reply. Sunni flushed, but kept his peace. The chief engineer reëntered, triumphantly escorting a tall, blue-eyed Scotchman who held a log-book in one calloused hand.

"This is Misther Macpherson," said O'Rourke. "And he can tell ye iverything ye want to know about the engines and the coals and the machines, sor. Misther Macpherson, tell the new captain what he wants to know, and do it out of yer little book, so that nobody will be up and say we don't know annything about our own engines, God bliss thim fer the surface-condinsin', double-actin', fore-and-aft compound beauties they are!"

Lethbridge's face was hot. "I think we won't bother the assistant engineer," he said with dignity. "When the chief engineer of this vessel can find time to tell its commander what he wants to know I'll listen to him. Mr. Sunni, let's have a look at the men. I hope we have at least one good boat's crew among them."

As the captain passed haughtily out into the berth-deck the chief engineer gazed thoughtfully after him. "Now we've gone and offinded a bran-new uniform, Macpherson, with our little book and our coal figgers. The divil's childher have their father's luck, Misther Macpherson, and me bould Mickey has said ayther a mite too much or a heap too little." O'Rourke sighed, and wiped one eye with the cuff of his cotton shirt. "But the bilges are clane, annyway," he said with returning cheerfulness. "And thot's all your work, Misther Macpherson. I give ye credit fer bein' a clanely mon and a handy one, and the ingins of ould 188 bliss ye with their shinin' faces. I wundher what we've done to offind the new skipper? He looks a good sort, and a good seaman too."

Macpherson grumbled in his beard, tucked the engine-room log-book under his arm and slipped away. But as he plunged down the alleyway he came full on Lethbridge, who was examining the coil of fire hose. Lethbridge stopped him and said acidly, "How often do you inspect this apparatus?"

"It's not in our department," said the assistant sourly.

"It will be hereafter," was the curt response. "See to it that the couplings are ready and on, if you haven't tossed them over the side!"—a speech that made the assistant speechless with rage, for he took pride in his work.

Just one week later Lethbridge sat alone in the little cabin over his first official report. He contemplated it grimly. In it he asked for a new mate, two new engineers, and recommended that at least two of the sailors be discharged for physical disability. "That sounds pretty bad," he muttered to himself, gnawing the penholder. "But it's my duty to do it. The idea of having such men on board a Government vessel!" An hour later he was still at the same point, furious with himself for his hesitation to complete the task. "If the commander can't see that I'm right," he argued to himself, "then I've no business out here. Bad weather is coming on again, and if this craft ever broke adrift these fellows would be as helpless as cats in a whirlwind—chief engineer an old Irishman who doesn't know enough to keep his men at a distance, second engineer a cocky Scotchman who only draws his pay, and my mate an old fellow with a wife and children ashore and no thought for his work out here."

At this moment Sunni slid the door open and said quietly, "The Wallula is alongside, sir."

Half an hour later Lethbridge was reading a paper, freshly brought off by the tug, while Sunni was explaining to O'Rourke that he had just had a letter from Mrs. Sunni saying she would leave for Tillamook, forty miles down the coast, on the steamer Gull, sailing Sunday morning. "This is Saturday," the mate groaned. "And the Gull isn't fit for a lake."

"The Gull is a betther ship than a dozen you and me have sailed in," said O'Rourke consolingly. "And yer good lady will hov a nate trip down and she's goin' to see her own born sister, ye say? Misther, d'ye begrudge her the visit? Begorrah, there's no harm'll come to her, for she's a foine woman, Mrs. Sunni, and I raymimber well the dinner she gave me the time me arm was broke in the bunker of ould 153 and I cudn't ate with me fork like a Christian, but had to fish for the chicken leg with a spoon out of the platter. It's not for you and me to be

timptin' God to spoil a good woman's mirth by our fears of disaster."

"The weather is changing," sighed Sunni, clasping one hand within the other.

"It's niver stheady at sea," said O'Rourke. "If it's pleasant in the hivins, it's a terrible storm in the cabin; if the sea goes down and for once in a while our legs stay straight undher us the way the good Lord made thim, and we can kape our hands in our pockets and off the furniture, something has gone wrong with me bould skipper, or the cook has a tanthrum, or the submarine bell has to be hauled out and looked into its innards. I niver yet saw the ship where the weather was consistently foine, misther."

Sunni refused to be comforted. "There've been a lot of accidents on Tillamook bar," he groaned. "And here's Helma going down there in the heart of winter."

O'Rourke's face grew grave. "Niver ye fear, Misther Sunni," he said. "Even the divil wud do yer woife no harm, savin' her grace fer mintionin' her good silf and the ould bhoy in the same breath. And Rasmussen of the Gull is a good seaman; we were togither in the ould City of Brussels and swam out to the same spar whin she sank, and hung there, the watther pourin' into our ears; and Rasmussen says to me, 'Mickey, are ye cold?' and I says to him, 'Misther Rasmussen, me belly's warm, but it's a long way from there to me toes.' And Rasmussen, seein' I was a little fellay, gave me a mite more of me bould spar and says, 'Ye woild Oirishman, what d'ye expect whin ye're supposed to be drownded? I niver knew yet an Oirishman that was satisfied.' And so he kept the heart in me till we were picked up. Rasmussen is a foine fellay, and Mrs. Sunni he'll look after special."

At this instant Lethbridge came up and looked at the barometer.

"We're going to have another gale," he remarked.

"Thot's the way it does on this coast," O'Rourke said, casting bright glances about the deck and hitching at a broken suspender. "It's foine as silk for a wake and thin it pours the wind out of the sky be the month. I raymimber in ould 153 that Oleson—he was mate thim days and came out of a steam schooner like yersilf, Misther Lethbridge—was congratulatin' himsilf that his troubles were over, praise God, whin it blew for three wakes on ind, and Oleson lost all six caps he had brought off from shore with him and was mournin' day and night that he must go bareheaded to Purgat'ry, savin' yer prisince, Misther Lethbridge; but that's what he said and there's no harm in it, for we must all sweat in Purgat'ry and why not make the best of it, misther?"

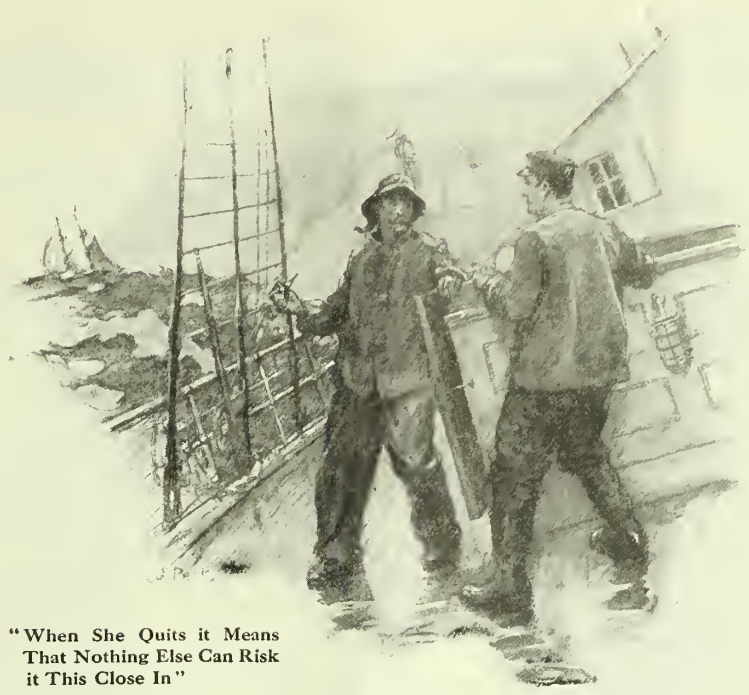
Lethbridge showed his open contempt for such remarks by walking away a few paces and then coming back to say, "Mr. Sunni, I wish you would tell the men on watch to keep a good lookout when the weather breaks. There are a lot of old tubs coming in and out, and we must be ready to stand by if they need assistance."

"There!" said O'Rourke as Lethbridge vanished. "We'll all be on the lookout for the Gull, Misther Sunni, and if aught happens to it yer woife is safe."

But the mate found small comfort in this, recalling to the chief engineer's mind that Mrs. Sunni and he had been married fifteen years and had three children. "And I've not seen them for five months," he concluded.

"No wundher yer woife is goin' on a visit," said O'Rourke cheerfully. "And ye'll see Rasmussen hike the Gull past us tomorrow morning like a yacht."

"I hope she won't go to sea," said Sunni. "But that opposition line makes it bad for Rasmussen. The owners will make him go out no matter what the weather, just so as not to lose a trip and let the other boat get some freight." He walked away, bitterly thinking that experience and seamanship counted little when profits were at stake.



"When She Quits it Means That Nothing Else Can Risk it This Close In"

The next morning Lethbridge, coming on deck for the first time, saw the far mountains of the coast draped in cloud, but ignored the portent. He saw only the glimmering, quiet sea, the pilot-schooner a mile to the south, an oil-tanker curtsying decorously to the blue rollers far astern, the sun rising mistily, a bark standing in toward the bar under all plain sail. Sunni joined him, rubber-booted and glum. "Storm coming," he remarked.

"Don't think so," said Lethbridge. "The wind will haul into the southeast, but that means ordinary weather this time of year."

Sunni stared at the big lamps, now being lowered into their houses. "I wonder whether the Gull will leave out for Tillamook this morning?" he said.

Lethbridge answered with the simple remark, "That old tub? That Swede skipper of hers will put her under some day."

Sunni flushed. "Rasmussen is a friend of mine," he said bluntly. "He's a first-class man."

Lethbridge smiled tolerantly. "You foreigners all hang together, don't you? You'd run a paper box filled with passengers around the Horn if there was any money in it for you. You couldn't get an American to touch the Gull. It's plain murder to send that craft out in wintertime." And Lethbridge walked away, taking no personal pleasure in snubbing his mate, but feeling that it was his duty, as a patriotic American, to put the foreigners in their place.

Sunni, for the first time in a long life at sea, took his troubles with his superior to another man, finding O'Rourke at work in the engine-room berating a fat fireman. The chief engineer, after one glance at the mate, withdrew him into a dark bunker, where he lit a greasy torch. "'Tis me confissional," he explained. "Whin things go wrong and the tall blue divil has his nails on me bould Mickey, I come down here and have it out. The coals won't tell. What's on yer chest, misther? It isn't all worry, I see; 'tis part of it plain anger."

"I'm going to ask the commander for a transfer," said Sunni, balancing himself to the uneasy tumble of the ship. "The skipper calls you and me foreigners. I've been in the Establishment ten years, Mickey, and you've been here longer, and I've a little home ashore and I'm an American as much as that young fellow on deck. I'm a Finn, but I'm an American too."

The chief engineer rubbed his hands on a bit of waste and stared at the flickering torch. "I was born widout shoes, misther," he said presently, "and no shoes did I have till I was passin' coal in the old City of Liverpool and Nesbitt, who was assistant in her, hove a pair of brogans at me head. And Nesbitt was an American. Me mother, God bliss her! niver lived to see me with a white shirt on me back, and now whin I'm old I'm an American citizen, with me papers and me oath of allegiance and me good pay ivery month. I've served in half the lightships on the Coast, and I've nursed ingins and kept condinsers goin' and saved coal and done me duty as I saw it, and thanked God for Uncle Sam and me honest service with me foine uniform and me good grub and the rispict of me shipmates. And he calls me an ignorant Oirishman befure me own min. Oi'm Oirish, but me bould Mickey is an American too, and chief engineer in the Unithed Sthates Lighthouse Establishment, with good service behind me and an honest day's work ahead of me. Oh, misther! the bhoy is crazy! But he's the masther of this vessel and orders are orders. Oi'm askin' fer a transfer mesilf. If the commander will give me back me ould job on ould 167, with liss pay and more work—Oi'm the sanior engineer too—Oi'll be contint. But so long as you and me are on this ship, misther, we must obey orders. 'Tisn't America that's threatin' us this way; it's a mere bhoy, all puffed up wid the pride of being born here."

"I won't be called a foreigner," said Sunni sullenly.

"A word's a word, and soon past," said O'Rourke, picking up a piece of coal; "but a man's a man. Oi've seen a dozen commanders in this district, and ivery one of thim had something to say to me, and I spoke out to thim and they spoke out to me, always saving their prisince, and whin all was said Mickey was on his job and the commander was on his. The bhoy aft there is tryin' to hold all our jobs, not knowin' that each man must stand on his own foot. But we're here to do our duty, and the Governmint ain't carin' whether we loike the color of his hair, the roof where he was born or the twisht of his mousers. He'll learn too."

Sunni shook his head and said abruptly: "The glass is falling and there's a strong set to the current. We're in for another gale."

"Pity the poor fellays on the steam schooners," said O'Rourke. "We're snug."

"I hope the Gull won't try to make Tillamook with this tide," grunted Sunni dismally.

"Trust Misther Rasmussen," adjured the chief, blowing out the torch and leading the way out of the bunker. "Ye'll see the Gull pass out of the river at eight o'clock and know that all's well."

But Nicholas Sunni did not see the Gull cross the bar, though he peered through the sodden mist with all his eyes; for as the sun rose the wind got up and by ten o'clock a howling tempest was piling up the seas and No. 188 was plunging bows under, tearing at her cable, lashing herself into a perfect frenzy of excitement as the sky settled down on her and the great tides of the North Pacific turned and clutched at her with streaming fingers.

At noon Lethbridge, clad in oilskins and boots, was hanging to the rail of the booby hatch abaft the after lamphouse. He was watching the wild gyrations of his new command and wincing as she snapped the big riding springs hard against the chocks with a jar that made the steel masts whimper. Sunni was about his slow, daily business with a secretive air, as though he knew something of vast importance that he dared not tell. Now and again O'Rourke would come up, shirt-sleeved, bareheaded, to stare brightly out landward, where there was no land to be seen, only a grayish blur of spume and driven brine.

At one o'clock a hard-pressed oil-tanker lurched up to leeward, smelt the roily water of the outer bar and was swept off, black smoke pouring out of her low funnels

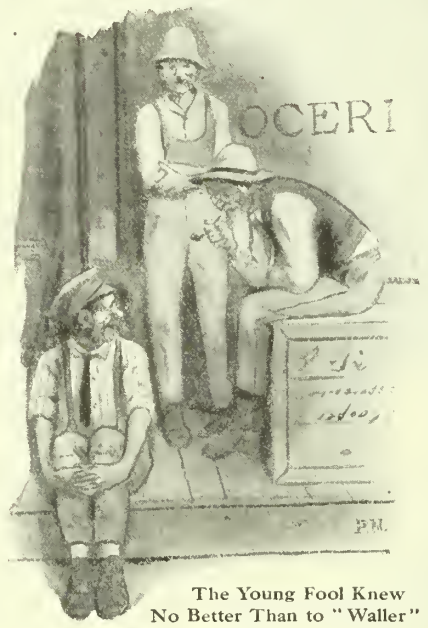
(Continued on Page 49)

The Gentleman Farmer and the Cost of High Living

By JOHN CORBIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

A VERY few years ago there was a popular song, "Back, back, back! Back to the farm for you!" It was not an invitation but an insult. Yet at the same time, even on Broadway, a different spirit was stirring. To wit: When George Ade's brilliantly conceived comedy The Bad Samaritan failed overnight, a gimlet-eyed reporter asked the hitherto successful playwright how it made him feel. Mr. Ade produced a letter from the overseer of his Indiana farm. "I have just received word," he said, "that my oat crop is twenty-five per cent above the average." And as his thoughts turned back to his farm the humorist smiled inscrutably. At least to the gimlet-eyed reporter his smile was inscrutable. To the more leisurely observer of the modern drift it revealed the soul of a dawning era. That cry of "Back to the farm" has taken a new meaning.



The Young Fool Knew No Better Than to "Waller" in the Best Drinking Water in the County

Fifth Avenue is becoming positively bucolic. Within the University Club there is a Farmers' Club, to which no man can be elected who does not own at least one hundred acres. It is, so to speak, the cream of the academic cream. After the sheepskin the sheep. After the milk of the Humanities, at the bosom of Alma Mater, the sublimer milk of the cow. At the hour of the cocktail—or, as a Parisian poet described it,

L'heure sainte
De l'absinthe—

men who nourished a youth sublime on Sazarac or "Martini with a dash" may be seen at the windows that overlook the Avenue drinking a dense white fluid decanted from wide-necked bottles. It is sterilized buttermilk. The invasion of the cow, together with a general tendency toward saner living, has in fact so ravaged the receipts at the bar as to cause in many clubs a serious financial crisis.

And there are separate clubs for farm specialists. One Gothamite of ancient lineage lately resigned from the Knickerbocker. "I haven't time for so many clubs," he explained, "now that I'm on the house committee of the Jersey Cow Club."

Society Keen for Sows and Plows

AT A DINNER party toward the end of the season a matron remarked that she was leaving town in the morning. She was a social war-horse of perhaps sixty, who had helped make history at her state capital and at Washington. She was intimate with all the aristocracies and many of the courts of Europe. She was famous for never leaving a function or a social season until the last bud had wilted. Her remark caused an outcry of surprise, and questions. "I'm going to Shadyside," she explained, "to do my plowing."

At a dinner party of young married folk there came a general pause in the conversation. One young woman went on talking, and in tones so sweetly confidential that only her table partner could hear. She was of a psychic countenance, with a face so spiritually intense that not even the glow from the red candle-shades could add radiance to it. What was agitating her soul?

Her companion's first words gave the answer. He said in a sonorous bass: "Now *my* sow is a perfect mother."

The French have a saying that at the age of forty the heart of a normal man turns back to the land, from which we all have sprung. If, as the historians are always assuring us, things go with nations as with individuals, then this country of ours should be entering its early middle years. In a former generation it was often remarked that the great captains of industry, the great statesmen, sprang from the farm. For many years that has ceased to be a general rule. City chaps have become financiers, college men presidents. And now the cry is back to the land. Wall Street and Washington harken to it—clubman and popular humorist, young matron and old.

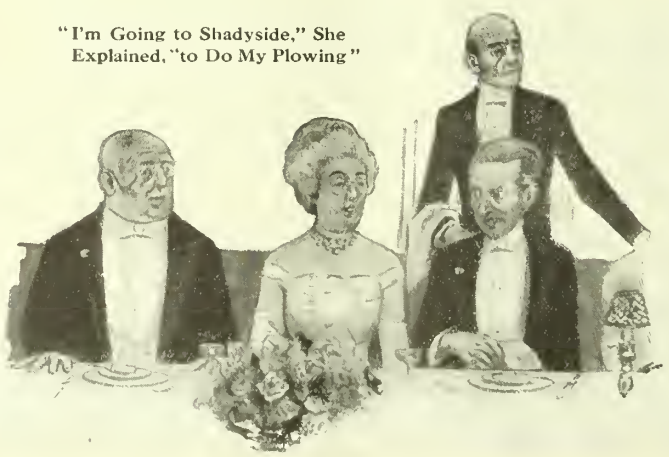
The high cost of living, of which we are all so painfully aware, has resulted largely from the shifting of the more energetic element in our agricultural population to the centers of manufacture and trade. If things go on as they have gone the time will come when, instead of exporting foodstuffs, we shall, like England, be unable to feed our own people. Then we shall be at the mercy of any superior hostile fleet. What we need is a return of brain and capital to the soil. Thus the gentleman farmer promises not only to decrease the cost of living but to avert a national calamity. Historians have found fifty-seven reasons, each of which alone explains the fall of the Roman Empire. One of them is that the capital and intelligence invested in agriculture declined until one bushel of seed wheat produced only four bushels of grain. Speed the city chap! Speed the plow!

It sounds plausible. It sounds very plausible. Who does not know that ten acres are enough? Who has not read that the farm yields also adventures in contentment?

But if ten acres are enough, what happens to the man who buys a thousand? And what is an adventure in contentment? Some farmers say it is a hairbreadth escape from it.

A tall bachelor nearing forty harkened to the call of the land. The numerous family from which he bought assured him that in the seventy years during which their grandfather had lived there the well had never failed, but had yielded abundantly the best water in the county. The tall bachelor put in a tank and a pump. After his third morning tub the well ran dry. He was, to be sure, somewhat more than a six-footer. It took a whole lot of water to tub him. An admiring friend, by the simplest of computations, showed that the former possessors could not have averaged more than three inches tall. The bachelor, who always put the kindly construction on everything, said they had lied to him. The grandfather reported at the grocery store that the young fool knew no better than to "waller" in the best drinking water in the county. Almost any migrant citizen can have such adventures in contentment.

A man built on a fine hillsite, where there was plenty of air and all the view extant. For his water he bored. And then he bored and bored. By-and-by he himself was bored. He fell back upon the city-bred intelligence, upon which we all rely to reduce the high cost of living. He reckoned that he had bored to within a foot of the level of a gushing spring on a neighbor's land in the valley. But the drill had become very long and unwieldy, and the granite had become hard as adamant, whatever that may be. So, against the tears and entreaties of his unintellectual wife, he lowered about a ton of dynamite. But he had ignored a peculiarity of high explosives, which is to blow in a single direction, in any direction. He had omitted to stipulate that this dynamite should blow downward. It blew up. For a time he bathed in bottled water. Then he bought the springland in the valley. His unintellectual but veracious wife relates that that blasted rock is still coming down. With this story to tell on her spouse she certainly has had an adventure in contentment.



"I'm Going to Shadyside," She Explained, "to Do My Plowing"

A Wall Street man bought a farm, and generously resolved to pay himself dividends as well as decrease the general cost of living. Thriftily he moved into the old farmhouse, though after the simple democratic manner of its kind its front porch overhung the road. He was tempted to swing the road out to a distance from the porch; but he refrained, because across the road was a swamp, and swamps, he calculated, make expensive road building. On his side of the road was a copious spring, from which he pumped to both house and barn. It was a lovely, ice-cold spring, and above it he built a beautiful stone pumphouse, after an architect's design. All over the pumphouse he grew crimson ramblers. But this loveliness, too, stood in brazen publicity by the roadside. By-and-by the city condemned eleven of his acres for a reservoir lake; and though the lake doubled the market value of his land the city paid him almost as much in damages as his house and eighty acres had cost him.

With this reward of honest tilth he resolved to swing the road out through the marsh. On the near side, in front of his porch, he planned to make a pool, surrounded by a swamp garden. To make the new roadbed he hired Italians and had them throw rocks in the swamp. Then he had them throw more rocks. Then he hired more Italians. In his conversation he frequently mentioned the place to which the rocks apparently descended. When the new road was finished most of the money the city had paid him was on its way to sunny Italy. For his eleven acres he had about as many rods of road. It only remained to dig the pool for the swamp garden.

Now, as this intelligent farmer well knew, there are two kinds of swamp—malignant swamps and beneficent swamps. Beneficent swamps are permeated by water from cool springs and propagate no mosquitoes. Only rare flowers grow in them—iris and gentian, paint-brush, pitcher plant and marsh marigold. Who wouldn't have a beneficent swamp garden?

Various adventures in contentment befell this Wall Street farmer. When the cool, deep, beneficent swamp pool was dug it altered the surrounding water veins. That brazen hussy of a spring left her happy home, with architected walls and crimson ramblers, and ran away into the pool down by the new roadside. Where the swamp garden was soggy it grew nothing much, because the water was so cold. Where it was less soggy it grew few rare swamp flowers, but abundant daisies. And then up from the beneficent swamp, beneath the porch, mosquitoes came.

Field Chemistry Gone Wrong

NOTHING is more alluring to the Gentleman Farmer than the chemistry of soils. After reading certain circulars of the fertilizer companies it is as easy to raise wheat in the rocky pasture as it is, after reading about the hair lotion of the Pleiades Sisters, to grow a mop on a billiard ball. Pour out the dope and watch her grow! Listen to the rewards of toil and intelligence clinking in your pockets! Sometimes she does grow, for a single hilarious season. And then the field is again a pasture. The soluble fertilizer has leached out with the rains of fall and spring.

And there is the contrary case. A Gentleman Farmer with a taste for chemistry analyzed his soil and liberally supplied the requisite elements. His idea was to make a permanent meadow—a meadow that will grow stacks of timothy year after year without rotation of crops, without labor of plowing, harrowing, seeding. His permanent meadow grew the finest crop of sorrel ever seen. In righteous indignation he wrote to the company that had sold him timothy seed, and that failing, he wrote to the state college of agriculture demanding that the seed company be muckraked. Patiently the professors inquired into his method of preparing the land. Then the Gentleman Farmer chemist learned some chemistry. Under the acid tests of the laboratory many elements of fertility develop which do not develop under the mere action of rain and sun. His soil was full of fertilizer, but to the tender roots of grass it was unavailable.

He might better have fertilized his brain with breakfast food. But sorrel is a beautiful color, and as the farmer looks out across his permanent meadow from the cool shade of his veranda his eye is filled with the true farmer's content.

The great problem of agricultural chemistry is to find a fertilizer which, while resisting complete solution in rain, gradually frees itself for the use of the crops as they require it. This problem is now

being attacked, and with a promise of success, by the great fertilizer companies.

These fables teach that to be a Gentleman Farmer requires knowledge far above the level of what the papers sometimes call agricultural intelligence, even beyond the ken of the useful manuals that instruct us how to tell the wild flowers from the birds. And many things come handy besides familiarity with the limited beneficence of swamps and unlimited ways of high explosives, the vagaries of water veins and the shame of the fertilizer.

If ten acres are enough for one man, how many men does it take to work a farm? It takes more than can be easily got, or got to work. It is the virtue of the native that stands in the way of the so-called gentleman interloper. In the West, where fertile farms can be had for one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre, every man is ambitious to farm his own land. He may hire out as a boy; but if he is capable he commands high wages and very soon has enough to buy land of his own with the aid of a mortgage. The high cost of living, which we all bemoan, does the rest for him. Presently he buys an automobile as the first step toward reducing his mortgage.

The City Farmer is Generally Obliged by His Business in Town to Commute

In the staider East the native virtues are of a different order. Discontent and gnawing ambition are unknown. For generations the element in the population that was subject to these vices has gone to the cities or to the fertile and fevered West. We have heard much of the sweet repose, of the old-world charm of the abandoned farm; but these qualities may be found in an even greater degree in the abandoned farmer. The glitter of gold does not tempt him, nor any pride in worldly possessions. Following the sage example of Walt Whitman, he loafs and invites his soul. He is as fully aware of the perils of intellect and the pitfalls of worldly understanding as the anti-Darwinian theologists of old.

A city farmer, bent on enriching his land, gave orders to sow clover, and when the crop matured to plow it under. He explained that a certain microbe on the clover fixed nitrogen from the air, and that this, when plowed under, became rich food for subsequent crops. His hired man, well advanced in years and in sanctity, allowed with sweet firmness that he would do no such thing. God gives us the yarbs and their seeds; and what rain and sun have produced for us it is sinful waste and arrogant presumption to thrust back into the earth again.

Troubles With Foremen

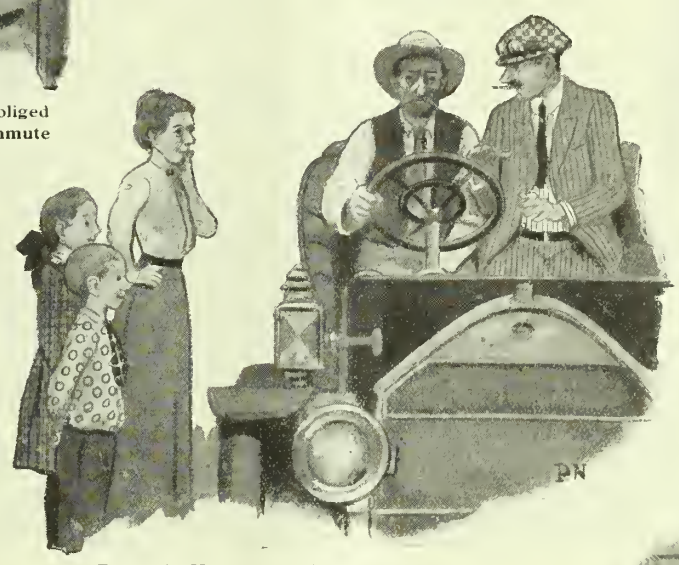
MEN fitted by energy and skill to be foremen are less Miltonically disposed to justify the ways of God to men; but they have their peculiarities. A dairy farmer found that his barn was infested with a certain filth-bred microbe which caused the loss of calves and the infection of milk. He explained this, and ordered that the barn be kept clean and every corner sterilized. The foreman listened with the air of one who winks an eye and taps his forehead. The dairyman had a business in town which, being necessary to the support of his rural venture, forced him for days at a time prosaically to tread the asphalt. Returning unexpectedly, he found the ancient microbe-breeding filth in every corner. The foreman, as he subsequently found out, entertained his fellow-senators at the village store with a satirical account of the lives of those microbes, and inveighed against men who, in the effort to explain their bad luck, allow their own brains to go "bughouse."

The activities of the energetic foreman take other forms. If ever he invites his soul, that useful commodity sends in polite but firm regrets. A city farmer, the pride of whose heart was his garden sass, observed that the yield of his crack celery bed was next to nothing. In an emergency his wife had even lowered the family pride to the extent of buying celery of the local grocer. Keeping quiet watch, this farmer saw his foreman absconding with well-filled arms along a beaten path to the village. It was his own celery which his wife had bought.

In a desperate effort to get capable and honest foremen city farmers have applied to the agricultural colleges. But as yet the supply of graduates is very largely taken up by the increasing demand for teachers of agriculture and employees of the National Department at Washington. Many graduates return to the paternal farm. Those who are available as superintendents are generally left-overs; yet they command very high wages. They have much to learn in the actual practice of farming, and more in the art of handling men. A dairy farmer who employed such a foreman found, after two years, that though his herd and his feed bills had increased by half, the yield of milk had actually fallen behindhand.

The increased price of foodstuffs is of limited service to the city farmer. In the past ten years it has been twenty-one and one-tenth per cent. Meantime farm wages have advanced from twenty-five per cent to seventy-five per cent. These figures are gleaned from Henry Cabot Lodge's Senate report on the advanced cost of living. They are all right, no doubt, as far as they go. But they stop a long way short of the root of the matter. The chief reason why farm wages have increased and farm labor fallen off in quality is that the tariff-fostered industries of the city have lured so many able and energetic young men from the farm.

Labor at any price is often impossible to secure; and this is generally the case with labor that is required only at particular seasons. The prices that great Western farmers pay for harvesters are well known. The smaller farmers of the East have even greater difficulty. A city longshoreman on Long Island saw season after season pass with no returns from rich beds of clams and oysters.



Presently He Buys an Automobile as the First Step Toward Reducing His Mortgage

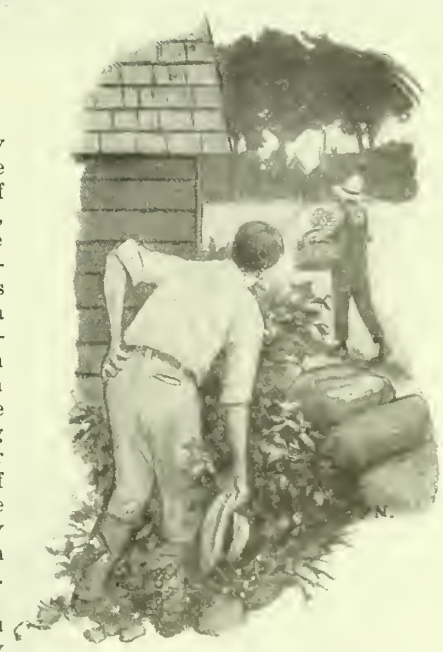
The bivalves were there. An eager market lay near by. But he and his hired man were the only available laborers. He bethought himself of the hordes of unemployed in City Hall Park, in Union Square and in Madison Square. He even induced gangs of them to join a liberally-paid labor excursion to the shore. The story was always the same. After the brief outing came a permanent inning. The unemployed are generally the degenerate product of the slums—born cockneys. To them the call of the city is even stronger than to the ambitious farm boy. The unemployed preferred to sleep out hungry among their kind on the city benches. This sea farmer has one more guess. In the breathing spaces of the slums he has observed wretches who are apparently prevented from getting work by ugly physical blemishes—scars, scrofula, the lack of an ear or a nose. Next year he intends trying these. If they fail, he says, up goes the sponge.

Yet nine out of ten city farmers will tell you that they make their farms pay. How do they manage it? By much the same means, it is to be feared, which enable native farmers to draw from their wells an endless supply of the best water in the county—an illimitable power of asseveration. Truth lies in a well; but in a city farmer it is a quite hopeless member of the Ananias Club.

Let us consider a few details of the financial problem. The city farmer is generally obliged by his business in town to commute, and so is limited to land within an hour, or at most an hour and a quarter, of the metropolis. For his house he prefers an upland site with air and a view. For his crops he requires fertile lowlands. Either kind of land situated within the hour radius now commands from five hundred to a thousand dollars an acre, and is in many places held at fifteen hundred. Initial cost, one hundred thousand dollars. Barn and other farm buildings with modern lighting, ventilation and sanitation can scarcely be built for five thousand dollars, and when built of stone may cost from twenty-five to forty thousand. The cost of the bucolic farmhouse ranges from ten thousand to fifty thousand. Let us say that a hundred-acre farm with its appurtenances costs one hundred and twenty-five thousand. The interest on this at five per cent is sixty-two hundred and fifty dollars. To pay the interest alone the farm must yield a profit of sixty-two dollars and fifty cents an acre. This is over five times the average profit per acre according to the census tables. And then there are such items to be met as cost of labor, wages of superintendent, homes for laborers and superintendent, fertilizer, farm machinery, insurance, deterioration. The city man's farm is often two, three, even five hundred acres; but always a large part of it yields only the view, so that this estimate based on one hundred productive acres is really conservative.

The Finances of Fancy Farming

THE secret in the finances of such farms lies in bookkeeping. The house is, of course, a summer residence, not a farmhouse, and so its cost does not appear on the books. The most important value of the land is as a real-estate investment, or as a landscape garden to delight the owner's eye. Its value as a farm is a mere by-product—except when the owner attends the local farmers' club or talks crops with his fellow-commuters in the club car on the way to town. The farmer's chief customer is his own family, whether in town or in the country. The way he must gouge himself to make ends meet staggers imagination. Really, there ought to be a commission to investigate such extortion. It is, perhaps, permissible that farm appurtenances be entered at what they would have cost if utility alone had been considered; that only such land as is under cultivation or contributing to farm products should be charged up, and at the local price for farm lands; that such fruits of the soil as are used by the owner should be entered at something more than it would cost to get them elsewhere. Under such a system it may be possible for the city farmer to come out even at the end of an average year, even to have a slight profit. But he can do so only under one condition. He must give to his farm an extraordinary personal devotion. He must master the science of farming, which is still largely tentative and subject to almost yearly revision. He must master the art of farming, which still deals largely in mere rules of thumb. He must be able to control men, make them do honest and efficient work. And he must have the merchant's capacity for buying and selling to advantage. In short, modern farming is a profession requiring the utmost training and versatility—the genius that consists in taking infinite pains. When a city man farms to a profit he does so at the expense of enthusiasm and ability which in a business venture would net him a small fortune—often perhaps a large one.



He Saw His Foreman Absconding With Well-Filled Arms Along a Beaten Path to the Village

If all a man wants is leisure and the most luscious fruits of the soil his place is certainly in the city. The gentleman farmer's truck garden may fail for a dozen different reasons; his broilers may get the pip; his porkers cholera; his milch cows and beef cattle tuberculosis. In the city the best of everything comes to his door or to the door of his club. If he loves strawberries his season begins in Florida and ends in Maine; if peaches his season is almost as long, and he can choose the fruit of Maryland, Michigan or California. It is the same with meat and vegetables. And the best of everything costs less as a rule than on the city man's farm, or even in the rural market. The day is a long way off when for himself or for anybody else the city farmer will reduce the high cost of living.

It is possible that he may reduce that other phenomenon, which Mr. James J. Hill lately described as our greatest national danger, the cost of high living. A commodore of

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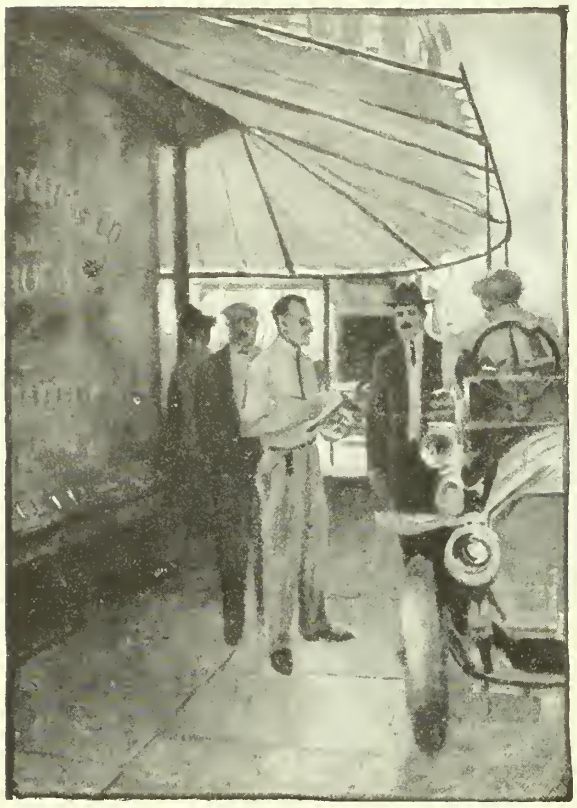
Your Relentless Competitors

FIGHTING FOR HIGH QUALITY INSTEAD OF LOW PRICES

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



By James H. Collins

IN A CERTAIN small city there are two grocery stores which are frequently cited in trade circles as examples of the right way and the wrong way in retail business. Both were established about ten years ago by young men who had pretty much the same experience as grocery clerks, and who were on an even footing in capital, credit and opportunities. Their town seemed to be well served already by grocers when they started, so the question of competition immediately came up for consideration. They settled it by fighting each other and older merchants, but along entirely different lines.

The first young man reasoned that, as this was a railroad and factory center with a large proportion of wage-earners who were presumably keen in keeping down the cost of living, he could succeed best on a platform of bargain prices. So he cut butter and eggs to the bare net, offered specials in coffee and prunes for Saturday only, and tried to see how many pounds of sugar he could give for a dollar on the familiar plan of only one lot to a customer. Every bargain price quoted by a rival was promptly met with a lower one. Every drummer who came along with a cheap "job" in goods a bit off color got an order, as did all the salesmen with specialties put together in a shoddy way to retail below everything else of their kind, with a souvenir plate thrown in.

Two Kinds of Competition

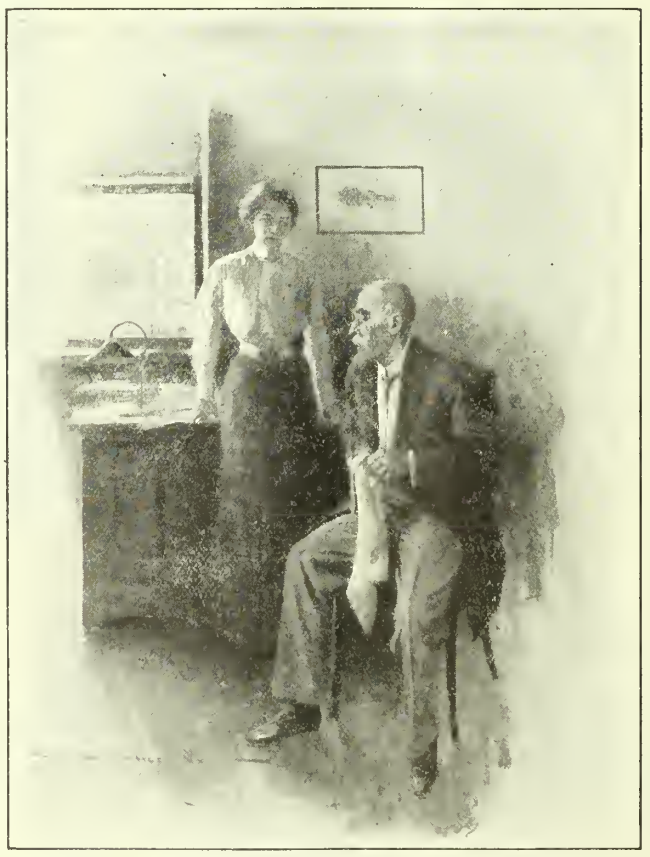
THE other young grocer, however, reasoned that railroad men and wage-earners generally like good living, and was interested in the snug proportion of trade to be won among salary-earners. So his competitive platform was built upon quality instead of bargains. If there were four or five different grades in a given variety of goods he stocked most heavily on the second best, bought a little of the very highest grade for customers who wanted something still better, about as much of the third grade for those who would not pay for the second grade, and made it a rule to carry none of the cheaper grades at all. Prize packages and "jobs" were barred, too, and the only specialties he could be interested in were things of exceptional quality, which had never been offered people in that town because merchants assumed they were suited only to fine trade in big cities. If people wanted the biggest bag of sugar obtainable for a dollar he let them buy it of competitors, while every item in his stock was priced to allow a reasonable but definite margin of profit.

Today these two stores show a remarkable contrast, even in outward appearances. The bargain grocer's windows are plastered with sensational signs, lettered on wrapping-paper with a marking-brush. All the space the police will allow on the sidewalk is piled with miscellaneous truck at sacrifice prices. Inside, the store is unkempt, goods being of the cheapest grades and much of the stock dead stuff, bought because it was cheap and only partly unloaded—"all the little fliers that didn't go up," as a drummer succinctly put it. His store space has not grown, and during ten years he has found it hard to make a living and meet his bills. Talk with him, and he will make it clear that department stores and mail-order houses are ruining small merchants.

The quality grocer's store, on the contrary, has grown into premises on either side, and is a big, clean, prosperous establishment. All the quiet, discriminating family trade centers there. The woman planning a fine dinner sends him her order by telephone, and there is a definite prestige in having one of his wagons drive up to the door. No signs deface the windows and no bargain baskets clutter the sidewalk. Perhaps one-fourth of this grocer's business turns on delicacies that ten years ago were considered too aristocratic for that town, some of which he imports himself; and his profits on this trade alone would put the bargain grocer on Easy Street. He has long ago advanced to a level where competitors do not follow, lives in a handsome residence, is a bank director and stockholder in local enterprises, and has a solid business to hand over to his sons.

To nine business men in every ten the word "competition" stands for price rivalry and nothing more—that is the sort of competition they anticipate, worry about and fight. An amusing illustration of how business thought runs in this rut was furnished some years ago in a staid Eastern college center where department stores had not developed. The downtown retail trade was still in the hands of conservative old drygoods merchants who seldom advertised on aggressive lines or put strong emphasis on prices. They maintained that department stores and their spread-eagle methods were distasteful to that community—the shopping public was too refined and intelligent to be bamboozled by vulgar price-cutting.

Eventually a well-known department-store promoter bought a site there on the main shopping street and began putting up a building. His enterprises elsewhere were of a pronounced bargain order. The drygoods men assumed that his policy would be the same in this college town. For nearly a year, while the building was going up, they made preparations to meet the coming competition. Young buyers were brought from typical bargain stores in other cities, lines of quality in merchandise put down several pegs, "jobs" taken over, ethics revised. Finally, on the Sunday before the new department store was to open, every one of the conservative drygoods stores blazed out in the newspapers with full-page advertisements in black type, crowded with comparative prices—every item had been marked down and was a sacrifice. When the promoter's first advertisement appeared Monday morning, however, it contained not a single price, but was a dignified announcement that his establishment in that city would be conducted on high-class lines, befitting the character of the community, and since then it has been run in that way, and the conservative merchants have had to drop their unwonted bargain methods and meet competition on quality and character of stock.



"Pshaw! That's Just the Reason Why You Ought to Make Sales. I'll Show You How to Handle Our Line"

How Quality Increases Trade

PRICE competition affords little leeway. In trying to undersell competitors the merchant has only the resource of buying for less than other merchants. But as ten or fifteen cents off a case of breakfast food is sufficient to create a sensation in the grocery trade, and the reduction in the price of a single box to the housewife amounts to but a fraction of a cent, there is obviously little margin for underselling. This ratio holds pretty much on all staple merchandise nowadays, and the tendency in trade generally is to put all merchants, large and small, upon an equal footing in purchases. If "jobs" are bought they are off color somewhere. In manufacturing, the difference between large and small purchases of materials usually amounts to less than is imagined.

Quality competition, on the contrary, gives ample room for getting trade and holding it. Quality competition is creative, enlarges the demand, and often places a merchant or manufacturer on a level above

price rivalry. The big packing houses in Western centers put up enormous quantities of tinned meats. Yet several of the most valuable brands in this trade are those of goods packed in the East. They hold their market on quality. Western houses all pack something of the same nature, usually at a lower price, but no headway has ever been made against them.

One of these delicacies is a sandwich-filler, packed in New England. An old-fashioned recipe has been followed for years, and the process is most deliberate, the goods being stored in tins a full year to permit ingredients to blend. With this solicitude for the quality, price very largely takes care of itself within a comfortable margin. Consumers who know that brand like it, and no difference of a cent or two in price can ever make a stronger appeal to the palate.

Another delicacy of the same kind is a sliced meat, packed by a concern that slaughters animals raised on farms in its own locality. Breeds and feeding are under its supervision, and every package sent out contains the best goods that can be put up. The Western packers have many excellent brands in this same product, but for years this Eastern delicacy has held the market for quality, and thousands of housewives, after experimenting with various brands, come back to it.

A little quiet investigation in many other industries that are supposed to be completely in control of big corporations will show manufacturers of moderate means holding profitable markets of their own in this same way on quality. It is when the small manufacturer tries to hold his footing against large competitors by selling at lower prices that he gets on to slippery ground.

In one important manufacturing industry there is a trust that makes perhaps sixty-five per cent of the goods, and a number of small manufacturers who take care of the rest, making cheaper grades at lower prices. One of these small concerns eventually grew into a sort of competitor of the trust. Its salesmen got quite a volume of business every year by undercutting prices. Hardly any attention was given to making better goods. Goods in this line are seasonable, sales being made to the public during a few weeks each winter. At the time each year when the wholesalers were ready to stock up, the trust made a practice of announcing its prices, and the smaller house would sell slightly below trust quotations. This worked so well that by-and-by the smaller house hit upon the device of sending its salesmen out weeks ahead of the wholesale season, taking orders with the understanding that prices would be set at a certain percentage below the trust's quotations when they were announced. This soon began to annoy the big company, and one season it administered to the aggressive little competitor a punishment as easy as it was severe. The price-cutting concern had sold quantities of goods on the undercutting plan. When the trust announced its prices on the usual day, however, the little competitor got a shock. For the figures were so low as to be about the cost of making goods. The little concern had to stand by its agreements, of course, and it pluckily met those prices. The trust kept its schedule in effect just one day, taking some orders and refusing others. When its purpose had been accomplished it raised the quotations to the regular level.

The difference between price and quality competition was learned at considerable cost some years ago by a corporation making a certain food article. The pioneer in its industry, it had always held to quality in its product in building up a business now capitalized at ten or twelve million dollars. Scattered over the country are numerous healthy small competitors, all of whom depend upon cheaper products for patronage. One season the officials of the big company set out to squelch this price competition. Arrangements were made for canvassing the grocery trade with what is known as a deal—that is, grocers were offered one case of goods free with every six purchased at the regular wholesale price. This deal was continued for a year. Every retail grocer who could afford it bought liberally, for the goods keep indefinitely, and are as staple as iron pigs, so there could be no stale or unsold stock left over. Wholesale houses sought to make capital with grocers by selling them half a dozen cases so they could get the free case, and then letting them bill back goods to be carried until needed. Great quantities of the product were disposed of in twelve months, and it was supposed that when the trade had been loaded up in this manner there would be small margin for competitors to market cheaper goods, because the grocers would be turning

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THE PILOT-FISH

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

V

HERMIONE glanced down at the birds lying upon the sand.

"Since I have so wickedly and unfemininely slain them," said she, "I might as well take them along."

"Yes," Applebo assented. "Besides, they are evidence against you."

Hermione tossed her head. "That makes no difference. I shall not deny having shot them. If I am a flirt and a poacher and a cruel and ruthless slayer, I am at least honest!"

"When caught," amended Applebo. He gathered up the plovers, tossed them into the sack and slung it on his shoulder; then he took Hermione's gun from her slightly resisting hands.

"I can carry it," she said.

"Let me," answered the poet. "It offends my sense of fitness to see you with a weapon in your hands. You do not need it; your eyes are quite enough."

"You have a singular gift for involved compliments," said Hermione.

"These are only truths, and the truth is always involved when told to a woman. That is the reason why so few of us tell it."

"Do you tell it?"

"In part. I find that more deceptive than lying." He turned as though to walk back toward the beach. Hermione, newly vexed that he should be the one to bring the interview to a close, took a pace that carried her past and ahead of him. The poet made no effort to catch up. He strolled on with the nonchalance of one taking a solitary ramble. Occasionally he paused to admire the early morning colors over the sea and marsh.

Several paces ahead of him Hermione paused and looked back over her shoulder. The poet was regarding her contemplatively.

His eyes met hers and he smiled. "You are spoiled, aren't you?" said he.

"In what way?" Hermione demanded hotly.

"In every way, it seems to me." Applebo regarded her thoughtfully. "Let's hurry. I want to write a poem about—about—lovely, conscious things that ——"

"Come on, then," Hermione interrupted. "You make me tired. Let's hurry back and you can write your silly poem and go into ecstasies over your esthetic sensibilities—just as my father does over his cooking, and Heaven knows a worse cook never spoiled a broth!"

"What!" cried Applebo. "But that's not fair! Have you ever seen any of my verses?"

"No," replied Hermione, viciously exulting in the lie.

"Then you are not fair, naturally. But then, if you were, you would not be truly feminine. Never try to be. It is the secret of mundane failure—to be fair. As you have probably felt instinctively, being too young to have found it out in any other way. I will write a poem about you. I will call it The Petulant Poppy."

"Help!" gasped Hermione.

"Don't you like the title?"

"But why 'Poppy'?"

"You look like a poppy, with your black head and red kerchief. There are other reasons—certain things connected with poppies which it is unnecessary to explain. They are full of dope. How is it that you are permitted to knock around at this hour without a duenna?"

"I am not," Hermione replied. "This is strictly against the rules, and there is a bad time in store for me when I have to face Uncle Chris."

"Who is 'Uncle Chris'?"

"He is our sailing-master. Uncle Chris Heldstrom—what's the matter?"

For the poet had stopped short in his tracks and was staring at her with an expression which Hermione found almost startling. The long eyelashes, which were several shades darker than his tawny hair, swept up, opening to their fullest width, and the yellow eyes blazed at the girl with a sudden, vivid intensity. Hermione, startled and fascinated, stared back in wonder, and under her inquiring gaze the blood faded from the face of the poet to leave it a distressing pallor.

But only for an instant or two did this last. Back came the rich, ruddy saffron; the eyelashes swept down and the poet caught a deep breath and blinked at her, then smiled. The transformation was like that which one sees in a cat watching a canary, then suddenly surprised by some member of the household.

"What made you look like that?" demanded the girl.

Applebo blinked several times, then shrugged.

"Did I look surprised? It struck me as a bit odd that you should call your sailing-master 'Uncle Chris,' and be in dread of his displeasure. I have seen him. He is merely a Norwegian sailor, is he not?"

"He is that and more," retorted Hermione. "He is one of the most splendid men that ever lived! The sort of stuff that is sung of in the old sagas."

"What do you know about sagas?"

"A great deal. Uncle Chris has taught me a lot about Scandinavian legend and folk-lore. He is one of those big-hearted, big-souled men with the high courage of an early sea-king and the heart of a child—or better, perhaps, a mother. He has been a mother to my sisters and myself." She glanced curiously at Applebo. As if to evade her scrutiny he turned away, but not before she had caught a sudden gleam from his amber eyes, which had darkened again and were almost veiled in their habitual manner. Hermione also observed that there was a dark, smoky flush that extended up the strongly muscled neck to disappear under the clustering mane about his ears, and that the big chest was rising and falling more forcefully than their easy pace would seem to warrant.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked curiously.

He turned to her slowly.

"Do you think," he asked, "that your 'Uncle Chris' was ever more than a common sailor to begin with?"

"Christian Heldstrom was never a 'common' anything!" replied Hermione with some heat. "But, so far

as that goes, he was born of a good, though poor, Norwegian family and went to sea because he liked it and had to do something. I know very little about his early history. He does not like to talk about it. Why does it interest you? Are you, like some other people whom I have known, so snobbish as to be shocked that three young ladies should have been nursed and tended and taught deportment by their father's Norwegian sailing-master? Let me tell you his manners are far better than Papa's, and Papa is an F. F. V.!"

She looked at him truculently. Nothing could arouse Hermione to such quick and torrid resentment as any slight on her beloved "Uncle Chris." Wherefore she turned her dark violet eyes challengingly upon the poet.

"You look like a Scandinavian yourself," said she.

"My mother," replied Applebo, "was a cousin of the King of Sweden."

Hermione stopped short to stare at him. Her eyes opened very wide, also her carmine lips were slightly farther apart than strict deportment would approve.

"Really?" she cried. "And your father ——"

"She married beneath her. It was an infatuation, followed by an elopement and a wedding. Of course he sacrificed her rank. They came to America. It is a long story. Applebo is the name of an uncle who made me his heir; he was a Norwegian also. I don't know why I am telling you all this; perhaps it is because I don't want you to think that I am a snob. I would rather you did not tell anybody, if you don't mind."

"Of course not!" replied Hermione emphatically. "But I should like to hear more."

"Just now your own affairs are more important. You had better get back aboard as soon as possible or your sailing-master may put you in the brig. What would he say if he saw you walking on the beach with me? It's a rather delicate situation, considering my unsolicited attentions of the past three months."

Hermione's piquant face took on a very rich tone of red. Without answering she began to walk rapidly toward the beach; so rapidly, in fact, that the first few steps carried her on in advance of her companion, who seemed tranquilly determined to set the pace himself. Hermione glanced back over her shoulder.

"Since you are in such haste to get rid of me," she said, "why don't you hurry?"

"I was admiring your walk. It must be a family accomplishment—inherited from your mother, no doubt. Your father walks like a duck."

"Thank you, on the part of all of us. Does my walk remind you of Hermione?"

"Not in the least. Hermione walks like a gossamer born of the breeze."

"And I stump along like a watch-officer."

"No. Your feet are coquetting with the earth. Hermione had no feet. She was borne by invisible wings. I rather fancy that every part of you coquettes with everything it touches. You were making love to the snipe you had just slaughtered when the gamekeeper collared you. I was watching from the sedge."

"And you never interfered," she cried.

"Pardon me, I did interfere when I thought that there was a chance of your loading him full of lead. You see, I swam ashore to contemplate the early sunlight on the marsh in order to receive certain impressions that might lead to a poem. Then you came along and spoiled it all."

"Thanks."

"Please do not interrupt. If you don't like what I am telling you just say so and we will talk of something else. I will tell you how beautiful you are. That is no doubt a hackneyed subject, but perhaps I can put it in a new way."

"Please don't be silly. Go on. I came along and spoiled it all ——"

"Utterly. I was chock-a-block with esthetic appreciation. I was delighting in the smell of salt sedge and piney perfumes, reveling in the music of joyous bird-calls, loving the companionship of snipe and curlew and plover—free-winged sea-nomads like myself; exulting in my human solitude, getting warm after my swim, chewing tobacco."

"What!"

"The fifth sense. I had had no breakfast, and I am very fond of chewing tobacco when alone. Please don't interrupt. Everything was perfect—and then you came."

"Take it Easy," Said He, "and Don't Try to Talk. If You Feel Tired Put One Hand on My Shoulder and Keep Paddling"

"And spoiled it all!" Hermione's small nose, already tampering sadly with the classic in its modernly rebellious tip, became even more artistically anarchistic.

"Oh, very well!" Applebo's voice expressed polite fatigue. "If you will interrupt. I love the shade of your bathing-suit. It makes you look like a Nereid who has found a copy of L'Art et la Mode, chucked off La Provence, and got discontented with algae. Shall I describe your ravishing face? Black stormclouds your hair and, beneath, the snow of your forehead falling into the ultramarine sea of your eyes; a sea so deep and fathomless that ——"

"Shut up!"

"Pardon."

"Close your face!" snapped Hermione.

"Very well. Only, it's not my fault. You would shove your oar in."

"Do you think that is a nice way to speak to a lady?"

"I am not talking to a lady. There are lots of ladies. I am talking to a modern reincarnation of Artemis, who, as you probably do not know, was the ancient Greek personification of physical sweetness and purity; whom the brutal Romans had the cheek to degenerate into Diana, a bloodthirsty goddess of killing things—snipe or plover or game-keepers or pilot-fishes, or ——"

"Oh, please!" Hermione looked as if about to break down. "Must I remind you that—that I've had a rather trying morning of it?"

"Cécile!" cried the Pilot-fish, "I'm sorry."

Hermione found no particular stimulant in his sorrow, but the "Cécile" acted very tonically. Up went her head.

"Then drop personalities and go on with what you were saying about the way I spoiled it all—your esthetic revels and the tobacco and the rest."

"Well, then," continued Applebo, "I was so content with everything as it was that when you came and began to kill my little snipe and spoil their music with a fusillade, and swamp the odors of resin and marsh with fumes of sulphur and saltpeter, and obscure the landscape with smoke and generally put things on the blink ——"

"That was easy for you."

The poet waved his hand. "I swallowed my little cud ——"

"What! Excuse me; pray go on."

"I was wild with indignation; for I recognized you."

"You did?"

"I said: 'Here is that pampered beauty, Cécile Bell; not content with breaking up all the men who know her—or ought to—she must come over here and kill these little birds and smell up the marsh.'"

"Oh, come!"

"Well, that acrid powder, you know. Therefore, when I saw the keeper stalking you I was tickled to death."

"And you'd have let him run me in?"

"I felt like helping. But when he got nasty I sympathized with you. He was right. You were wrong all the way through."

"*Merci!* And you?"

"I was wrong too. I should have let him take you to the superintendent. It would have done you good in so many different ways."

"Why didn't you?"

Applebo gave her a quick look.

"I couldn't," he said, and grew red.

Hermione's heart gave a sudden, tremendous throb. In that quick little "psychological moment" which lasted only as long as it took her eyes to meet his, wonderful changes were wrought. Or, perhaps, they were not changes, but only the crystallizing of instincts and emotions some few thousands of years older than Hermione. At any rate, what scientists would call "empirical symptoms" were most pronounced. Every little dormant cell of the many millions that go to make a Hermione—or any of the rest of us—suddenly awoke and began to shout for something that was owed it, and for which it felt, for the first time, a strong and immediate need. This is a clumsy way of trying to express what sentimentalists call "love at first sight," which, when all is said, is really no more than the love of a pussy-willow for the first promise of warmth to come, with no consideration of intervening frosts. For, good or bad, that was what happened to Hermione, and all of the many queer, complex emotions found their resultant in a quick, primitive impulse of which the keynote was to make the man beside her say, with truth, that nothing really mattered but herself.

This, Mr. Applebo politely declined to do. Having instincts of his own, and a decency peculiar to the cat family, he merely blinked at Hermione and waited for her to start that most ruthless of all duels which cynics have tried to misinterpret as "love."

"Then you only interfered," said Hermione, "because you thought that I might have shot the keeper. It wasn't that you wished to render a service to a woman. It was merely a general humanitarian desire to prevent bloodshed—a tragedy."

"Nope."

"What?"

"It wasn't that. You would not have shot him. Never. He would have dragged you weeping and half clothed ——"

"Never!"

"Yes. That was what I wanted him to do. But when the time came I changed my mind. At least, it changed my behavior. My mind is still the same. You were quite in the wrong. The gamekeeper was right, and meant to obey orders if it cost him his life. But you would not have shot him. I had no real fear of that, and theoretically I wanted him to march you off and teach you a lesson. But, when you threw that despairing look around, something brought me to your aid with a rush. I could have broken his neck without a twinge of compunction. He rather expressed my feeling when he said '*Thar's the he-one!*'" Applebo laughed. "I felt like that—as though I were some wild creature and my mate was in trouble. I beg your pardon, Cécile."

Again the rush of emotion, followed by the cold shower. Hermione's pulses seemed filled with wine and her youthful body brimful of that warm, intoxicating glow, incomprehensible as it was delicious—when there came that "Cécile," and she felt like the hot iron plunged by the smith into his tub of water. No doubt the tempering process was good for her, but she did not like it, and hissed a little, just as does the glowing metal.

"Then it wasn't chivalry," she snapped, "but a sort of primitive male instinct?"

"Absolutely. A woman with a gun and a lot of slaughtered little plovers is no inspiring object for chivalry, which is, after all, principally a masculine pose. But she may awaken other sentiments. That is what you have done. I no longer regret Hermione and my rejected verses; and that reminds me that you have not yet told me that I

might transfer my attentions to you. I think that you are the most lovely creature that I ever saw, and you might awaken lots of tenderness if you would. I am sure that I could write exquisite things to you. I would feel them, too, which I never did toward Hermione."

Poor Hermione! The poet was snatching her from one emotion to another in a manner most upsetting. Pique kept her from telling him then and there that she was not Cécile; that she was Hermione—the object of three months' poetic effusion on his part, unrecognized in her true personality and unjustly vilified as a heartless coquette. Instinct told her, however, that the more he abused Cécile and deplored Hermione's heartless conduct the worse he would feel when he learned the truth, and Hermione meant that his punishment should be thorough. A full-natured woman inherits from her primitive forebears a good deal of antagonism for the heart-compelling male, and so far Hermione had not struck back. She meant to do so effectively when the time came. Applebo was awakening her to many new sensations, but she was very far from being conquered.

"Verse does not appeal to me except in an impersonal, purely mental sort of way. If that contents you go ahead and write it by the running foot. Like Hermione, I am not very keen about long-distant devotions. If you transfer your attentions to me there will be certain responsibilities attached. The first is that you call and meet my family in a purely conventional way."

Mr. Applebo looked scared. "Oh, in that case, perhaps—do you suppose that your sister Pauline ——"

"Paula," corrected Hermione icily.

"Paula—quite so. I wonder if Paula would mind if—"

Hermione stopped short and stared. The color flooded her face. She was suddenly the prey of a violent desire to do the man beside her physical damage. She felt that she would like to snatch the gun from his hands and bang him over the head with the stock. Applebo looked at her and blinked.

"Don't be angry," said he. "I should never have the nerve to go aboard the Shark. I'm an awful coward about most things. Besides, I hate the idea of being listed in your collection. I wonder what you would label me."

"'Fool's gold,'" snapped Hermione.

"That would be unjust to yourself if I were yours," answered the poet sleepily. "All love is pure gold, but often there is a lot of base metal alloyed. I love you, Cécile," he blinked.

Hermione laughed.

"Then go and smelt out the alloy," said she. "That consists principally of a deep and sincere affection for Mr. Applebo."

She turned to look at him, her head critically aslant. The poet looked back. Hermione's heart began to misbehave again and a delicious color burned warmly through her clear olive skin. Her deep violet eyes looked almost purple in the crimson sunlight pervading the early morning air. Her chin was slightly raised and her red lips invitingly apart as she waited for his reply. Without in the least suspecting it, Hermione looked like a girl who defies the kiss that she fully intends to get.

Had the poet acted like a man—or a scoundrel, as one prefers to look at it—and kissed Hermione then and there with that enthusiasm which her prettiness and the situation as a whole appeared to warrant, there is absolutely no telling what might have happened. Instead of which Mr. Applebo's face grew sleepier and his eyes blinkier than ever, while the look that he threw at Hermione was full of appreciation of a purely impersonal character.

"Huntington Wood smelted out his alloy," he observed. "Instead of bewailing his ill fortune and howling for sympathy he went off and started a Home for Sick Babies. Now he is back again—pure metal. Do you suppose that it will do him any good?"

Hermione felt that she would like to employ some of her father's forceful seagoing expressions. Here was Cécile cropping up again to spoil everything at the most interesting moment! Yet not for the world would she point out to him his silly mistake. She intended that this disillusionment should come as a *coup de théâtre*, which would leave the poet in a state of collapse. So she swung smartly on her heel and shrugged.

"Huntington Wood no longer offers his gold, and nobody can blame him," said she, and resumed her walk.

They skirted the pine scrub, passed along the edge of the marsh, then crossed the strip of sand and rock to the beach. The tide was at the last of the ebb, and as she glanced toward the spot where she had left her boat Hermione gave a little cry of dismay.

"Look!" she cried. "It's gone!"

What had happened was so plainly sketched on the open page of the beach that one could run and read. Several yards above the water's edge was indicated the place where Hermione had grounded on landing, as was shown by her own tracks left on the spot where she had stepped ashore. From farther down the beach came another trail, a man's, running to where the skiff lay, while a long furrow and some deeply gouged footprints showed where he had run the skiff down to the water's edge. Here, before the present rim of the tide was reached, all vanished, as though boat and man had taken flight into the air. Hermione threw a frightened look at Applebo. The poet was standing straight as an Indian, his bushy eyebrows drawn down and his lips puckered.

"You Darling!"

"That swine of a gamekeeper!" he growled in his deep though husky bass. "I wish that I had broken his neck. Why didn't I think about his swiping the boat? I am a fool!"

VI

"WHAT shall we do?" asked Hermione.

Applebo looked at her inquiringly and blinked his yellow eyes.

"Can you swim as well as you can row and shoot and walk?" he asked.

Hermione looked out across the dancing waters of the bay.

"It must be a good mile and a half to the Shark," said she slowly. "The yawl is about half the distance, but"—the color flooded her face—"even under the circumstances I should hardly care to swim to her."

"No," said the poet; "that would not do. It is very perplexing."

"Couldn't you swim out to your boat and come back with the dingey?" asked Hermione.

"My Finn is ashore with the dingey, and I have no other boat. I would swim to the Shark, but I do not like to leave you here alone. That pig of a keeper probably thinks that he has got us penned and may be back at any moment with reënforcements. He knows that we would not care to take to the back country in our bathing-suits, and besides, this is a promontory and probably wire-fenced on the side of the mainland. Perhaps the best thing for us to do would be to go straight to the Club and see the superintendent. I should enjoy talking to that gentleman."

"No, no, no!" cried Hermione. "Think of how it would look!"

"You might wait here and let me go alone," he said.

"No." Hermione looked at him thoughtfully. "Are you a very strong swimmer?"

"I am quite at home in the wet."

"Then let's try for the Shark. If I get tired you can take me in tow."

"What distance do you think you are good for?" asked the poet.

"To the yawl, at least. The chances are that we will be sighted from the Shark; in fact, we might make them see us here, but I should rather start back. If I play out you can put me aboard the Daffodil and keep on yourself for the schooner."

"All right. It is ignominious to be found this way on the beach. I'll hide the gun and gamesack in the bushes at the foot of that tree."

This was quickly accomplished; then the two walked side by side down the sloping beach and waded slowly into the cold water. The poet, who was in the lead, turned to Hermione.

"Take it easy," said he, "and don't try to talk. If you feel tired put one hand on my shoulder and keep paddling. I could tow you all of the way if need be; but you must swim as far as you can so as not to get chilled. The water is like ice in the channel."

Hermione looked at him and nodded, and again there swept through her the warm little tingling that defied the chill of the sea. Quite a new sensation this, and one which Hermione was at a loss to comprehend, for the poet irritated even while he attracted her. He had a most vexing manner of talking to her without looking at her. One indifferent glance and his yellow eyes were wandering beyond, anywhere except in her direction. Now, waiting for her to take to the water, he was staring sleepily down the beach, interested apparently in a flock of gulls circling about some stranded object. The warm sunlight smote on his yellow

(Continued on Page 61)

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Country Opinion on a Country Topic

FOR several years, at about this date, the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago has collected reports on the business situation from country bankers and merchants over the West and South. In this year's reports the farmer and his automobile were the subject of particular inquiry. Summarizing the replies, the bank says: "Our information is that the farmer who buys an automobile generally pays cash for it and is better able to own it than most of the town purchasers."

Some replies point out that farmers are obliged to do much driving in the course of a year, to town and to other farms, and on many necessary errands the automobile really economizes time. Others say the machine decidedly promotes that rural sociability which all critics of farm life deem desirable. A country merchant writes that an automobile makes the farmer's son and daughter contented with farm life, checking the townward drift, and so "is the best movement that has been inaugurated."

To the young people especially distance is the farm's chief drawback—distance to town and to the neighbors. More than any other invention, the automobile removes this drawback. It puts every farm in the ideal situation of "joining the town site." We suspect the truth to be, not that too many farmers who can't afford them have bought automobiles, but that too many who can afford them haven't.

Winona, and a Year Later

DISCUSSING the new tariff act at Winona just a year ago, President Taft said: "If I had vetoed the bill it would have left the party in a condition of demoralization. . . . Our friends, the Democrats, would have applauded and then laughed in their sleeves at the condition in which the party would have been left. But more than that, and waiving considerations of party, where would the country have been? It would have left the question of tariff revision open for discussion during the next session and suspended the settling down of our business to a known basis upon which prosperity could proceed."

Has anybody lately caught a Democrat laughing in his sleeve at the condition in which the Republican party was left by the signing of the tariff bill? No sleeve will hold a Democrat's hilarity nowadays. He needs a balloon to laugh in. A veto might have caused some demoralization in Rhode Island and Pennsylvania—negligible states from the point of view of Republican strategy—but we would hardly have seen Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, California and Wisconsin in full revolt. True, the tariff would have been the subject of further discussion; but if it isn't a subject of further discussion now, what is?

In a year the President has seen new light on the tariff. He knows from treasury reports that the act did not effect a "substantial downward revision of duties." On the contrary, duties are practically as high as they were before.

Yearning for a Scientific Tariff

AT WINONA the President said also: "The Ways and Means Committee of the House spent a full year investigating and assembling evidence in reference to the rates under the tariff, and devoted an immense amount of work to the study of the question where the rates could be reduced and where they ought to be raised, with a view to maintaining a reasonable protective rate under the principles of the party platform."

Yet, according to press reports, these painstaking and Herculean labors of Mr. Payne's committee are now described by Senator Lodge, with implied disapproval, as the "old, unscientific method" of tariff revision.

A year ago the Senator found the fruits of that method quite admirable; but since then it has borne further fruit in the shape of a revolt among Massachusetts Republicans, which threatens his tenure of a comfortable seat in the Senate. Naturally he begins to entertain lively doubts.

The method mentioned by the President and the Senator is precisely the one by which the Republican party has been framing tariffs for more than forty years. So long as its results were merely flourishing trusts on the one hand and mulcted consumers on the other, the stalwart wing of the party maintained that it was the best of methods. But in the face of this political upheaval, which bids fair to drive them from power, they are able to see it in a quite new and unexpected light.

We shouldn't be surprised if Uncle Joe himself should soon come out strong for a tariff constructed in such a scientific manner that it would not explode and blow a worthy old gentleman out of office.

Elastic Rubber Values

INCREASING the supply of rubber is a slow process. Having planted a tree you must sit down and watch it grow. From the planting of the tree to a full yield is about half a generation. But automobiles and other things increased the demand for rubber very rapidly. A pound of crude rubber cost fifty-four cents at the beginning of 1908, seventy-two cents one year later, over a dollar two years later. At that time many gentlemen interested in the rubber trade awoke to the fact that the world was running clean out of that useful material; famine was at hand. London presently enjoyed a great boom in rubber shares, and in New York, by the end of April, fine Para sold at two dollars and eighty cents a pound. The usual reaction followed. Before the middle of August Para in New York was quoted at one dollar and eighty cents, and in London Ceylon rubber was selling at little over half the April price. Naturally rubber shares fell also—not only because the commodity itself had declined but because it appeared that some of the plantations which had been enthusiastically floated during the boom were of exceedingly dubious value. When British consols fell to eighty-one the explanation on 'change was that disillusionized French investors were selling their Government bonds in order to cover losses in rubber ventures.

By some etymological oversight "boom" doesn't exactly rhyme with "bust"; but it ought to. The world never runs out of any useful commodity except common-sense.

The Short Ballot

TO TAKE the first illustration that comes to hand, citizens of Chicago enjoy the privilege of voting for about five hundred candidates for various public offices, and the correlative privilege of being, on the whole, misrepresented and poorly governed. Having duly voted, the public forms its first real acquaintance with some of the five hundred through the painful process of an indictment or a graft exposure. Others of the five hundred remain personally unknown, being merely suspected in the lump.

This is a typical American situation, and the most hopeful method of remedying it is that proposed by the Short Ballot Organization, of which Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, is president. The name fairly describes the plan—to have as few elective offices as possible, making all other offices appointive, so that people will be asked to vote only for men of some note who are standing for offices of first-rate importance. Under those conditions people take a genuine interest in voting, and pretty often vote right. In New York, Governor Hughes has recommended that the comptroller, state treasurer, secretary of state, attorney general, state engineer and surveyor be appointed instead of elected. Electing officers of that sort helps make politics a profession for the few and a bore to the many. An election that fails to interest people cannot promote democratic government.

The Death of William James

PROBABLY it was less the philosophy than the way of stating it that made William James by far the most widely read of philosophers. Yet the philosophy itself was very good. In a lecture on Hegel in a Pluralistic Universe, Professor James observed concerning that great German: "But, if his central thought is easy to catch, his abominable habits of speech make his application of it to details exceedingly difficult to follow. His passion for the slipshod in the way of sentences; his unprincipled playing fast and loose with terms; his dreadful vocabulary; his systematic refusal to let you know whether he is talking logic or physics or psychology; his whole deliberately adopted policy of ambiguity and vagueness, in short—all these things make his present-day readers wish to tear their hair—or his—out in desperation. Like Byron's corsair, he has left a name 'to other times, linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.'" That is obviously good writing and good reading, and good philosophy too. As when he quotes with relish Sir James Mackintosh's despairing cry over Kant, "I am endeavoring to understand this accursed German philosophy!" it helps you—being a mere blockheaded layman—to get into a tolerable, or even rather friendly, relationship with philosophic writing, because it helps you good-naturedly to dismiss as mere rubbish whatever you do not understand. It was William James' distinction among philosophers that he was willing to deal with you on that basis.

Fashions for Gentlemen

FOR about a hundred years—since pants came in—there has been very little change in men's clothing. In this hundred years our railroads have been built, the commercial uses of electricity discovered, wealth and population have multiplied, the arts of peace have advanced. No doubt there is a connection between the two facts.

Every summer misguided friends of man try to organize a revolt against the coat. That hot, heavy and superfluous garment, they say, should be discarded in dog-days. But the consensus of masculine opinion repudiates them.

After thirty centuries of demoralizing experimentation the world has finally discovered the grand principle that it doesn't at all matter what men wear if it is always the same thing, so that they never have to think about it. Released from the distraction of picking out colors and flounces for our smallclothes and headgear we have harnessed the clouds and the waterfalls, cleared the wilderness, put down typhoid fever and learned to fly. Whoever seeks to set men thinking about clothes seeks to puncture the tire of progress. Any masculine garb is preferable to any possible change involving cogitation and debate. Men's costume may not be beautiful; but note what the world in pants has done, and stay an unseemly hand.

Babies and Prescriptions

SUPPOSE a million persons were born at the same moment in about the same environment. More of them would die in the first year—according to an elaborate mortality table based on English experience—than in the next twenty-two years. Deaths the first and second years, taken together, would exceed the deaths in the following thirty-six years, taken together. When the few survivors got to be eighty-three years old their death-rate would be as high as that of the first year; but not until then would the first year's death-rate be equaled. A person aged eighty-two has a better chance of outliving the year than a newborn babe.

Sociological thought has long been directed to this tremendous loss of life at the beginning. That it is partly remediable no one doubts. Pure milk in the place of impure has lowered the infantile death-rate in more instances than one. But perhaps the chief remediable cause of infant mortality lies in the fact that babies are still brought up, to a considerable degree, upon tradition. Precedents of the last generation are followed, notwithstanding over a tenth of the last generation's babies died in early infancy. For goodness' sake, be wary of tradition, custom, precept! If a thing was done so-and-so a hundred years ago that alone is excellent ground for suspecting that so-and-so is the wrong way to do it.

In Touch With the Classics

YOU get much information from your daily newspaper. To the same newspaper historians will turn a century hence for the details and color of today's happenings. But suppose a man from Mars, ignorant of earthly affairs, were to pick up today's paper. "Roosevelt speaks in insurgent territory," he would read, and wonder who Roosevelt is, where the territory lay and what it was insurging about. The paper would inform him that "Uncle Joe says he'll stick," but he would not know whose uncle Joe was, nor what he was sticking at. Reading "Giants down the Sox," he might surmise that some terrestrial gentlemen of extraordinary stature had eaten their hosiery. Unless the reader's mind already contains a picture of current affairs, as a background for the news, the paper will tell him little or nothing. So it is not surprising that a carefully selected little library of classic literature failed to interest the passengers on an overland railroad.

Perhaps Plutarch's Lives are more popular than any other classical writings. These narratives, usually undated and with no perspective, are interesting just in proportion as the reader has in mind a picture of the times they refer to. After reading Mommsen or Ferrero the lives of Cæsar and Pompey fall into order. Without some such mental background they are like pages of a newspaper, and the reader might better take up with Fielding or Thackeray. Only the great imaginative works, such as Homer and the Greek tragedies, carry their world along with them.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Out of Oliver Optic's Books

UPON an occasion now and then grateful constituencies, scattered hither and yon across this fair land of ours, provide us with public men whose careers hold fast and true to the uplift literature of our youth.

All remember the boy who studied at night—he was as numerous as the juvenile authors, and they were innumerable—by the light of a pine-knot or tallow dip, conning his books no less diligently than he conned the proletariat when grown to man's estate; and thus, by that early and unnatural example, earned and received the undying hatred of every boy to whom he was held up as a model, meaning the entire boy population outside the cities. All can recall the lad who read law with the law book propped on the handles of the plow, and who in after life became the great jurist with a leaning toward the corporations. Then, too, there was the pale-faced, earnest youth who picked up the pin in the bank president's office when he entered timidly to ask for a job to aid him in the support of his widowed mother, paralyzed aunt and thirteen brothers and sisters—having carefully dropped the pin as he entered. He grew to be one of the pillars of the community, finally acquiring the bank, lending the farmers their own money for ten per cent a month and holding mortgages on all the farms in the vicinity.

There were scores of them, all shining exemplars of the notable effects and rewards of unflagging industry in youth, and they were sprung on us every time there was any wood to be sawed, any potato bugs to be picked or any water to be brought. Not the least among them was the printer's devil who went into the office of the local palladium of liberties. By working with untiring zeal and great and cheerful energy he finally rose to be mayor of the town and a power in the politics of the state, occasionally coming to the dizzy height of being a member of Congress, a height, it may be remarked *en passant*—as our best little authors of Latin Quarter stories would say quite casually, but with a local atmosphere effect—we found not to be so dizzy as the member occupying it, upon the closer inspection of the years. The printer's devil certainly was a grand performer—in the books. The kind of a performer he really was, both as devil and deviler in youth and in after years, I hesitate to tell. Shall I tell it? Cease your idle chatter, Montagu, and let me ponder in peace. No; upon mature second thought I shall not tell it. It wouldn't go through the mails anyhow, so what's the use? However, suffice it to say and be that as it may (poetry), the career of the printer's devils was supposed to be one of the many beacons printed to guide the boyhood of my time up the steep paths of Diligence and Duty to the substantial storehouses of Success. Of course I realize that a beacon generally is lighted instead of printed; but, now that I have set it down, far be it from me to be censorious concerning such a gem of prose.

Boyish Fiction Come True

MAYHAP—a disconcerting mayhap—the editor will be censorious; but, putting it to the touch, I resume my thought, the sequence of my remarks, the thread of my argument, and ask: What would you think—substantial storehouses of Success—pretty nifty, eh? What would you think, dear reader, if there were uncovered before your very eyes—steep paths of Diligence and Duty—some class to that—if there were uncovered before your very eyes a printer's devil who made fact out of the disheartening fiction that caused every boy who wanted to go swimming to harbor dark thoughts concerning writers who put such mollycoddle models before parents when there were weeds to be cut out of the garden paths—hoed out—and you with full and back-acheful knowledge that no place in this wide world grows weeds with the fertility, felicity and fecundity of garden paths?

What would you think if such a person, an Oliver Optic or J. T. Trowbridge printer's devil come to life, should be displayed to your gaze? You'd be some surprised, I reckon.

Watch closely! Presto! And behold Jared Young Sanders, Governor of Louisiana and United States Senator to succeed the late Senator McEnery. There he is—a printer's devil who has become Senator. It takes but a short flight of fancy to see the boys of thirty years from now, the boys of our boys, being urged to their tasks by parents who tell them of the rise of the Louisiana Senator, having their own private dark opinions concerning Sanders the grudging while.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

What Would You Think of An Oliver Optic Printer's Devil Come to Life?

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

It is all as Oliver-Opticky as you can imagine. Jared was born in St. Mary Parish in 1869, just after the war. His father, who was a sugar planter, died when he was a boy of twelve, leaving an estate badly involved and a mother to support. Young Jared entered the office of the St. Mary's Leader as a printer's devil and learned to be a printer.

At twenty-one he was editor of the paper. While setting type and writing the locals about the St. Mary folk who went to New Orleans on the ten-ten, young Sanders studied law and was admitted to the bar. Naturally, as editor of the local paper, he got into politics; and naturally he got something out of politics. It wasn't long until he was appointed clerk to the Louisiana House of Representatives.

He took sides in the anti-lottery fight and in 1892 was elected as an anti to the House he had served as clerk. He was a member of the Louisiana Constitution Convention and had much to do with the present suffrage section of the constitution, which—*en passant* again—isn't it strange how those foreign terms constantly recur to one?—doesn't do a thing to the colored brother, inasmuch as only that person who is able to read and write, or who owns three hundred dollars' worth of property assessed in his own name, or whose father or grandfather was entitled to vote in 1867, can vote now; and all others, including most of the colored brethren, for the reasons set forth, cannot.

Presently our hero was elected speaker of the House of Representatives for Louisiana and progressed to the lieutenant-governorship in 1904, and then, after serving four years, went onward and upward to the governorship, which he attained in 1908.

He would have served in that capacity until 1912 had he not taken advantage of his opportunity, like a real printer's devil, and jumped into the United States Senate when the vacancy caused by the death of Senator McEnery occurred.

Sanders is a progressive Democrat in a state where the old-line Democrats will not realize or recognize that the war is over. The word conservative was coined especially to describe the old-line Louisiana Democrats. They exalt the past, deprecate the present and positively will not admit there is to be a future. Sanders got most of his nominations at the primaries, thus showing his strength with the people of his parish and with the state at large. He had a close call in 1896, but was far enough in front in his other endeavors.

Physically Sanders is in the Boies Penrose class. He is several inches more than six feet tall, broad-shouldered, thick-chested and column-legged. As befits a former printer's devil, there are no frills on him. He is a friend of the common people and never lets a chance go by to emphasize and elucidate that fact. He is a good campaigner, hearty, whole-souled, well met and glad-handed. He favors all new wrinkles in Democracy, is against a national income tax, and the old-line chaps say he is as much of a Republican as he is a Democrat, the doctrine of the old-liners being that though all Republicans may not be horse-thieves, all horse-thieves are Republicans.

The Enemy of Predacious Plutes

AT THE same time Sanders is not such a corporation-baiter as some, having a shrewd idea of how to play both ends against the middle, and playing the same as the occasion may require. He is reported to have been against the anti-race-track bill and to have told the enemies of the bill to let it pass the House and he would see to it that it was killed in the Senate. Whereupon Archbishop Blake took a hand and Sanders and the friends of the bill were whipped. However, when it is necessary Sanders can fulminate against plutocracy and its associated and predacious plutes in a most approved manner. Also against any other ill that may spell disaster—according to his lexicon—for the common people.

He is a good lawyer as well as a skillful politician. It is expected he will add some weight to the minority, for he thinks well and talks expertly, although he is not much of a student. Unless the elections between now and then put over some member of the infant class on that august body, Sanders will be the youngest Senator save Senator Gore, who is now forty to Sanders' forty-one. He was tried for murder once, having in self-defense shot a boy in a tough gang that set upon him, and he was defended by his coming colleague, Senator Foster of Louisiana. He was triumphantly acquitted. Still, that gives him no added distinction. Many other Senators have killed people. Some were in the Civil War, and not a few have talked innocent bystanders to death.

Why They Sailed

"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN, known to the Bowery as Drydollar Sullivan, and a political boss on the East Side of New York, went to Europe a time ago on the same ship with William Randolph Hearst and his family.

Mrs. Hearst and Mr. Sullivan were chatting in adjacent steamer chairs one day, and Sullivan asked: "Why is Mr. Hearst going to Europe?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Hearst, "he isn't going. I am taking him."

"But why?"

"Oh," replied Mrs. Hearst, "he is tired and needs a rest. When he is at home he fusses with those newspapers of his all the time, and I insisted he should take a trip. In fact, I am taking him to Europe so he can get away from his papers. And you, Mr. Sullivan, why are you going to Europe?"

"For the same reason as Mr. Hearst," replied Big Tim.

The Hall of Fame

℃ Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, can sing a come-all-ye with the best of them.

℃ Rollo Ogden, editor of the New York Evening Post, used to be a Presbyterian minister.

℃ Mayor Stoy, of Atlantic City, the King of the Boardwalk, has his mustache curled three times a day.

℃ Eddie Green, son of the wealthy Mrs. Hetty, fits very comfortably into a victoria, and doesn't overlap much on either side.

℃ Bert L. Taylor, the Chicago humorist, has consecrated his young life to the abolition of bread pudding. He eats what he can three times a day and derides the rest in print.

℃ Ray Brown, the artist, fully intended to be a pirate, but a cruel fate landed him in a school of design and made him an illustrator. Chorus of art editors: What's the difference?

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PLAYING POLITICS

IT SEEMS entirely reasonable, arguing from certain signs and portents, that somebody dropped President Taft a postal card not so long ago on which was written a message to this general effect:

"*Dear Bill:* It certainly is a grand thing to have the judicial temperament, and you have a fine brand of it; but what good does it do you or any one else if you do not use it? Where does a judge come in who does not do any judging? If you are a judge why not hand down a few judgments?

"Yours, certainly."

Everybody is entitled to a guess as to who sent the card. My guess is that it was written by Citizen Fixit Murray Crane, Senator from Massachusetts, and was supplemented by a long, whispered conversation, during which the citizen did the whispering and the judge did the listening. Citizen Crane is a perfectly noiseless, rubber-tired, heavily-felted person entirely surrounded by money, who can afford, therefore, to have the good of the Republican party at heart. Gathering dollars long since ceased to amuse him. He gets his fun out of politics now, but, being a good sportsman, he hates to lose any game he plays; and for that reason he has been flitting about all summer seeing what he could do to straighten out affairs so that there might be a fighting chance this fall.

The citizen is naturally the kindest of men. In his personal relations with the world he is soft-spoken, genial, helpful and considerate, but when he gets to playing politics he hardens his heart. Results are what he is looking for, and he can't help it if obstructions in the way of those results sometimes get removed from the path in an arbitrary, not to say unceremonious, manner. The citizen exudes love for his fellowman in his private capacity as friend and companion, but he is cold and ruthless when it comes to such elimination of disturbing elements as the circumstances seem to him to require. At that, he never makes any noise about it. He operates like one of those lathes that trim down big bars of the hardest steel, cutting ceaselessly and irresistibly, but without a squeak.

What Smoothness and Silence Can Do

If you should talk to Crane for a hundred days he would never tell you he had anything to do with what is happening at Beverly, what has happened there, and what has happened and will happen throughout the country in the present campaign. You'd think, to hear him tell it, that he has been fussing around merely for the fun of the thing, with no serious idea and no serious intention; but all the same it is more than probable it was the citizen who accomplished many of those turns and twists that, it is hoped, will help Mr. Taft this fall in the way of securing an indorsement for his first two years in the White House by the return of a Republican House of Representatives, to say nothing of getting him in shape for a renomination in 1912.

The citizen operates in a progressive manner. He is strong for compromise at the beginning. He wants to smooth things over and tone things down and get everybody together. He does a great deal of that sort of managing, trying to persuade those who are standing in the way of harmony to get out of the way, and using soft words in the process. He is very political. Oftentimes he seems to be overpolitical. He manipulates too much, but, much as he hates it, he can use an axe.

There have been many happenings at Beverly. The President has suddenly seemed to discover that the Republican party needs all the votes it can get, and that it can hope for none from the Democrats, who think they can see light ahead. Wherefore, there have been evidences on every hand that some conciliation and some chopping are to be done, and if the truth ever comes out it will be found that Citizen Crane was the guiding spirit, not because of any unfriendliness on his part toward the persons who will be, or have been, chopped, or toward what they represent, but because such actions seem to him necessary for the good of the party and dictated by the exigencies of the situation.

The President likes Crane and trusts him, and has a great admiration for his political astuteness. The President is no politician himself, and he knows it. The game doesn't interest him; in fact, it rather bores him. Whereas the game is the breath to the nostrils of Crane. He dotes on the plot and counterplot, the manipulation and maneuver. Thus, as the field is big and the game strenuous and exciting enough, Crane has taken hold, just as he took hold in the closing days of the campaign in 1908 and saved a lot of brands from the burning. Moreover, Crane now has a capable assistant at the President's right hand in Secretary Norton. Norton will develop into a politician; Crane will see to that. Meantime, Norton is a fine asset for a man who wants to do things with the President, or get the President to do things rather, that shall have the proper political effect.

Make no mistake about Crane. He is no progressive. He is as reactionary in his sympathies and tendencies and beliefs as is Aldrich or Hale, but he cannot see how he or his friends will gain anything by letting things go by default to the Democrats. His position is that it is better to have one's own party in control, even though that party may stray after false gods, than to give the Democrats a chance and be sure of continuous enmity. He can go to a Republican President. With a Democratic President he would be out of it. With his own party in control, there always is hope for a man with Crane's genius for politics. Hence this activity.

Aldrich on the Defensive

One article of Crane's creed is: Keep quiet. He is not in favor of oratory. President Taft apparently had it in his mind that the only way he could get into the minds of the people his exact program, motives and the justification for what has happened since he became President, was to go out and talk to everybody. The President was wrong about that, of course; and notwithstanding his numerous speeches and miles of travel he made no great impression, and on occasions he made situations worse. What happened when Crane and Norton got to working together? The President was told it was a waste of time to go gallivanting around the country talking to every Tom, Dick and Harry who could crowd about him, not particularly to hear him, but particularly to see him. The President was told all this so convincingly that he canceled a lot of engagements and refused to make more. "You stay here," said Crane, "and keep quiet, and we'll see what can be done in the way of assembling things." Whereupon the President is keeping quiet.

Take the case of Senator Aldrich. It is almost a certainty that Crane forced Aldrich, by his quiet, whispering insistence, to make his reply to Senator Bristow's charges about Aldrich's connection with the rubber business and the tariff on rubber. Crane realized, what Aldrich did not, that not only Aldrich but the Republicans who voted for the tariff, in both House and Senate, are on the defensive, and that Aldrich is in that position most of all. Aldrich broke the rule of a lifetime when he wrote that letter to Chairman McKinley, of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, in reply to Bristow. He has always been one of those statesmen who has assumed a lofty contempt for what the public says or thinks about him. He is one of the I-never-read-the-newspapers statesmen—only he does. Now, it would irritate any man, I take it, and especially a man of Aldrich's temperament, jealous of his leadership and proud of it, and fascinated with his power, to have a man like Bristow come along, a member of the Senate, and make direct statements like those Bristow made. Bristow is not an engaging personality. He is a tall, thin, intensely earnest, rasping Kansan, with no pride of position, no haughtiness, no intolerance of the public, but with convictions and the courage to express them, and an honesty of purpose that cannot be gainsaid. Leaving out of the question the merits of the controversy, it was Crane who realized, before Aldrich and before the President, that Aldrich was on the defensive and had put the whole Republican party in that attitude; and, working with the President and others, he forced Aldrich

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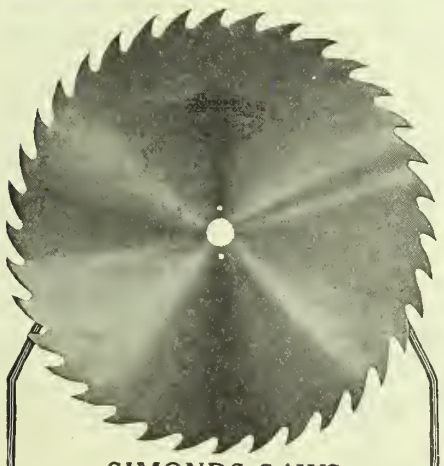

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to come out with an answer to Bristow. Crane and Aldrich are close friends. Crane has been Aldrich's most valuable lieutenant and will be stronger as Aldrich's successor than any other. That didn't stop Crane. He went to Aldrich's yacht and went to the President. Soon thereafter Aldrich made his reply, after refusing for many days to say anything about the matter other than to denounce the statements of Bristow as lies. Crane knew this would be hard for Aldrich to do, and he doubtless sympathized with Aldrich; but he brought it about.

Now, then, Aldrichism is an acute issue in this campaign, as acute as Cannonism. Instead of letting Aldrich remain quiet, as he preferred to do, Crane did the best he could and got a defense from Aldrich. What that defense amounted to is not for discussion here. The point is that Aldrich made it and that the President and Crane forced him to.

Aldrich is to retire, he says, on March fourth next. He will serve in the short and concluding session of this eventful Congress, the Sixty-first. So will Hale, who is scheduled to retire also. These men might embarrass the Administration during this session of Congress, but not for long. The President is in a good position to cut loose from the alliance he never should have made, whether the elections this fall return a Democratic or a Republican House of Representatives. This is cold-blooded, of course; but it is politics and it is pretty sure to come to pass. Even a President with the judicial temperament can see as far ahead politically as 1912.

Crane's Hint to Ballinger

So far as Cannon is concerned, the President never did care much for that ancient and benign statesman, and cares less now. Cannon, too, is strictly on the defensive and has been for two years, for the first time since he became Speaker. Cannonism is an issue. Crane never was infatuated with Cannon either, and he advised Cannon to resign, for the sake of the party, when the Insurgents and Democrats combined to shove Cannon off the Committee on Rules last March. Of course the men who run the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee are close friends and supporters of Cannon, but they want a Republican House in order to keep in control, and they cannot let their friendship for Cannon stand in the way if the elimination of Cannon will help any toward that result—and they will not. Wherefore the appearance of Chairman McKinley, of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, and of Senator Crane at Beverly is followed by the news that Cannon has been cast overboard. He may make some speeches during the campaign, but he will do no more ranting around like that in Kansas if the President and Crane can prevent it.

This leaves Secretary Ballinger. After seeing the President, Crane went out West to see Ballinger and saw him. At this writing the result of that conference is not known publicly; but it is as good as a certainty that Crane told Ballinger to get out, to relieve the Administration of the embarrassment his presence caused, and put it up to Ballinger that it was Ballinger's duty to do this, to make what must seem to Ballinger a sacrifice for the good of the party. What the President should have done, of course, was to get rid of both Ballinger and Pinchot the moment the row started. The President stood by Ballinger, and the Ballinger-Pinchot row has become a menace to success in many districts. The story is that Ballinger told Crane he would resign when the President asked him to, and not before. Crane couldn't discharge Ballinger, of course, but he put it diplomatically to Ballinger that it was his duty to retire, and it remains to be seen what Ballinger will do—also, what the President will do.

There are further evidences of the work of Citizen Crane. He hates insurgency, but he undoubtedly restrained the President from reading any Insurgents out of the party. He will see to it that Mr. Wickersham makes no more speeches inviting all who are not regular to retire. Crane's idea is to compose trouble and eliminate trouble makers. In some instances this may seem like looking over the crew after the ship has been scuttled, but Crane has had his troubles in carrying out his program, and not a few of those troubles originated in Beverly.

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"TO sell a man something that is going to displease him is a calamity—a tragedy," and will eventually ruin the business that does it.

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YOUR SAVINGS

Crop Moving and the Investment Situation

ABOUT the time this article appears all investment, and particularly that part of it which relates to bond buying, may be feeling the effects of the operation known as "moving the crops." It is usually a season dreaded by financiers, because it often means stringency in the money market, tightening of loans and general market discomfort; but, like many other ill winds, it blows somebody good, and the somebody in this instance happens to be the man or woman with savings or other spare funds to invest. As a result of the crop moving and other causes, conditions are growing favorable for the safe and profitable employment of money. A brief survey of the approach to the present condition will embody some facts that every investor ought to know.

The investment situation, however, did not need the effect of crop moving to make it favorable for bond buying. If you have read these articles for the past four months you will recall that from time to time it has been pointed out that bonds were cheap. But they have become cheaper all along, until now some types have reached low levels. What has brought this about? For one thing, this has been an erratic financial year, with frequent and unexpected breaks in the stock market. Some of these breaks were caused by the inability of groups of speculators to carry big lines of stock that were thrown on the market. A larger cause was the inability of the country to keep up the prosperity gait that started too soon after the panic of 1907. Conservative bankers believe that industry should have proceeded with more caution. Instead, it leaped to big expansion. The railroads, in turn, increased facilities and prepared to open up new territory. All this required a great deal of money. Besides, the railroads had to meet many maturing obligations. The industries could go to the banks for accommodations, but the railroads had to go to the people with bonds. Hence capital became exhausted, and yet the output of securities was increased. Under ordinary conditions we can absorb bonds; but at the time described a new and disturbing factor had been projected in the shape of the high cost of living. People were unable to save as much as formerly, and this inability to save was felt in the bond market because the small investor had become the big power in the investment business. Saving means investment. What was the result? The country began to suffer from an acute attack of "undigested securities," and it has not yet recovered. We had to sell our bonds abroad. Business began to retrench, our exports decreased and our trade balance dwindled. The uncertainty over the decisions of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases, the agitation and unrest over the tariff, the complicated political conditions, have all combined to unsettle the investment structure.

The West's Call For Money

Along came August with disbursements in interest and dividends of approximately eighty-five million dollars. At normal times this money would immediately have sought reinvestment, but this year much of it was salted down in banks awaiting an adjustment of conditions. Another reason why much of it has remained in cash is that cash is a pretty useful and profitable thing to have loose in the crop-moving season. Also the banks had begun to call in money early in the summer, for they realized that to have an acute stringency in the money market in a year like this might precipitate serious trouble. Hence money began to pile up, and people instead of buying bonds let their surplus accumulate.

Before going into the full effect of these conditions on the bond situation let us first see just what moving the crops is and what it costs. To many people "moving the crops" is a meaningless phrase. The average citizen who goes to his bank in the autumn to borrow money curses because his banker tells him that interest rates are higher because "the crops are being moved." He becomes indignant, and says: "Why should I help to pay for moving them?"

As a matter of fact, this outraged citizen does not realize that moving the crops touches him and every other person in the United States; for everybody eats and everybody wears clothes. Fully to understand the significance of this vast operation you have only to realize that agriculture is our greatest industry, participated in by forty per cent of the population. The value of our farm products last year was eight and three-quarter billions of dollars, or three times the amount of our money in circulation. Wheat alone produced about eight hundred million dollars; corn shucked out nearly a billion and three-quarters of dollars, while cotton blossomed forth a value equal to nearly nine hundred millions. But growing these great crops is one thing; harvesting and getting them to market and to the consumer is quite another. Like everything else, it needs money. Hence the problem of literally "moving" the crops becomes a very large and serious one.

This is the reason why. If the average farmer, like the average business man, had a bank account and conducted his business through a definite financial channel, it would not be so hard; but the average farmer has no bank account. Even if he did have one he could not give checks to the farmhands that harvest his crops, because these hands are often nomads who follow the ripening grain from south to north. They must be paid off in cash, and the proposition of providing this cash at a time when other business and speculative interests are likewise clamoring for money creates the usual strained financial situation known technically as the crop-moving period.

Why Money is Tight in the Fall

The demand for money at this time is really twofold: one is for capital, which comes from the buyers and shippers of grain; the other is from the farmers, who want the currency for the wages of their employees.

The demand for crop money is first felt in July, when the winter wheat is yellowing in the Southwest, and it lasts until late in September. The effects, however, are felt well into the winter. It has been figured that it takes approximately one hundred and fifty million dollars to move our crops. Now, though this amount does not seem colossal when compared with some other financial outlays, it makes a much bigger ripple in the money market than you would at first imagine. To begin with, this money must all be in actual cash. In the second place it is a tremendous drain on the national banks, as you shall see. A national bank must keep in its vaults a legal reserve of twenty-five per cent of its deposits. This means that a dollar of national bank reserve is protection for a debt of four dollars to the depositor. When you withdraw one hundred and fifty million dollars from the reserve supply for crop moving there is a corresponding contraction of four times that amount in deposits and loans. Thus a widespread hardship is imposed. Many banks are compelled to call loans during the crop-moving period.

The money for moving the crops is shipped in the form of gold and silver certificates, United States and national bank notes and coin. In the South, "cartwheel dollars," as the negro cotton hands call them, are used extensively. Sometimes the money is sent by telegraph, but often by express.

Naturally the place that feels the drain most is New York, which is the country's financial reservoir. The "country banks"—that is, the banks outside of subtreasury points—all have large deposits there. Toward the fall they begin to withdraw these deposits in order to meet local farm demands. This curtails the lending power of the New York banks, which must call their own loans. Money rates go up. At such seasons the banks begin to pile up surplus reserves—the lawful money held in excess of reserve requirements. The bank statement tells the story. The surplus reserve for the banks of the New York Clearing House for the week ending July 2 was $9,223,975; for the week ending

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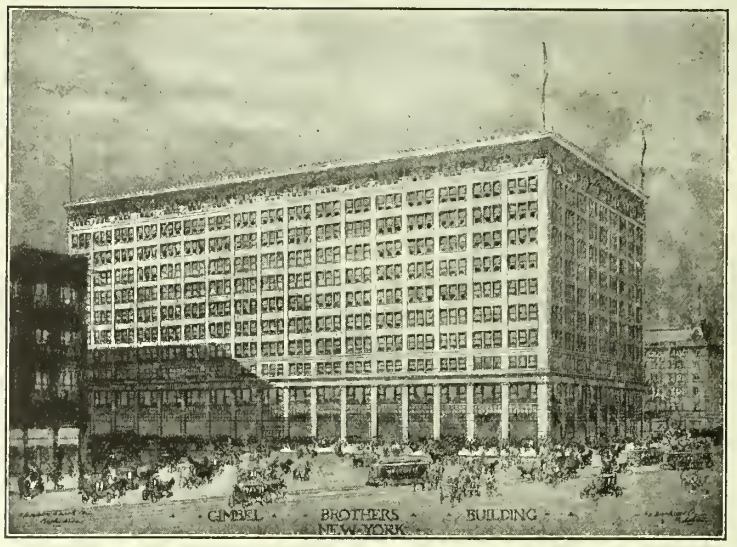

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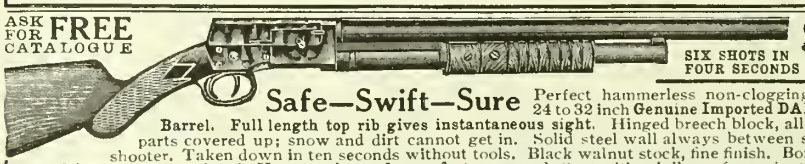

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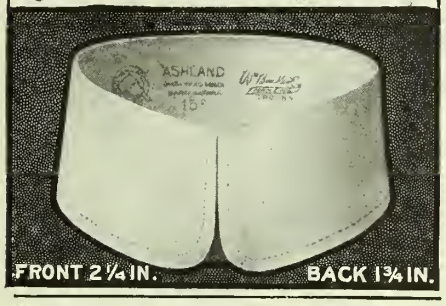

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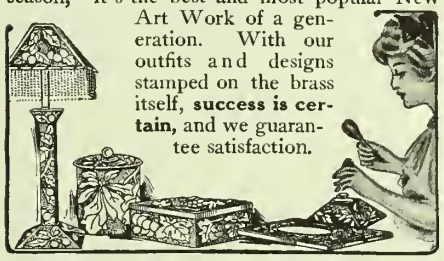

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August 13 it was $56,153,575. Thus you see they were getting ready for the crop-moving demand.

Thanks to the foresight of the bankers this year, there have not been, so far, the usual violent fluctuations in money rates due to the crop-moving demand. There would never be any such agitation in the money market if the United States had a central bank such as exists in England, France and Germany. In 1908 Congress made a feeble attempt to provide a substitute for such a bank by passing what is known as the Emergency Currency Bill.

Under the terms of this bill national banks may issue circulation—banknotes bearing their name—on any securities owned by them, including commercial paper. This practically makes all kinds of bonds available for circulation, which is limited by law to five hundred million dollars. Heretofore only United States bonds could be used as a basis for circulation save in times of great panic and stress, when the Secretary of the Treasury can use his discretion about the securities.

Save where United States or municipal bonds are used as a basis for the emergency or "additional" circulation a bank must be a member of a currency association in order to avail itself of the provisions of the law. Ten or more national banks in a community, with capital and surplus aggregating not less than five million dollars, may form such an association. It was not until this summer that any large advantage was taken of this provision. On July 29 last the national banks of New York City organized The National Currency Association of the City of New York. Though it was not believed that there would be any occasion this fall to take out the emergency circulation, it was deemed a good plan to be ready.

Some Bonds That Look Cheap

It is not difficult now to see just why the crop-moving period would ordinarily be a very good time to buy bonds. The price of money regulates the price of bonds. When money is tight and rates high people prefer to lend their money at the high rates, and do not invest in bonds. The situation, therefore, at the time this article is written is simply this: to bonds that were already cheap comes the added cheapness of crop-moving times.

Few people are buying bonds; many have sold them and are keeping the money on hand The time is at hand when the advice of a grizzled old Wall Street broker to his son may be heeded. The old man once said: "In investing your money, always remember this: the time to buy is when everybody else is selling. Never buy when everybody else is buying."

But bonds cannot remain so cheap forever. The crop-moving period will pass; the recuperative powers of the country will assert themselves; money will pile up; interest rates will decline and bonds will be in strong demand. The time to buy is now, for standard securities may be obtained at prices that will not only afford a very satisfactory yield but give ample opportunity for the appreciation of principal.

These facts are evident in the following group of 5 per cent bonds, which are used as types, and with prices at the time this article is written:

Western Pacific first 5s, due 1933. Interest dates are March and September. At the present price of 93 the yield would be about 5.55 per cent.

Missouri Pacific convertible 5s, due 1959. Interest is payable March and September. The price is 91, which would make a yield of about 5½ per cent.

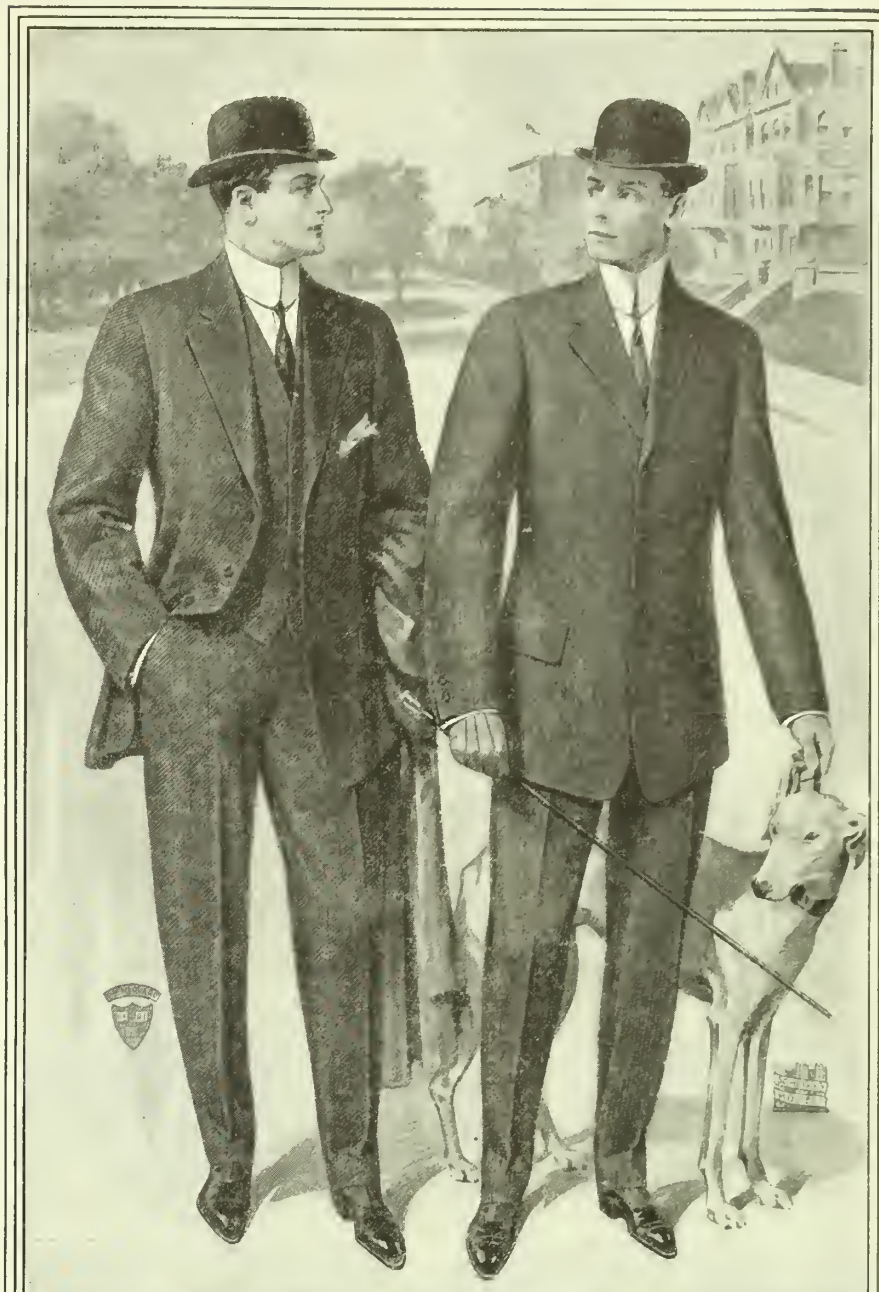
United States Steel Corporation sinking fund 5s, due 1963. The interest dates are May and November. The price of 103 would make a yield of about 4.85 per cent.

These 5s—and many more could be cited—are in the main bonds for men, for they are subject to some fluctuation, especially the industrials. Similar bargains may be had among 4s, such as the following:

Colorado & Southern first 4s, due 1929. Interest is payable February and August. The price is 93, which would make a yield of about 4.50 per cent.

Missouri, Kansas & Texas first and refunding 4s, due 2004. Interest is due March and September. The price of 80 would make a yield of about 5 per cent.

New York Central debenture 4s, due 1934. Interest is payable May and November. The present price is 93, which would make a yield of about 4.50 per cent.



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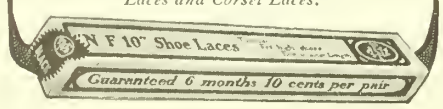

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THE PEER'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 7)

female feels the responsibility; and if the nobility are careless we'll find the militants flinging it up against our sex! I assure you, my lord, even below-stairs the consequences will be felt. Lady's maids have got more uppish already; ever since they came in closer contact with the police I've noticed it. You'd hardly believe how one thing leads to another. Oh, my lord, remember that England expects every peer to do his duty!"

Lord Fotheringay heard this impassioned appeal in ominous calm.

"Why's it my duty to marry Lady Feo?" he demanded.

"Because your country is watching your lordship's brilliant career—I may almost say with breathless interest—and no lady in England can further it like Lady Feodora."

Bertie looked at him gravely.

"Grimes," he said, "being clever and great and that sort of thing is all very well, but I don't believe I'll ever be happy without—without some one else."

"Some one else?" echoed Grimes in a voice that had a suggestion, one would almost say, of menace.

"What the devil's that to you?"

Grimes' manner tactfully readjusted itself. He answered more in pity than in blame:

"My lord, leave clover to the cattle and happiness to the unambitious."

"That's deuced clever, but d—d misleading," said Bertie.

"Your lordship is most welcome to my phrases," his tutor expostulated gently, yet not without dignity; "but I should be greatly obliged if your lordship would apply them to the proper occasions."

"I'll do with your phrases exactly what I choose," said his lordship obstinately. "As for my uncle, every one knows he's rather an old bounder; but, hang it, he can't help that, and he's a good sort at heart. He'll understand my feelings all right."

The bell of the flat rang peremptorily.

"That'll be Sir Waterbury," said Bertie. "Show him in."

The alderman entered with a smiling and confident air, like a family solicitor who expects to conclude a very good bargain both for his client and himself.

"Well, my dear boy!" he said affectionately, as he grasped his nephew's hand.

When Lord Fotheringay had anything on his mind he wasted little time and less ceremony in discharging it.

"I'm glad you've come, Uncle," he began. "I've something most important to say to you——"

He paused, for he perceived Grimes still lingering in the room.

"You may go, Grimes."

Mr. Grimes' attitude indicated the profoundest respect, but he made no movement.

"I beg your lordship's pardon, but I cannot help thinking you will be the better for having me in the room."

Lord Fotheringay pointed peremptorily to the door.

"Get out!"

A glance passed between Mr. Grimes and Bertie's uncle.

"Hey!" then exclaimed Sir Waterbury. "What's all this about?"

"His lordship has a communication to make to you, sir——"

Bertie advanced a step.

"If you don't walk out I'll kick you out!"

Grimes bent deferentially, his eyes still on the alderman, and turned somewhat slowly.

"Wait a bit, Grimes," said Sir Waterbury. "Herbert, I'd like Grimes to be present."

Lord Fotheringay shrugged his shoulders and dropped into a chair.

"Warm day, isn't it?" he remarked.

His uncle frowned at him dubiously.

"What's this you want to say to me?"

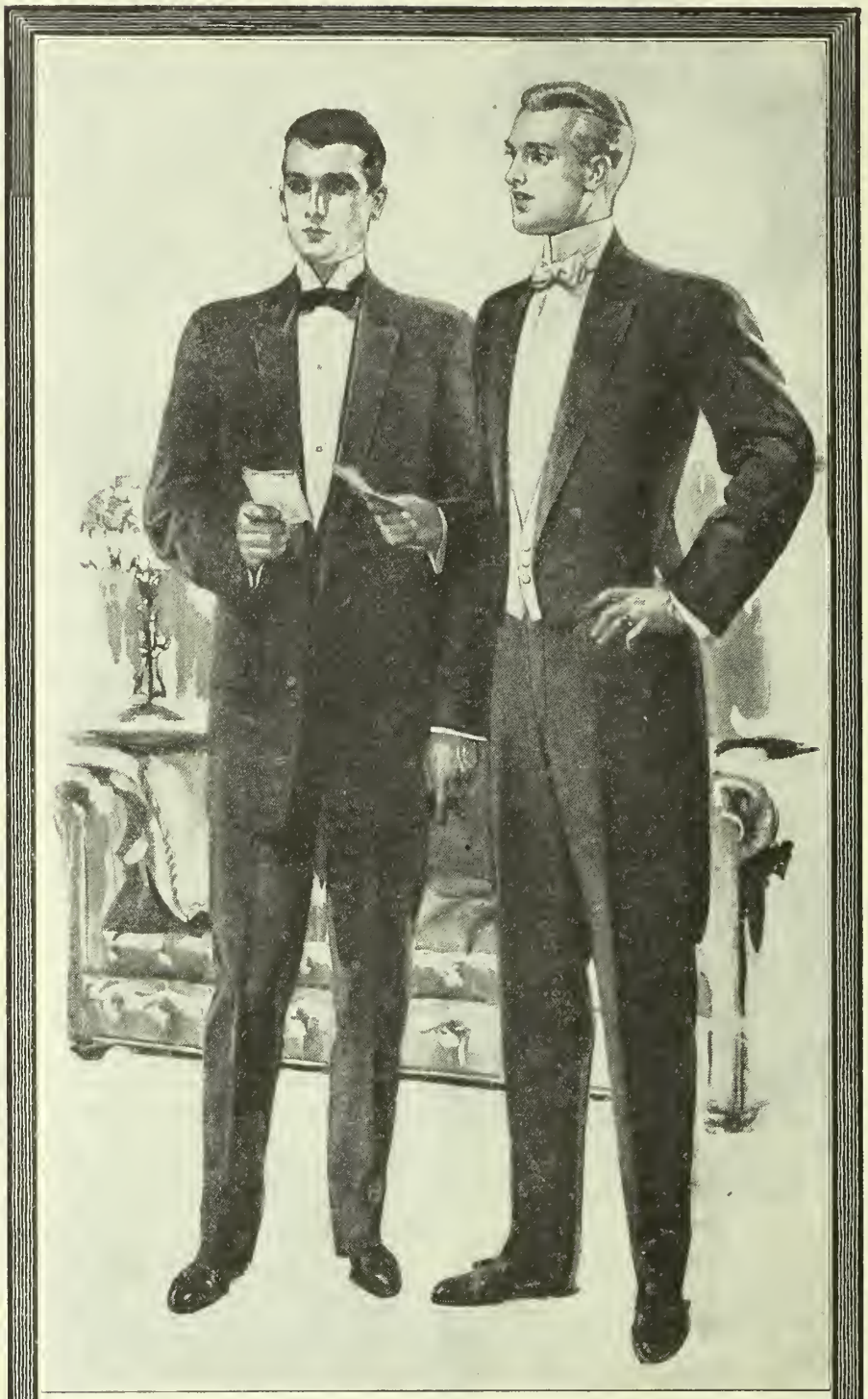
"My dear Uncle, I've just said it. Warm weather for May, isn't it?"

"Grimes," said Sir Waterbury, "what is the matter? Come, I insist, out with it!"

Grimes' manner was apology itself.

"Begging his lordship's pardon, the fact is, sir, he seems to find some difficulties of a sentimental nature in the way of the matrimonial arrangement suggested."

Lord Fotheringay leaped up.



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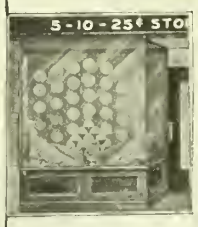

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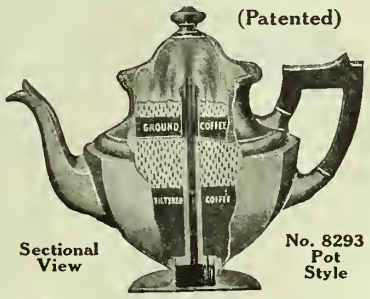

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"This is really the most officious performance I've ever endured. It might be my baptism, confound it! Grimes, I sack you."

Mr. Grimes bent his head obediently.

"Thank you, my lord."

"Uncle," continued Bertie, his color mounting, his eye very bright, "I beg to inform you that I don't mean to marry simply for what I can make out of it. It's a dashed unsporting thing to do—that's to say, supposin' there's some one you care more about. Havin' one girl in your head and another in your heart isn't my conception of the way to play the game. How would I like it if Lady Feo married me for my position when she preferred another fellow all the time? Not a little bit, I can assure you. You see what I mean now, Uncle, don't you?"

His uncle looked at him fixedly.

"Who is the other girl?" he demanded.

"My cousin, Nancy Wimberley."

"Nancy Wimber——" began Sir Waterbury in a formidable roar, when his eye met Grimes'. It almost cried the words "Be careful!" aloud. He stifled his indignation and merely remarked:

"Well?"

"I saw her in the Park this afternoon, and she made me feel as Lady Feo's never done; and—and—well, there it is."

The thundercloud deepened over Sir Waterbury's angry eyes. Behind his master's back Grimes raised a hand in warning gesture.

"Do you propose to marry her instead?"

"I think I do—if she'll have me."

"You think?" With that warning eye ever on him Sir Waterbury kept the curb hand pulled. "She has a tolerable fortune, eh?"

"You know as well as I do she hasn't."

A sardonic smile gathered about the corners of his uncle's mouth.

"That is a pity, Herbert. Do you know how much your father left you?"

"I've heard it wasn't as much as people expected."

"You have a clear income of two thousand pounds a year. Two thousand pounds a year, Herbert, to keep up a house in town and a castle in Yorkshire and a wife and yourself. Eh? Eh?"

"I needn't keep a house in town, and—well—one can economize in the country."

"Economize? Do you know what living in this flat costs you—simply as a bachelor?"

"Oh," said Bertie loftily, "anything from five to twenty thousand, I should imagine. I've never totted it up."

The dismissed Grimes could not contain his approval.

"Very aristocratically expressed, my lord," he murmured.

My lord glanced briefly over his shoulder.

"I've sacked you."

"Attend to me!" commanded his uncle. "Yes, Herbert; you are right. It does cost you between five thousand and twenty. As I pay the difference between that and two thousand I happen to know."

Herbert smiled pleasantly.

"I've often wondered what the deuce you'd do with your income if anything happened to me!"

Even the most indignant uncle could scarcely fail to be impressed with this spirit.

"Herbert, my boy," replied Sir Waterbury in a softened voice, "you are so far perfectly right. Hitherto it has been a pleasure to furnish the head of an ancient and respected house so nearly allied to me with the—ah—funds for—er——"

"Doin' you credit?" suggested Bertie.

"Precisely. But I shall certainly decline to furnish you with the funds for making a fool of yourself. To marry a penniless nobody would be literally suicidal!"

"A nobody? Hang it, Uncle, you can't call the Wimberleys nobodies!"

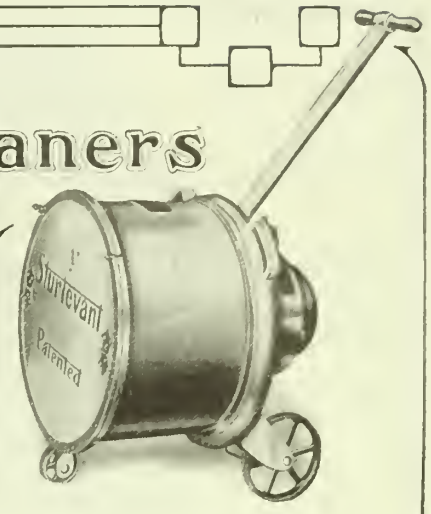
"What do you suppose the daughter of an ordinary Shropshire squire counts for nowadays?"

As the best-informed person in the room, Mr. Grimes replied to this inquiry:

"Absolutely nothing, sir. I have met members of the squirearchy in the most humble situations. One had even learned German in order to qualify for a modest mercantile appointment."

Sir Waterbury gasped. "There you are, Herbert! No, no;' we must have no marrying beneath you. If you marry Lady Feodora Monteden I shall settle ten thousand pounds a year on you at once, furnish a house for you in any street in London you like to name, out of my own

Vacuum Cleaners Which to Buy



IF you are convinced that a Vacuum Cleaner is what you need, but hesitate "Which to buy," consider this:

When the B. F. Sturtevant engineers (who have had more experience with air-driving apparatus than any other group of men on earth) were asked to build a household vacuum cleaner, all the various methods of air driving, such as the revolving fan, the pump, the bellows, the diaphragm, were familiar to them. *They had tested them all over and over again.*

They knew the revolving fan was the right principle upon which to construct a vacuum cleaner, because it suffers almost no wear and tear, has no valves to become leaky, and is a wonderfully durable mechanism. Also it gives a *steady* instead of an *intermittent* flow of air, and so avoids leaving dusty streaks, and jerking of the threads of fabrics.

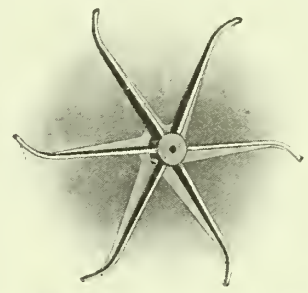
It is easy to make a vacuum cleaner that will work splendidly for only a few months. But it is not good sense for you to buy it or for us to make it.

The tremendous energy at work in a cleaner soon racks it to pieces unless it is strongly and solidly made.

Again, nothing is more vital than that the cleaner should give, *throughout its life,* a great *volume of air,* and *constant, even suction.* For these requirements, a properly designed revolving fan has no equal.

There is, however, a great difference in fans. And a 50-year reputation for making the most efficient fans is the chief reason why the B. F. Sturtevant Company is called upon to make more air-driving apparatus than all other concerns in the world combined.

A vacuum cleaner made by the Sturtevant engineers commands the best of skill and experience, and the guarantee of the Sturtevant Company removes all doubts as to its trustworthiness.



Patent Applied For

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Making thousands of revolutions per minute, creates a suction that is strong and even, with more volume and velocity at the cleaning tool than any other device practical for a portable vacuum cleaner.

Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner

In operation and construction it is simplicity itself. Apart from the motor, it has only one moving part—the fan. There is no oil to drip, and no lubricating will be necessary for at least a year. It has no gears to become loose or valves to become leaky. No dust can get into the motor. The dust-screen is large and nonclogging, and can be removed or replaced in 30 seconds.

Details of Construction

The cleaner consists of the machine, 12-foot hose, and an unusually complete outfit of cleaning tools, 20 feet of electric cord and plug, to be connected with an electric light socket.

The motor is of the same high grade as used in all our work, and is absolutely guaranteed. The fan, which is directly connected with motor, is made of one piece of aluminum, which in curvature, weight of metal, breadth and taper of blade, is the result of exhaustive tests.

The 1-inch hose gives almost double the volume of the ordinary ¾-inch hose, and greater velocity at the cleaning tool, enabling it to pick up larger particles, and clean at a greater distance from the tool. The cleaner is on three rubber-tired wheels. Finished in aluminum, occupies less space than two square feet. There is almost nothing about the cleaner that can break or get out of order, and a child can operate it. The dust receptacle will hold the gatherings of months, and yet is easily emptied.

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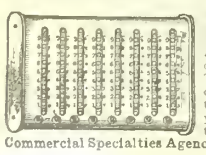

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pocket, and leave you my sole heir when I'm gone. There's my proposition. You may take it or leave it."

"And if I leave it?"

"Old as I am, Herbert, I shall marry forthwith, and if—ah—Providence blesses me with offspring I shall purchase—that is, I shall see to it that I obtain a peerage myself and found a family of my own!"

"Quite a sporting notion," said Bertie. "Like to lay any money on Providence and the offspring?"

The thundercloud burst in language too heated for literary reproduction.

"Sir Waterbury! Sir Waterbury!" implored Grimes. "Pardon me, sir, for one instant. You must listen to me, sir—I positively insist upon it! His lordship's position deserves some consideration. There is a great deal to be said for his lordship."

His lordship seemed more surprised at this statement than he had been by Grimes' outburst.

"Hullo, Grimes!" he exclaimed. "What the deuce is the meaning of this?"

"My lord," said his faithful attendant in an agitated voice, "if you will permit a discarded servant to say a word—a dismissed valet ——"

He seemed too moved to continue.

"My good Grimes," said his master kindly, "I haven't necessarily sacked you permanently, you know. What is it?"

"Come—out with it!" shouted Sir Waterbury.

"Sir," said Mr. Grimes with profound gravity, "you must remember that his lordship's feelings are of a nature so delicate that none outside the *haute noblesse*—I employ a French phrase, sir; it has no *double entente*, I assure you—none outside that charmed circle can perhaps fully appreciate them. Miss Wimberley is, as it were, suggested to his lordship by the voice of chivalry and one or two other Early Victorian sentiments ——"

"Early Victorian?" exclaimed Bertie. "Oh, hang it!"

"Well, my lord, you can scarcely deny their out-of-dateness. On the other hand, Sir Waterbury, I am convinced that his lordship would be the last nobleman to condemn a lady he was interested in to share poverty and discomfort."

"You don't think we could live on two thousand pounds a year?"

"Does your lordship happen to owe any money at present?"

"Owe? Good Heavens! You don't suppose I'm one of those dreadful ready-money fellows?"

"Well, my lord, of course, if Sir Waterbury is good enough to settle your present liabilities ——"

"I'll see myself in Jericho first!" cried Sir Waterbury. "No, Herbert; you'll have to settle your bills out of your own pocket."

Herbert made no answer. He paced up and down the room like a wild animal suddenly caged. In a smooth, sympathetic voice Grimes continued:

"It is also possible that his lordship's modesty prevents him from realizing how far he has engaged the affections of a certain lady."

Lord Fotheringay stopped short.

"You mean Lady Feo?"

"Yes, my lord," said Grimes with an air of simple candor.

"What! D'ye mean to say she's really—er—what you may call it?"

"I have it on the best authority—her own maid, my lord—that she is completely—ah—whatever your lordship may like to call it."

"But I've never said anything."

"If ladies' hearts waited till we spoke, my lord, they would have a very dull time of it."

"Hang it! I always fancied they kept a tightish hold of 'em, Grimes."

"Up to a certain age, my lord, one has that impression."

Sir Waterbury began to grow restive.

"To come to the point, Herbert, you have paid attentions to this charming and—ah—high-born lady, and the question is, are you going to behave like a gentleman? Any other young fellow in England would think himself the luckiest chap in the world if he'd heard what you've just heard. Come, now—what's the matter with her? Ain't she handsome enough?"

"Oh, she's devilish handsome!" admitted Bertie.

"Divine, my lord!" murmured Grimes ecstatically.

"Well, I suppose, more or less on those lines—yes. But then—oh, Uncle, you've

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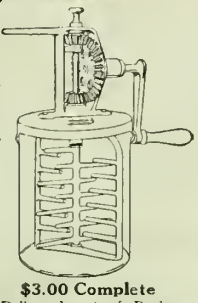

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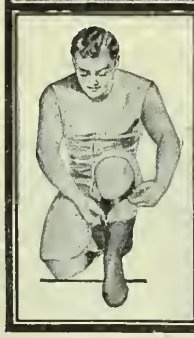

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no idea how fond I used to be of Nancy! And it all came back today."

"It will leave tomorrow, my lord," said Grimes soothingly.

"How do I know? I may try to get rid of it—try to—try to; but suppose I don't?"

Grimes' clean-shaven, tight-lipped face assumed a very serious expression.

"My lord," he said in a low, grave voice, "I fear it is my duty—a very painful and unpleasant duty, my lord ——"

He stopped, the pain being apparently too much for him.

"Go on," said Bertie. "Everything you say today is beastly; let's hear it."

"Nothing, my lord, is more against my principles than repeating unkind and slanderous conversation; but it is only right that your lordship should be undeceived."

"Who's deceiving me?"

"I am very much afraid you are deceiving yourself if you imagine that Miss Wimberley entertains the same feelings toward your lordship that—that, perhaps, she once may have done."

Lord Fotheringay looked at him intently.

"What have you heard?"

"I may explain, my lord, that persons in my profession have, as it were, a kind of understanding. Information is exchanged which would surprise many ladies and gentlemen in society. I make a point of having my own information accurate—otherwise it would be of no value to me—so that your lordship may take it as perfectly certain that a conversation recently took place between Miss Wimberley and her aunt, Lady Pundit, in the presence of a certain member of her ladyship's household whose memory is unusually reliable."

"What did these ladies say?" demanded Sir Waterbury.

"Well, sir, they happened to be remarking upon the development in Lord Fotheringay's character, which for some reason appeared, sir, to displease them, and Lady Pundit observed that some one seemed to have stolen his lordship and put another gentleman in his place."

"Dashed cheek of her!" said Bertie.

Grimes' eye gleamed for an instant, but he continued in the same quietly convincing tone:

"'It must have been for the sake of his clothes, then,' says Miss Wimberley. 'I can't imagine any other reason for stealing him.' Pardon me, my lord, for repeating such a libel, but ——"

"Miss Wimberley said that? I don't—I—I can't believe it," Lord Fotheringay said.

"Of course, if your lordship has given her no ground whatever for feeling any grudge, as it were, against you, it might then seem unlikely."

Poor Bertie's conscience dismissed his doubts.

"She—she may have said it," he muttered.

He paced his cage with a quicker and more uncertain step. Sir Waterbury opened his lips to speak, but Mr. Grimes was at his elbow.

"Leave it at that, sir," he murmured.

"I'll ask Lady Feo!" Bertie exclaimed. "I've been a fool; but—well, I did get rather a turn in the Park today. I won't again, though."

His uncle gripped his hand.

"Your hand on it, Herbert?"

"I've said I would, and I shall. Don't you believe me?"

"Of course, my boy, I believe you. Herbert, I can't tell you how happy you've made me; you've taken such a weight off my heart!"

"I dare say it'll turn out all right. Perhaps she won't accept me."

"No woman in England would refuse you, Herbert! And you'll be the happiest couple! Every one will envy you, my boy; the whole world is at your feet; we'll see you Prime Minister, Ambassador, Viceroy of India; anything you choose you can get now, Bertie. And an heir—ha, ha!—I'll give the little Lord Fotheringay his christening cup, eh?"

"Yes," said Lord Fotheringay bravely; "I admit there are consolations. Nothing like looking on the bright side of things, Uncle."

He freed his hand and strolled thoughtfully across the room. Sir Waterbury turned to Mr. Grimes.

"I'll double your check," he whispered gratefully.

The author of all this felicity was understood to murmur modestly that he had but done his duty to our aristocracy.

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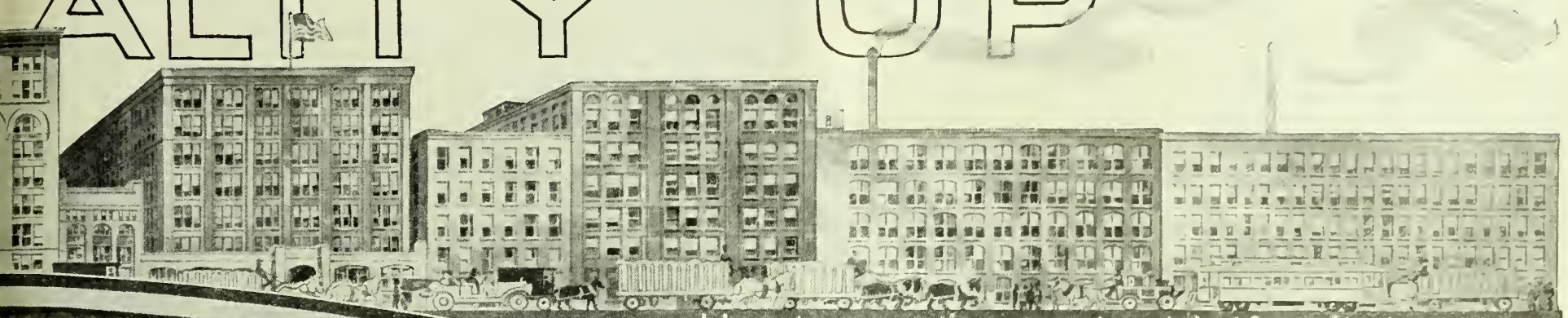

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The Rise of the Muskrat

LAST winter trappers got as high as one dollar and ten cents for a muskrat pelt. A few very dark skins brought even more than that, although a dollar for the darkest of rat skins is a price which prior to this time would have staggered the imagination of Mr. Patten, Mr. Sully, or any other operator in the necessaries of life. When you stop to reflect that when you and I were boys we felt lucky when we got eight cents the skin, it is easy to realize that Galileo was right when he said the world do move. To be sure, in the old days we knew less about the possibilities of the muskrat in fur manufacture.

Besides the general scarcity of fur, due to increasing populations and vanishing wildernesses, there are two special causes for the rise in value of rat peltry. One is the automobile and the other is the wheat farmer. The joy rider and the Canadian wheat grower both need warm coats, and they have been buying them. There is nothing better for the lining of a coat than the soft and warm skins of muskrats. *Fiber zibethicus*, which is the true heraldic name of the muskrat, thus becomes one of the bulwarks of our civilization.

In the thirty-eight years ending in 1800 the London sales had averaged only about seventy-five thousand rat skins annually. Rats were not yet rats. In the first fifty years of the last century, however, the average annual take rose to four hundred and eleven thousand skins. In the next forty years following, the average jumped up to two and a half million skins. The twentieth century begins with rats going strong on an average of about four million skins annually. The product for 1900 was five million two hundred and eighty-five thousand. The output for 1905, covering the London sales and those of America, ran up to about seven million skins. Prices, of course, were going up steadily, a rise of twenty-five per cent being scored in 1907, with other increases in 1908 and 1909. But in spite of the increased demand the London sales for 1909 were three million seven hundred and seventy-one thousand. Speaking of hardy perennials, here we have one in our midst.

The muskrat lives pretty much any place where you happen to be, and he still remains obliging in his personal habits about getting into traps, even in old, settled countries. He has not gained in wisdom like the beaver, the otter and the fox. Even in any one of the original thirteen states the farmer or the trapper of very many and widely extended districts may still go out in the winter and get quite a little packet of fur.

The Rat and His Architecture

Around Wilmington and Baltimore last year skins brought thirty-five cents for light and forty cents for dark. Toward the close of winter the prices rose to sixty-five cents for brown and seventy cents for dark. In many markets the top price offered for prime dark rat went past the dollar mark. Of course, at these prices the dealer would make his money in grading lots that came in from ignorant sellers, who did not point out that they had several very dark skins among those shipped. The largest numbers of dark skins are taken, curiously enough, not in the North, but in the East and along the seaboard. The New Jersey, Delaware and Chesapeake marshes turn out the best muskrats in the world. If this were more generally known the press paragraphers might be more lenient with New Jersey.

Almost everybody has more or less familiarity with the muskrat, mushrat or musquash, as it is called in Canada. The animal is four or five times as big as a house rat. The tail is long, bare, scaly and flattened, being set on edgewise, thinner from side to side than it is from top to bottom. The eyes are small, black and ratty-looking. The hind feet are webbed. Barring the length and the angle of the tail, the general look is that of a little, hammered-down beaver, and this beaverish look is especially noticeable in the fur, which is covered with guard hairs like that of the beaver, the fur proper lying beneath these long outside hairs. The guard hairs are removed by the fur dressers when the skin is to be dyed and made into seal, marten, sable or other furs. They add to the utility of the skin when used as coat linings. The skin itself is not very tough, but is serviceable enough to cover a wide range of manufacture. If you have an old shooting coat left over from earlier days, of canvas or leather and lined with rat hides, you have one that will keep you warm on the duck marsh in any weather.

The low, rudely conical mounds of the muskrats' houses are familiar sights in the marshy districts of almost every part of the United States. You may see them along the lines of railway that pass through the oldest and most closely farmed of the Eastern states. Year after year, although the trappers may think they have got the last rat there was left, the houses will show again in the marshes as the cold weather comes on, and the marsh will turn out yet more fur.

As a matter of fact, the muskrat migrates, and in the earlier days of the fur trade it was not unusual to see large bodies of these animals crossing the dry prairies at considerable distances from any marsh grounds. Perhaps you yourself may have met one or more of these animals in high and dry country where they did not seem to belong. When thus traveling the muskrat is apt to be pugnacious and will bite if attacked. But, for reasons of its own, and along its own paths, the rat travels from one marsh to another and stubbornly hangs on to any country that once the species fancied.

Houses, Nests and Burrows

Ordinarily the muskrat lives on the roots of grasses, rushes and water plants, but very often it will forage heavily in cabbage patches or turnip lots, and sometimes even is troublesome in celery farms. In such forays the little animals use regular paths, but it is best not to try to trap them on the dry ground. The beaver and the muskrat are best caught by traps set under the water. Perhaps, too, there may be hundreds of muskrats in a country where you do not see any house at all. They build houses in marshes or on sluggish streams where the banks are not sharp enough to allow them to burrow in. The beaver likewise burrows in the bank when that suits him better.

The muskrat does not hibernate and must feed during the wintertime. Some of his food he lays up in his house or his burrow, and some of it he rustles in the wintertime. He is not a nomad, however, like a mink or an otter, but always localizes himself in some home, either a house or a burrow. The house is usually built of reeds, rushes or coarse grass. Sometimes a burrow will go back under the bank forty or fifty feet from the water, and terminate in a nice nest lined with grass, and large enough to accommodate quite a large family. Usually only one family occupies a burrow or a house, but sometimes cold weather may stop up the entrance of a burrow and cause a family to move. Therefore it is not unusual to find more than one family of rats in a house after the ice has grown thick.

The young muskrats are usually brought forth in the bank houses, and less frequently in the winter houses that show in the marshes. The rats sometimes make a rather smaller house, or even a grass nest, for a breeding home. Not everything is yet known regarding the actual habits of this little animal, long as it has been known in general ways. Accounts differ as to the number of its young, but it certainly is very prolific. The first litter usually is born in April, a second in June or later, a third in August or September. Sometimes it is thought four or even five litters are brought forth during the year, ranging in number from three to twelve, and averaging from six to eight. Sometimes in mild weather or mild climates the rats breed also in the winter, though not regularly. No trapping ought to be done later than the middle of March. Neither ought trapping to begin before December 1. Midwinter produces the best fur, of course, and February is the month of prime fur.

The muskrat can live under water for some time, but it cannot eat there, and in

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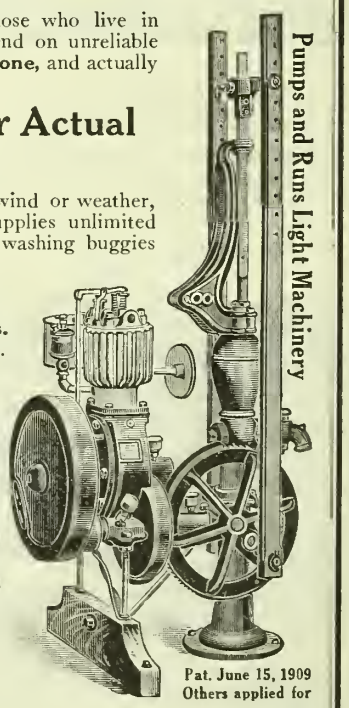

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(140)

the wintertime it will have a hole somewhere in the ice where it will come up to breathe and to eat. The winter houses are not meant to be airtight, and to some extent the rat feeds there. It gets some air under the ice and can swim considerable distances under the ice. Its feeding places, however, in winter or summer are not difficult to recognize. Sometimes it will leave débris of roots or the like on an old log, or near an airhole in the ice, or on some corner of a sloping bank. Sometimes it will eat mussels, and very likely the heap of shells you sometimes thought was left by a raccoon may have been assembled by a muskrat. They will dig out turnips, or even eat melons.

No Bait Needed

Usually the rat is able to make his living in the marsh, near the place where he has established his burrow or his family palace. Therefore there may be a great many rats along a stream where you would not suspect their presence from any sign that you would be apt to see. Perhaps some time your foot may have dropped down leg-deep in some hole as you were fishing the bank of a trout stream. The chances are that you will have stepped into the burrow of a muskrat, which goes down to the level of the water. A little care would show you where the burrow enters the bank from the stream. You could very easily catch a rat, perhaps several of them, in such a place.

Muskrat trapping is a miniature of beaver trapping. You do not need to be quite so expert or quite so careful as in hunting the larger rodent. The commonest way is to set the steel trap under water at the mouth of a burrow or a runway. You can stick your trap stake in full sight, and the rat will probably not be frightened by it. The best way to set your trap is from a boat, and a boat is sometimes necessary on the marsh. But you can walk along the bank after you have located the runways and burrows, and lay your line of traps with very good certainty of success if the rats are there. Like the beaver, the muskrat is more apt to get free if caught by the front foot. The expert trapper puts his trap back from the bank far enough and deep enough to get his rat by the hind foot. Bait is not necessary, but can sometimes be used to advantage; for a rat that sits up and attempts to reach a piece of turnip or carrot stuck on a stick at the edge of the water is apt to put his hind foot in the trap. When caught he dives out into the water, and the weight of the trap usually drowns him before long if the trap is properly set. All water trapping is far more humane than trapping on dry land. Some muskrat trappers employ a little scent, just as they do for mink or marten, but this is not essential to success. Yet the muskrat is curiously like the beaver in some regards, and the castor or beaver scent is considered necessary for success in beaver trapping.

You can have some success trapping muskrats by the use of a barrel half full of water, sunk down until its top is about level with the ground. Select some place near the water and close to a runway, and throw into the barrel a piece or so of board, along with some pieces of turnip or carrot if possible. The rats sometimes jump down into the barrel to get at the bait and cannot climb out again. Sometimes a floating barrel is used, with a section cut out of the side, the principle being the same. The rat jumps down through the hole and cannot get back out again. Again, rats can be caught in a box trap set at the mouth of a burrow, each end of the trap being provided with a hinged gate that swings in but not out. The steel trap, however, is the mainstay of the rat trapper. Of course any good trapper will adapt his method to conditions as he finds them. Suppose there is a good rat house a little way out from a low shore, where there is no burrow. The trapper knows the animal's habit of climbing up on a log or board. So he runs a long plank out between the house and the shore, and on this plank sets several steel traps, which are put between a series of cleats nailed across the plank. The rat attempts to make a pathway of the board, steps in the trap and jumps off, carrying along the trap, which is fastened to the edge of the plank by its staple. Sometimes quite a number can be caught in one night in this way. A log with notches cut into it to hold the traps will serve just as well.

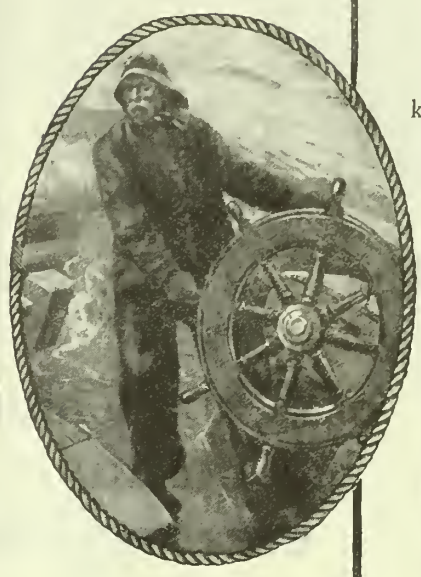
Some trappers kill rats in their houses in the wintertime, a method taken from the Indians. When a marsh is frozen over it is easy to go out to the houses on the ice. The trapper's rat spear is simply a pointed rod of iron which he thrusts down through the top of a house, trusting to luck to impale the inhabitants. If he feels a rat on the spear he has to cut the house open to get it. That breaks up the family, which is not good business either in beaver or muskrat trapping. Sometimes when the ice is thin and clear the trapper sees the frightened muskrats swimming under the ice as they fly from their ruined home. A blow on the ice with an axe-head will sometimes kill the rats—but also it will sometimes break the ice and let in the trapper as well.

Muskrats are good to eat—sometimes. Not even canvasback duck is always good to eat. It all depends on what the rat or the duck has been eating. When the muskrat is feeding on the roots of water plants the flesh is sweet and free from musky flavor if it is properly prepared and care is taken in skinning and dressing. When feeding upon fish or mussels the flesh is not so apt to be good. You will hear all sorts of stories about eating muskrats and certain other wild animals. Some say they would rather starve than try to eat white goat, the sort the hunters find far up on the high peaks of the Northwest; yet others will say that young goat is not so bad. It certainly is the case that muskrat is a regular commodity in the markets of many cities. In Baltimore and Philadelphia it usually is sold under the name of marsh rabbit. One Philadelphia dealer has sold three thousand dressed rats in a week as food, and in Michigan cities, where there is considerable population of Canadian French, muskrats have brought ten to twenty cents each on a food basis alone. The *habitant* of Canada is so fond of muskrat, or mushrat, as regular fare, that sometimes he himself is called "mushrat." Many an American trapper will bet you that he can cook rat so that you will like it.

How Rats are Cooked

As beef is becoming a luxury, a few words as to the proper cooking of muskrat may be useful in America today. The best way is to let the carcass of the rat freeze over night, or to soak it in salt water over night. Then cook it as the Choctaws cook, "Injun" fashion. Put in the meat cut into pieces, with some sections of salt pork and with water enough to cover it all well. Allow the water to boil slowly and then to simmer until almost all the water is gone. Your pot should be of iron, heavy enough so that the meat can go on cooking without injury after the water has boiled away. The writer has eaten wild razorback hog cooked this way among the Choctaws of the Indian Nation, and it was far better than when fried in the white man's way. In short, it resembles baking after parboiling. "I never knew Injun cooking to hurt anybody," said our host on that occasion, and certainly neither wild hog nor anything else injured any of the party on that hunt. Care should be taken to soak the meat for at least an hour before cooking, using some salt in the water. After that if you like you can cut up your rat and fry him, or stuff him with onions and sage, like a little bird. The *habitant* or the trapper is most apt to stew the rat, adding a little onion, or perhaps a dumpling or so. There are almost as many ways of cooking a rat as there are of making fancy furs out of his hide. In short, in the present high development of our civilization it certainly is not going too far to call the muskrat the white man's hope.

A piece of muskrat marsh, prolific of these valuable little animals, may in these days, perhaps, be capitalized at as much as forty dollars an acre—about farming value. A proved rat marsh today can readily be sold or leased, and very often leases are made on the basis of half of the fur taken. One case is noted of a forty-acre tract that netted its owner thirty dollars, sixty dollars, seventy dollars and one hundred dollars, in four years. Once good rat land could be bought for fifty cents an acre, but today rats is rats, and marsh prices have gone up. With pelts at fifty cents to one dollar, and the carcass selling at three to fifteen cents, the muskrat offers so good a business that not a few farms have been established for his production.



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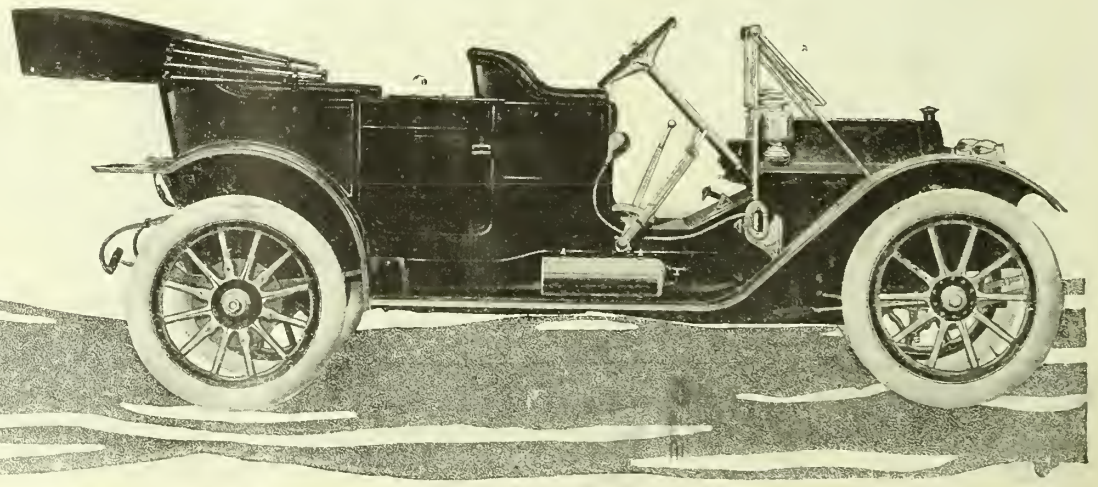

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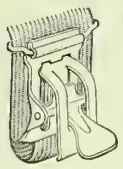

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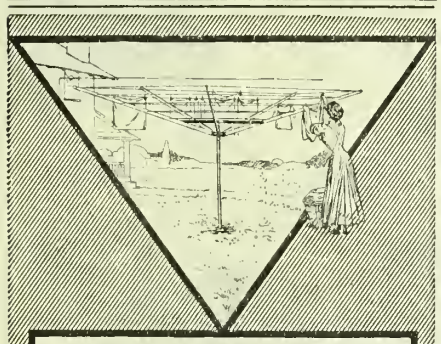

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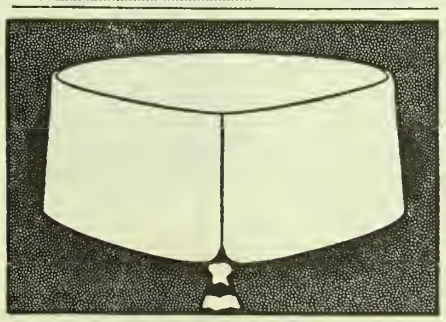

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PUTTS

(Continued from Page 16)

Then miracle number one happened and became history. Bowler was seen to raise a glittering eighteen-ounce niblick toward the zenith, as an uncivilized warrior raises his battle-axe to put the finishing touch to a fallen and hated foe. There was heard the creaking and rending of wiry plum bushes, and a thud like that made by a meteor falling. Dust, twigs and small stones arose in a cloud; and from this was seen to separate itself, sweetly rising, a white, effulgent, frolicsome golf ball. The said ball was seen to plump upon the green and to roll forward against a heavy drag until it rested within an inch of the cup.

When the shouts and handclappings and the dancings up and down were over Sterling addressed his ball, made a little swing and half-topped it clean across the green. It took him two putts to go down, and he lost the hole in an actual five to a conceded four. But he had still a lead of four holes, with only five to play, and those who noticed his happy, boyish smile remarked that he looked very confident, almost overconfident.

From this point in the match, however, it seemed as if Sterling went to pieces—"blew up." The contrary was the case. He played the best golf of his career, and lost hole after hole. At the fourteenth Bowler sliced his drive into the long grass on the right; thereupon, with infinite cunning and precision, Sterling pulled his into a plowed field on the left. He failed to lay his short approaches quite dead; he missed putts by the breadth of hairs.

"For if," he thought, "there are to be ever any more tears in those eyes they shall not be of my making."

The contestants were even at the seventeenth, with but one more hole to play. Both were on the home green with their seconds; but Bowler, who was away, laid his approach putt within inches of the hole, whereas Sterling gave himself a miserable three-foot putt for the half. If he missed it—why, then he was beaten in a most sensational finish; but to his admirers it did not seem possible that he could miss.

Sterling missed. The ball ran up to the center of the rim and stopped. The gallery gave it a breathless five seconds to lose its balance and topple in; but the ball, obedient to one of the most exquisitely calculated impulses that ever a golf ball had received, remained firm in its tracks. And Sterling had lost.

Sterling smiled peacefully. He had seen Miss Jordan dancing up and down on her toes in approval of his miss, as once years before she had danced up and down in approval of his doing the opposite. And he gave Bowler a strong handshake, and clapped him on the back and laughed merrily.

Suddenly the voice of Professor Sterling, loud, injured and disgusted, was heard above the general conversation.

"To think," he exclaimed, "of a grown-up, rational human being failing in the effort to knock a perfect sphere for three feet over an approximately perfect level into a large hole! A child could do it, and golf is a game for half-witted children, anyway."

"By George! Father," cried Sterling cheerfully, "do you mean to say that a three-foot putt is easy?"

"Easy!" cried the parent. "Here, give me one of your clubs—any one, I don't care which—and a ball. . . . There, is that where your ball was? . . . Now then ——"

The gallery had lingered to hear the result of the altercation. The professor had amused Aiken. Aiken said he was a "character; a regular old bird," and so on.

And now the professor, about to demonstrate the facility with which a grown-up, rational human being executes a three-foot putt, was aware of an ominous and disturbing silence. Fifty pairs of eyes, including his wife's, were on him. His suspenders felt very tight; he was afraid that if he bent much a button would fly off him. The hole, which had appeared so large and capacious to him when others were playing for it, had shrunk and contracted in some inexplicable manner. Furthermore, that "approximately perfect level" of which he had spoken looked now like a relief map of the Rocky Mountains. One grain of sand in particular—he knew it for gneiss in combination with feldspar—was a particularly large grain of sand, and very unfairly it was right in the line from the center of his ball

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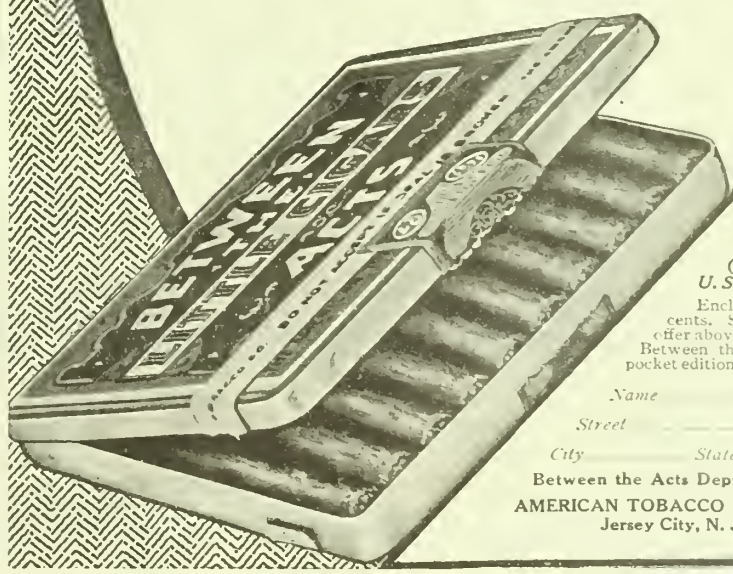

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to the center of the hole. On account of his suspenders he dared not stoop to brush it away with the back of his hand as he had seen golfers do. How hard ought he to hit the ball? Perspiration started suddenly from all his pores as it does in the hot room of a Turkish bath. And now he was aware that the long, hilly walk—twice around the golf links, mind you!—had been too much for him. His knees were shaking violently. Did people see that this was so? Some one snickered.

A moment later Professor Sterling knew that, except by an accident, it would be utterly impossible for him to putt that miserable "cucumber-shaped ball" into that miserable pin-prick in the sand, which crazy people dignified with the title of hole.

Professor Sterling, a deeply religious man, now sought refuge in prayer. "For Heaven's sake, go in!" he murmured, and he made a dab at the ball with his son's putter. But, because his eye was upon the hole where his hopes were, instead of on the back of the ball where it ought to have been, he missed the ball entirely, fanned the air—and was almost blown off his trembling legs by the crash of laughter that greeted his effort.

That night he only spoke once.

"Whatever induced you to take up golf?" he said to his son.

"A putt," said this one, "that I holed by accident from the edge of the green. It was a wonderful sensation."

. . . . . .

The next morning, bright and early, Professor Sterling was seen moving in the direction of the secluded seventeenth green, a brand-new putter in one hand and two brand-new balls in the other. Arrived at the green, he dropped a ball a foot from the hole; but on second thought he moved it nearer by six inches.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Sterling said to her son:

"And now tell me why you did it?"

"Did what?"

"Lost on purpose."

Sterling looked his mother in the eyes, and saw therein so great a tenderness and understanding that a certain degree of peace entered his heart.

Learn Your Value

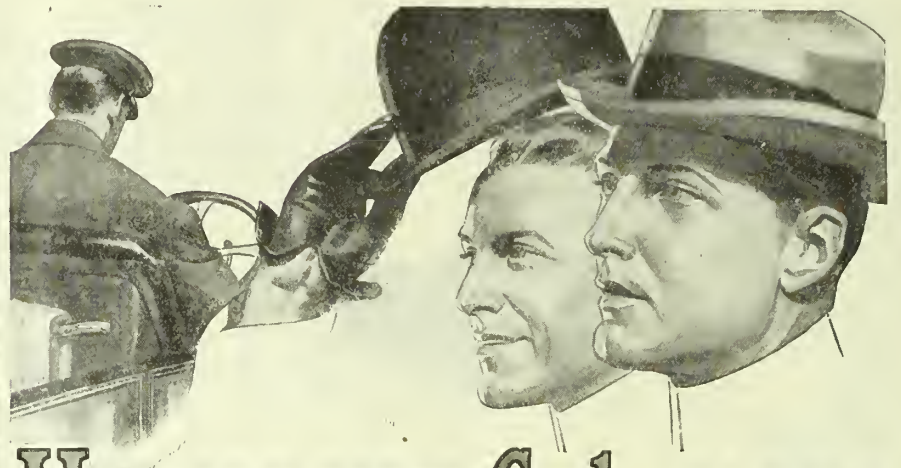
A REMARKABLE instance of a man's not knowing the value of his brain is shown in the case of an employee in an electrical machinery manufacturing company. Ten years ago this man was a machinist, promoted for a short time to foremanship; from which position he was relieved because of his great ingenuity in effecting improvements in the equipment or the products. He was told to run loose through the plant and study every machine and every workman, and suggest economies or improvements. The men designated him the "Doctor" while he laughingly called himself the "Looker-on," adding that the looker-on sees most of the game.

One evening he read of a retort made by the noted Jim Fiske to a warning of Jay Gould's at the time of some astoundingly audacious operation in "Erie." "They can wipe out my Erie stock," laughed Fiske, "but they can't touch this!" tapping his forehead. "There's enough there to show bigger dividends than any two streaks of rust ever laid over this earth!"

The Looker-on read no more. Something in Fiske's assertion went right home to him. He was fully accustomed, in his occupation, to very close and careful figuring—from mills in a single operation to thousands of dollars on the yearly repetition. During the next month, in his travels through the numerous shops, many machines and products would remind him of savings he had effected, and he made note of them. At the end of the month he made a comprehensive and conservative calculation and found that his six years' work had saved the company over seven hundred thousand dollars, while he had received, as his share, twelve thousand.

There was no explosion of wrath. "A man who doesn't know his own worth," he said, "has only himself to blame if he doesn't cash in." But he resolved to do better.

That was four years ago. He is with the same company now, but on double his previous salary; and during the four years he has taken in nearly fifty thousand dollars for patents or royalties on inventions of entirely new apparatus, some of which were sold to his own company and some to other manufacturers.



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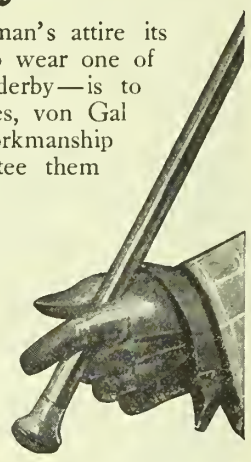

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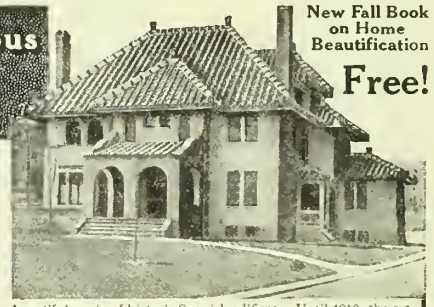

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Pay Less and Dress Better

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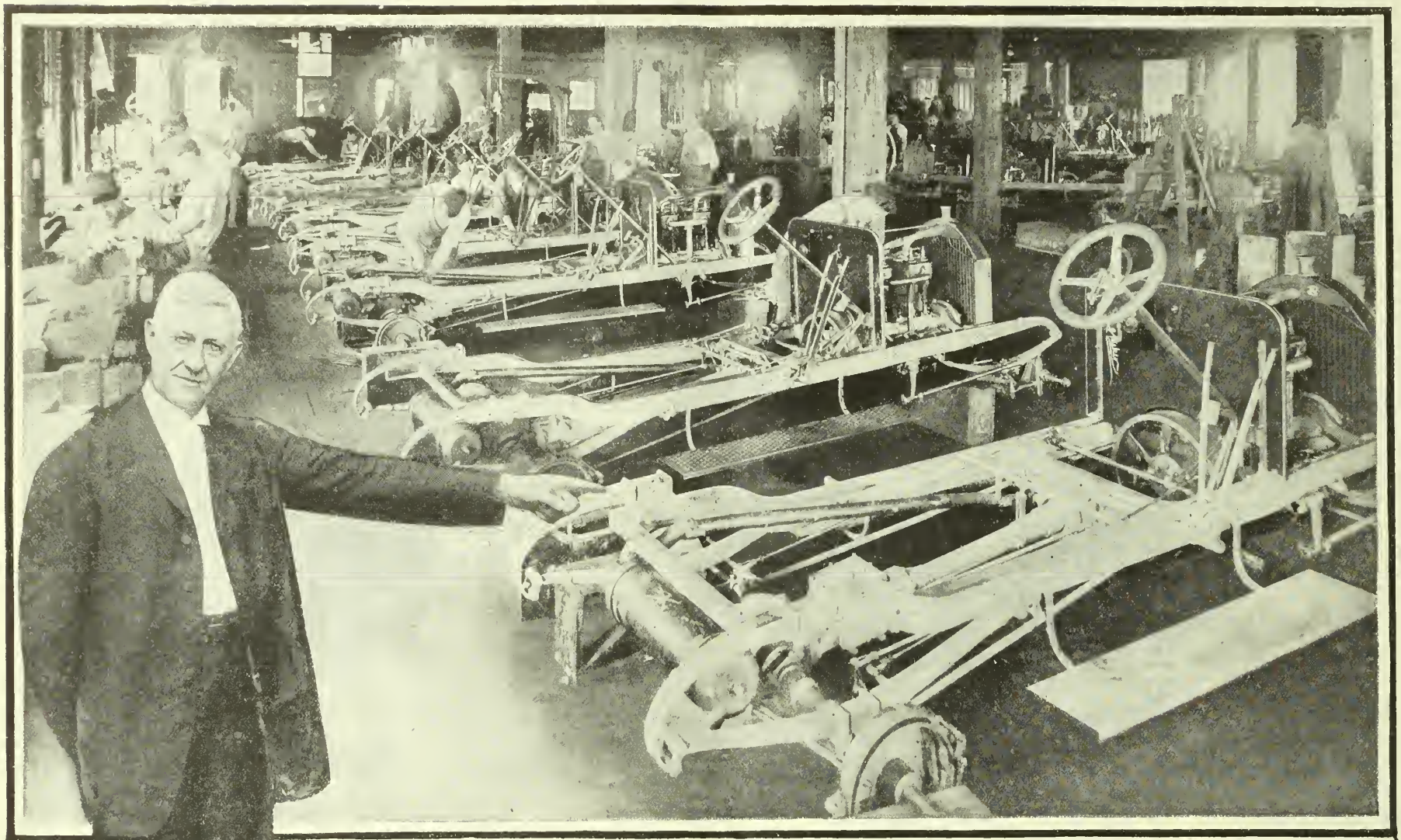

I KNEW IT, I knew it was coming, and my dealers knew it too; we knew that it *had* to come; why should the automobile business be different from any other when the value of any machine is simply the service it gives?

Three years ago we first designed our Model "30." Our engineers told us we were spending too much money on it; they said 1½-inch bearing in the crankshaft was enough—but I made it 1¾-inch, and I put four bolts on the connecting rods besides—while the designs only called for the usual two. Shouldn't the bearings in a $1,500 car stand up just as long as those in a high-priced car? *I* think so.

That's why I put them there.

Give me a minute more; look at the frame! Must a man's frame sag because he pays $1,500 for his car? We build ours over the same dies designed for our $3,000 model. We've made the wheelbase 114-inch on the Model "30" this year, which is four inches longer than it was before.

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THE TARIFF COMMISSION

(Continued from Page 5)

It will be seen at once that this practice conformed neither to the "principle" of a protective tariff nor to that of a tariff-for-revenue-only—it conformed to nothing but the principle of piracy. Especially was it utterly hostile to and destructive of the protective tariff principle—and still is, and increasingly so. For the theory of a protective tariff is that the measure of our customs duties shall be fixed by the difference between the cost of producing an article in this country and the cost of producing the same article in foreign and competing countries.

This is for the purpose of saving American manufacturers from being crushed out by a foreign competition that they cannot meet, or of saving American laboring men from being reduced to the wages and methods of living of foreign workingmen, who might be doing precisely the same work that the American workingman is doing, but doing it so cheaply and living in such a fashion that the American workingman could not exist if put on the same basis.

That is what protection means scientifically as well as morally—and that is its purpose and its only purpose. So you will see that tariff building upon this theory becomes almost an exact science, a very simple thing once the facts are found out upon which to base an honest protective tariff rate and schedule considered separately on the merits of each. And you will see, too, how the log-rolling, trading, bartering between the fatted interests is hostile to this plain theory of protection and the honest practice of that theory.

Let us make this trading, dealing, bartering, log-rolling method of tariff building a little bit plainer. Take the last tariff session as an example of all others, but the very last example, thanks to the intelligence of the American people and the demand of the average American producer. Let us say there are four or five enormous interests that have exercised dominant influence in building our tariffs, influences that have been seen in both great parties—for example, our old friend of the Wilson-Gorman tariff, the American Sugar Refining Company, known as the Sugar Trust; or the American Woolen Company, known as the Wool Trust; the American Tobacco Company, known as the Tobacco Trust; or the New England cotton combination, known as the Cotton Trust; or the International and Northern Paper Companies, known as the Paper Trust; or the Weyerhaeuser lumber enterprises, known as the Lumber Trust, and its associate concerns.

The Tariff Feudal System

Very well. Let us say that there are five Senators who do not want the sugar schedule touched; ten who do not want the wool schedule touched; ten more who want the cotton schedule increased; ten more who think that the internal revenue laws affecting tobacco should not be altered, and so on. Perhaps these various groups of Senators do not greatly care about any schedules other than the one which they are supporting—though it is a fact that there is a curious sympathy among all of them.

But no matter. A combination is formed among all of them at the head of which is a skilled and practiced legislative leader—a very captain of deals, a master "log-roller." Let us say that this combination represents forty votes. You perceive that it is a very powerful array of votes when cast as a unit, as they always are cast.

Do not get the impression that these Senators forming this combination are insincere. They have got so used to making tariffs in the method here described that any other method seems to them a kind of economic sacrilege. Also some of them are devoted as a matter of honest opinion to these schedules. The Democratic Senators from Louisiana, for example, opposed by voice and vote any modification of the sugar schedule—no doubt they did this because they felt that if we began to change that schedule the profitable place that Louisiana cane growers have in it would be vacated.

Or take the wool schedule. Senators representing wool-growing constituencies frankly admitted that as the schedule now exists it works to the disadvantage of those very wool growers; yet they supported the wool schedule with fervid vigor because they feared that to modify it in this particular would call down upon them the wrath of the manufacturers, and that they would then be in worse plight than before.

Also some of the Senators forming such a combination are influenced sincerely by the following clear theory of legislation: They believe that if the primary industries—the great interests—are made overwhelmingly prosperous, the country will be made reasonably prosperous; that if these mighty interests are made monarchs of the country's production and commerce these interests will give a steadiness to the whole country's business; that the great generals of industry at the head of these interests are really statesmen of affairs—and some of them really are—under whose orders the business affairs of the nation will run more smoothly and proceed more wisely than they otherwise would.

You will see that this theory has some argument back of it; but it means the tariff vassalage of every business man in the United States to commercial overlords who are at the head of these great interests. It means a tariff feudal system with the secondary industries clustered around the primary interests, bound to support their lord and, of course, at their lord's mercy. This theory, of course, is antipodal to the whole idea of the liberty of our own domestic commerce—indeed to the whole idea of democratic institutions. It means that the small interests can get just tariff rates only by helping big interests to get unjust ones.

The Master of Deals

I am citing all of these reasons to exonerate most of the men who form the tariff combination that I am describing from any personal dishonesty of purpose or motive.

But to get back to the workings of this combination. It is formed, I say, in the manner above described. Nobody will dispute this. Everybody knows it to be true. Right here it should be noted that in its various operations, which I shall now describe, it turns up every once in a while with some support from the opposition party. But let us stick to the combination.

The responsible head of this combination, the Master of Deals, goes to the two Senators from another state who are asking for some just and reasonable and absolutely honest protection for certain industries in their state—or, rather, they go to the Master of Deals, for the Master of Deals in command of the combination is so powerful that he seldom has to go to anybody. Sometimes he must go to an unusually stubborn Senator, and when he must go he does go.

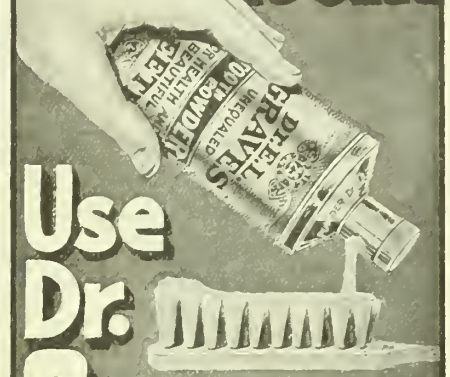
It may well be—often is—that these two Senators do not approve of the purposes of this powerful combination; it may be that they abhor the schedules that this combination was formed to maintain or put through—and just precisely this was the case in many instances in the last tariff session. "No matter," the Master of Deals says to these two Senators; "you cannot have your just and honest request put into this law unless you agree to vote with our combination—otherwise we will beat you on what you want." The two Senators may rave all they please—but they are helpless, unless they are willing to stand out for what is right regardless of any consequences.

But here come in the selfishness and immorality of the otherwise honest interests in their state, for whom these Senators are asking moderate and honest protection—interests that would be only too glad to be freed from the thraldom in which the log-rolling methods of tariff making hold them; for these latter interests, although they also disapprove of the extortions that the combination is asking the Senators from their state to help put through, nevertheless say to their Senators: "Well, it is too bad; but, after all, we have got to have this rate if we are to go on with our business. So, though it is wrong, you, our Senators, had better vote for these and other extortionate rates in order to protect the industries of your own state."

In the end these Senators do just that thing. So the outcome of the whole business is that a majority of votes are secured for an entire tariff scheme based on these trades, deals and log-rollings in the Senate, and upon the coercions and threats to those whom it draws into its net.

Then over those who still stand out, as a matter both of conscience and of intelligence, is lifted the stinging, biting whip of

For Pearly White Teeth



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1434 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

party regularity. "What!" it is said; "will you vote against your party?"—and the humorous side of it is that those who say this always in some curious way have votes from the other party on this, that and the other schedule; and still more amusing is the assumption that the "majority" of Senators and Representatives which the combination thus builds up is "the party."

If Senators, as a matter of honor, still hold out, up rises some mighty man in the combination and cries "Insurgent!" That awful word is supposed to be enough to scare the bravest into line. Of course, the word insurgent has lost its party terrors since four great Republican states have made what the insurgents stood for and fought for the formal creed of the Republican party in those states. The insurgents appealed from the bosses who ruled the combination to the people, and in California, Indiana, Iowa and Kansas the voters of the party in their party platforms have made the insurgents the regulars, and insurgency regularity. After all, the voter is the only man who can finally settle a party's, or a country's, policy—the firesides of the people is the court of last resort. That was Abraham Lincoln's idea, and Lincoln was not only a great statesman but also a very wise and sound politician, in the larger sense. So the word insurgent is no longer a term of dread now that the people have made the insurgents the regulars. But the bosses of the "combination," one year ago, thought that men would flee in panic from the deep damnation which the word insurgent was supposed to contain. Four great states, in conventions or at primaries, have damaged that idea beyond repair—and these four states are only the vanguard. There will be others. After all, the people are not so sound asleep.

But to get back to the story of just what happens. The men who earnestly disapprove of these schedules, but who were driven to vote for them in order to secure just and reasonable rates for industries in their own states, or who were scared to it by the cry of party regularity, or who were driven into it by the party whip in the hands of the bosses of the combination, are urged to become defenders of the whole law. Curiously enough, some of these become more bitter even than the Master of Deals and his intimate lieutenants themselves against those who refuse to obey the combination's orders.

The Old Cry of Demagogue

The best "stump" speakers that the bosses of the combination can drum up are sent throughout the country proclaiming that "this is a government of parties, and parties must be ruled by majorities," and all the rest of these old-time commonplaces to which we all have become so accustomed.

Such newspapers as can be deceived by the tariff bosses into believing that their combination is "the party," or otherwise influenced, take up the cry, "Save the party!" As though any party can be saved except by the good sense of its measures and the righteousness of its attitude. All this and a good deal more is done. The men who are true to their convictions and who stand out for their constituents and the whole country, rather than for the combination and the interests which the combination represents, are frightfully abused.

"They are doing all this for ambition," we are told. "They are mere demagogues"; and a demagogue, we are informed, is a very dangerous person; although we cannot but remember that Washington was called a demagogue by the British; and Andrew Jackson was denounced as a demagogue, bui'ding his career on the ruins of the Constitution; and Lincoln was the arch-demagogue of them all, according to the same class of men in the time of Washington, Jackson and Lincoln.

Of course you would think that all this ridicule, scorn and so forth would come only from the party to which the insurgents belong. But did it? Does it? It did not. It does not. Democrats jumped on the insurgents as fiercely as Republican reactionaries. You will find out some day what a very non-partisan affair a log-rolling tariff is. Neither Democratic nor Republican reactionaries want to destroy log-rolling any more than do the interests who profit by log-rolling.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Senator Beveridge on the Tariff Commission. The second article will appear in an early issue.

MAYER-CINCINNATI ALL-WOOL TAILORING

College Men:

You can have, for the asking, book illustrating our ultra-smart Fall-Winter fashions for young men; together with name of your local store where the Mayer-Cincinnati tailoring line awaits your inspection. Suit or overcoat, made to measure, $17.50 upward. Every fabric all-wool. Every feature of workmanship unqualifiedly guaranteed.

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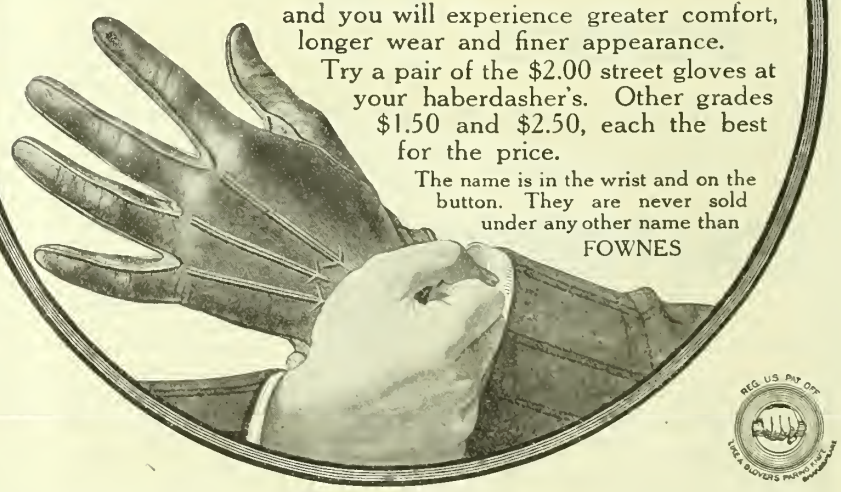
Some glove suggestions

For street wear avoid a very light weight, tight-fitting glove. In putting on your gloves, pull them from the wrist at the back, instead of from the front. Then insist on getting

FOWNES GLOVES



and you will experience greater comfort, longer wear and finer appearance. Try a pair of the $2.00 street gloves at your haberdasher's. Other grades $1.50 and $2.50, each the best for the price.

The name is in the wrist and on the button. They are never sold under any other name than FOWNES

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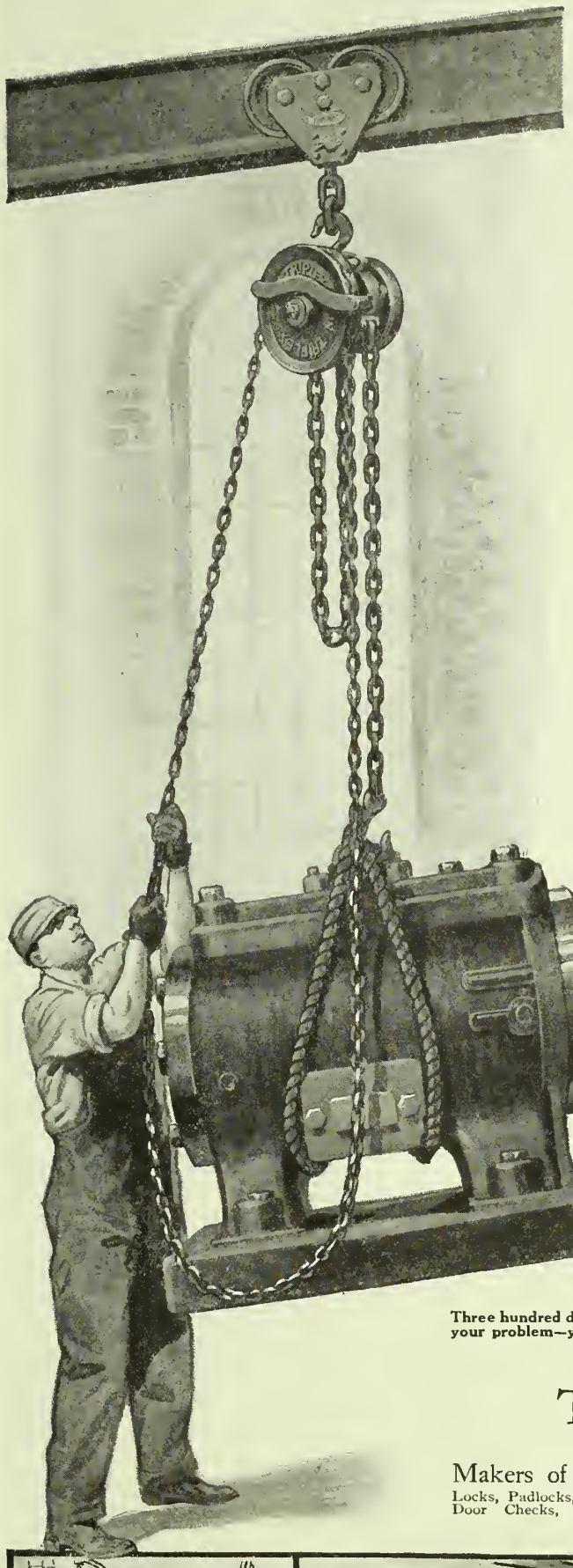
The best chain hoisting machine, absolutely *safe*. Always holds the load automatically at any point. One man alone can lift the full load



THE lifting of loads is a universal need—a vital factor in every man's business. The Triplex Block is the simplest, safest, most efficient and most economical load-lifter in the world.

It lifts loads under all conditions in all places—from a palace to a sawmill—a garage to a warship.

When one man pulls on the hand chain of the Triplex Block, he can lift any load from 200 lbs. to twenty tons; two men can lift forty tons.

The load is always automatically held at any point during the lift. You can go away and let it hang ten seconds or a year. It will not come down until you are ready. Then you lower it by pulling lightly on the reverse side of the hand chain.

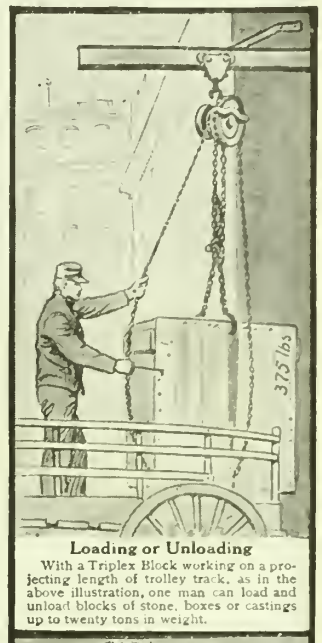
The Triplex Block has the strongest, simplest, smoothest-running, wear-resisting system of gears ever devised to multiply lifting power.

It so multiplies the strength of one man as to make him master of every lifting problem.

Many loads must also be transported--moved horizontally. The Triplex Block not only lifts its load easily and holds it suspended safely, but when hung from a trolley running on an overhead track, the load may be moved easily wherever the overhead track goes.

One man can push the load as easily as he lifts it.

In foundries, machine shops, factories, sawmills, mines, quarries, warehouses—in power-houses and boiler-rooms—on railways, ships and docks—thousands of Triplex Blocks are daily lifting and transporting thousands of tons, at a saving in labor which frequently repays the whole cost of installation in six months. Everyone who has lifting and transporting to do, should write for the book about Triplex Blocks. A postcard brings it.



Loading or Unloading
With a Triplex Block working on a projecting length of trolley track, as in the above illustration, one man can load and unload blocks of stone, boxes or castings up to twenty tons in weight.

In a Warehouse
With a simple frame work and a Triplex Block suspended from the top and hooked to the car, one man can put up or take down a barrel full of oil in two or three minutes.

On a Farm
One man alone, with a Triplex Block, can put the heaviest stones on his stone-boat and build them into walls in one-tenth the time required in the old way. For pulling stumps it is unequalled.

Three hundred dealers in the United States carry Triplex Blocks in stock. Wherever you are and whatever your problem—you may have a Triplex Block to try by just asking any one of them or by writing to us.

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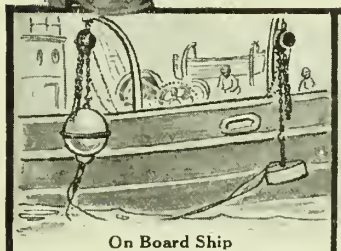
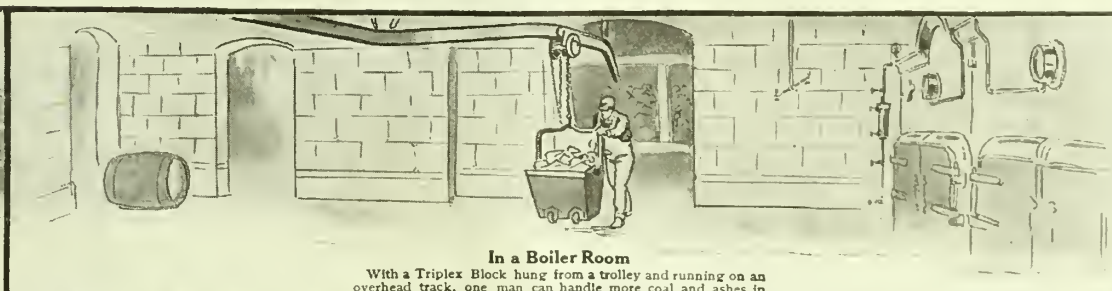
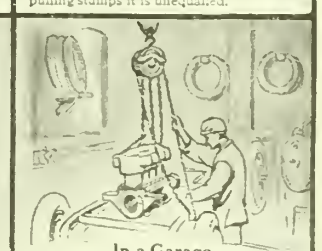


On Board Ship
With a Triplex Block swung from a ship's davit, as shown in the illustration, one man alone can hoist aboard the full load that the davit will sustain.



In a Boiler Room
With a Triplex Block hung from a trolley and running on an overhead track, one man can handle more coal and ashes in an hour than the man with the wheelbarrow can handle in a day.



In a Garage
With a Triplex Block hung from a trolley, one man can not only lift the whole car,—the chassis,—engine or gear-case—but he can move them wherever he likes.

YOU CAN'T CHANGE HUMAN NATURE

The auto must have a signal that really warns. You have a right to insist upon protection.

If all minds were always alert—if children could protect themselves—if the weak were strong, there would be no need of any auto signal. But you can't change human nature.

A real warning signal is necessary. The KLAXON—and only the KLAXON—is that signal. Public safety demands its use.

The auto is a locomotive, not a plaything. It should warn, not serenade; it should give a signal that cuts through every other noise, that makes you act before you are confused, that warns on the instant, in time!

No twaddle—no tooting—no silly scales.

The KLAXON says: "Auto coming! Look out! NOW!"

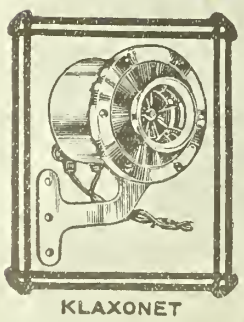
You hear—you act—you are safe.

Ask any one of the 30,000 motorists who trust no other signal; ask the traffic squad—the accident insurance adjusters—the ambulance surgeons.

The KLAXON has never taken a life; it has saved thousands.

Imperious! Incisive! Irresistible!

The KLAXON and the auto are one and not safely separable.



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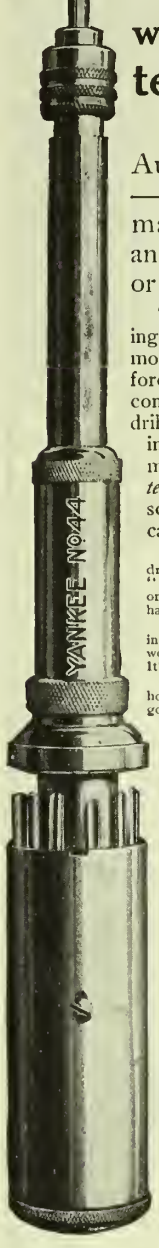

The only drill with adjustable tension spring

This is the "Yankee" Automatic Drill No. 44—the most efficient tool made for boring hard and soft woods with large or small drills.

The drill is operated by pushing on the handle; the handle moves back automatically. The force required for pushing—and consequently the pressure on the drill point, is governed by a spring in the handle, which spring is made shorter or longer and the *tension greater* or *less* through a screw operated by turning the cap on handle.

FOR EXAMPLE: In driving a 5-32 drill into tough timber you want to put some "steam" back of the work: just turn the cap on handle, tighten up the spring and you have a *high tension.*

Suppose your next job is with a 3-32 drill in an average piece of wood where you can work best with a *medium tension* on the tool. It's right *there* after a turn or two of the cap.

Then, when you want to make a tiny hole, say 1-16, in brittle stuff, and you must go gently, again a turn or two of the cap and *No. 44* will give you the easy *light tension* the work requires.

No. 44 not only enables you to work more easily, and faster and better, than any other drill, but it

Saves you breakage of drill points.

A further improvement is the drill-magazine with opened end *up*, letting you quickly and easily change drill points. Eight drill points, 1-16 to 11-64, in plain sight.

Ask your dealer for "Yankee" Automatic Drill No. 44. Price $1.75

To the dealer: Some of your customers who are reading this ad. will want to buy **No. 44.** *See if you have it in stock. If not, better get an order through to your jobber right away.*

FREE TOOL BOOK. Mechanics and householders are invited to write for "Yankee" Tool Book, illustrating and describing 66 kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools.

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For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes.

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Real smoke tanned leather, unlined. Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, made with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

Good for school and all forms of play. Always comfortable.

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Very economical—Wears longer than the ordinary shoe. No nails in heels to wear out stockings.

Youths' Sizes, 10 to 13½, $3.25
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(Continued from Page 19)

as she fled for the Straits a hundred miles north. In a break in the afternoon gloom Lethbridge saw the pilot-schooner running for the open sea, a last sign that the storm was growing in strength. Sunni, too, saw the little vessel and sighed. "We sha'n't see her for a week," he remarked. "When she quits it means that nothing else can risk it this close in. Well, our cable's strong and if we break it, we've the power to go it alone."

Lethbridge made no response except a grunt. The twilight settled into the blank darkness of night. The great lamps swung wildly at the mastheads, throwing their gleam into the smother. The last faint radiance of North Head Light was swallowed in the murk, and the hoarse fog-whistle began its monotonous ten-second blasts. Overside the submarine bell clanged rapidly, tolling off breathlessly the signal One-Eight-Eight. The mess-boy reported supper ready. So the storm settled down on the laboring lightship, wrapping her in streaming mist, roaring sullenly about her lonely lights, flinging over her the huge cracking surges that marked the sea's angry might. And in the little cabin the officers sat in their creaking chairs, clutching at the dishes which the tottering boy handed them with a wry face. Lethbridge seemed flushed with pleasure, eagerly listening to the crunch of the driving seas and the jar of the windlass. O'Rourke ate swiftly, occasionally muttering a word to Macpherson. Sunni stared at the lamp, apparently reading some eccentric and puzzling message in its erratic passage from one end of its little arc to the other. His mind was on the Gull. Had Rasmussen left harbor only to run into this gale? After all, experience and wisdom didn't count in these days, he reflected. All that people wanted was vessels should make their schedule. Rasmussen couldn't afford to lose his job. Lethbridge had been correct in saying that no native American would have taken the Gull to sea. Sunni wondered miserably why it was that it was the Scandinavian who did these difficult things, who kept old ships running, who made it possible for non-seafaring stockholders to amass dividends. Lethbridge, even his hatred told him, would have defied owners and stuck to his own judgment. There was something in Lethbridge and his like that scorned the routine and drudgery that made the whole existence of so many sailors and masters. What was it? Sunni demanded of himself. Dimly he knew that his own wit and skill were greater than Lethbridge's. Yet all that skill and all that experience did not prevent Mrs. Sunni—Helma, his children's mother—from being at sea in an unseaworthy vessel in a storm. Lethbridge's people, he bitterly reflected, were at home, in snug houses, careless and ignorant of the devouring sea.

The mate got up suddenly, clutched his way out of the cabin and on deck. The chief engineer followed him, brushing his gray mustache and turning his bright eyes hither and thither till the full blast of the wind almost drove them back into his head. Standing in the shelter of the hatchway he pulled at Sunni's oilskin coat. "Misther! Misther!" he said miserably. "Your lady isn't at sea this night."

Sunni turned his white, aged face on him. "Mickey," he said wretchedly, "I wish I had never seen the sea."

The chief engineer dragged himself one step farther up, poking a grimy forefinger into the mate's waist-lashing. "Him," he said with sudden profound wisdom, "don't know annything about it. He thinks he's boss here, misther. But you and me, we've been workin' and toilin' all our lives, and our fathers and mothers worked and toiled all their lives on this same domned sea, and we know. Misther Sunni, the lad down there with his uniform and his high ways don't know annything. Me father was drownded off Ushant. I've heard ye say yer own father went down in a lumber drogher in the North Sea, and we know." He stopped, fixing his weary, sparkling eyes on the stolid mate, embodying in one comprehensive and authoritative gesture the history of a race, of all the races of seafarers, who live, suffer and die, who struggle and battle and strive for the little that the sea does not withhold, who go against it in armies, who make their lives fit its codes of necessity, who accept defeat and are unsure of their victories; who never boast, who constantly patch up their theories to meet the sea's new contingencies, who know that the only way to gain even transient ascendency is to hang together and obey the hard-learnt rules of the game. And it was one of these rules that the chief engineer enforced now with his sooty finger. "Forget it," he adjured Sunni. "'Tis our business to kape the lights bright. 'Tis Rasmussen's to get the Gull and your lady safe into Tillamook."

The mate nodded briefly, turning his face once more into the biting wind. His hoarse voice broke along the dripping, careering deck. "For'ad, there! The after light is smoking! Lower away and trim!" As two men tumbled out in response to this command O'Rourke silently withdrew down the steps, peered wisely in upon Lethbridge, who was writing up the log, and retired to the fiddle, where he dried himself in the dry, aromatic heat from the fireroom below, humming a song under his breath, listening to the throb, hiss and beat of the hurrying air-compressor engine. Overhead the whistle flung out its crashing bellow, shaking the strong structure of the lightship with vibrations of sound. Far down against the vessel's side the submarine bell tolled chokingly, One-Eight-Eight, hurriedly, insistently, as if its office were the most important in the world. O'Rourke nodded, lost the tune of his song and slept, surrounded by the humming boilers, soothed by the clatter of shovels in the fireroom, the slather of the coals across the plates, the creaking and straining of the beams that carried the motionless engines' weight.

He wakened at midnight, gave the fireman just come on watch his blessing, peered at the whistle-engine, felt the hot cylinders of the air-compressor, poked his nose into the jangle forward where the windlass was biting into the cable and snarling over the leap and jerk of the moorings, and then went up the steps on deck. As he thrust his head above the hatch-coaming and caught the whirling blast of the gale Sunni lurched by, stooping over to avoid the volleys of spray that rattled along the decks. O'Rourke stopped him and dragged him back into the shelter of the lamphouse. "'Tis the Captain's watch," he protested. "And for why are ye on deck here, Misther Sunni?"

The mate turned his haggard face to the light. "I thought we'd best keep a double lookout," he muttered. "If the Gull can't make Tillamook, she'll come out here to lie by till daylight."

"Much good 'twill do you if she does," said the chief engineer practically. "The Gull's safe enough. Ye can spind money and get it back, but lost slape niver did annybody anny good at all, for nobody iver found the slape some one ilse lost. Turn in, Misther Sunni."

Sunni's eminently practical mind had gone off on a tangent, however, and he enlarged to O'Rourke on the various accidents that might befall the Gull. He pictured her stranded on Tillamook bar, helplessly adrift off the coast, foundering in the darkness. O'Rourke scorned him. "Turn in and get some slape," he adjured him. "All the bhoys will kape a good lookout, and if something did happen what cud we do, Misther Sunni?"

"We might pick up the small boat," said the mate wretchedly.

"If the small boat cud hit us in the pit murk," was the response. "Rasmussen won't thry that. He'll wait till dawn, like a sinsible fellay, and come up bright and foine with the sun to breakfast with us."

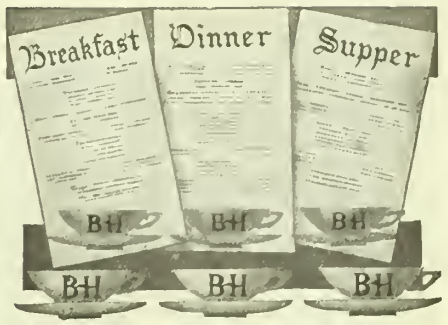
"Look here!" said the mate, dragging the chief engineer over to the side. "Look at that, man!"

O'Rourke balanced himself on the slippery plates and peered down the vessel's side. A sinking sea slid into some abyss and left streaming steel flanks quivering below them. Another sea buried them, flinging the lightship far over. But O'Rourke had seen and groaned.

"'Tis a tin-knot current," he whispered. "No wundher the ould girl winces on the cable and the shackles sing in the hawsepipes. No small boat can live in that."

"It might live a while," said Sunni, "but it would be helpless. Even a full-powered steamer could hardly breast that tide."

Lethbridge came along, shaking the spray from his cap. "The wind is pretty



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Coffee chaff, fine white flakes, can be seen in any coffee ground in the old way. It contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter, harsh and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor and is not good for the human system. *Baker-izing* removes this chaff.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the coffee cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. It enters the stomach with the coffee and is inclined to upset things. You won't find this dust in

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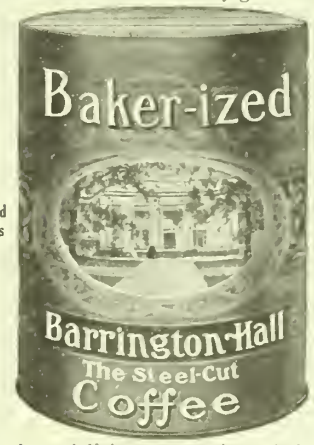

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nearly a hundred miles an hour," he gasped. "D'ye think the cable will hold?"

O'Rourke wagged a wise head. "It'll hold, misther," he cried back. "She's a new chain and she's been tested and built and retested just to stand this weather. The Governmint don't take no chances now."

"If she does part," said Lethbridge, coming into the lee of the lamphouse, "we have power enough to go out and steam around with the best of them."

"She's a good boat," said the mate. "I expect she could make fair time even against this wind and tide."

"Oh, we're safe enough!" Lethbridge assented easily. "And if need be we could slip our moorings and go and help some other vessel."

Sunni nodded. "We could," he grunted; "but we've got to hang on here. That's orders."

"I'm never going to see a vessel in distress and not help her," said Lethbridge sharply. "That's why we've got engines and a full head of steam. We're supposed to use judgment in this business."

O'Rourke was shocked. "Och, misther!" he pleaded. "'Tis our orders to stay here till we are told to come in, and we cudn't slip our moorings. 'Tis impossible. It hasn't been done in all the years lightships have been on station. Nobody iver heard of one lavin' its place till it sank or was ordered into port to be relieved."

Lethbridge glanced amusedly at the chief engineer. Tonight he felt himself really in a position of responsibility, and he was resolved to make the most of it. He stared into the blackness around the lightship with an imperious and eager air. He was about to speak when a hoarse cry from forward drove the three of them leaping outward. Sunni's quick eyes interpreted the call instantly. "Boat alongside!" he bellowed. Lethbridge followed his outflung arm and saw a faint, twinkling gleam to windward, a mere matchlight of a glow, deep in the howling smother of darkness. His quick hands felt along the rail and clutched a heaving-line. He saw Sunni, still bellowing orders, come to a stand by the pilot-house, and knew that he, too, held a line ready to cast when the boat, if boat it were, came within casting distance.

Out of the forward hatch men poured like shot from a bottle, scurrying to their stations, bearing lanterns, flinging coils of rope on the deck, crying out to each other. And overhead the huge lamps blazed steadily, careering through the great arc of darkness, while the feeble glimmer to windward vanished, reappeared, showed brightly an instant and then dimmed. Lethbridge heard the chief engineer's voice beside him. "'Tis a boat," he said calmly.

It was a boat. It suddenly appeared almost under the bluff bows of the lightship, uprose on a crested wave, swerved wildly, sank into the boiling trough and swung up on the next hurtling sea. From forward a rope swished outboard. Lethbridge saw some one in the little craft make a stiff, helpless gesture, and knew that the line had fallen short. He saw Sunni clamber upon the rail as it dived down, balance himself and throw out his arm. Again he saw the helpless gestures of the huddled people in the boat and realized that they were numb with cold, fast perishing, unable to reach out quickly for a line. His own coil lay in his hand; he waited till another driving sea lifted the little craft almost level with the lightship's rail and then flung it out. He saw frantic graspings, heard a feeble shout; the man in the stern dropped his oar and fell forward, clutching at something. But the rope's end came slack into his hand and he knew that his cast had failed. In desperation he leaped for another rope and realized that O'Rourke was yelling down at the shipwrecked boat's crew to "Hang on!" He vaguely saw the little Irishman fling an arm upward, thought he saw a line uncoil in the air and fall across the sodden craft that now barely appeared in the seething water under the counter. He leaped and caught hold of O'Rourke's arm. He felt a thin wet rope come taut. O'Rourke yelled furiously, hanging to it and shuffling aft to the pull of it. Sunni ran up, trying to tear a tangled line apart.

"We've got 'em, and it's Rasmussen," O'Rourke bawled.

Lethbridge jumped to the rail and peered down. A sweeping gleam from the high lanterns crossed the little boat and displayed its plight. White faces stared up. Stiff arms swung imploringly towards the lofty lanterns. The man in the stern turned his sodden, stern visage to Lethbridge for one instant. He recognized the captain of the Gull. Then he noticed a woman's eyes on him. He stared down fascinatedly. What was a woman doing in that sinking boat? How had sae come there? Who was she? He cursed Rasmussen in a sudden, unreasoning access of rage. His words did not carry a fathom. The wind whipped them to itself. The passing gleam swept on. The boat vanished in the darkness. O'Rourke seized him with both hands and cried: "The loine didn't hould, misther!" He showed the frayed end of it in proof.

Instantly Lethbridge came to himself. "That boat can't live another half hour," he roared. "We'll up anchor and get it!"

He plunged away, yelling: "Chief, get your engines turning and full head of steam up. Mr. Sunni, unshackle the cable and slip it. Unlock that pilot-house, somebody! Stand by, men, and we'll go and get those people."

A wild shout echoed up from the depths of the lightship. A fireman appeared in the light from the cabin hatch and vanished below. A sailor cried out that the wheelhouse was open. Two others slashed furiously at the lashings of the steering chains and took the stoppers off the big helm. Lethbridge threw his full voice into his next order: "Ring the engines full speed ahead! Hurry, boys, and we'll go get 'em. There's a woman among them!"

Suddenly he realized that two men had not moved. The mate and the chief engineer stood peering into the darkness in which the boat had been swallowed up. He seized at them both with rough hands. "Chief, get down to your engines. What do you mean by stopping up here? Give me full speed ahead as quickly as you can. Mr. Sunni, why don't you get along and unshackle that anchor? My God, man, seconds count! That boat will sink before we can get down to her and pick her up."

O'Rourke's bright eyes turned to his superior. "Yer the skipper," he croaked; "but no orders does Mickey O'Rourke give in the engine-room this night if ye leave the station."

Lethbridge stared, choked, and wrung the Irishman's arm. "You refuse duty?" he roared. "You coward! Get down to your engines and we'll save that boat and its passengers."

"Oi'm no coward," said O'Rourke defiantly. "But Oi've tin years' service, honest and true, behind me; and no engines do I turn to leave the station. Orders are orders, sor."

In answer, Lethbridge stepped aside and jerked the bellhandle. Far down in the bowels of the ship a gong clanged. O'Rourke's mustache bristled. "Ye're a lad widout sinse," he stormed. "We did our best for that boat and no more can Saint Peter do. But Oi'll not turn the engines to leave the station. Nor will Macpherson, ayther."

Sunni turned his white, lined face to his superior. "The chief is right, sir," he said almost humbly. "I don't think you understand, sir. *We can't leave our station.*"

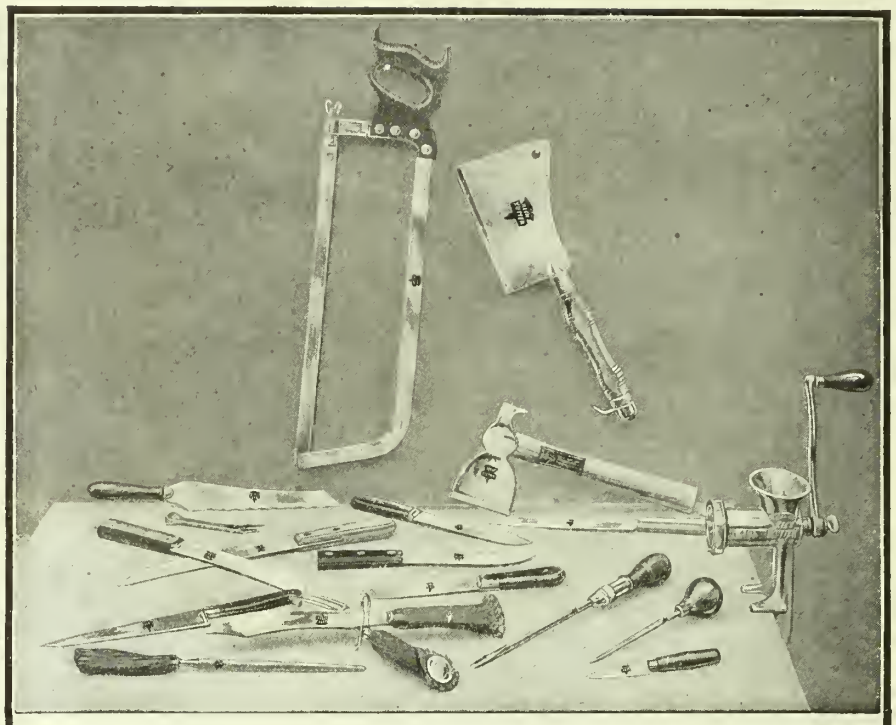
A sailor leaped aft, dripping spray. "All's clear, sir," he cried.

Lethbridge gazed through the wind-driven darkness at his two officers. Within him he felt a terrible disgust, too deep for open rage. His soul flamed in his brain, and he had thoughts of killing them as they stood. But somehow their attitude balked him. In all his experience at sea he had never run against this stolid disobedience. Time and again he had seen men whom he despised cheerfully take risks; there was no risk in steaming after the sinking small boat and rescuing her drowning crew—and the woman. What was this that held his two subordinates like stone against his will?

And as he gazed at them through smarting eyes the tremendous weight of their obstinacy bore down on him. He knew them for men of long service; men who had suffered and endured, and would suffer and endure again. He despised O'Rourke, but O'Rourke was no coward. Sunni was old and unfit for active duty, but Sunni was a seaman and had never faltered, so far as he knew. What was it? What was it?

O'Rourke's harsh voice explained it again, baldly: "It's orders, misther, not to leave our station. Ship that I was on

(Concluded on Page 53)



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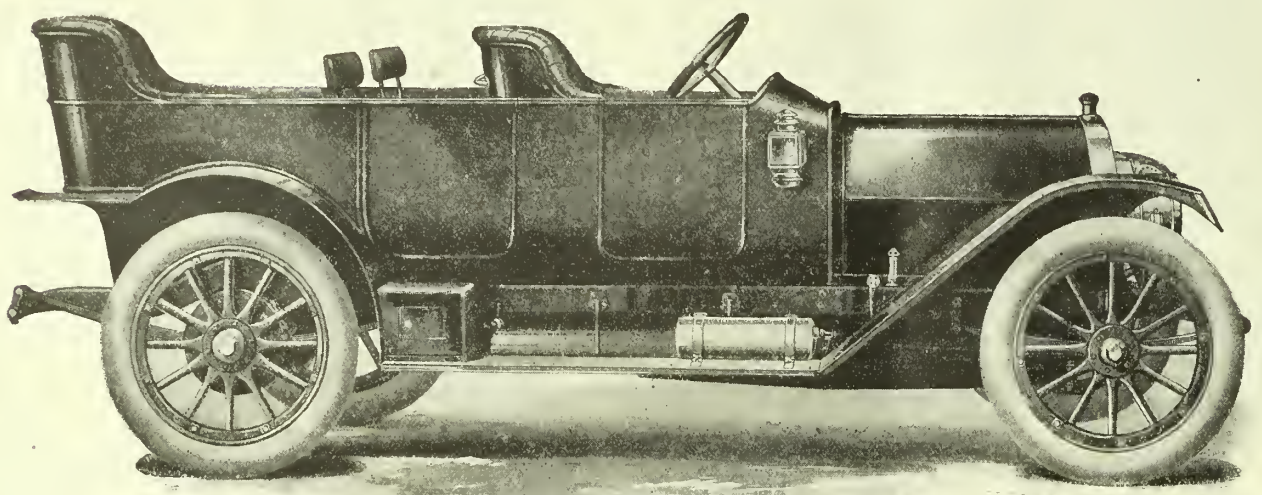

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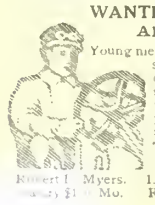

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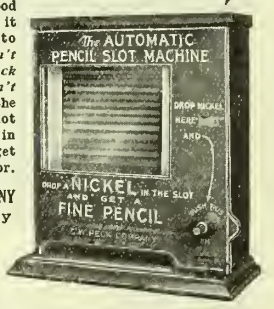

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(Concluded from Page 50)

niver did yet, and won't while Oi'm chief engineer."

Lethbridge turned to his mate. Sunni answered him with difficulty. "It's down in the book that we all signed," he said monotonously. "We all signed it when we entered the service. We can't slip our moorings, sir. It's Order No. 113."

The prodigious earnestness of the two men appalled him. He perceived his own helplessness. Yet a boat filled with dying people was being driven through the foaming seas not a mile away and No. 188 could save them. It was so simple to slip the cable and steam after them. But it was impossible. The single obedience of these two men to an old order set up a barrier that even Lethbridge could not break through. They seemed to embody the tremendous and awful authority of a vast department of the Government; they bore him down, crushed his noble and seamanlike impulses under the terrific weight of precedent, of dull rules, of office-made orders. He rebelled. But his rebellion was merely a curse on them: "You wouldn't break a rule to save a woman's life, you d—d foreigners!"

O'Rourke thrust his grimy fist into Lethbridge's face. "Oi'm an American," he said with deadly meaning. "And Misther Sunni is an American—betther American than you are, ye cocky young sprig. Misther Sunni and I both took the oath of allegiance, which is more than iver you or your loikes did; and whin we swore to obey the Governmint we meant it, and we've done it, fair weather and foul."

Lethbridge stared and laughed. Yet he felt something of the truth behind the engineer's words. He recalled that Macpherson had not answered his gong signal. But what he was on the point of saying was never uttered, for a sailor came running aft to say, "There's a steamer for'ad, sir; showing signals, sir."

Lethbridge peered into the darkness and saw the gleaming lights of a liner. In her rigging rows of lights showed that she was anxious to be spoken. Lethbridge turned. "What do you make of that signal?"

The mate wiped his eyes out with his cuff and said dully, "That's the big Rose City, sir. She wants to know if we are on our station."

"She's lost!" said O'Rourke. "Lucky fer her she picked up our lights. Another half hour on the course she was goin' and she and all her hun'reds o' passengers would be poundin' in the surf."

Lethbridge's voice barely carried to the mate. "Just signal her that No. 188 is on her station," he said.

The mate lifted his hand in response and plodded wearily forward, a bent and broken figure of a man, lurching to the pitch and surge of the lightship's deck. He was muttering to himself, "She'll understand it was orders . . . Order No. 113."

O'Rourke, by himself on the after deck, was on his knees by the bitts praying for the soul of Lars Rasmussen, who had once saved his life.

Lethbridge, hanging to the pinrail at the foremast, was staring blindly out at the liner, now hove to a mile out; he realized poignantly that the authority of the great Establishment which he served had saved those lives on the Rose City. Yet he was dumb before the sacrifice of the Gull's crew. No. 188, he knew, could have steamed after that sinking boat and rescued them all, including the white-faced woman. And yet—he went down and tore up his report to the commander, the report in which he had asked for new officers instead of O'Rourke, Sunni and Macpherson. But he did not know the extent of the devotion to duty that had made possible that bold signal at the masthead: "*We Are On Our Station.*" For Michael O'Rourke, Irish-American, and Nicholas Sunni, Finnish-American, didn't tell.

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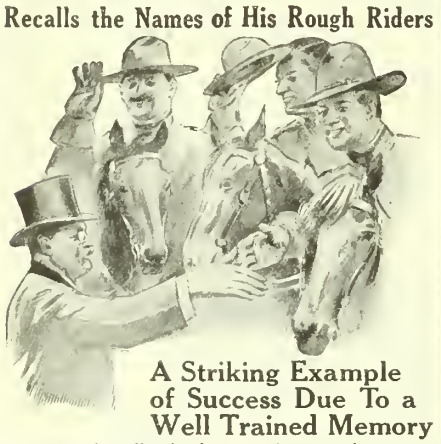

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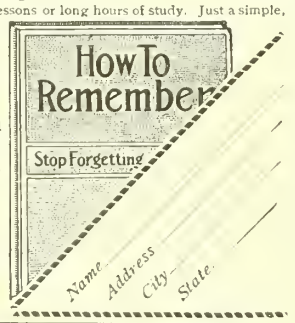

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The Gentleman Farmer and the Cost of High Living

(Concluded from Page 21)

the New York Yacht Club was asked whether he did not find his craft a vast expense. "In one way, yes," he admitted. "But in the end it pays. When I get my wife and daughters aboard they can't go shopping."

It is not, however, economy that lures the city man to the farm. Nor is it a spirit of revolt against our national sin of extravagance. It is the instinct of middle life, of what Frenchmen call *l'âge critique*—the age which decides what a man's prime shall come to. The fire of adventurous youth is failing. Two ways lie open—to stimulate it with increasing doses of pleasure, of excitement, or to rise to the soberer, the more normal enjoyment. The man is happy who can turn from the gigantic profits and losses of stock speculation to keeping tabs on pigs and chickens; from the yellow glare of Broadway to the price of oats; from absinthe cocktails to buttermilk.

When a cocky diplomat spoke scornfully of chess, Talleyrand remarked that he was laying up for himself a sad old age. Young man! When your father reads the local items in the Westchester Times before opening the Times of New York it is not an evidence of senile decay! Think twice before you kid the chap who, when gray hairs come to his temples, powders them with hayseed.

In the end it is possible that the city farmer may contribute his mite toward lessening the cost of living. History never repeats itself; but often in a general way it reproduces its patterns. It was the monks who taught mediæval Europe how to grow more than four bushels of wheat from one bushel of seed. The strength of their influence lay in two widely different circumstances. They believed profoundly in the dignity, even the sanctity, of labor. "To labor is to pray" was no empty phrase. Serf and baron alike learned from the monks that the source of all nobility, spiritual and material, is in the soil. But this monkish belief in farming would have been powerless if the monasteries had not been the great repositories of industrial capital. They had the means for systematic agriculture, and they treasured up its rewards. On their labors and on the employment of their capital in farming was founded the fabric of modern industrialism.

Now, as then, the source of all wealth, and of most of the virtues, is the soil. And now, as then, thanks to the magnificent labors of agricultural colleges, the science of farming has advanced mightily. The agricultural monk was no whit farther ahead of the mediæval yeoman than the modern man of scientific knowledge is ahead of the by-heck farmer. Winter short courses, institutes and experiment stations can do much. But to make permanent object lessons in the advantages of modern tillage in all parts of the country would require capital far beyond the means of our universities.

City farmers are their strong if unconscious allies. Blundering as much of their work is, it is guided by practical intelligence and backed by abundant capital. Season after season they provide their hands with short-course instruction and pay them liberally for attending. Their farms, numerous in the neighborhood of all large cities and growing in numbers everywhere, are permanent experiment stations, the results of which are none the less valuable because they so often show what not to do. Thanks to the city farmer, thousands of country folk, who never heard of a short course or an institute, are being trained in scientific tillage. For farm boys of exceptional means and intelligence the agricultural colleges offer a career which is really a learned and well-paid profession. But for the general run of country lads there is no fairer opening than an apprenticeship to a city farmer. And not the least valuable among the things they will learn is the dignity and the profound interest of farm labor.

Revolutions work slowly in all industries, and especially in agriculture. But once started they are irresistible as the tides. Among the many forces which must unite to reduce the preposterous cost of food it is possible that the city farmer may prove by no means the least.

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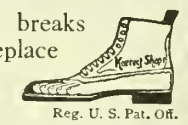

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We have gone to the homes where are bred the anemic, the incapable, the undeveloped. Where tuberculosis finds its ready prey. Where the average child is extremely nervous, and it shows at school the lack of concentration.

We have talked with the mothers who know the least about that which contributes to health and growth, to mental and physical power. To the ignorant, the careless, the unadvised.

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We have canvassed hundreds of homes of the educated, the prosperous, the competent—the homes of the leaders in every walk of life. We have talked with the mothers who know food values, or who are guided by physicians who know.

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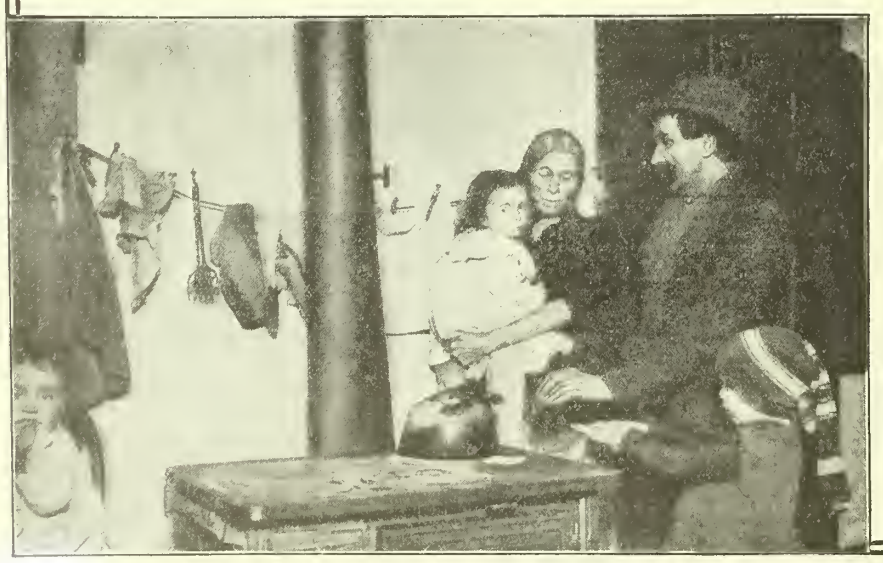

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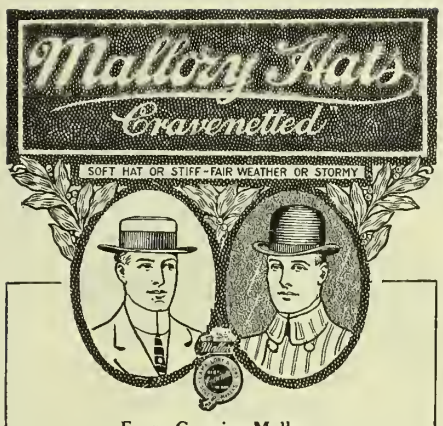

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The New Woman and Her Ways

(Continued from Page 9)

commission. This work for women has been much more broadly developed in Great Britain and on the Continent than in this country; in London, indeed, it has been carried on for forty-five years. Woman's hand has chiefly made itself felt in the slum districts, where old houses have been improved or where model tenements have been built. There is an excellent chance here to exercise both sympathy and action, attention to details, and a tolerant point of view. A broken lock, a gasoline bottle inside a window instead of outside, a drunken husband, a quarrelsome neighbor—all are the business of the woman rent-collector in the slums. From a commercial standpoint she must know enough of all the house trades to control her employees, and from the human standpoint she must be familiar with the working lines of different charitable agencies. Philadelphia and New York have both given women opportunities here, although the women who expect to do big creative work later look on rent-collecting not at all as a permanent occupation, but rather as a good phase of training.

In practically every profession there are certain rules for success, or, if not, a certain preparation before it can be obtained. The nurse has her training; the teacher, the doctor, the lawyer, their schooling. There are certain little beaten paths along which all of them walk. Not so the business woman; she has boomeranged her own way to success, and any rules she gives or generalizations she makes are drawn entirely from her own experience; they are not gathered from any common treasury of experience.

For example, one very successful woman in life insurance, who makes perhaps twenty thousand a year, began as a school-teacher. She could not stand the indoor life, and so she studied stenography and got a position with a railroad man. After a time it paid very well. She had the opportunity, as a noiseless bit of machinery, of seeing and hearing the great men in the railroad world. She took down letters and agreements which were the results of their conferences. But this opportunity of studying the great men of the country was offset by the fact that she could not bear dictation; she could not endure hearing her employer say, "Here; take this." All the time she wanted to snatch his business away from him and run it herself.

The Rough Road of Insurance

She decided that she would travel for a Philadelphia pharmaceutical house. Mr. Philadelphia objected, but she so badgered him that at last he said she might try on a commission of thirty per cent if she would pay her own expenses. She made more money than his men travelers—entirely too much money for a woman, Mr. Philadelphia told her; and he tried, but failed, to put her on a salary. When eighteen hundred dollars a year and expenses looked too small to her, she entered life insurance, which was just then developing for women. Here again she had to fight with men. She qualified for the hundred-thousand-dollar life-insurance club, but they refused to let her attend the convention because she was a woman. She went to the city where it was held and stayed at the hotel where the men were staying, and when some one teased her about not being admitted she made a speech on the spot:

"You have no more right to keep me out because I am a woman," she said, "than you have a right to keep out Mr. Brown because he is bald or Mr. Smith because he is thin."

All her listeners laughed except Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown, and she went on: "Let me in, and if I am a bluestocking or a white ribboner, or if I try to reform the club, you can put me out."

So they let her in and cheered her, and thought of her as a good fellow. That means various things, but in this case it meant that this business woman was handsome, used piquant personalities, hit straight from the shoulder and fought fair. Since then she has become the only woman of the two-hundred-thousand-dollar club, and she has opened a path for a good many other women. As usual, she gives the receipt for success from her own experience:

"I tell them I don't want a favor; I want just what business people get. I won't take a favor. I won't let them discriminate against a man for me. I fight, but I don't whine. I'm afraid to do business with a woman that whines, and so are all men. I want to act in a businesslike manner.

"All men think women have no logic or common-sense, but let their feelings rule. If you tax them with thinking women mentally inferior they will say, 'Oh, no; I know some women who are brainier than some men.' But they are only concealing their views. They seem to think that women have capability, but that the Lord didn't intend that they should use it. They don't like independence in women; they are jealous of women's dependence on them.

"But just as soon as a woman shows them that she has will and power, and will fight to get on, just as they do, and will not let her feelings come in, then they give way to her. I am good friends with the men I have fought with; I lunch and dine with them. A woman has got to have a personality that shows the men her power, and then she has got to fight without antagonizing them. That's the kind of business woman they respect. That's the one kind that wins out."

Sound Advice From an Able Woman

Another woman, who makes at least a thousand dollars a month in real estate, began as a stenographer; then she became confidential secretary to a corporation lawyer. After that she became secretary to a big real-estate man, and from him she went into the real-estate business for herself at the time when the suburban opportunities began to open for women.

"From the beginning," she said, "I eschewed men socially. Not once in all my business life have I been seen at luncheon with any business man except my brother, and at such times he accuses me of dressing so as to bring out the likeness between us, and of doing everything short of labeling him with a badge. Not even today am I ever seen with a man at a public restaurant. A business woman, if she wants to impress the business world, which means men, must meet them in public in a business way.

"She may show her femininity in her clothes and in her voice, but she must not let it otherwise appear between nine and five, even in such a superficial way as lunching. She must avoid the atmosphere of invitation. I consider that attention to this detail has been one of the chief factors of my success. The business woman who lunches with a man and orders a Manhattan like a man, in my opinion, gives him an advantage over her, if it's only a psychological advantage.

"Then, from the beginning, I kept my eyes and ears open and didn't talk. A stenographer gets plenty of inside information, and this can lead to bigger things if she puts her mind on it. I never spent energy explaining my position to men, or having any discussion about women in business, or disputing about anything. I simply did my work and learned from men, and made investments on the side, by which I not only got experience but earned a little competence too. I just lived business and never thought of anything else. If I blundered I did not try to blame some one else, or blame the fact that I was a woman. I didn't evade. I stood for my failures and the men respected me for it. Moreover, I appreciated my daily chance of making good.

"I had a dressmaker who bought my clothes without bothering me about it, and a milliner who sent me out my hats, and a housekeeper who made my home. I insisted on looking feminine, but I was just as free from domestic, nagging things as a man, and just as independent. When the day came that I was offered a salary of ten thousand dollars a year I was able to refuse it, for I could make more alone, without taking orders from any one. I made my success because I have been just a sheer business mind, determined to win; not because I was a woman, but because I had the mind to do it."

There are some business women who are not satisfied with their success.

"She is a lucky woman who is saved by her inability," said one of these. "I was cursed with the power of making money. I didn't have to do it either as a young girl

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CLASS PINS

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or as a young wife, but somehow opportunities were always coming my way. Then, as a young widow, I came to New York with my baby on my back. I was young and healthy and unimaginative, with a zest for work.

"I never thought of business—just of living, and earning a living; and I was forced from one position to another, each one better than the last, until I began to make a lot of money.

"I can't marry again, for I know I couldn't get along with any man. Few business women do, for their opinions are too strong and they are too independent. Anyway, all the strong men whom we business women know are married already, and we don't want the weak ones. I could support most of the men in my world. The minute a girl begins to succeed in business she ranks alongside of her the men she is acquainted with and sees that she could earn more; that's deadly. And she knows, or she ought to know, that when you give yourself in marriage you give up your work. A man may tell you he doesn't want you to give up your work—that he wants just you; but in the end your work goes to the wall. That's right; it should.

"But, for me—I fight all day, and when I get home there is nothing left of me; and still there are domestic duties waiting that I'm not fit for. A man puts none of his physical self aside to win success in business, but a woman does. When we have all the money we need, when we get tired of fighting or are afraid to fight any more, what is left for us business women? We have lived for the day, like the daily paper; there is no hereafter.

"We have made out of our lives this fabric called business, and we are hiding behind it and pretending that we're pleased with our success."

In this day of much talking and writing the wise ones tell us many different things: that the race is more important than the individual; that the individual is more important than the race; that we must combine more; that we should combine less; that we must live the strenuous life; that we should cultivate an ideal of idleness; that women should go out to work; and that women should stay in the home. It would seem that not cold reasoning and deliberate choice but some queer combination of economic laws, chance and temperament make people do whatever work they do. In the end it is as the poet says: "Death for us all and his own life for each."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren dealing with The New Woman and Her Ways. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Hampie's Language

BEFORE J. Hampton Moore, the Philadelphia statesman, became a statesman, he was for a time in the real estate business. Also he was then, as he is now, much interested and a moving spirit in the affairs of the Five O'Clock Club, a well-known Philadelphia dining organization.

Moore hired a boy as stenographer and typewriter, paying him three dollars a week. It was the youngster's first job and he was very anxious to please. He is now a big merchant on the Pacific Coast.

One Friday afternoon Moore dictated a letter of invitation to President McKinley to attend a dinner of his club. He dictated it exactly as he wanted it written, putting in all the punctuation marks, and when he came to this sentence said, "to be present at the quotation Five O'Clockiana quotation banquet," and so on. The young stenographer, instead of putting quotation marks where Moore had indicated, wrote it out in full, as it appears above, and was reprimanded by Moore.

Next day Moore went to his country place, leaving an envelope for the lad. The boy opened the envelope with fear and trembling, his error of the day before fresh in his mind. There were three one-dollar bills inside and a slip of paper.

He read the few words on the paper and began to cry. "What's the matter, son?" asked a kindly office associate.

"I've been fired," sobbed the lad. "The boss has discharged me."

"How do you know?" asked the friend. "The boss isn't here."

"How do I know?" flared the boy. "I guess I can read. Here it is on this paper."

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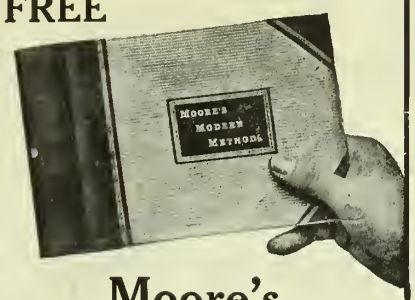

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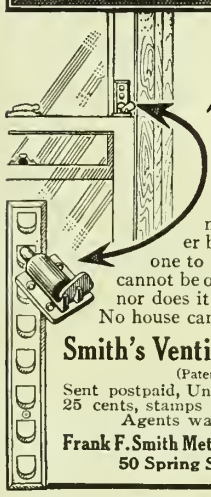

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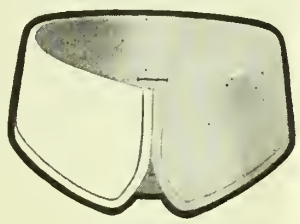

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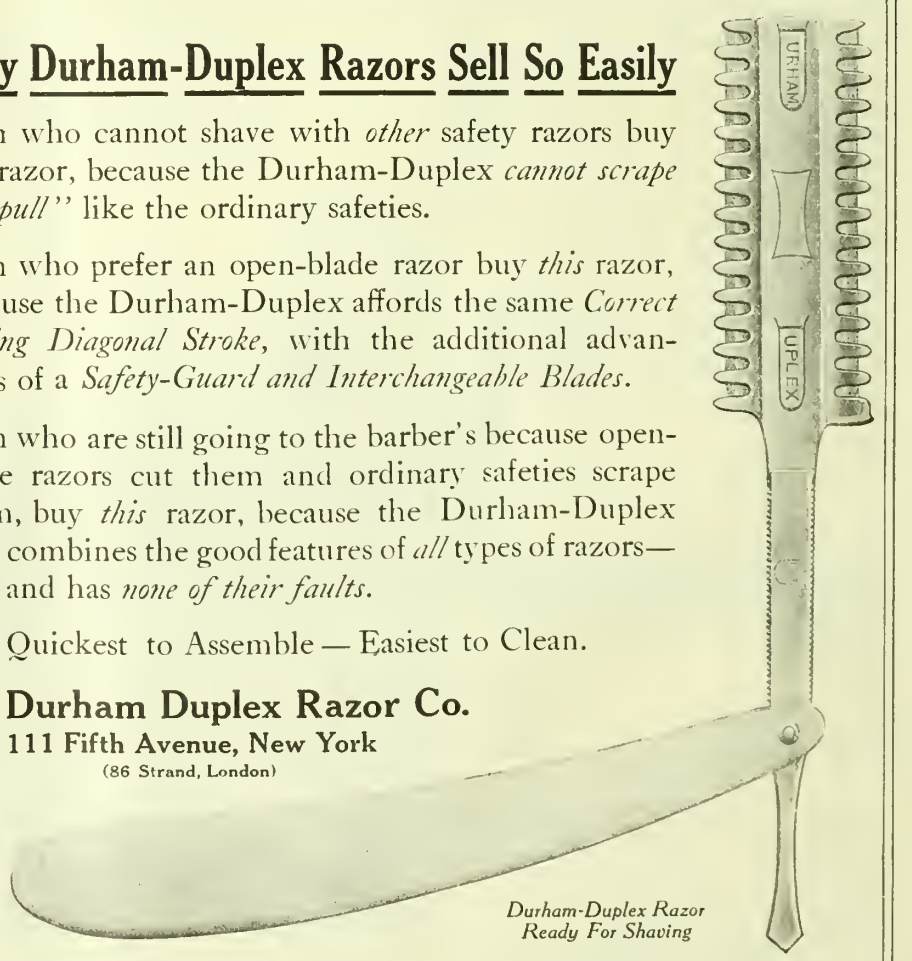

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THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 25)

mane and threw soft shadows on the bare, saffron-colored skin, of the texture of velvet, and glowed richly in the high lights. He splashed a little water on his powerful arms, and the long, clean-cut muscles formed shifting contours to delight a sculptor's eye.

A life-sized statue in dull gold looked the poet, beautiful as a demigod and no more human, for he carried a curious atmosphere from detachment to his surroundings, as though the world were alien to him and he might at any moment betake himself away to his own place. Even for this lovely mortal maid beside him he seemed to show a polite disinterestedness not usually to be found in his ancient prototypes, if we are to believe the classics. Hermione felt this and it aroused in her a sudden fierce perversity. Again there came that swift desire to waken him out of his sleepy indifference by a physical violence. There were also the traitorous thrills.

"Come on!" she said, with such sharp impatience that the poet turned and blinked at her inquiringly. Hermione's blue eyes flashed, and with a sudden spiteful motion of her hand she sent a shower of the icy water spraying over him. Applebo gasped, laughed gurglingly and flung himself forward to swim, Hermione following.

Side by side they thrust forward through the clear, cold water. Hermione was swimming prone; the poet lounged along on his side, his head half buried, the floating hair swirling about his ears, his eyes almost closed. To Hermione he looked as though he were asleep and propelled onward by some involuntary mechanism within. For a hundred yards neither of them spoke. Hermione turned on her side, facing Applebo. The thinnest of amber gleams between the double fringe of eyelashes told that he was watching her.

"You could swim all day, Cécile," said he.

"What right have you to call me Cécile?" snapped Hermione, tired of the constantly recurring error of identity. "Even if I were ——"

"I call you Cécile and not Miss Bell because the latter is the conventional name, and I do not know you conventionally, and never will. Fancy my writing verses to 'Miss Bell'! As we shall never meet, in all probability, after this hour, what does it matter?"

Hermione did not reply. The water seemed to strike her with a certain chill.

"Don't you want to see me again?"

"No. My life now is happy and tranquil. If I saw more of you my fate would no doubt be that of so many others. No, Cécile, I do not want to see you again."

"But, perhaps, I might care to see you."

"You will have what is best of me in the verses I shall send you."

"Oh, hang the verses!" cried Hermione, and turned on the other side.

At the end of a hundred yards she rolled back again. The poet was harmlessly entertaining himself by taking large mouthfuls of water and spouting it into the air. Hermione burst into a ringing laugh. Applebo regarded her with sleepy inquiry.

"You look like a Triton, with your cheeks puffed out that way," said she.

"Don't talk," replied the poet. "It adds to the effort of breathing. You look rather like a mermaid, yourself."

Hermione did not answer and they swam on in silence through the golden August morn. The sensation of cold had passed and it seemed to the girl that she was of one substance with the sea; of the same essence, the same elemental property, feeling neither warmth nor cold nor fear nor fatigue, nor anything that was alien or individual. She found herself a mermaid, at home, and felt that when it pleased her she could leave the surface to explore mysterious green depths far beneath.

He, her companion, was of it too. They were seamates—Triton and Nereid, subjects of the great god Poseidon, owing no fealty to any lord of the land, knowing no trammels but the wide boundaries of the ocean, that greater dominion of the world. She looked at Applebo. He appeared to be under the water rather than upon it, and the yellow eyes rose from the swirl of brine to blink at her with comradeship. Hermione wanted to take his hand that they might plunge together to explore unknown depths—never guessing, innocent girl, that she was well on the road to explore depths just as redoubtable.

Well offshore, with their seaworld all about, a sudden odd vibration smote against their vigorous young bodies; a vibration that suggested a sound felt rather than heard.

"Morning colors," said the poet. "That's the gun from the Reading-room. Look!"

He flashed from the water an arm of gleaming gold, from which sprang diamonds. Hermione turned to look toward the yacht flotilla. Down from the trucks of the anchored fleet fluttered the "nightcaps," little tongues of black, while pennant and burgee passed them on their race aloft; and the national ensign, the stars and stripes, unfurled lazily from the taffrail. To their ears came with sweet faintness the shrilling of the sheaves as the halliards spun through them, while from a big steam-yacht, nearly a mile away, came the merry whistle of a boson's pipe.

Hermione looked toward the Daffodil, then at Applebo.

"Rotten lack of etiquette," said he, and grinned. "I haven't any bunting."

"Why not? Are you a member of no clubs?"

"Oh, yes—the New York and the Atlantic. There is bunting below, but I do not fly it because I am merely a parasite—a pilot-fish."

Hermione did not answer, for their pace was a smart one and she had need of breath. Presently she asked:

"How about the tide?"

"It is running flood out here," said Applebo; "otherwise I would not have let you swim. We are in the deep channel now and the tide is helping. I've been gauging our drift on the shore."

The thought of the cold fathoms beneath sent no slightest chill through Hermione. She was too much a part of it all. Neither was she tired in the least. They were nearly abreast of the yawl, but seaward. Neither had suggested stopping there. Hermione looked at her companion and wondered how far he could tow her if required. Seized by a sudden impulse, she said:

"I think I will rest a little, please."

He was close beside her in two powerful strokes that sent the water swirling in his wake as though he had been a porpoise. His yellow eyes gave her a swift, questioning look.

"Take my shoulder," he said. "Do you want to go to the yawl?"

"No," replied Hermione, and she laid her hand on the bare, flashing shoulder offered her.

"Paddle a little so as not to get chilled," said Applebo, and started unconcernedly ahead. The tug of the heavy muscles under her hand reminded Hermione of the sensation one gets in laying the palm upon the shoulder of a galloping hunter. There was the same iron contraction, tense and quivering, to be followed by the quick relaxation—the whole evenly spaced and rhythmic as the throb of an engine. It seemed impossible that this strong human machine could ever tire. For several minutes she clung, resting and reveling also in the sense of being borne onward without effort. But she was not actually fatigued, and presently released her hold.

"Rested?" he asked, looking back.

"Quite."

"Good for the rest of the voyage?"

"Yes; and if I am not, you are. Why did you never go in for athletics?"

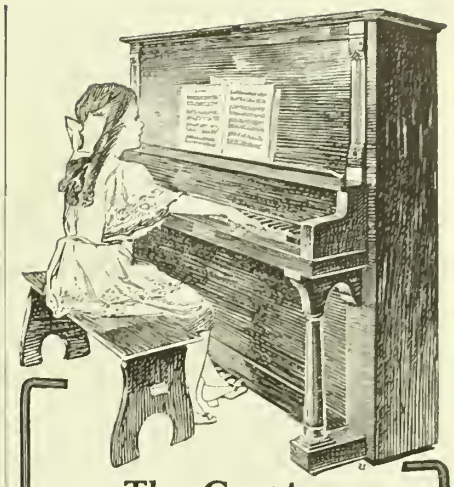
"They do not interest me. Games always made me feel like a performing lion."

It occurred to Hermione that they must have made him look like one also.

"Football?" she asked.

"I tried it, but I used to get to thinking and forget to play. Besides, I do not like to get banged about—that is, merely for vanity. If it were to get something I wanted it would be different."

Hermione did not reply. She watched him curiously as he lounged along. Applebo looked back and smiled. His eyes reflected the swirling green; his hair was the color of the golden-brown seaweed and suggested that substance as one sees it trailing from a rock in a clear tideway. He looked more than ever like a Triton, thought the girl. All he needed was a shell-trumpet and a trident. She wondered if so pagan a creature could possess the



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elements of real human feeling. At least, she confessed a little ruefully, he could arouse them!

She herself seemed to be imbued with an unnatural strength. Her long, athletic limbs smote the water with unflagging vigor—more than that, with an exhilaration.

Just what might have been the reaction from this physical exertion had she swum the whole course, one cannot say, for the last third was destined to be uncompleted. Applebo's trained ear, buried in the brine, caught the rattle of boat-falls and the whine of sheaves, and he raised his dripping head to stare toward the Shark.

"Rest," said he to Hermione. "Here comes your gig. They have sighted us. It's just as well; you might have got overtired."

"Bother!" said Hermione. "Now you will see me catch it from Uncle Chris." She looked in Applebo's face, which was close to hers, and laughed. Then her blue eyes opened very wide.

"What's the matter?" she cried. "You look frightened to death!"

"Do I? Put your hand on my shoulder and rest." Hermione thought that his voice had an odd, strained note. She took his shoulder, then looked at him curiously. The poet's face, naturally a little pallid already from the immersion, had suddenly become of a sickly, bleached-out pallor which suggested the belly of a dead fish. Hermione was seized by a sudden alarm.

"Are you tired?" she asked, and loosed her hold on his shoulder.

Applebo gave a rather forced laugh. The color began to return again. Then, just as Hermione expected, he assumed his sleepy, blinking expression.

"What was it?" Hermione demanded.

"A little cramp in the sole of the foot. It's gone now. Did you never have one?" He reached for her hand and placed it on his shoulder again. "They are painful, but not dangerous," said he.

Their faces were very close, each to the other. Hermione looked at him questioningly. The poet smiled and something in the flash of the strong, even teeth set Hermione's heart to thumping in the same undisciplined manner that she had previously experienced on the shore. Applebo pushed the wet hair back from his forehead. As Hermione looked at him his amber eyes seemed to darken.

"This is goodby," he said.

"It is your own fault."

"No; my misfortune. There are reasons besides the silly ones I have given you. This is goodby."

Hermione was conscious of a sudden fatigue. It was as though she had been under the effect of a stimulant which was suddenly withdrawn. The chill of the water struck suddenly through her. Applebo saw the light fade from the deep violet eyes, and the sweet mouth drooped a little at the corners.

"I'm so tired," said Hermione in a plaintive little voice.

He took her free hand and placed it on his other shoulder. Both were slowly treading water, though depending more for buoyancy on their splendid young lungs, trained to the exercise. The boat was coming on rapidly, not over three hundred yards away.

Their eyes met and clung for an instant. Those of the poet were like aquamarines, but in Hermione's there was a mistiness not of the sea. They faltered, dropped, then were raised to his as if drawn by some subtle force.

"Goodby," said the poet.

"Goodby; and—and thank you very much for—for your kindness!"

She paused, startled at a sudden clear flame, the same amber light that had been in the yellow eyes when Applebo had turned to her after flinging to earth the gamekeeper.

"You darling!" cried the deep, throaty voice, and before Hermione knew what was happening she felt herself drawn closely to him, and a pair of wet, salty lips were crushed for the instant against her own. Her head fell back; her eyes closed; the water swirled about her ears. Then she felt two strong arms supporting her beneath the shoulders, raising her bodily from the jealous grip of the sea. Blindly she took a stroke or two, then looked dazedly at the poet.

"You—you kissed me!"

"Yes, Cécile; it was only goodby."

Hermione could find nothing to say, but indeed there was no time. Up crashed the gig, foaming under the powerful strokes of the crew. Heldstrom's anxious eyes had noted the drooping of the red-coifed head, and his thunderous "Pull, you lubbers, pull!" reached the swimmers from a distance. Fortunately the kiss could not be observed, the two heads having been directly in line during this indiscreet performance.

The boat foamed alongside. "Vat's dis? Vat's dis?" cried Heldstrom. He leaned over the gunnel and lifted Hermione aboard, where she sank down on a thwart, a limp, dejected mermaid, gazing mutely at the poet. "Vere is your boat?" demanded Heldstrom. "Vat you mean, svimmin' ar-round in der vater mit dis feller?"

He turned to glare at Applebo, and his jaw dropped. Hermione saw him pass his hand across his eyes in a dazed sort of way. The poet blinked back at him inscrutably, but it struck Hermione that his face was very white and she wondered if he had the cramp in his foot again.

"You vas—der Bilot-vish?" said Heldstrom in an odd, tremulous voice.

"I am Mr. Applebo," answered the poet in his silky bass. "The gamekeeper yonder confiscated Miss Bell's boat. He sneaked around and swiped it. You had better get her aboard before she takes a chill."

Heldstrom was still staring in the same dazed, bewildered way.

"Vere haf I seen you?" he demanded.

"Have you seen me?" retorted Applebo. "I don't remember you."

Heldstrom seemed to recover himself with an effort. "You comin' mit us?" he asked of Applebo.

"No, thanks. I am not tired I will swim to my yawl."

"You won't take a cramp?" cried Hermione.

"Oh,no! That will not return. Goodby; and I hope you will be none the worse for your long swim."

"Goodby," said Hermione faintly, and added, with the slightest catch in her voice, "I'm not Cécile—I'm Hermione!"

But, alas! these words were lost to the Pilot-fish, whose yellow head was buried with his long, powerful overhanded stroke.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Simple Request

JIM THORNTON, the actor, went into a hardware store in Pittsburgh one day and said to a clerk: "I want a copy of Buckle's History of Civilization."

"But," protested the astonished clerk, "this is a hardware store."

"I am perfectly well aware of what kind of a store it is and that makes no difference to me. I should like a copy of Buckle's History of Civilization."

"My dear sir ——" began the clerk.

"Do not parley with me," broke in Thornton sternly. "Please give me what I asked for. I cannot stand here all the afternoon and engage in small talk with one so manifestly my inferior."

"We—I—it ——" stammered the clerk.

"Tut, tut!" said Thornton. "Hurry, please, and get me a copy of Buckle's History of Civilization. It is very curious to me that I must stand here all this time. At once, please."

"We haven't—this is—you are mistaken ——" stuttered the clerk.

"My dear sir," said Thornton in his blandest manner, "this is really too much. You have buckles, have you not?"

"Certainly."

"Then bring me his History of Civilization."

The clerk was very angry by this time and berated Thornton, who slang-whanged back with much enjoyment. Finally Thornton shouted: "Oh, very well! If you refuse to wait on me bring the proprietor. Let me see the proprietor."

The clerk, white with rage, rushed away and brought the proprietor back with him.

"It is passing strange," said Thornton to the man who owned the store, "that a gentleman desiring to make a purchase in your store cannot be accommodated with what he desires. Now this impudent clerk refused to sell me what I want. I cannot understand it. What sort of a store is this anyway?"

"He's crazy, boss," yelled the clerk.

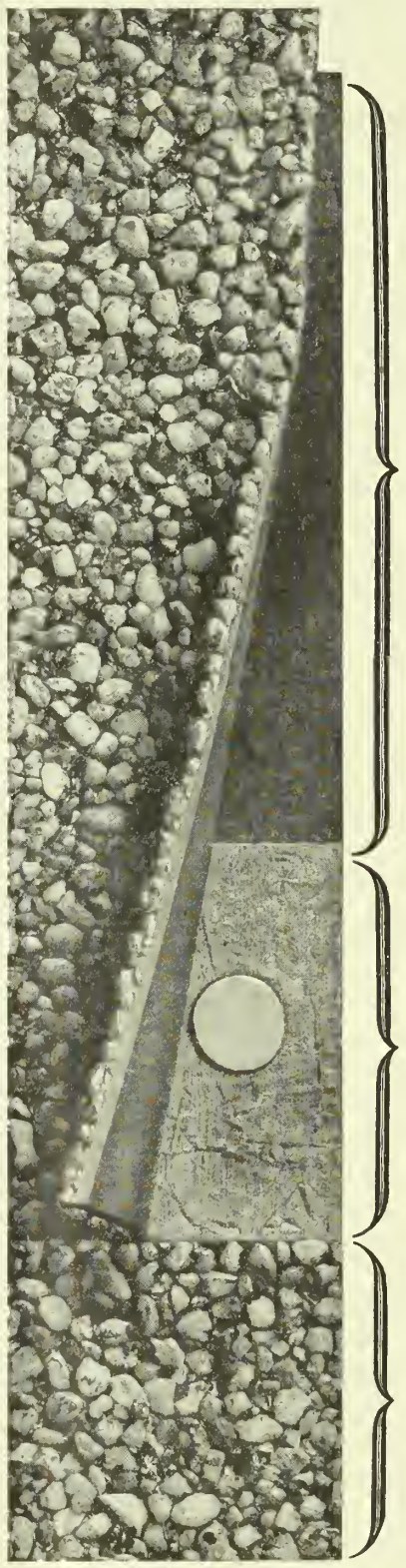
"Keep quiet, you!" rebuked the proprietor. "Now, sir," turning to Thornton, "what is it you desire?"

"I desire," said Thornton impressively, "one small rat-tail file."

SECURITY WIDE-WELD ASPHALT ROOFING

PATENTED

SIX INCHES OF ASPHALT-CEMENT-WELDED JOINT



The Most Important Point in Your Roof

THE most important point in the roof is the joint—that's where the leaks and troubles come in most roofs. The patented wide-weld of Security Roofing makes the joint the strongest part of the roof instead of the weakest.

Each sheet is lapped *six full inches* over the one next below it, as shown in the diagram. The upper six inches of the lower sheet, over which the lap is made *are ungraveled.* Thus, when the joint is welded, *two smooth surfaces* are brought together and firmly united by a layer of hard, mineral-asphalt cement.

This makes a continuous one-piece roof. The six-inch, cemented joints can not be torn apart, and every nail head is covered.

No Nail-holes Through the Roof to Cause Leaks

IN Security Wide-Weld Roofing it is impossible for the nails to become a cause of leaks by pulling loose, rusting and breaking off, or tearing holes in the fabric. Each one is driven through the full thickness of felt and asphalt and is then completely covered by the overlapping sheet and permanently imbedded in a water-tight joint.

The Surfacing That Never Needs Repairs

THE surfacing is a thick layer of natural mineral asphalt cement into which is permanently imbedded a final layer of either white sea-gravel or crushed feldspar rock. It not only insures protection from the elements, and does away with all need of painting or repairs, but will withstand a shower of sparks and embers from a burning building, and hold an interior fire in check for a long time.

It Pays to Buy and Use GOOD Roofing

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is built up on quality. The long-fibred wool-felt is made especially for us and saturated by our own formula with natural mineral asphalt—the best weather-proofing material known. The layers of felt alternate with layers of hard, natural, mineral-asphalt cement, and *no coal-tar products* or inferior, volatile oils are used.

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is made in three styles—Graveled Surface, Coarse Feldspar and Fine Feldspar. It can also be furnished with burlap insertion for siding or roofs over one-half pitch. Anyone can easily apply Security Roofing and it is perfectly adapted for use on any type of building.

There is a Security Agent in almost every town. Write us and we'll send name and address of the one nearest you.

Write for Free Book, "The Requirements of a GOOD Roof." It tells in detail why Security Roofing meets these requirements; and how easy it is to weld the patented, 6-inch joint.

The National Roofing Company

Manufacturers of Asphalt Roofing and Paint

Address all communications to 202 Filmore Ave., TONAWANDA, N.Y.

Over 2000 handsome new exclusive Shackamaxon patterns ready for fall and winter.

Clear-finished and undressed worsteds, fine serges; and soft silky cheviots, in the latest colorings and rich tasteful distinctive patterns.

Insist on seeing them before you order your fall outfit.

"I guarantee this suit absolutely in every respect."

That is the positive assurance which every good tailor who handles the *Shackamaxon* fabrics gives you with any suit he makes from them.

He knows that a suit properly made from these fabrics will *stay* right.

It will *hold* its shape, its color, and its style. It will give you real service to the last thread.

And we back up the tailor's guarantee with ours.

If any suit made from a Shackamaxon fabric shrinks or fades, or if any other fault develops in the fabric—no matter how long you have worn it—we will pay for another suit.

The *Shackamaxon* fabrics are all pure fleece-wool; spun into double-yarn; woven slowly and perfectly; dyed in permanent colors; and shrunken by our improved cold-water process, which positively *takes out all the shrink*.

No fabrics made anywhere at any price are of better materials, or more perfectly woven and finished. And no imported goods at equal prices can compare with *Shackamaxons* either for service or style.

We make them from our own designs in our own mills. We make them for merchant tailors *exclusively*.

We sell them directly from the mills to the tailors—not through jobbers; so that tailors who handle *Shackamaxon* fabrics give you exceptional value for your money.

There is no economy in poor fabrics at any price.

There is no satisfaction in poor-fitting or ordinary looking clothes.

The only way to be sure of satisfactory clothes is to have them made from high-class fabrics cut to your individual measurements and fitted to you *in the making*.

Clothes properly made from such fabrics are really the most economical you can buy.

Drop us a postal-card and we will tell you of a good tailor right in your neighborhood who handles the *Shackamaxon* fabrics, and positively guarantees every suit he makes from them.

If your tailor hasn't them he will get them for you *if you insist*. And please tell us his name, so that we may take the matter up with him, too.

Write us anyway for a copy of the new *Shackamaxon* booklet just out. Every up-to-date man appreciates its handy chart of "Correct Dress for All Occasions."

J R KEIM & CO Shackamaxon Mills
Philadelphia

Look for the **"Shackamaxon"** trademark stamped on every suit-pattern.

"Shackamaxon"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
Guaranteed fabrics

There are over 300 PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

YOU will find a special varnish for every need among the many Pratt & Lambert Varnishes. Varnishes for the home; varnishes for all kinds of manufacture, boats, railroad cars, automobiles, articles for outdoor or indoor use; varnishes for every conceivable purpose; because no ***one*** varnish can be made to give proper service under ***all*** conditions.

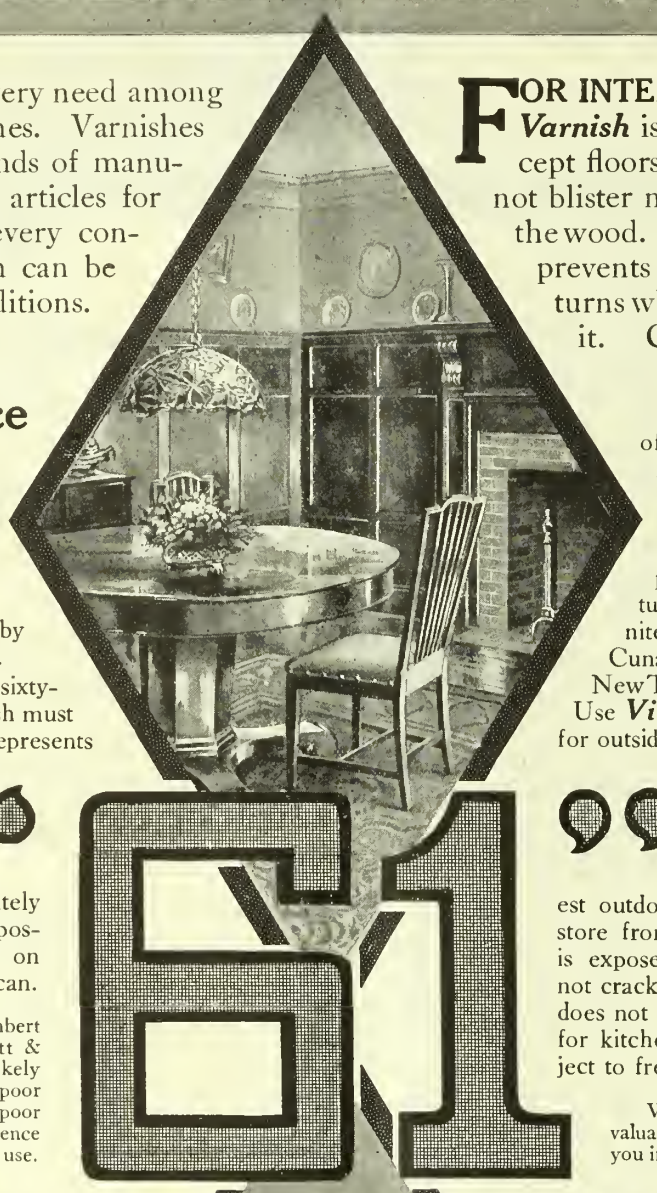
Use the Right Varnish In the Right Place

Do not expect ***one*** varnish to give perfect satisfaction on everything. Each Pratt & Lambert Varnish is made for a special purpose. While one ***may*** do for several uses, to obtain the results you expect, use the varnish we have made to ***best*** serve that special purpose.

Pratt & Lambert Varnishes can be readily used by home owners themselves or through their painters.

But back of ***all*** Pratt & Lambert Varnishes are sixty-one years of varnish-making experience. Each varnish must measure up to Pratt & Lambert Quality. Each represents special study to secure a varnish best suited for the purpose intended. Only the best raw materials — selected gums, oils and pure turpentine — are used and each lot of varnish is thoroughly aged and many times tested before leaving the factory. Absolutely uniform quality — Pratt & Lambert Quality — is not possible in any other way. You can always depend on Pratt & Lambert Varnishes being uniform in every can.

All good painters are thoroughly familiar with Pratt & Lambert Varnishes and know their superior merits. Specify Pratt & Lambert Varnishes and your painter will use them—most likely he would anyway. It takes more time and labor to apply a poor varnish than it does to apply a good varnish. Then, too, a poor varnish cannot last and the job must soon be done over. Hence Pratt & Lambert Varnishes are the most economical you can use.



FOR INTERIOR WOODWORK ***"38" Preservative Varnish*** is the finest varnish for interior work, except floors. It is tough, elastic and durable. It will not blister nor crack when the furnace heat dries out the wood. It preserves the woodwork indefinitely and prevents discoloration that ruins its beauty. It never turns white nor does either hot or cold water affect it. Can be rubbed and beautifully polished.

WHITE ENAMEL WORK

of all kinds calls for ***Vitralite*** because it is unapproached in durability and ease of application. Even the amateur finds it easy to apply ***Vitralite*** because it spreads uniformly and does not show brush marks or laps. Use it in your bathroom or kitchen. It is moisture-proof and gives a rich, porcelain-like gloss. It never turns yellow nor discolors and will last almost indefinitely. This is why it was used throughout the big Cunard liner "Lusitania" and in great quantities in the New Theatre and the magnificent New York Public Library. Use ***Vitralite*** wherever enamel is used. It is unequalled for outside or inside enameling of any kind on any surface—plaster, wood or metal.

FOR EXTERIOR WORK

Pratt & Lambert Spar Finishing Varnish is the most durable protection against the severest outdoor conditions. Use it on front doors, vestibules, store fronts, boats, porch ceilings, and wherever woodwork is exposed to the weather. Extremes of temperature will not crack it, because it is tough and elastic. Even salt water does not affect Pratt & Lambert Spar Finishing Varnish. And for kitchens, bathrooms, window sills and other places subject to frequent wetting it is unequalled.

Write for "Decorative Interior Finishing." It offers many valuable suggestions on the decorative finishing of interiors, and tells you in a practical way how to use the right varnish for every purpose.

FLOOR VARNISH

"Test it with a Hammer"

"Shows Only the Reflection"

WE make only one kind of ***floor*** varnish, "61," because only the ***best*** will withstand the friction of daily use—the constant wear of heels, furniture legs and castors, grit and dust.

"61" is the varnish that the heel cannot crack nor mar. It becomes part of the floor.

That is why you can dent the wood but cannot crack the varnish, as shown in our well-known heel-test and hammer-test. It is a tough, elastic coating that is heel-proof, mar-proof and waterproof. It will stand anything the floor would stand if it wasn't varnished. Never scratches white, nor turns white when you spill water on it; doesn't require constant care and renewal like wax.

SEND FOR BOOKLET, "THE FINISHED FLOOR"

Dealers everywhere sell Pratt & Lambert Varnishes. If yours hasn't what you want, send direct to us. Let us know what you want to varnish and we will gladly advise as to the *best* varnish for your purpose.

"61" makes floors sanitary, durable, beautiful to look at and easy to clean.

When you once try "61" on your floor—kitchen, dining room, bedroom, hall or parlor—you will appreciate that it is very much ***better*** than any general varnish. Two coats of "61" are better for floors than three of most other varnishes. It is quickly and easily applied. It dries over night and ***wears***—that's the strong point. "61" adds life and durability to oil cloth, linoleums and painted floors.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PANEL

finished with "61." Test it yourself. Hit it with a hammer, stamp on it with your heel. You may dent the wood but you can't crack "61."

Send for free booklet "The Finished Floor"; it tells how to finish and care for floors.

"61" Floor Varnish sells for $3.25 per gal.; $1.72 per ½ gal.; 90c. per quart. In Canada, imperial measure, $3.50 per gal. One gal. covers 600 sq. ft. one coat. Express charges paid if there is no dealer in your town.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 61 YEARS

Address inquiries to 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada address 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario

FACTORIES: NEW YORK; BUFFALO; CHICAGO; BRIDGEBURG, CANADA; LONDON; PARIS; HAMBURG

Branch Offices and Warehouses in St. Louis and San Francisco

Your Relentless Competitors

(Concluded from Page 23)

everything to the end of selling off the brand that they had stocked so lavishly.

But that company learned something and has abandoned such tactics for all time. Instead of shutting off competitive brands the grocers sold just as many as before. Instead of pushing the big company's brand more vigorously they piled the stock away and sold about the usual quantity. All the extra goods disposed of that year cut down sales the following two years, so that finally when all returns were in the company ascertained that it had done nothing whatever to increase the real consumption of its goods.

A certain large company marketing a line of machinery has a board of directors made up of bankers, lawyers and mechanical engineers. It is said that not one of these directors has ever sold goods or been engaged in a business where there is healthy competition. The character of the board has led to an unusually narrow policy on competition. It buys up rivals as fast as they appear. It would be a distinct advantage to have several active concerns in the field, going about, selling and explaining. The more talk the better.

One competitor who gave much trouble several years ago made a contrivance that was sold for less than anything the big company could put upon the market, for the latter maintains high standards and the competitor's cheaper machine was distinctly inferior. It would do the work in a perfunctory fashion, however, and was especially strong in connection with the lower price when shown to a customer who knew little about such machinery. The big company's salesmen complained that it was impossible to make headway against this cheaper machine. Wherever a customer had listened to the rival salesmen's arguments, they insisted, there was little use in trying to sell him something at a higher price.

The Result of Narrow Policies

The directors tried to buy out this competitor, but the deal fell through. Then a special sales force was organized to deal with that opposition. When the smaller concern sold a machine, one of these salesmen would call on its customer before delivery had been made, under the pretext of giving him further information about the more costly apparatus, but really making every effort to persuade him to cancel the order. He was assured that the machine he had bought was manufactured by a company of slender resources, that it was an unknown quantity, and he would surely have mechanical troubles if he tried to use it. He was told that the little concern had infringed patents owned by the big company and was about to be sued, that he would probably be drawn into the litigation, and so forth. This force of salesmen was known as the "glooming crew," and its purpose was to make the other fellow's customers feel as gloomy as possible about what they had bought. In many cases orders were canceled. Still, the cheaper machine made gains, and the bitter cry of the salesmen went up, "Give us something to sell at a lower price!"

So the directors of the big company renewed their efforts to buy in the competition, and finally succeeded by paying an extravagant price. Among the assets taken over was a large stock of the cheaper machines. The company proposed to discontinue making them, but this finished stock had to be sold. Samples were accordingly given the salesmen, in the expectation that, as they had found this apparatus so formidable in competition, they would make easy work of closing it out. But, lo! now that the salesmen had this cheaper device themselves they complained that it was not possible to sell it. More than a year was spent in cleaning out the last of these machines, and then only by allotting each salesman a definite number that had to be sold if he wanted to hold his job.

Price competition is a squabble for the one ripe apple that has dropped to the ground. Quality competition, however, climbs into the tree.

A prosperous little toilet-goods business is owned by a New York woman who got her original capital to set up in manufacturing by selling similar goods on the road for another concern.

One day a dignified old gentleman came into this woman's office and asked if he might sell her goods among manicures in New York City. He was a man with a small income and a good deal of leisure. He wanted something to do. The representation was given him, and he worked two or three days a week, making the rounds among two or three dozen high-class manicure parlors, selling the goods for use in their work. His commissions averaged twenty or twenty-five dollars a week, which seemed to satisfy him.

A Lesson in Selling

Occasionally, however, he would come in at the end of a hot or rainy day and sit down to complain of competition. This line of toilet goods, being made of the finest ingredients, had to be sold at prices considerably higher than the ordinary run of preparations bought by manicures. That often lost him sales, he believed.

"Pshaw!" said the woman proprietor, "that's just the reason why you ought to make sales. I'll show you how to do it."

Going out among the manicures herself she offered goods not merely for use in their work, but as stock to be sold to their patrons.

"Put in a showcase, fill it with our goods, and get your customers in the way of buying them for home use," said she. "In a little while you can build up a profitable steady side line."

"Oh, no, that is impossible," objected the manicures, "for our customers would learn to do their own work at home."

"Nonsense—the kind of people who come to you want your expert work," insisted the woman. "By selling them preparations besides you make just so much additional profit on a customer."

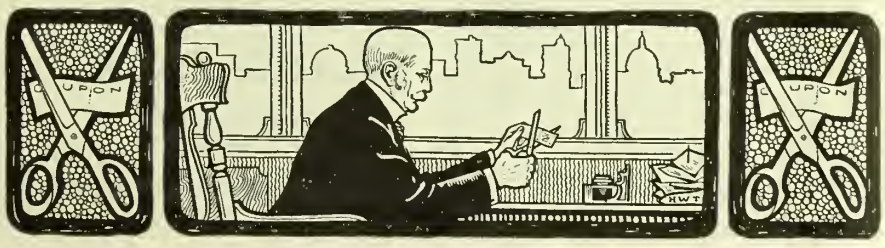
After a single day's canvassing she came in with an order from one manicure for thirty dollars' worth of goods. The old gentleman opened his eyes, for he had never sold more than fifteen dollars' worth in a single order. Listening carefully to her explanation of how it was done, he went out the following day and sold fifty dollars' worth of stuff to one customer. Next week the woman canvassed again and brought in a fifty-dollar order, which the old gentleman promptly beat by bringing in one aggregating sixty-five dollars. Today that old chap's quiet trade has increased tenfold and his sales are much steadier than formerly.

Competition in price makes a direct appeal to the customer's pocket, but diverts attention from the goods. Its tendency is always downward toward the bedrock of cost, beyond which there is no going.

Competition in quality, on the contrary, is an appeal to the taste and intelligence of customers based on the goods and their merits. Many merchants and manufacturers hesitate to trust public taste, in the belief that the average consumer does not appreciate fine points of quality. But those who do rely upon it seldom go wrong, and the whole trend of quality competition is upward.

There is never very much room in which to make or sell things more cheaply. But there is always a world of room in which to make or sell them better.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by James H. Collins, dealing with competition in business.



We pay for this space to tell the truth about our clothes. Whether you like the story or not, doesn't matter. You will be **certain** *to like the clothes. Ask for the "Book of Reasons."*

YOU men who read this page know a good deal about good clothes. You discriminate in fabrics, you have cultivated ideas about choice patterns and refined styles, you know real values. And, you are very keen about the many kinds of clothes that you *don't* want. Isn't this ***true?***

Michaels-Stern Clothes

in Fall and Winter models are now on display by many good clothiers in most of the towns and cities of America. We would like you to inspect them, for your *own* satisfaction. They are pretty sure to upset some of your "notions" about ready-for-service clothing. And, we hope they will number you among our many thousands of steadfast customers.

Send for this book—

"The Measure of a Man"

It gives a good many good reasons why Michaels-Stern Clothes have been preferred for forty years. It is also a Style Book and guide to good form in men's dress. It is ***Free***—write for it.

Michaels, Stern & Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE MANKILLER

(Concluded from Page 11)

sniffed of the wind. When they reached the horse pasture the boy tore out the strands of wire at a spot near the corner of the fence.

"You was fond of my Dad, wasn't you, Apache?" Tommy quavered, working with nervous fingers to unbuckle the halter. "Then go to it."

The jack required no bidding. He wrenched free and stepped carefully over the wire into Midnight's domain. Apache never did anything in ill-judged haste. A blur, two hundred yards off, attracted him and he headed toward it eagerly. A moment, and he stopped; then went forward with caution.

Midnight had seen him coming. He trotted out from his band of mares and halted expectantly. Next instant he had recognized Apache for what he was, and shrilled a challenge. The jack brayed like a fiend and went forward slowly to meet him.

Now, a capable jack can whip any stallion that ever breathed. It is really an education to watch a jack like the mighty Apache fight. There exists the same difference between the methods of a stallion and a jack as between those of a nervous amateur boxer and the seasoned champion. A jack has no fear that any one can detect, and is practically insensible to pain. One can see at a glance what an advantage this gives him over an opponent with any antipathy to suffering or loss of life.

Also, a jack never fights for glory, never fights for the gallery. His sole object is to win. Wherefore, no idle and frivolous prancing about for him—no swift rush in, a blind striking with hoofs, a tearing with the teeth, then out again. A jack is not constructed that way. Fighting is a business—a serious, albeit a pleasurable, business; and he attends to that side of it with passionate singleness of purpose. He will watch his opportunity with the alert coolness of the professional, wasting not an ounce of energy. When the opening comes he goes to it like the stroke of a rattler, gets his grip and shuts his eyes and hangs on. There is considerable of the bulldog in a jack, and if he is to be gotten off at all, one must pry him off with a crowbar; in fact, next to a Shetland stallion, which is the darlingest little fighter that ever tore at an enemy's ribs, nothing more instructive can be witnessed than a full-sized jack in a fair field and no interruptions.

Apache had fought before—many, many times. Therefore he made for the foe with circumspection, his head jerking sideways, his tail tucked, ears laid flat on his neck, and his feet barely touching the ground, so lightly did his tense muscles carry him. One evil eye measured the giant horse with venomous composure.

Vastly different was Midnight's attack. The stallion had pluck to spare, but his temper was overhasty and his skill slight. Rage forever clouded his judgment in encounter. He had learned only one plan of battle and that was to rush and bear down his opponent by the velocity of his onslaught. It spoke well for his heart but little for his understanding. There was his rival. He would kill him. Midnight's was a simple creed.

His harsh scream split the night silence, and the fight was on. Another horse would have circled so formidable an adversary in an endeavor to create an opening, but the black's temper was too imperious for delay. Straight was his rush. He bore down on the jack at the top of his speed, his wonderful, supple body aquiver with eagerness and anger.

Then Apache did a remarkable thing—a thing almost human in ingenuity. What Apache didn't know about fighting is best forgotten. Swerving ever so slightly as the black came, he lunged to meet him, crashing shoulder to shoulder with all the strength of his tough sinews behind the impact. Hit sideways, taken off his balance, the force of Midnight's own charge contributed to his overthrow. Down he tumbled, scrambling with his feet as he fell. Before his body touched the ground the jack whirled and lashed with both heels into his sides. With the same appalling speed, Apache drove for the throat of his prostrate enemy, secured his grip and shut his eyes, wrenching frenziedly from side to side and upward.

It is well not to tell further what Apache did to the mankiller. A jack has about as much sense of mercy as he has of fear, and he has never been taught any rules of warfare. When he gets his enemy where his enemy would like to get him he does his utmost to obliterate him from the face of the earth. So it was that next day the Tumbling K men were barely able to recognize the Kentucky stallion in the torn, broken, black pulp they found in the horse pasture.

All night long Apache brayed and screeched. The noise of his triumph would set a soul to quaking. It pierced Manuel's dreams and he muttered in his sleep a prayer for protection from the Evil One. The jack pranced around and around his victim, and up and down the pasture, wild with the joy of battle, magnificent in his superb strength and the pride of victory. Toward dawn he abandoned the carcass and drove off the terror-stricken mares as the just spoils of the conqueror.

Big white clouds boiled up back of the mountains that afternoon, with a stiff wind from the southeast behind them; and at sunset the heavens opened of their blessed treasure. Manuel and Tommy lay in the bunkhouse listening to the thunder of rain on the sod roof. A burro came to the door and poked his patient head inside, seeking warmth and a friendly dry spot.

"Come in!" cried Manuel cheerily. "Take a chair. Tommy, give him your bed. Isn't that music, though? Hark! Oh, the cattle! Can't you see them soaking in it, boy?"

A yellow mongrel ousted the doubtful burro from the doorway and began nosing about for a place to rest his uneasy rump. The roof was leaking in strong, hearty streams, and Salazar sprawled on his back, letting the water run on to his chest. He was smiling placidly. Tommy snuggled into the blankets and pictured to himself a new land of much grass and clear-eyed, contented cows and high-tailed calves.

"The curse is lifted," Manuel observed piously. "Yes, sir. The dear God sent the jack to kill that stallion. How else could it be? What do you think, Tommy, boy?"

"I reckon so," said Tommy.

Protectionists

FARSEEING methods of insuring a future for one's family are illustrated by the following cases.

A broker's clerk, after providing $5000 life insurance, has made it the rule to put away money at a rate that enables him to buy a trustworthy thousand-dollar bond about once every three years. Each bond purchased provides an addition to the yearly income of forty to fifty dollars, and is available for himself as well as his wife in emergency. To teach his wife a little about the scheme, he takes his bonds home from the office every coupon day, has her clip the coupons, and shows her how they are deposited at the bank. In case he dies she knows how his savings are invested, and why, and how to collect the income and safeguard the principal.

A widower of forty, with one daughter, cannot pass the physical tests to obtain life insurance. He is able to put away about $350 a year, which would buy $10,000 insurance on the twenty-payment plan. Instead, he has created what is known as a "cumulative trust estate" with a trust company. A special trust deed was first drawn up, providing that upon his death all income from his savings shall be paid to his daughter until she is of age, and then the principal paid her in a lump sum. He deposited $500 as a first payment, and makes regular payments precisely as though the estate were a life insurance policy, the trust company investing the money conservatively to yield about four per cent. Under this plan as little as $100 can be paid as an initial deposit, and as little as twenty-five dollars afterward, either regularly or as desired. If the creator of the estate lives twenty years these deposits will probably yield more than would life insurance, but in the event of death, of course, there would be only what he had saved, plus the increase through four per cent interest. The trust company will also take charge of what money he may leave at death, administering it for the benefit of his daughter. Under a similar plan, trust companies now accept insurance money under a special trust deed to be administered and paid out as income to the widow or children.

Why a "South Bend" Watch Costs More

A "South Bend" Watch costs more than an ordinary watch because of the *intricate care* and *superlative quality* of workmanship put into its manufacture.

You are proud to carry a "South Bend" because this superiority *shows*—not only in the looks of the watch but in the *accuracy* with which it tells the time.

A "South Bend" Watch must be put together so carefully and the parts finished so perfectly that it will run without a hairspring. That is a test all "South Bend" Watches must stand.

It takes six months just to *make* such a watch. Another six months are often spent in adjustments and in regulation. This means that a full year is sometimes spent on the watch before it is deemed up to our standard. There are over 250 *inspections* on a "South Bend" Watch.

You can't expect a common watch to do as well, for common watches are not made with equal attention to detail.

Every adjustment given a "South Bend" Watch is most carefully performed.

We have men in our factory who, on account of the delicacy of the operations they perform, scarcely move a muscle from morning till night.

In no other factory of any kind in the world can one find such marvelous skill as is employed here.

But a "South Bend" Watch is *a real watch* when it is sent to the retail jeweler who sells it; in other words, it is watch perfection carried out to the "nth" power.

Why a "South Bend" Watch Keeps Time Best for Its Owner

No watch, not even a "South Bend," will keep accurate time in everyone's pocket without a personal adjustment. A watch needs to be adjusted not only to heat, cold and position, but to the *owner's personality.*

But a watch must have a wonderfully accurate factory adjustment such as only a "South Bend" gets before it can be given a successful "personality adjustment."

A watch has a tendency to run faster when lying flat than when in an upright position. If your business or habits of life cause you to lean over a great deal or move quickly or walk all day, your watch is affected. But a high-grade jeweler can *regulate* a *"South Bend"* Watch to neutralize your actions so well that the watch will keep perfect time for you, although it may vary in someone else's pocket under other conditions.

These are the reasons why a "South Bend" Watch costs more than common watches.

Only reputable dealers sell "South Bend" Watches.

Go to one of them and have him show you a "South Bend" Watch and explain more fully just what "personal adjustment" means and how necessary it is. Write for our highly interesting free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." You'll read every word if you read the first page.

South Bend Watch Company
Dept. B
South Bend, Indiana

Special Railroad Movement

A new "South Bend" model called the "Studebaker"—it is a masterpiece

A railroad watch must run absolutely without the slightest variation, for every watch is inspected by railroad inspectors every fifteen days. In the "Studebaker" we have produced a watch that those inspectors can give "perfect scores" at every test.

You can buy the watch (without case) of a retail jeweler, a 17-jewel movement, for $24, and a 21-jewel movement, for $35.

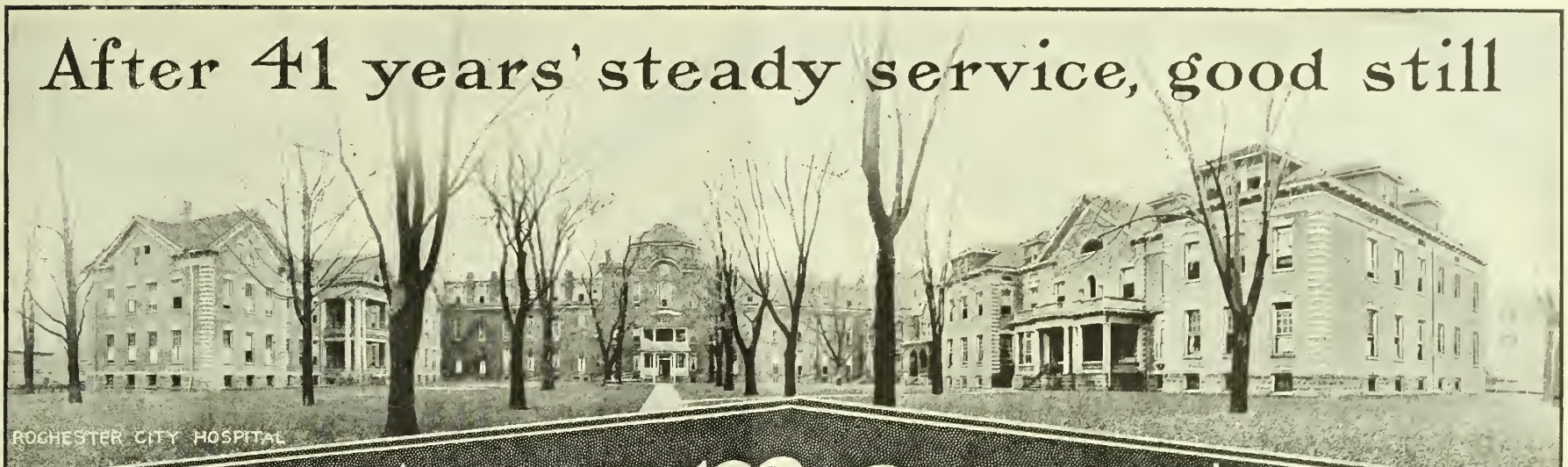
Send us dealer's name if he hasn't this watch.

Frozen in Ice—Keeps Perfect Time

The "South Bend" Watch

(17)

After 41 years' steady service, good still



Ostermoor $15.

A Strong Endorsement of Ostermoor Service from
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(shown above)

June 20, 1910.

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co.

Ostermoor Mattresses have been most satisfactorily used in this hospital for the past Forty-one years, *many of them all that time.*

It is surely proof enough of their superiority to say that after having twenty-five years hard, constant use without any renovation whatever, a number of them were made practically new by you—at less than half the original cost in 1894. Those and all others purchased since 1870 are still in use, have been frequently steamed, and yet are in most excellent condition to-day.

Yours very truly,
M. L. KEITH, Supt.

Many years of service in the best homes and institutions in America is *Proof of Quality* offered by the Ostermoor Mattress.

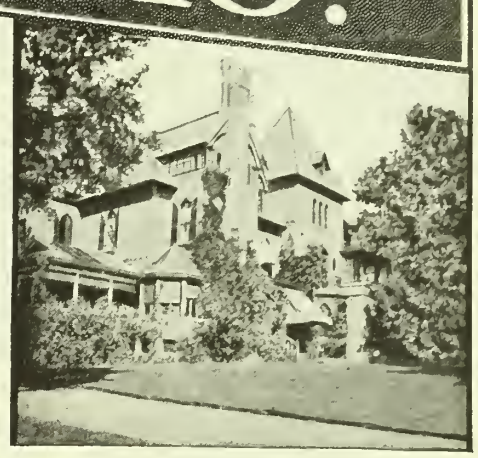
Mere claim of being "just as good" is the sole offering of the horde of trailers who seek to trade on Ostermoor popularity by brazen imitation.

If you want an imitation, get it. If you want the mattress that can show *real reasons* for superiority, get it—it's the OSTERMOOR. And we challenge any other mattress maker or seller, regardless of name, material or price, to prove Ostermoor claims in connection with *his* product.

OSTERMOOR REASONS ARE:

Life-time Durability—always retains its soft, yielding, yet springing and resilient properties. This is because of Ostermoor construction—four thousand sheets of filmy, downy cotton, *built* by hand (not stuffed) into a soft, resilient mattress that is acknowledged to be the ***Most Comfortable of All Mattresses.*** It never packs, gets lumpy or loses its feeling of newness.

The Ostermoor is the one ***Really Sanitary*** Mattress. It will not absorb dampness, or attract disease germs; dust cannot work into it; vermin cannot live in it. It is not susceptible to odors of atmosphere or perspiration. Thus the Ostermoor is ***Always Dry, Sweet and Wholesome.*** You never need spend a cent "re-making" it; an occasional sun bath is the only renovation it needs. These facts explain why thinking people—those who want *comfort* and *service*, instead of just "a mattress"—*insist* on the Ostermoor.



30 Years here

Rev. Dr. Francis Goodwin, Hartford, Conn., whose home is here shown, says:

June 29, 1910.

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co.

DEAR SIRS: It gives me much pleasure to bear my unqualified testimony as to the excellence of Ostermoor Mattresses and Cushions. I think that in cleanliness, comfort and durability, and never requiring to be remade, Ostermoor is much to be preferred to hair or any other material. It is over thirty years since I first used your Mattresses and Cushions and my very satisfactory experience only confirms the judgment expressed above.

Yours very truly,
FRANCIS GOODWIN.

Send for 144-Page Book and Samples—Mailed Free

Our book, "The Test of Time," contains over 200 illustrations and text matter of special interest. It tells all about the various styles of Ostermoor Mattresses, church cushions, etc. Postal request brings it, with samples of ticking.

The Ostermoor is not on sale generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places—the livest merchant in town. *Write us and we will give you his name.* Don't make a hasty purchase of a "just as good"—it means discomfort and short service, because there is only one Ostermoor way of building a mattress. Our trademark label is your guarantee of the genuine.

Where we have no dealer, or when the dealer has none in stock, we ship you an Ostermoor by express prepaid same day check is received. Thirty nights' free trial granted. Money returned if dissatisfied.

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
Best blue and white ticking
4'-6" wide—45 lbs. $15.
In two parts 50c. extra.
Dust-proof, satin-finish ticking $1.50 more.
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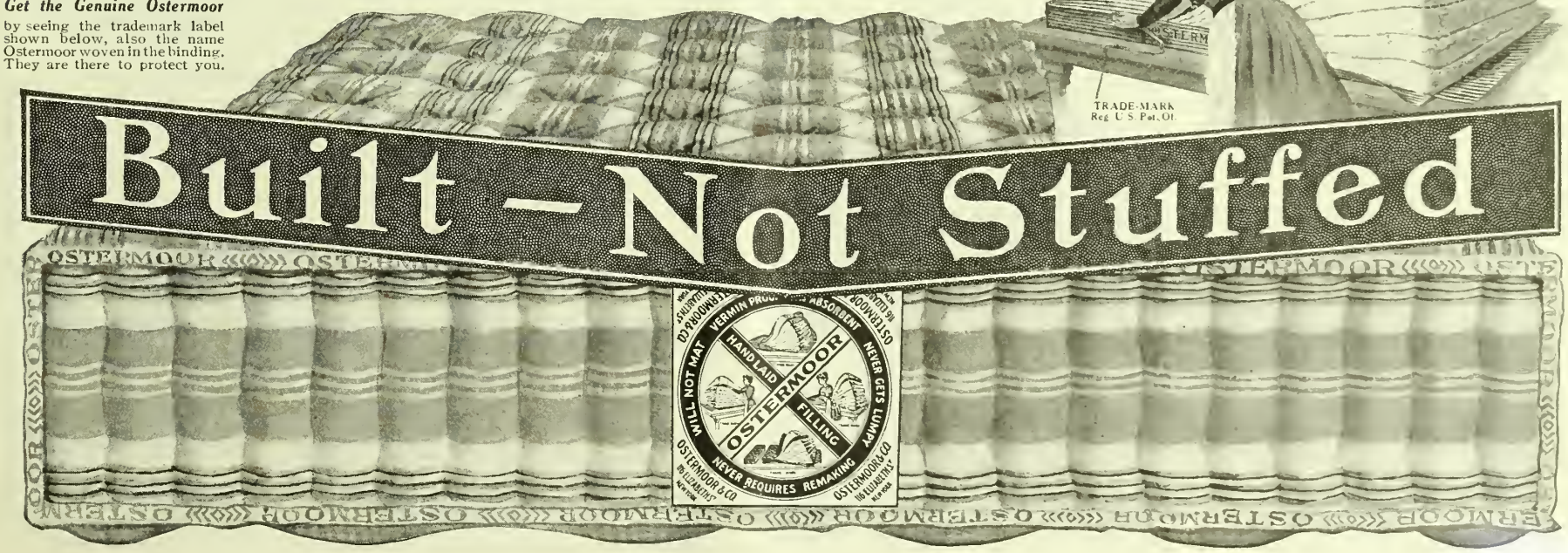
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Get the Genuine Ostermoor
by seeing the trademark label shown below, also the name Ostermoor woven in the binding. They are there to protect you.

Built—Not Stuffed



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EDUCATOR CRACKERS

You Buy Food

Would you know a new delight in eating? Then try Educators. Their charm lies in their simplicity. The best of goodness all through—made from stone-ground Educator Entire Wheat Flour (or cereals), pure spring water and highest quality of ingredients.

Undeniably nutlike in flavor, tempting in taste. A delight to eat and to serve. There are twenty kinds of Educator Crackers — how many have *you* tried?

The leading grocers of every place sell Educator Crackers. If you cannot secure the various kinds you like, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Our catalogue is mailed free.

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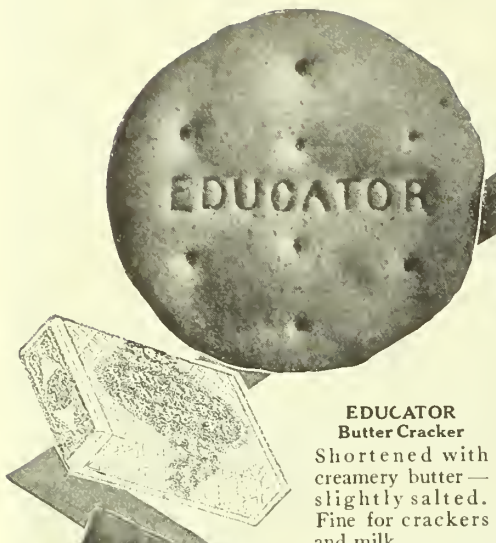
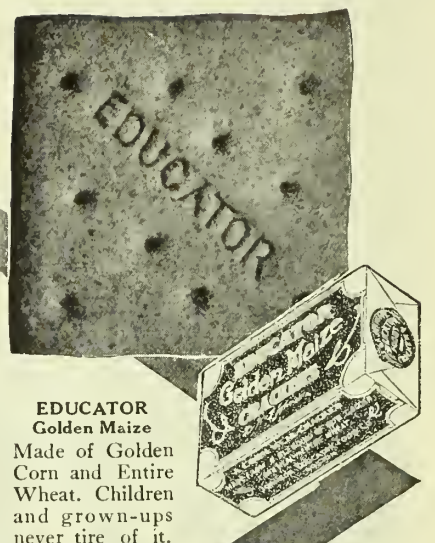
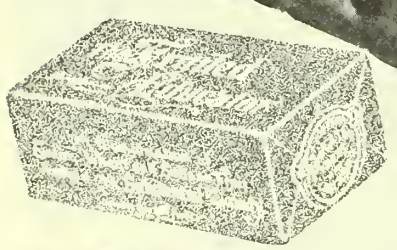


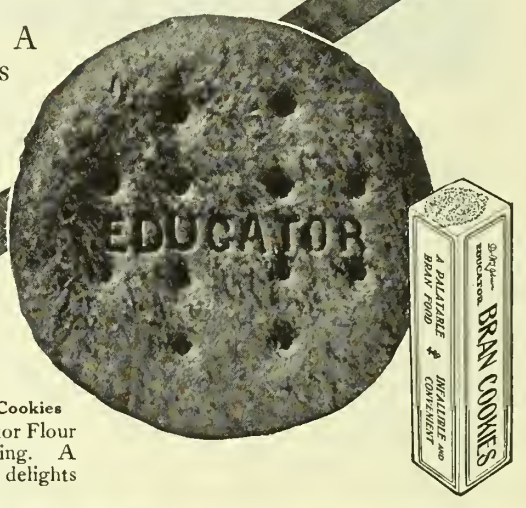
EDUCATOR Butter Cracker
Shortened with creamery butter — slightly salted. Fine for crackers and milk.



EDUCATOR Golden Maize
Made of Golden Corn and Entire Wheat. Children and grown-ups never tire of it.



EDUCATOR Fruited Cracker
Delightful in its fascinating flavor, enriched by selected Sultana Carabuna Raisins.



EDUCATOR Bran Cookies
Wheat Bran, Educator Flour and a little sweetening. A natural laxative that delights the palate.

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GUARANTEED

Made in shirts, drawers and union suits in every good fabric, every weave and weight. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. If REIS UNDERWEAR is not obtainable at your dealer's, write to us, giving his name and your address, and we will send you FREE a copy of our new winter catalogue, which contains much valuable information.

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He is just at the age where he's ravenous for all kinds of information. And what he reads now will *stick*. Choose his reading for him! Give him the boys' magazine that is safe, fascinating, instructive and *real*—that develops manly boys—that is endorsed by a half-million careful parents—

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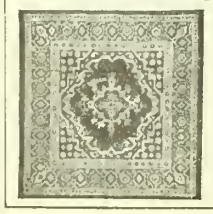
From the Mill
We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent.

You can buy the well-known **Regal Rug**, reversible, all wool finish, at $3.75. **Our Brussello Rug**, greatest value known, $1.85. Splendid grade **Brussels Rug**, 9x12 ft., $11. Famous **Invincible Velvets**, 9x12 ft., $16. Standard **Axminsters**, 9x12 ft., $18.50. Fine quality **Lace Curtains**, 45c per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums** at Mill prices.



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Columbus HARD DRYING Liquid Wax

The Easiest Applied Floor Finish
(Patented.)

(Patented.)

Here at last is a floor wax that finishes perfectly hard or soft wood floors, furniture and woodwork without possessing any of the disagreeable features of paste or powdered wax.

It is LIQUID and flows readily from the can. It is applied simply with a soft cloth and polished with a dry cloth in from 10 to 20 minutes. There is no heavy brush to push, no hard rubbing, no back-ache, no discomfort.

Done In Less Than An Hour

You can wax a floor 15 feet square, ready to walk on in less than one hour. Think of that as compared to three or four hours in hard labor applying common wax.

Absolutely Sanitary

It contains no grease or paraffine, so that it cannot collect or hold dust, dirt or germs, nor soil rugs or clothing.

Water Won't Harm It

It dries quickly and hard but remains tough and elastic. It can be wiped up with water without turning white or peeling off. Heel marks won't show and nothing can scratch or mar it.

It Covers More Surface

than any ordinary wax and is therefore cheaper in the end. One gallon will keep the average home in condition for a year.

Get a Liberal Sample FREE

At your dealer's or send us 10c stamps or silver to cover cost of packing and mailing and we will send sample bottle and some valuable information about floors—Get it today.

At all first class dealers': ½ pint 25c; pint 45c; quart 85c; ½ gallon $1.60; gallon $3.00.

THE COLUMBUS VARNISH COMPANY

Dept. 10 Columbus Ohio

THE FIRST BIRDMAN

(Continued from Page 13)

vagaries of the wind, just as a gyroscope torpedo is able to steer a straight course in spite of waves and contrary currents.

It was several years after he concluded that mechanical flight was possible before he undertook the extremely difficult work of making a power-driven model that would fly a much longer time than was possible with the twisted rubber bands used in his little machine. It was during the prosecution of this work that enough difficulties were encountered to have stopped almost any man. The first four models that were built all greatly exceeded their estimated weight, and none of them developed the power which their engines should have delivered. Every possible form of boiler was tried and finally at the fifth attempt, when, as Professor Langley said, weight had been reduced to the utmost limit and further reduction was still necessary, a boiler was constructed from a helical coil of very thin copper tubing and heat furnished from an adaptation of a plumber's gas torch. This engine and boiler worked at a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch and delivered about one and one-half horse-power to seven pounds of total weight.

It was at the end of many years of heart-breaking experiment and failure that this result was achieved. Work on the actual construction of the first machine was commenced in 1892, but it was not until 1896 that the first machine was flown. Four models were actually built before one was made that was theoretically light and powerful enough to fly.

A Memorable Day at Widewater

With a sensitive man working in secret and a hostile press, eager to laugh at any supposed failure, it may be imagined that the years of suspense and discouragement were enough to sap almost any one's vitality.

The scene of the prospective launching was finally selected near Widewater, Virginia, a little place thirty miles below Washington, whence the return trip took the best part of a day. Here a small scow was secured and a house built on it, and the work that had been done in a well-protected shop in Washington had all to be done over under different atmospheric conditions that disarranged the apparatus and involved more harassing trials and failures than had been previously experienced.

Even after the machine had been built that was to be given a trial in free flight twenty trips were made between Washington and the experiment station before a successful launch was secured. These were not trips made on successive days either, but extended over a period of two years, with intervals of shopwork to repair some trifling but discouraging flaw that had unexpectedly developed—waits for favorable weather and other sorts of delays that could not possibly have been anticipated.

It was found when the first open-air trials were attempted that working out-of-doors was vastly different and more discouraging than working in a protected shop. Even in a light breeze the fragile apparatus could not be left alone for two seconds without being upset. There had to be a launching device made that would hold the model firmly till the instant of free flight and then would unquestionably and instantly release it.

Even when the model, which was thirteen feet across the wings, was launched it was found that the wings were distorted by their weight in the air out of all resemblance to their theoretically proper shape. It was necessary then to turn the machine on its back and dredge fine sand to the weight of the machine itself all over the wings, and then tighten up the guy wires and stays till the wings were the shape they should be when the machine was supported with its own weight in air.

Perhaps the account of the final triumph can best be given in Professor Langley's own words, which give an idea of the nerve-wrecking period of experiment through which he had passed and an unconsciously pathetic record of human achievement against odds. He says in part:

"I will spare an account of the numberless delays from continued accidents and from failures in attempted flights which prevented an entirely satisfactory one during nearly three years after a machine with the power to fly had been attained. It is true that the aerodrome maintained itself in the air many times, but some disaster had so often prevented a complete flight that the most persistent hope must at some time have yielded. On the sixth of May, 1896, I journeyed, perhaps for the twentieth time, to the distant river station and commenced the weary routine of another launch with very moderate expectations indeed; and when—on that, to me, memorable occasion—the signal was given and the aerodrome sprang into the air I watched from the shore with hardly a hope that the long series of accidents had come to a close. And yet it had, and for the first time the aerodrome swept through the air like a living thing, and as second after second passed on the face of the watch till a minute had gone by and it still flew on, and I heard the cheering of the few spectators, I felt that something had been accomplished at last; for never in any part of the world, or in any period, had any machine of man's construction sustained itself in the air for even half of this brief period. Still the aerodrome went on in a rising course till at the end of a minute and a half—for which time only it was provided with fuel and water—it had accomplished a little over half a mile. It then settled rather than fell into the river with a gentle descent. It was immediately taken out and flown again with equal success, and there was nothing to indicate that it might not have continued indefinitely except for the limit put upon it.

"And now, it may be asked, what has been done? This has been done: A flying machine, so long a type for ridicule, has really flown. It has demonstrated its practicability in the only satisfactory way—by really flying; and by doing this again and again under conditions that leave no doubt.

"There is no room here to enter on the consideration of the construction of larger machines or to offer reasons for believing that they will be built to remain for days in the air and reach speeds greater than any with which we are now familiar.

"Neither is there room to enter on a consideration of their commercial value or of those applications which probably will first come in the arts of war rather than in those of peace. But we can at least see that these may be such as to change the whole condition of warfare. When two opposing hosts will have their every movement known to each other, when no lines of fortifications will keep out the foe, and when the difficulties of defending a country against an attacking enemy in the air have grown, we may hope that this will hasten rather than retard the coming of the day when war shall cease."

Mr. Langley's Modest Words

This was the record of Professor Langley's final success after failures enough to have stopped any ordinary man. It was written at a time when the present achievements in mechanical flight were undreamed of, when Langley himself was known in his success to only a limited number of friends, and when the man-carrying flying machine was still a vision so little considered that the man who had made it possible was being driven to death with a broken heart over the fashion in which his pioneer work was received.

Just how little wealth and recognition Mr. Langley expected to win may be judged from the paragraph with which he closed his reference to that part of his experiments. He said:

"I have so far had a purely scientific interest in the result of these labors. Perhaps, if it could have been foreseen at the outset how much of labor there was to be, how much work and how much of life itself would be given to it, and how much care, I might have hesitated to enter upon it at all. And now reward must be looked for, if reward there be, in the knowledge that I have done the best I could in a difficult task with results which it is to be hoped will be useful to others. I have brought to a close the portion of the work which seemed to be specially mine—the demonstration of the practicability of mechanical flight; and for the next stage, which is the practical and commercial

Are You Going to Build ?

10,800 Square Feet of NEPONSET PAROID Roofing

were used on the Postum Cereal Plant at Battle Creek, illustrated below.

Before this order was placed, the record of NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING was closely examined.

The U. S. Government—as careful buyer as any in the world—has bought NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING every year since it was first placed on the market. Last year it bought 1,500,000 square feet.

There are different NEPONSET ROOFINGS for different types of buildings.

The residence shown above illustrates the use of NEPONSET PROSLATE, an attractive rich brown roofing, which is rapidly superseding the high priced poor quality shingles of the present day. Made with straight or ornamental edges.

Every residence, too, should be insulated against cold, draughts and dampness with NEPONSET WATERPROOF BUILDING PAPER instead of with the cheap, porous kind. The additional cost will be less than $10, all told. The saving on fuel alone will amount to one third every winter.

Let us tell you where you can see in your neighborhood a NEPONSET ROOF. If interested in a building paper, let us direct you to one who has used ours. Judge BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS by what the users say.

Bird NEPONSET Products

ROOFINGS AND WATERPROOF BUILDING PAPERS

NEPONSET Proslate Roofing: For residences and all other buildings requiring an artistic roofing and siding. Rich brown in color. Looks like shingles, wears like slate.

NEPONSET Paroid Roofing: For roofs and sides of farm, industrial and railroad buildings. Slate in color. Has proved its worth in all climates. Endorsed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters for its fire-resisting qualities.

For poultry buildings, brooder houses, sheds, and temporary buildings, **Neponset Red Rope Roofing** is unequalled.

NEPONSET Waterproof Building Paper: For use in residences under clapboards and shingles in the walls, or under slate, metal, tile and similar roofs. Keeps out cold, draughts and dampness; saves one-third the fuel bill every winter.

NEPONSET Florian Sound-Deadening Felt: For use in residences, under floors, between partitions, and under metal roofs. Based on the dead air cell principle, it is the most effective muffler of sound and absolutely sanitary. It is vermin proof.

Our Building Counsel Department is placed at the disposal of anyone that is building or repairing. Give us full particulars, and we will gladly give you expert advice on any roofing or waterproofing question.

Bird Neponset Dealers everywhere. If you do not know the one in your locality, ask us.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 124 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass.

Established in 1795. Originators of Complete Ready Roofing and Waterproof Building Paper.

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development of the idea, it is probable that the world will have to look to others. The world, indeed, will be supine if it does not realize that a new possibility has come to it and that the great universal highway overhead is soon to be opened."

It would have been well for Professor Langley's peace of mind, even for the popular conception of his scientific reputation, if he had stopped with demonstrating the practicability of mechanical flight. But he was drawn by the call of the Government into building a man-carrying machine. This was one of the most remarkable pieces of mechanical work that was ever executed.

The framework of the machine was built of French steel tubing two inches in diameter and almost as thin as writing-paper. This frame was of oval shape and at either end had big wings set at identical levels so that in reality it was a tandem monoplane. The propellers were set midway the length of the machine and revolved outside and on each side of the main framework. They made from one thousand to twelve hundred revolutions a minute. Inside the frame a very light bicycle seat supported the operator.

Every pulley, guy-wire and rib of the machine was hollowed out and reduced to the lowest possible weight. The total weight of the machine and engine was just eight hundred pounds and the supporting surface of its wings totaled ten hundred and forty square feet. When this is compared with the weight of from two to four pounds to the square foot of supporting surface carried by a modern aeroplane it will be seen that the machine was abundantly light to fly.

The most difficult as well as the most essential part of the machine was the motor. Professor Langley, in company with Mr. Manley, personally interviewed the foremost engine builders in Europe and America. He finally secured a contract with one of them to build an engine weighing not over ten pounds per horse-power. This contract, however, was never fulfilled, and almost a year was wasted in waiting for the engine which never came.

Professor Langley at that time had discarded steam and relied upon a gasoline motor. The one which eventually was built in the Smithsonian shops is rated by competent engineers to be the best gas engine which even yet has been produced. Much of the designing was due to Charles Manley, who also performed a very large part of the actual construction. Special carbureters were adopted after experiments had been made with dozens of different types, and the engine was connected with the propellers by a series of gears, dispensing with chains altogether and running absolutely without vibration.

The engine, which is now on exhibition in the National Museum, has five stationary cylinders arranged in the form of a five-pointed star. It is a marvel of light but durable construction, and delivers fifty-two horse-power for one hundred and fifty-five pounds of weight, including the radiators and batteries.

A Marvelous Mechanism

Those who are familiar with the construction of the best gasoline engines of the present day know that many of them are catalogued at three and four pounds to the horse-power and rated at from forty to fifty horse-power. Those who have attempted to get a light engine for aeronautic work know, however, that this weight is predicated on stripping the engine of radiators, batteries, cooling water and other essentials and that the actual horse-power, when it is put on a brake test, often falls from a rating of forty to a delivery of twenty.

The wings of the big machine were a marvel of light and efficient construction. In view of the modern construction of aeroplane wings, which is light and strong, but by no means delicate, it would seem as though they exceeded the limit of accuracy. The ribs were built on the plan of the quills in the wings of a Harpy eagle, this form of construction being the lightest and strongest among Nature's flying creatures. These quills were square in structure, tapered almost to a fishing-rod point at the small end. They were hollow and were put together with marine glue and braced with tiny wooden struts inside. Weight for weight they were as strong as Nature's model after which they were built.

The whole workmanship of the big machine is exquisite. For those who really enjoy fine machine work, such as nearly approaches mathematical-instrument work, it is a revelation. Every ounce of superfluous metal has been cut out. The machine carries less weight to the square foot of supporting surface and has more actual power than any machine that is flying today. It also has less head resistance, and the chances are that if it were entered in a world-speed contest against the fastest modern machines it would make a world's record.

It is the sort of machine that one can picture young millionaire sportsmen using a decade hence, not necessarily in the model but in the workmanship. It compares with the machines now flying about as a modern racing car would compare with the old automobile in which the Comte de Dion won the first Paris-Bordeaux automobile road race.

The engine of the big flyer is on exhibition in the National Museum, but the big machine has never been publicly shown. The officials of the Smithsonian say this is because of lack of room. The chances are that this reticence is due partly to a feeling of resentment over the scant recognition that has been given to Professor Langley's work.

While Doctor Cyrus Adler, one of Professor Langley's closest personal friends, was the librarian of the Smithsonian Institution, he was asked whether the persistent report that the big machine would be given another trial was true. He shook his head and said: "No; it has made history and it belongs to history. It will remain a relic."

A Hitch in the Launching

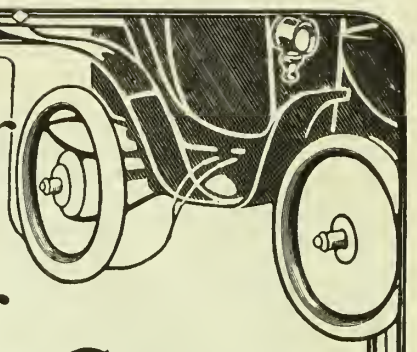
Before trying his big machine Professor Langley made a final flight with a model driven by a gasoline engine. This model was just a quarter of the size of the man-carrying machine. It flew perfectly and the launching apparatus, which eventually wrecked the big machine, worked perfectly also.

When it came to the trial of the man-carrying machine both Mr. Manley and the officers of the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications, under whom the tests were to be made, distrusted the launching device. It was true that this device had worked well on numerous occasions, but they insisted that for such a test as was contemplated it would be better to try the machine on wheels over the ground. Mr. Manley was to operate the machine, and he insisted that if he was willing to take the risk it was nobody else's business. Professor Langley said, however, that he was not willing to risk the life of the operator over land, and he was firm in demanding that the trial be made over water. In view of what has been done in subsequent years by aeroplanes mounted on wheels it is almost certain a launch of this sort would have been a success. But Professor Langley sacrificed his own ambitions on the score of greater safety to the operator.

It was on October 7, 1903, that the first test of the big machine was made. Newspaper accounts are so recent as to render unnecessary a repetition of the details of this trial; but it is essential to say that when the first trial was made two little pieces of iron on the ways, each not more than half an inch in diameter, caught in the frame of the machine and as the launching ways fell, at the end of the run across the top of the houseboat, they dragged the machine down and prevented it from getting into the air. The second and last trial was made on December 8 of the same year, just below Washington. Money was exhausted and the season was so far advanced it was impossible to wait longer. Little was expected in this final trial, and it was made altogether under the most disadvantageous circumstances.

For a second time the launching ways failed to work and the machine was again thrown into the river, so that the series of trials closed without getting the aeroplane into the air and giving it a chance to prove whether or not it would fly.

It would seem, even at this late day, essential—in fairness to Professor Langley—to show that the alleged failure of the big machine was not a failure to fly, but was due entirely to a fault in the launching device and to the humane insistence of the builder, who would not risk the safety of the operator by a trial except over the water.



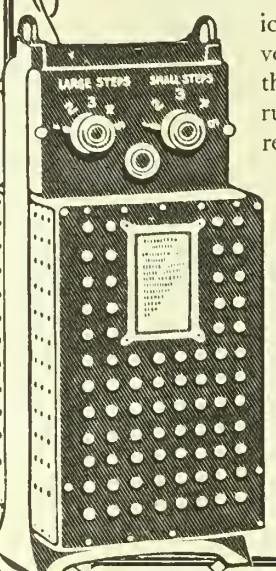
Charge your Electric Motor Car In your own Garage

THE Electric Automobile owner may now have his car ready for use the instant he wants it without the loss of time or annoyance of waiting his turn at the public garage.

You can charge your own car from the Central Station Line *at about half the cost* with the

Cooper Hewitt—Westinghouse Rectifier

All you have to do is connect your car—start the Rectifier in operation and then forget it until you need it. No electrical knowledge necessary.



The Rectifier properly charges the batteries—automatically decreases the charging current as the battery voltage increases and cuts off the current when the charge is complete. Even if current is interrupted—Rectifier will automatically restart on return of current to line.

Rectifier contains no revolving parts—nothing to get out of order. It occupies but two feet of wall space. Built by the ablest organization in the world devoted to the manufacture of electrical apparatus.

Send for booklet giving descriptions and other information to nearest District Office.

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburg, Pa.

Sales Offices in 40 American cities.
Representatives all over the world.

GOTHAM SHIRTS for Well-Dressed Men are labelled GOTHAM MFG CO.

THE man who likes to ride, and motor, and golf, and dance, and who seems to have time for the real *amenities* of life and the good sense and good taste to *enjoy* them,—that type of man is pretty sure to prefer Gotham Mfg. Co. Shirts. They fit exactly with *his* idea of good form.

$1.00 and upwards

Gotham Mfg. Co. Dress and Day Shirts can be had at smart Haberdashers everywhere—otherwise advise us direct.

GOTHAM MFG. CO.

Makers of Gotham Mfg. Co. Shirts and Gotham Summer Underwear and Pajamas

Fifth Avenue Building, Madison Square West New York

Films Developed 10c Per Roll all sizes. Velox prints, Brownies 3c; 3¼ x 3½, 3¼ x 4¼, 4c; 4 x 5, 3A, 5c. 8 x 10 enlargements, mounted, 50c. We do amateur work only. Best results, quick service. WOOD & CO., Box 246 B, Chicago, Ill.

Fine Rugs woven from **Old Carpet**
DENWORTH RUG MILL 3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila. || SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Listen—
you sure *can* smoke a pipe;

smoke it hard, smoke it hot, smoke it often; and get the bulliest enjoyment out of every pull—if you'll just wise-up on a first hand tip and get next to Prince Albert—tobacco without a bite; tobacco that overcomes *all* the faults of all other brands; tobacco *every* man can smoke all the time and *like* all the time, no matter how sensitive his tongue!

PRINCE ALBERT

has a bunch of imitators because it has won in a walk. It's a cinch to make a box look like the famous Prince Albert package and to get fussed up with claims. Get down to case cards:

Imitators can toot horns, *but they can't produce tobacco bearing any of Prince Albert's earmarks.* Every ounce of Prince Albert tobacco is specially processed. *No other manufacturer can duplicate that process. It's patented!* Hence, you're wise when "just-the-same" con is dished up.

Now, listen—we've handed out some real facts, but at that, try the imitations. Get this pipe tobacco question right off your mind. Compare 'em all with "P. A."—your say-so is just strong enough for us.

Every live dealer in the country sells Prince Albert. If you can't get in touch with a "live" one mail the coupon on this page together with 8 cents for a liberal try-out tin. Do it now. Tobacco shipped by return mail—quick action to get "the goods" right into your old jimmy pipe! Don't wait for the second bell!

Paste this in your hat.

When you cut loose with a new pipe don't fire up until you have soaked the inside of the bowl and stem in milk at least 12 hours. That won't do a thing but keep your jimmy pipe sweet.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

A

How She Won Him

Feminine Persuasion Leads Traveling Man to Improve His Personal Appearance

A successful and busy traveling man was once handed a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

"Thanks. I'll take this home to the wife," he said.

"No, that is for you to try," I insisted.

"Oh, I'm no mollycoddle," laughed the "commercial tourist."

"If getting that travel-stained old face of yours just about 50% cleaner than ever before; and if having a face wonderfully refreshed and really presentable in public is mollycoddlish, then don't try Pompeian," I replied.

Several months later the scoffer met me again.

"Say, take it from me, that Pompeian stuff has soap-and-water backed up against the barn-door!" declared the traveling man. "After a dusty trip I don't feel like facing a big prospect now unless I've Pompeianed. But you needn't smile. You didn't win me over; the wife did. Gave her that trial jar you gave me. Told her what you said about the Pompeian making an Apollo of me.

"So she tried the cream herself; bought a jar and one Sunday morning there was nothing doing but for me to try to do the Apollo act. Wife insisted. Tried the stuff after I'd shaved. It's all off with me now! I'm a willing mollycoddle! Say, doesn't it make your face feel great, and look as if you'd taken off your mask! The wife, too, is looking young enough to be her own daughter nowadays. She says to thank you for the good-looking husband she's just found! I'm thanking you for the better-looking wife I have since you gave me the tip about Pompeian."

Free—Magazines and Books

Save the green "Library Slips" found with every jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and with every package of 40 other standard products. The Library Slips can be exchanged for leading magazines and books.

Each Library Slip is worth 5% of the advertised price of the products. That is, if you buy a 50c jar of Pompeian you get a library slip worth 2½c. But only with Pompeian Massage Cream (*and with no other face cream*), and only with the 40 other standard Library Slip products can you find these Library Slips which will keep you supplied with fine magazines and books at no cost to you. Why not begin now to have all your family or friends save Library Slips?

(D)

The above Library Slip seal appears in the advertisements of the 40 Library Slip household products. The seal means—"Free Magazines and Books." Always think of that when you see the seal. It pays to buy standard products always. It pays doubly to buy those that give the additional value in books and magazines.

Conservation Forever!

ECONOMICS PROFESSOR—Mention some conservators of natural resources, Miss Youngthing.

MISS YOUNGTHING (absently)—Why, ah—talcum powder, hair restorers, tooth paste, and Pompeian Cream.

—Stanford University *Chaparral*.

Offer of 1911 "Pompeian Beauties"

(Now ready for delivery!)

Seems "Too Good to be True"

Hard for Public to Realize that Expensive Color Pictures can be Given for a Few Cents

The actual Art Store value of these exquisite color pictures is from $1.50 to $2.50 apiece. But each copy that you get is practically a gift. We charge only 15c apiece to protect ourselves from being overwhelmed. Only artist's name-plate on front.

It is impossible for any magazine to show these pictures in their full size (larger than this page) or to reveal their true and beautiful colors. Each copy of "Pompeian Beauty" goes through the press from 10 to 15 times. The color pages of most magazines go through the press only 2 or 3 times. Hence a magazine could not begin to do justice to the exquisite color effects of these 1911 "Pompeian Beauties," *which are now ready for delivery.*

Expensiveness Causes Wonder

"How can you afford to give them away for only a few cents?" Thousands of the quarter-million people who got our 1910 "Pompeian Beauty" asked us that question.

Here is the answer. The old way to distribute pictures was to get a cheap color picture, "plaster" it with advertising matter and scatter copies to the four winds. Our way is different. First we get popular and expensive artists, place only their name-plates on the fronts of the pictures (as you see in the reproductions here) and then, by months of careful, high-cost printing, make them so fine, so beautiful and so valuable that they are kept for years, and often framed.

The small sum we charge not only protects us from being overwhelmed, but also protects you. Art pictures are always cheapened when given away. In short, we aim to make you so delighted and so satisfied that you can never forget "Pompeian." Our reward comes in thus gaining your confidence and good will through years to come. (See guarantee.)

Seems "Made Over New"

We quote from an enthusiastic letter written by a loyal Pompeian woman of New York City. It gives one of the big reasons for the really wonderful popularity of Pompeian Massage Cream.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

DEAR SIRS:

I bought a jar of the Pompeian Cream and had used it according to directions for three or four weeks when I happened to be invited to dine with friends whom I had not seen for several weeks. This was the remark with which I was greeted when I arrived:—"What have you been doing to yourself! You look as if you had been made over new!" As I knew that the fresh, healthy appearance of my skin was due to the use of Pompeian, this honest tribute to its merits may not come amiss.

Yours very truly,
(Name withheld by request.)

"The *fresh*, healthy appearance of my skin." There you have it! Color! *Natural*, youthful freshness from the use of Pompeian! Some competitors of Pompeian try to build up their business by "knocking" Pompeian. Instead of "knocking" we are willing to grant that those creams have certain undeniable merits. We say, "Use as many good cold creams as you wish, but don't confuse Pompeian with them."

Pompeian is not a cold cream. It is a massage cream. Cold creams are merely rubbed on the skin. Pompeian can be rubbed in and then rubbed out. It is the only face cream with a national reputation that will give *natural fresh color*. "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

Canadian Customers!

Pompeian Massage Cream is now made in our own factory in Canada, as well as in Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A. Canadian customers are no longer paying duty, but can buy Pompeian from their own dealers at advertised prices.

Automobile Complexions

Those who have machines (or have friends who have them) find that Pompeian takes the dust out of the pores as nothing else will. The "automobile complexion" has come to stay, except when Pompeian is used to overcome it. Use Pompeian after the next dusty drive. It's astonishing how Pompeian rolls the dust and grime out of the pores, leaving the skin clean and clear and with the muscles relaxed.

Description of Pictures

Each **"Pompeian Beauty"** represents a type of woman whom Pompeian Massage Cream helps to make more beautiful by imparting a *natural*, fresh, beautiful complexion.

We have only a half-million copies. Who knows whether a half-million or a million friends of Pompeian Massage Cream are eagerly waiting for this, our annual offer? Choose your favorites. Then speak for them quick!

A brass hanger is attached to each picture. Use hanger if you don't care to frame picture.

"Pompeian Beauty" (A) by Turner. Size 17 in. by 12 in. Turner's "Pompeian Beauty" smiles straight at you. She is irresistible with her feminine softness of contour and bloom of healthy happiness. Her black picture hat, glorious Titian hair and light blue opera cloak form a rare color combination. Rich frame is lithographed on picture, so that at 5 feet it looks like real mahogany. Art value $1.50 to $2.50. Price, 15c.

"Pompeian Beauty" (B) by Warde Traver. Size 19 in. by 12 in. This exquisite profile of Traver's typical American girl makes women exclaim "If I could only have a complexion like hers!" The golden glint of her hair blends beautifully with the dull-gold frame, which, by the way, is one of the most unique illusions ever attained on a picture. At 5 feet you think you see a real dull gilt frame. Her bodice is dark green. Art value $1.50 to $2.50. Price, 15c.

"Pompeian Beauty" (C) by Everett Johnson. Size 32 in. by 8 in. The original of this Art Panel would cost you nearly $1000. Artists declare it a daring yet wholly artistic color treatment. The wonderful green shade of her dress almost startles you at first. Yet each day the picture seems more worth the having. Mr. Johnson is an American living in Paris, which accounts for the dash of French chic to this panel. Art value $1.50 to $2.50. Price, 15c.

"Pompeian Beauty" (D) by Forbes. Size 35 in. by 7 in. Lovers of a dashing Art Panel can't get enough of this picture. It went into a quarter of a million homes, and still the public cries for more. As far as we know, this "Pompeian Beauty" is the most popular Art Panel ever issued. The color combination of lavender-and-gold seems to hit the popular fancy to an astonishing degree. Art value $1.50 to $2.50. Price, 15c.

B

THERE IS NO RISK

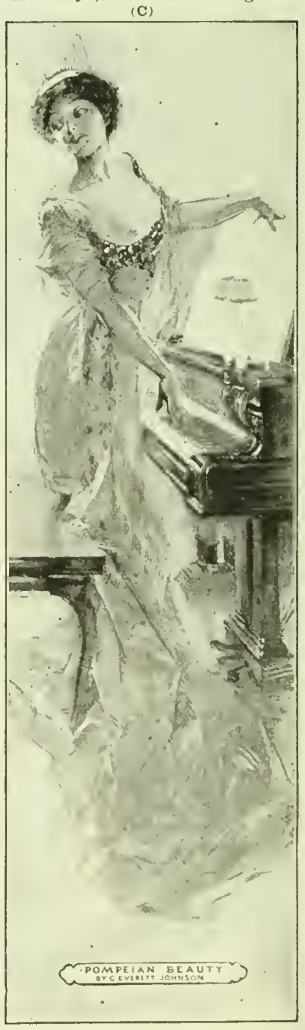
Our Guarantee: If you are not satisfied that each copy of any "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual Art Store value of from $1.50 to $2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed, we will return your money.

Note: The handsome frames are only printed (in colors) on pictures A and B.

Final Instructions For Ordering

Don't expect picture and trial jar to come together; don't expect reply by "return mail" (we may have 20,000 orders on some days). But after making due allowance for distance, congestion of mails and our being overwhelmed at times, if you then get no reply, write us, for mails will miscarry and we do replace all goods lost or stolen. Write plainly on the coupon only. You may order as many pictures as you wish for yourself or friends. Read articles about Pompeian before ordering pictures. Trial jar sent for 6c (coin or stamps). You may order trial jar or pictures, or both.

(C)



Read this coupon carefully before filling out your order.

Tear off

Coupon

now before turning this page. It is so easy to forget. And to forget it is to regret it.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

GENTLEMEN:—Under the letters (or a letter) in spaces below, I have placed figures (or a figure) to show the quantity I wish of one or more of the 4 "Pompeian Beauties." I am enclosing 15c (stamps or money) for each picture ordered.

Pictures	A	B	C	D
Quantity				

P.S. I shall place a mark (x) in square at end of this line if I enclose 6c extra (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian. ☐

Write very slowly and plainly on coupon only.

Name_____

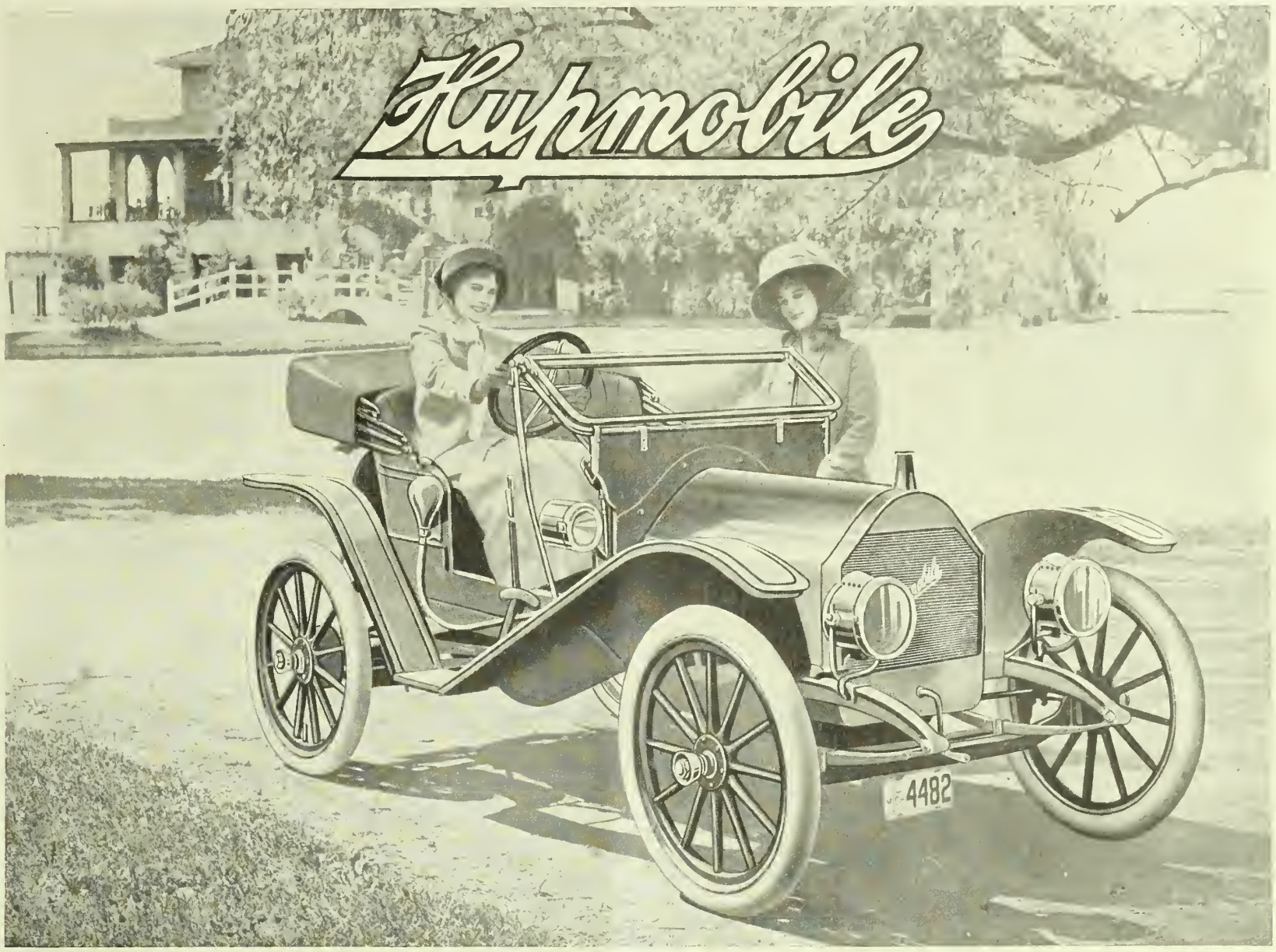
Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM

"Don't envy a good complexion; Use Pompeian, and have one!"

All Dealers, 50c, 75c and $1



4 cylinders; 20 H. P.; Sliding gears
Bosch magneto

$750

F. O. B. Detroit, including three oil lamps, horn and tools.
Gas lamps and tank, top, windshield and speedometer, extra.

25c a day is all it costs most people to run this car

There are 7500 Hupmobile owners in America.

The great majority keep their cars at home and run them for about 25c. a day.

That means everything—oil, gasoline, repairs—everything.

You may moralize all you like about the expense of keeping automobiles—but you'll not find a Hupmobile owner who will admit that his car is an expense at all.

At 25c. a day he maintains that his Hupmobile is cheaper than a street car—and infinitely less expensive than a horse.

Cheaper, because it covers so much more ground.

An economy, because it enables the owner to do two or three times as much work and still have leisure.

The Hupmobile is just the right size to save money in first cost; and it saves money, because it is just the right size, on tires, gasoline and repairs.

You never see any second-hand Hupmobiles. There aren't any.

A "Hup" that has seen a year of service, with any kind of care at all, commands within a few dollars of the full price.

And isn't it the handsomest, smartest car of its type in the market?

At least one hundred thousand more people can afford to own a Hupmobile—in the sense that it would prove itself an actual investment in time saved and the pleasure it would bring.

See if you are in the list of folks suggested, to whom the Hupmobile would be useful.

Read what a few owners say.

Talk to a Hupmobile owner—doubtless there are two or three among your acquaintances—then look up your Hupmobile dealer.

Cheaper than street cars or horses; better than either

"The average cost of oil and gasoline per 1000 miles has been only $8.25. Tire expense practically nil."—B. G. Hannum.

"Have found it very economical—actually cheaper, I believe, than riding on street cars."
—A. J. Carpenter.

"As to economy I average from twenty-five to thirty miles on a gallon of gasoline."—C. H. Kibbee.

"I have driven my machine about 4000 miles, and have not spent a cent for repairs. Considering that I have got this mileage in about five months, at a net cost of $40 maintenance, including washing and polishing, once or twice a week, it makes the Hupmobile considerably cheaper than a horse, and much more satisfactory than street cars."
—W. W. Kelly.

"In city driving, *28 to 30 miles on one gallon of gasoline;* for country roads, *25 miles on a gallon.*"—F. R. Love.

"I have been driving automobiles since 1904; and have had *less trouble, less expense,* and *more pleasure* with the 'Hup' than with any other car I ever owned."
—B. L. Marble.

Men to whom a Hupmobile would make itself indispensable after a week's use

Doctors, Collectors, Lawyers, Rural Mail Carriers
Salesmen, Electricians, Solicitors, Engineers
Builders, Surveyors, Contractors, Traffic Agents
Gas, Electric Light and Water Companies

SPECIFICATIONS

MOTOR—4 cylinder, 20 H. P., 3¼ inch bore, 3⅜ inch stroke; L-head type; water cooled; offset crank shaft; fan bladed fly wheel in front; Parsons' white bronze bearings; noiseless cam shaft.

TRANSMISSION—Selective sliding gears in extension bolted to crank case; shifting without noise.

CLUTCH—Multiple disc type; self-adjusting; enclosed in gear case; running in oil.

REAR AXLE—Shaft drive; Hya t roller and Timken bearings; shaft and universal joint enclosed and lubricated by oil from transmission.

BRAKES—Two foot and two emergency (internal expanding) on rear hubs.

IGNITION—Bosch high tension magneto, doing away with spark coil, batteries and connecting wires.

TIRES—30 x 3 inches.

WHEEL BASE—86 inches.

TREAD—56 inches; optional, 60 inches.

SPRINGS—Semi-elliptical front, patented cross spring rear.

EQUIPMENT—Two side and tail oil lamps, dragon horn, tools, repair kit, pump.

WEIGHT—1200 pounds, regular equipment.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DEPT. P, DETROIT, MICH.

Licensed under Selden Patent

Good Teeth— Good Health

"Tooth-brush drill is as needful as any gymnastic exercise for the preservation of health,"

says Dr. Richard Grady, the Dentist of the Annapolis Naval Academy.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

helps to keep you in athletic condition. It improves your teeth, and therefore your digestion, health and appearance. Its regular use is a safeguard against disease. For Dr. Grady's view is that:—

"There is strong reason to believe that many diseases may be due to the fact that the masticatory organs have been neglected."

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans, preserves and polishes perfectly and antiseptically. That its cleansing virtue prevents tooth-destroying decay-germs, is proved by the following report of an eminent chemist:

GENTLEMEN:—I have made a careful examination of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, purchased in the open market, and find that it is aseptic and also has pronounced antiseptic and disinfectant properties and *effectually checks the growth of bacteria.*
Dec. 30, 1909. PARKER C. McILHINEY, A.M., Ph.D.

Its delicious flavor proves that a "druggy" taste is not necessary to efficiency.

42 inches of cream in trial tube sent for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806. Dept. P, 55 John St., New York

Canadian Dept., Coristine Bldg., Montreal. *Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap.*

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